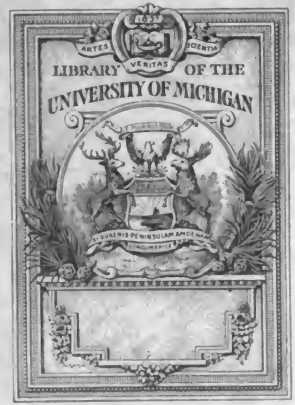


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McCLURE'S MAGAZINE

FIFTEEN CENTS

MAY 1911

MASTERS OF CAPITAL

Wall Street and "The City Bank"

ULRICH

Soldier of Fortune

A Great Case of Detective Burns

STORIES

by

MARIE BELLOC LOWNDES

LLE VAN SLYKE

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Mother's Day

Is when she moulds the habits, health and beauty of her children. Beauty and softness of skin texture are the natural heritage of nearly all infants. Unfortunately, this birth boon is often undervalued and neglected, with the result that the beauty gradually disappears.

The use of common impure soaps is answerable for much of this skin deterioration, and for this there is no excuse, since the best and purest of all skin soaps

Pears' Soap

is really more economical than ordinary soaps, because of the fact that it lasts twice as long. The pre-eminence of Pears' Soap all the world over is easily accounted for. It is composed entirely of natural beauty-preserving ingredients. Its emollient action ensures the skin of a permanent softness and delicacy of color, and exercises a protective influence that keeps it in perfect condition.

Pears is all solid soap purity and goodness having no water mixed with it, and being unaffected by heat or cold. Since 1789 Pears has been the Mother's Soap of the world.

The general idea of Mother's Day is a simultaneous observance in every country of the love and reverence men, women and children owe to a good mother. The second Sunday in May is observed as Mother's Day throughout the United States. The Movement is not denominational—Every society and organization is asked to unite in making the observance universal. Do some distinct act of kindness to the sick or unfortunate, in loving remembrance of your mother. The White Carnation is the Mother's Day special flower.

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OF ALL SCENTED SOAPS PEARS' OTTO OF ROSE IS THE BEST.

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ILLUSTRATED
PUBLISHED MONTHLY

VOLUME XXXVII
MAY TO OCTOBER
1911



S. S. McCLURE COMPANY
NEW YORK & LONDON
1911

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INVOCATION

BY

ALICE DUER MILLER

NIGHT after night within the grove
The night wind spares the sacred fire—
The breath made visible of love,
Of worship and desire.

I set the tripod at thy shrine,
The silver bowl, the amber flame,
And in the dark where no stars shine
I speak thy name.

By the high name I call on thee
Which only I, thy priestess, know.
I tread thy dance in ecstasy,
Sweet steps and slow.

O God, the hour has come. Appear!
I have performed the appointed rite—
The dance, the fire; I long to hear
Wings in the night.

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Drawing by Lucius W. Hitchcock

"ONCE MORE HE EMERGED, TENDERLY BEARING A LIGHTER BURDEN"

See "A Citizen of Calais," page 60

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McCLURE'S MAGAZINE
VOL. XXXVII MAY, 1911 No. 1

AN EDUCATIONAL WONDER-WORKER

THE METHODS OF MARIA MONTESSORI

BY

JOSEPHINE TOZIER

THE story of the Babes in the Wood has sometimes been reënacted in real life, and the robins have not always had to play the part of sexton and cover the little bodies with leaves. In the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, about ten "wild" boys and girls were discovered in various parts of Europe, who, having been exposed in desert places, had contrived to live for many years the life of the other animals around them. The most famous of these Orsons was known as the Savage of Aveyron. His case was much discussed in the opening years of the last century; and attention has recently been redirected to it by the fact that it formed the starting-point of a process of thought and experiment that bids fair to revolutionize primary education, by practically abolishing the difficulty of learning to read and write.

The Wild Boy of Aveyron

In a forest of the Department of Aveyron, France, some hunters, in 1798, caught a wild boy, apparently eleven or twelve years of age. His body was covered with scars, caused by briars, thorns, and the teeth of animals; but one scar on his throat seemed to show that whoever left him in the forest had first tried to murder him. He was eventually brought to Paris and placed under the care of Dr. Itard, physician to the National Institution for the Deaf and Dumb. Itard lavished infinite patience and ingenuity upon his education, but with very little effect, for the boy proved to be an idiot. Though he was not deaf, he never even learned to speak; and, when he died in 1828, his intelligence was still inferior to that of many animals. Nevertheless, the effort to educate him had not been wasted, for it had educated Itard, who had arrived at many valuable conclusions as to the best methods of dealing with cases of unawakened or defective intelligence.

These conclusions he handed on to his pupil Édouard Seguin, but helped him still more, perhaps, by inspiring him with an enthusiastic and indefatigable interest in the subject. Seguin (born in 1812) soon became a noted specialist in the treatment of defective children, and, in 1839, opened the first school for idiots in France. In 1850 antagonism to the ambitions of Louis Napoleon (then Prince-President) led him to emigrate to America. After spending some years in Cleveland and in Portsmouth, Ohio, he removed, early in the 1860's, to New York City, where he remained until his death in 1880. He was greatly esteemed by the leading physicians of his adopted country, and exercised a determining influence on the training of defective children in America. Not one idiot in a thousand, he declared, was entirely refractory to his treatment; not one in a hundred but was rendered more happy and healthy. "More than thirty per cent have been made capable of working like one third of a man; more than forty per cent of working like two thirds of a man; while twenty-five per cent came nearer and nearer to standards of manhood."

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Maria Montessori's Work in the "Mind-Straightening School"

Seguin had published in Paris, in 1846, a book called *Traitement moral, hygiène et éducation des idiots;* and this, one day, fell into the hands of Maria Montessori, the first woman ever granted the degree of Doctor of Medicine by the University of Rome. As Assistant Doctor in the Clinic of Psychiatry, this lady was already interested in the care of the mentally deficient. Seguin's exposition of his method of "pedagogic cure" fell in with her own line of thought, giving precision and certainty to ideas already germinating in her mind; and Seguin led her back to the "admirable experiments" of Itard. At the Pedagogic Congress at Turin, in 1898, she so ably expounded her views that the Minister of Public Instruction, Signor Baccelli, invited her to give a course of lectures in Rome to teachers interested in the treatment of backward children. This course of lectures led to the foundation of the Scuola Ortofrenica, or "mind-straightening school," attended by feeble-minded children from all the asylums in Rome, as well as by private pupils sent thither by their parents. For more than two years Maria Montessori was the directress of the institution.

The results she attained were considered miraculous. Idiots sent to her from the public asylum she taught to read and write so that they could pass the same examinations that normal children of their age were expected to pass at the public schools. How was this surprising success achieved? The secret, she says, was simple:

> It was that the boys from the asylum had followed a different path from that pursued in the public schools. They had been aided in their psychic development, while the normal children had been hampered and depressed. I thought that if, one day, the special education which had thus marvelously developed the idiots could be applied to the development of normal children, the miracle would vanish, and the gulf between the inferior and the normal mentality would reappear, never again to be bridged. While every one was admiring the progress of my idiots, I was meditating on the reasons that could keep the happy and healthy common-school children on so low a level that my unhappy pupils were able to stand beside them.

When, in 1900, she left the Scuola Ortofrenica, Maria Montessori reëntered the University of Rome as a student of philosophy. She devoted herself, in particular, to experimental psychology, then a new study in the Italian universities; and, at the same time, she visited and inspected all the primary schools within her reach, carrying out researches in pedagogic anthropology, and studying the methods and arrangements currently employed in the education of normal children.

After seven years of indefatigable study in every branch of experimental pedagogy, the opportunity for putting her principles into practice came to her in a manner as ideal as it was unexpected. In 1906 she came in touch with a well-known engineer, Edoardo Talamo, who offered her the entire charge of some new infant schools about to be established in Rome. No fairy godmother could have provided her with an opening more exactly to her mind.

Rome Deals with Her Tenement Problem

For these were not ordinary infant schools. They were part of a great endeavor for social betterment. Toward the end of the 1880's there had been an extravagant building "boom" in Rome, which had been duly followed by the inevitable crash. While the mania was at its height, a whole new quarter of apartment-houses had been run up outside the Porta San Lorenzo, where the tramways start for Tivoli. The crash came before they had ever been occupied, and they found no tenants of the class for whom they had been designed. But they found poor tenants in plenty. An astute slum speculator would rent a flat of six or seven large rooms for $8 a month, and would sublet it, room by room, even down to the corridors, at rates that brought him in $16 a month, while he himself lived at free quarters, and probably eked out his gains by petty usury among his tenants.

Thus the district became one of the most crowded, insanitary, and vicious "warrens of the poor," in which children grew up without light, without air, in precocious familiarity with every form of crime and degradation. The evil became so crying that an association was formed to attempt its remedy. This was the Instituto Romano di Beni Stabili — the Real Estate Institute of Rome. It acquired a great part of the quarter of San Lorenzo, where it possesses fifty-eight houses, containing no fewer than sixteen hundred flats. Its first care was to transform the great blocks into sanitary dwellings, thoroughly adapted to the uses of poor tenants. It pulled down all central structures that shut out light and air, and thus created a spacious courtyard in the middle of each block. It redistributed the apartments, so that several families no longer inhabited one large flat, but each family had a little flat of its own. It erected new staircases, to prevent crowding. In short, it transformed very ill-adapted into very well-adapted dwellings, and it offered its tenants

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advantages to induce them to respect and maintain the conditions of cleanliness and decency provided for them. Among other things, it allotted an annual prize for the best-kept dwelling in each block.

development of the children, by means of lessons and exercises adapted to their age.

All children of the block between the ages of three and seven have the right of admission to the House of Childhood.

The parents of children attending the House of



MARIA MONTESSORI
THE ITALIAN EDUCATOR WHO HAS ORIGINATED A NEW AND REMARKABLY SUCCESSFUL METHOD OF TEACHING YOUNG CHILDREN

The "Houses of Childhood"

But a far stronger inducement to cleanliness and good manners was afforded in those blocks to which are attached Case dei Bambini—literally "Houses of the Children," but better, perhaps, "Houses of Childhood." The scope and influence of these institutions may be most briefly conveyed by reproducing some of the rules concerning them, which are posted in each block:

In the House of Childhood attention will be paid to the education, the health, and the physical and moral

Childhood pay no contribution whatever; but they assume the following imperative obligations:

(*a*) To send their children to the school-room at the specified hours, clean in person and clothes, and wearing a suitable pinafore;

(*b*) To show the greatest respect and deference toward the directress and staff of the House of Childhood, and to cooperate with the directress in promoting the education of the children. At least once a week mothers can speak to the directress, reporting their observations of their children at home, and receiving from the directress notes and suggestions for the good of the children.

Pupils will be expelled from the House of Childhood (*a*) who present themselves in an unwashed and slo-

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venly condition; (*b*) who are not amenable to discipline; (*c*) whose parents fail in respect to the persons in charge of the House of Childhood, or in any way threaten to counteract by bad conduct the aims and the educative work of the institution.

In the assignment of annual prizes for the best-kept house, account will be taken of the way in which the parents have cooperated with the directress in the education of their children.

It is possible that the benevolent despotism of these regulations would not everywhere be appreciated; but there is no doubt that the Houses of Childhood are, and are felt to be, an immense boon to the class of people for whom they are intended. The school performs the functions of a *crèche*—takes the children off the mother's hands during working hours, and thus improves the economic position of the household—while, at the same time, it removes the chief difficulties in the way of domestic cleanliness and order. It is an inflexible rule that the directress of each school shall live in the block of dwellings that it serves, and keep in constant touch with the parents, who are free to come at any time and see "how their children are getting on." In this way, says Maria Montessori, "the school is placed in the home; it becomes part of the collective property; . . . and the feeling of collective property is new, and sweet, and profoundly educative."

Edoardo Talamo, as director-general of the Real Estate Institute of Rome, placed Maria Montessori in charge of all the schools to be founded by his association, giving her full liberty to organize and govern them as she thought best. On the 6th of January, 1907, in the Via dei Marsi 58, she opened the first Casa dei Bambini, and confided it to the care of Candida Nuccitelli, an instructress trained according to her methods and convictions.

On the 7th of April in the same year a second House of Childhood was opened in the district of San Lorenzo. On October 18, 1908, the Humanitarian Society of Milan instituted a House of Childhood in the workingmen's quarter of that city, and the House of Labor, belonging to the same society, undertook the manufacture of the didactic material used in the schools. At the villa of the British Ambassador in Rome there is a small school for aristocratic children; and two others have been opened in the Italian capital for children of the middle classes. They are all under the direct care and inspection of Maria Montessori, whose university title is *Professoressa*.

The most conspicuous of Maria Montessori's triumphs is that of teaching quite young children, without putting the smallest strain upon their faculties, first to write and then to read — for her method inverts the usual order in which these accomplishments are acquired. This end she achieved, as so many other great results have been reached, without foreseeing or aiming at it. To the children themselves it seemed that they had begun to write and read simply because they had "grown big enough." But, to render this comprehensible, we must enter a little more at large into Maria Montessori's principles and practice.

Maria Montessori Rediscovers the Ten Fingers

At the very root of her method lies what may be called the rediscovery of the ten fingers. Put on the track by Seguin, she realized that the sense of touch, the basis of all the other senses, was the great interpreter of vision and guide to accuracy of perception. It was at the same time the earliest developed of the faculties and the first to be dulled if left uncultivated. She found that the finger-tips of young children are almost unbelievably sensitive, but that, in the absence of careful training, they begin to lose this sensitiveness after the age of six. The first step in her method, then, is to teach children to "see with their fingers," and thus to cultivate a delicately retentive muscular memory. Not only is this a desirable end in itself, but it has the further advantage of minimizing the strain placed by ordinary methods of education upon the eyes, and consequently upon the brain. By the cultivation of the sense of touch, reflex actions are set up in inferior nerve-centers with which the brain has little or no concern. One of Maria Montessori's chief objections to some of the most popular kindergarten employments is that they involve a harmful effort of the organs most closely associated with the brain — the eyes.

No sooner has a child entered the school than the education of his (or her) sense of touch begins. He is taught to wash his hands carefully in cold water, with soap, and then to plunge them into warm, clear water. In addition to this, the first and second fingers are plunged first into cold and then into warm water, and he is led to notice and to know the difference. The discrimination between *rough* and *smooth* comes next. This being an actual lesson, it shall be described fully, as it is the proper picture of the only form used in teaching in the Casa dei Bambini.

Learning the Difference Between "Rough" and "Smooth"

Two cards are put down in front of the child — little Lucia, for example, who has seated herself comfortably in a nice, broad little chair, in front of her chosen table. One of these cards has a surface of satin paper; the other is of the coarsest black sand board. The teacher, taking

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ONE OF MARIA MONTESSORI'S PUPILS WRITING FROM DICTATION AT THE BLACK-BOARD. THE AVERAGE CHILD OF FOUR LEARNS TO WRITE IN SIX WEEKS BY THE MONTESSORI METHOD

the child's hand in hers, passes the tips of its first and second fingers over the smooth card. She must be careful to draw them from left to right, for the sake of the muscular memory, which, if not carefully considered, might cause trouble some future day. The tiny fingers like the contact. They continue to move along after the teacher has released them, and the child looks up, smiling. "Smooth," says the teacher, slowly, distinctly. If she adds one more word, even a term of endearment, she will transgress her duty, which forbids her to run the risk of confusing her pupil. To confuse is to tax the brain, and that is a cardinal sin.

If the little one continues to feel the card, the teacher repeats the word. But if the child's curiosity awakes, and it takes its fingers away and looks longingly toward the other card,

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then the two little fingers are passed gently over the sandboard. "Rough," says the teacher. The child doesn't like that feeling; she very likely draws her fingers away; but will soon tentatively put them back again. "Rough," the teacher will again repeat.

Then the cards are taken and put down, side by side, for the child to look at them. "Give me the smooth?" asks the teacher. The child remembers at once the nice card, and hands it to her.

"Give me the rough." That, too, will be handed her, with the air of importance which children can so deliciously and successfully assume.

The teacher smiles her thanks, and again the cards are placed on the table. "What is that?" she says, pointing to the satin card. "Smooth," replies the proud pupil. "And this?" The answer comes, "Rough."



SQUARE TABLETS OF WOOD WITH GEOMETRICAL INSETS WHICH THE CHILD LEARNS TO FIT INTO PLACE, AND SQUARES OF CARDBOARD CONTAINING GEOMETRICAL OUTLINES TO BE FILLED IN WITH CRAYON, ONE OF THE STEPS IN LEARNING TO WRITE

Children Correct Their Own Mistakes

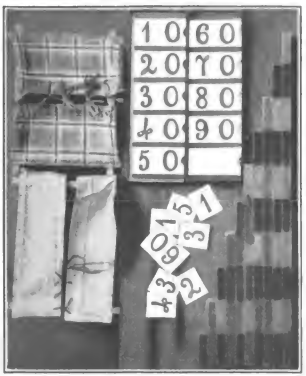
It must not be supposed that the answer is invariably correct, especially when the question concerns more difficult objects, as they will later on in the course of education. But the rule for the teacher is that, should mistakes be made, and the two objects (for there are never more than two at a time) be confused one with the other, she must not correct the child, but leave it to consider quietly, while she goes off to some other duty, not to return until another day, unless the child demands her.

This abstinence from correction is explained as follows:

> Why correct the child? If she does not succeed in associating the name with the object, the only way of making her succeed is to repeat at once the action of the sensorial stimulus, and the word to be associated with it; that is, to repeat the lesson. But the fact of the child having made the mistake implies that at that moment she is not disposed to the psychic association which you desire to provoke in her; hence it is best to choose another moment.

No Naughty Children in the "Houses of Childhood"

In Maria Montessori's view, all education worth having is auto-education. One of the difficulties experienced in the training of teachers is that of preventing them from rushing to the aid of a child who appears to be embarrassed and puzzled in one of his little employments. Their tendency is to say, "Poor little mite!" and help him out; thereby depriving the child at once of the joy and the education of overcoming an obstacle.



APPARATUS USED IN TEACHING CHILDREN TO TIE KNOTS, RUN LACINGS, ETC.; ALSO NUMBERING APPARATUS, AND BLOCKS FOR TRAINING THE CHILD TO ESTIMATE LENGTH

The policy of non-intervention applies, as a matter of course, no less to the moral than to the intellectual domain. Rewards and punishments are rigorously banished from the Houses of Child-

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LEARNING TO WRITE AND READ BY TOUCH

THE CHILD AT THE LEFT IS TRACING WITH HER FINGER LETTERS CUT FROM SAND-PAPER, AND IS LEARNING TO KNOW THEM BY TOUCH. THE BOY AND GIRL BESIDE HER ARE MAKING WORDS OUT OF CARDBOARD LETTERS SELECTED FROM THE BOX



TRAINING THE SENSE OF TOUCH

THE LITTLE GIRL AT THE LEFT IS LEARNING THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN ROUGH AND SMOOTH BY RUNNING HER FINGERS ALTERNATELY OVER COARSE SANDPAPER AND SMOOTH CARDBOARD. THE BOY IS LEARNING TO DISTINGUISH DIFFERENT SHAPES BY FITTING GEOMETRICAL INSETS INTO PLACE BLINDFOLD, GUIDED ONLY BY HIS SENSE OF TOUCH. THE CHILD AT THE END IS DISTINGUISHING TEXTURES BLINDFOLD

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MAKING WORDS WITH CARDBOARD SCRIPT. THE LESSONS IN ARTICULATION HAVE TAUGHT THE CHILDREN WHAT SOUNDS, AND CONSEQUENTLY WHAT LETTERS, ARE NECESSARY TO FORM THE WORDS

hood. The ideal of "discipline for liberty" is aimed at, and attained. The artificial rigidity and immobility of the ordinary school are entirely foreign to Maria Montessori's system. She even becomes sarcastic over the scientific desk and seat, carefully measured and fixed, of which modern educationists are so proud. It should not, in her view, be necessary to regulate the relation of seat to desk so as to avoid the danger of spinal curvature in the pupil. Her plan is to provide him with an easily movable and comfortable little chair, and never to keep him in one position long enough to feel even a temporary stiffness. The child, in her conception, ought to be free, within the limits imposed, not by scholastic convention, but by social amenity; that is to say, he must not use his freedom to hurt or incommode others. He must be taught to distinguish between good and evil, but not, as in the conventional discipline, to confound good with immobility and evil with activity. And, as a matter of act, discipline presents little or no difficulty in the Houses of Childhood.

We have sometimes [says Maria Montessori] had to do with children who disturbed the others and were deaf to our admonitions. First we would have them specially observed by the doctor; but often they were found to be quite normal. We would then place a little table in the corner of the room, and seat the child at it, with his face to the others, giving him whatever he wanted to play with. This isolation would almost always succeed in calming the child; the sight of his companions would be a most efficacious object-lesson in behavior. Moreover, the isolated child would be the object of special care, as though he were ill. I myself, on entering, would first go straight to him, caressing him like an infant; and would then turn to the others and interest myself in their work, as though they had been men. I do not know what happened in their souls; but certain it is that the "conversion" of the isolated children was always definite and deep. They took a pride in knowing how to work and to behave with dignity; and, for the most part, they preserved a tender affection for the mistress and for me.

Such methods might prove dangerous in clumsy hands; but Maria Montessori is no less successful in educating teachers than in educating children. It was, of course, difficult at first to get them to understand her principles.

"What!" they would cry. "No corrections! No rewards! No punishments! Only individual influence! Why, we shall have anarchy, with our small spoilt babies doing what they like, not what we want them to!"

But the founder of the schools held her ground firmly; and the experience of three years or more shows that there is no anarchy, no disorder, in the Houses of Childhood. The teachers have learned the great lesson that tranquil nerves in authority beget tranquil nerves in subjection. They are women of broad mind, quick sympathy, and practical common sense, fully understanding the important difference between patience and indolent acquiescence. They know how to turn the current of discipline in the right direction, and to make the little ones understand, without reproof, the difference between good and evil. The *bambini* are so perfectly under control that they can be swayed by a gesture, as an orchestra is swayed by the baton of the conductor. When I said to Maria Montessori, "How do you manage to keep them so quiet and good?" she replied: "Because they are all doing what they like to do. *Ecco!*"

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Children of Three Learn to Tie Bow-Knots and to Fasten Buttons and Clasps

Let us now return to little Lucia, who has just mastered the difference between rough and smooth. Proud of her new accomplishment, she tries to attract the attention of a chubby little boy sitting at the next table, employed in fastening together two strips of cloth, attached to the opposite sides of a light embroidery-frame, by tying them with bows of ribbon. He has been working unremittingly at these bows for some days, the teacher says; and, though he is only three years old, he has come to tie them so creditably that I, watching, could almost blush with shame to think of the hard knots that were all I could tie at the age of seven. When little Lucia holds up her cards, stroking them and saying "rough" and "smooth," he looks up indifferently, nods, and goes calmly on with his self-imposed labor.

Absorbed little Lorenzo is not the only one whose small fingers are learning cunning. Across the room can be seen several other embroidery-frames in the hands of children of various ages. From these frames hang strips of leather and strips of cloth. The strips of leather are provided with buttons and loops, and are to be fastened together with a button-hook. This toy is eagerly chosen, and always has claimants waiting in line for its use. There are other strips to be fastened together with corset-lacings, or with the silk laces of bodices; others are for hooks and eyes, large and small. Again, we have buttons on cloth and buttons of pearl



A LESSON IN ARITHMETIC

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LEARNING TO DISTINGUISH COLORS BY ARRANGING COLORED SILK ON CARD BOBBINS, ACCORDING TO GRADATIONS OF SHADE. THERE ARE EIGHT FUNDAMENTAL COLORS AND EIGHT SHADES OF EACH COLOR, MAKING SIXTY-FOUR BOBBINS IN ALL

on linen; we have clasps and other sorts of fastening contrivances. These toys are a continual source of entertainment, to the boys no less than to the girls; and they are of such practical use that the mothers come, exploding in Italian manner, to say that little Nunzia or tiny Umberto now not only needs no help in dressing, but desires to assist in dressing the whole family.

Spelling Taught by Articulation Exercises

Finding that Lorenzo cannot be distracted from his pink bows, Lucia strokes her cards, says "smooth" and "rough" over and over to herself, and then, tiring of this occupation, rises and toddles over independently to join a small class that is having a short exercise in articulation. It is by these careful lessons in articulation that the children are able, later on, to write common words easily, without ever having possessed a conventional spelling-book. It may be argued that Italian, as a practically phonetic language, can be written with facility by the simple exercise of a cultivated ear; but, at the English Ambassador's, pupils taught in the same way write all the names and words of ordinary use quite correctly.

Recognizing a Circle or a Square by the Way It Feels

A small boy of the mature age of four, who has been sitting plunged in either sleep or meditation, now starts up from his chair, and wanders across to his directress for advice. He wants something to amuse him. She takes him to the cupboard, throws in a timely suggestion, and he strolls back to his table, with a smile. He has chosen half a dozen or more thin square tablets of wood and a strip of navy-blue cloth. I stand behind him to see what he is going to do, but he does not notice my presence; he has more important business on hand. He begins by spreading down the cloth; then he puts his blocks on it, in two rows. They are of highly varnished wood, light blue, with geometric figures of navy blue in the center; there is a triangle, a circle, a rectangle, an oval, a square, an octagon. The teacher, who has followed him, stands on the other side of the table. She runs two of her fingers around one of the edges of the triangle. "Touch it, so," she says. He promptly and delightedly imitates her. She then pulls all the figures out of their light-blue frames by means of a brass button in the center of each, mixes them up on the table, and tells him to call her when he has them all in place again. The dark-blue baize shows through the empty frame, so that it appears as if the figures had only sunk down half an inch. While he continues to stare at the array, off goes the teacher.

"Is she not going to show him how to begin?"

"An axiom of our practical pedagogy is to aid the child only to be independent," smiles Maria Montessori. "He does not wish help."

Nor does he seem to be troubled. He stares a while at his array of blocks; yet his eye does not grow quite sure, for he carefully selects an oval from the mixed-up pile and tries to put it in a circle. It won't go. Then, quick as a flash, as if subconsciously rather than designedly, he runs his little forefinger around the rim of the figure, and then around the edge of the empty space left in the light-blue frames of both the oval and the circle. He discovers his mistake

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at once, puts the figure into its place, and leans back a moment in his chair to enjoy his own cleverness before beginning with another. He finally gets them all into their proper frames, and instantly pulls them out again, to do it quicker and better next time.

These blocks with the geometric insets are among the most valuable stimuli in the Casa dei Bambini. The vision and the touch become, by their use, accustomed to a great variety of shapes. It will be noted, too, that the child apprehends the forms synthetically, as given entities, and is not taught to recognize them by aid of even the simplest geometrical analysis. This is a point on which Maria Montessori lays particular stress.



FITTING GEOMETRICAL INSETS INTO THEIR FRAMES BY RUNNING THE FOREFINGER, FIRST AROUND THE RIM OF THE FIGURE, THEN AROUND THE EDGE OF THE EMPTY SPACE

It would take too long to describe all or one half of the educative games in use in the Houses of Childhood. It is worth noting that Maria Montessori insists strongly on the advantage of having a garden attached to each school, where the children can observe and foster the growth of plants, and where they can be intrusted with the care of animals.

Wherever it is at all possible, the apparatus used in the Houses of Childhood enables, or rather compels, the child to correct his own errors — to see at a glance whether his work "comes out" right or wrong. Maria Montessori also emphasizes the advantage of isolating the senses for the purpose of training. Education of the hearing, for example, may best be prosecuted not only in a silent, but in a dark, room. Indeed, for training each of the senses other than vision, it is often advisable to blindfold the child. The senses of smell and of taste she finds to be but little developed in childhood, and lays no great stress on their training. The sense of hearing can be and ought to be trained; but she finds that, while all children are sensitive to rhythm, only the gifted few have a keen perception of tone.

Maria Montessori's Pupils Able to Distinguish Blindfold between a Grain of Millet and a Grain of Rice

Some of the exercises of the sense of touch have already been described. The art of "seeing without eyes" is carried to such a pitch that blindfolded children can discriminate very fine gradations of texture in stuffs, papers, etc. The sense of weight, too, and the "stereognostic sense," or power of distinguishing solid forms by touch, are carefully cultivated, so that the children can tell a grain of millet from a grain of rice, and can distinguish one coin from another, though the differences between them may be very slight. All these discriminations are practised in the form of games, the other children sitting round in eager expectancy as to whether their blindfolded comrade will guess right or wrong.

For the education of the sense of sight the apparatus is somewhat more elaborate. There is, first, a series of games destined to train the vision in distinguishing dimensions. For instance (taking only those easiest to describe), the distinction between *thick* and *thin* is illustrated by a series of ten quadrangular prisms of equal length but regularly diminishing thickness, which the child has to range in their proper order, so that they form a regularly ascending

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stair. The distinction between *long* and *short* is illustrated by ten square rods of equal thickness, the longest of one meter, and the rest diminishing by a decimeter apiece. The decimeters are colored alternately red and blue, so that, when they are laid side by side in order, the colors form transverse stripes each a decimeter wide. Similarly, the distinction between *high* and *low* is illustrated by a series of gradually diminishing blocks, and the distinction between *large* and *small* by a series of cubes with which the child has to erect a pyramid or spire.



APPARATUS USED IN TEACHING CHILDREN TO WRITE, CONSISTING OF FREE CARDBOARD LETTERS, WITH WHICH THE CHILDREN FORM WORDS, AND OF SANDPAPER LETTERS PASTED ON CARDS, WHICH THE CHILDREN LEARN BY TOUCH

The discrimination of colors is carried to a high pitch by such games as the following: Colored silk of graduated shades is wound around card bobbins. There are eight fundamental colors and eight shades of each color—making sixty-four bobbins in all. Eight children sit around a table, and each chooses the name of a color. The sixty-four bobbins are then all thrown down in a mixed pile in the center, and the oldest child deals—that is to say, he (or she) picks out from the central heap the color demanded by each of his companions. If he makes a mistake, the deal passes to the next child on the right. When all the colors have been distributed, each child ranges his eight bobbins according to the gradation of shades, and he who has first done this correctly deals in the next game. Many other sports of a like nature educate the color sense so perfectly that children, being shown a particular shade even of so elusive a color as gray, will cross the room and pick out the exact shade from a heap on a distant table.



APPARATUS USED IN TRAINING THE CHILDREN TO DISTINGUISH BETWEEN DIFFERENT WEIGHTS, COLORS, AND SIZES

The "Game of Silence"

One of Maria Montessori's most curious and valuable discoveries is the educative value of silence. One day she happened to meet outside the school-room a mother with an infant four months old, swaddled after the Italian fashion. She carried the little mortal into the school-room, and held it up to the children, half jestingly, as a model of placidity, immobility, and noiselessness. As she enlarged on these characteristics, the imitative instinct of the children asserted itself, and they all fell to rivaling the baby in absolute immobility. The effect was marvelous; and, ever since that day, the "game of silence" has been one of the most popular in all the schools.

The children, when the game is to be played, choose their seats. The teacher then goes quietly from one window to another, drawing the shutters together, until twilight reigns in the room. Some of the little ones always cover their faces with their hands. Others continue to wriggle and to move in their places until the whole

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room is nearly dark, and the teacher has retired to an open doorway leading into the vestibule. Then, like a coop full of young chickens going to rest, even the most uneasy ones gradually quiet down, and become expectant and serious, to await the ever-renewed mystery. When perfect silence has stolen over the assembly, so perfect that the ticking of a miniature clock in the room can be distinctly heard, the teacher calls a name, in a faint whisper: "Giovanni." Giovanni rises as quietly as he can from his little chair, and tiptoes out of the room into the vestibule. Woe to him if his small shoes creak! He must feel himself the object of some very black looks, for every one is trying to hear the name "Lucia," which is being murmured by the teacher. Lucia is more quiet in her movements than Giovanni. "Giuseppe," the teacher next softly calls, and a funny little boy silently joins the others in the hall. She continues to call in a mysterious whisper, until a dozen *bambini* have stolen out noiselessly and solemnly. Then the game is over. Nothing that savors of prolonged mental tax is permitted to be continued for any length of time in the Houses of Childhood. Those who have remained in their places will get the chance to show how stealthily they can leave the room the next time the game of silence is played.

When the game is ended, the shutters are opened and the school-room again flooded with sunshine. The little tongues begin to wag again. But this game has calmed all excessive excitability and restored placidity and tranquility. Sometimes they ask for it twice in the day. When one considers that the children of these schools belong to the most noise-loving nation in Europe, the success of this game is a greater triumph than the reading and writing.

The Mothers Beg Maria Montessori to Teach Their Children to Write

Though it be only the inevitable outgrowth of her method, there can be no doubt that



THE MARCHESA RANIERI DI SORBELLO, AN AMERICAN WOMAN, WITH HER TWO SONS, WHO HAVE BEEN TRAINED BY THE MONTESSORI METHOD. THE YOUNGER BOY, WHO IS ONLY THREE AND A HALF, CAN READ AND WRITE IN BOTH ENGLISH AND ITALIAN

the teaching of young children to write, without the slightest strain or effort, is the most striking and impressive of Maria Montessori's achievements.

It was during the vacation of July, 1907, after the school had been opened for six months, that Maria Montessori was first induced to consider the instruction of children in writing and reading. She confesses to having been strongly prejudiced against the idea of putting such a strain upon the immature brains of children under seven. The first request came from the children themselves. Some of the more ambitious young aspirants to the higher learning arduously drew an "O" on the blackboard

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several times to convince her of their capacity. Then some of the mothers came to the directress in charge, to say that, as their children learned everything at the Casa dei Bambini without fatigue, they could not understand why she should refuse to let them read and write; in the elementary schools it would not be half so easy: ordinary method of making the child spend weeks and months laboriously drawing oblique lines, and then tagging a curve to a line, a line to a curve, and so forth. To teach a child writing through an analysis of its elements is, in her view, as absurd as it would be to teach a child grammar before allowing it to speak.



PRACTISING A WRITING LESSON ON THE PAVEMENT

MARIA MONTESSORI'S PUPILS FIRST BEGAN TO WRITE WITHOUT HAVING HAD A SINGLE LESSON IN ACTUAL WRITING. THE PREPARATION HAD BEEN SO COMPLETE THAT THE FINAL ACT CAME SPONTANEOUSLY, AND THE CHILDREN BELIEVED THAT THEY HAD BEGUN TO WRITE BECAUSE THEY HAD "GROWN BIG ENOUGH"

"Little Guido, aged nine, at the public school, cried all the evening, whenever he had been forced to write that day." Maria Montessori, pursued by these persistent parents, at last wavered in her determination. The mothers even managed to make her feel as if she were neglecting a duty.

She demonstrates the utter irrationality of the Pot-hooks and hangers are the grammar of writing — an *ex post facto* analysis wholly unnecessary to the practice of the art. And, whereas a certain knowledge of grammar is necessary to one who would speak or write correctly, the grammar of writing is of no use whatever to those who have, synthetically, learned to write.

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The apparatus that Maria Montessori had used in training feeble-minded pupils to write was both expensive and in some ways unpractical. She had begun with letters elaborately carved in wood. Then she had devised colored letters pasted on pasteboard, which she taught her pupils to trace, first with the forefinger, then with the first two fingers, and finally with a little stick, to teach the motion of the pen. Although she succeeded in teaching some of these pupils with no more difficulty than was to be expected, there were many who were unable to follow the form of the letter without a control; and, for the same reason, these colored letters would not have answered for the auto-education of normal children, there being no means of self-correction for the finger, or of keeping it from slipping off the painted letter if the eye became inattentive.

She had labored at one scheme after another, without being satisfied with any of them. At last, one day, while she was absently superintending a first exercise with the cards used in discerning rough from smooth, the question solved itself in a flash of inspiration. That very evening, as soon as the children were dismissed, she, with her teachers, set to work to fabricate writing letters of large size and of coarse black sandpaper, which they pasted on very smooth square white cards. The letters were upright, in the clear round script now popular; and each letter was finished with a little tail to join it to the next letter. These cards, being very cheap, could be made in the great quantity needed. They were afterward supplemented by numerous letters cut out of paper, for laying on a table when the children tried to make words. The vowels were of pink and the consonants all of blue. A little strip of white cardboard pasted at the back of each of the letters precisely at the point where a guiding line would be drawn on writing-paper, enabled the little ones to correct themselves if, for instance, they were tempted to put the bottom of a *g* on a level with the base of an *o*.

The tablets with removable insets of geometric figures (mentioned earlier in this article) supplied the control and security with the pencil which Maria Montessori had found so difficult to teach her deficient pupils. All children love to scribble, and she determined to turn this passion to good account. She placed paper under one of the tablets, and, having removed the inset of a dark-blue triangle or oval from its light-blue frame, she showed the children how to fill in the figure by means of a dark-blue crayon. The result was most gratifying. The children flattered themselves that they had made wonderful circles, ovals, and triangles. At first shadings were very irregular and uneven, but the eyes that had learned to *see* soon corrected the pencils, and the dark-blue became smooth and even. When a pupil can fill in the figure properly under the control of the frame, he graduates to coloring figures that have only a pencil outline. Many can now fill in such an outline without once letting their crayons slip beyond the pencil mark. This means full mastery over pencil or pen, and an ability to write without cramping the fingers.

Making Words with Cardboard Letters

The children choose the letters they wish to learn. *I* and *o* are the most popular with beginners. When a child brings to the teacher the letter which he takes out of the box, he receives its duplicate in black sand paper on a white card. The little one's finger is then drawn over the letter, from starting-point to finish, while the teacher says, "Touch it." The name of the letter is then repeated, distinctly and slowly. The child is encouraged to look well at the letters. Then the lesson pursues its usual course. "Give me *i*?" asks the teacher; then "Give me *o*?" Then she asks the name first of one of them, then of the other. That finishes the matter. They are not taught any of the capital letters until they have mastered the small ones, nor do they learn letters according to their regular succession in the alphabet. It is extremely entertaining to watch one of the little ones pick the letters out of the box. The child will peer into the various compartments, and its little lips can be seen to move as it tries to hear with its inward ear the name of the letter desired. They have been pushed far on their way to divining by the exercise in articulation. Maria Montessori told me of a comical little chap of four whom she one day watched running up and down at play on the terrace. All the time he ran he was moving his finger in the air, while he half sang and half whispered: "To make 'Zaira,' you must have Z-a-i-r-a." After a few minutes he went to the box lying on the chair and picked out the letters correctly, immediately afterward lying down to spread them side by side on the pavement of the terrace.

Maria Montessori's Pupils Begin to Write Without a Single Lesson in Actual Writing

Although the pen-fingers of the children are trained by filling in the geometric outlines, and though not only their eyes but their muscles have become accustomed to some, at least, of the forms of the letters, the children do not yet know that they can write. They have, in fact,

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learned to write without writing. Even to Maria Montessori herself, the complete success of her experiment came at first as a surprise. The page in which she describes the first fulfilment of her dream is likely to become a *locus classicus* in the history of education:

"It was a day in December, an Italian day of winter sunshine. I was on the terrace roof, and the children were playing about or standing near me. I was sitting beside a chimney which rose above the tiled pavement, when it occurred to me to say to a little boy of five, who was standing by, 'Draw this chimney.' And I handed him a piece of chalk. He threw himself at once on the ground, and began to draw the chimney quite recognizably; wherefore, as was my practice, I praised him warmly.

"The little fellow looked up at me, smiled, was evidently on the point of bursting into some ebullition of delight, and then cried, '*Scrivo! Io scrivo!*' ('I can write! I am writing!') Lying on the ground, he wrote on the pavement *mano* (hand), then, with new enthusiasm, he wrote *camino* (chimney); and, as he wrote, he continued to call out, 'I am writing!' so that the other children came running to see the sight, and surrounded him, staring in astonishment. Then two or three of them, trembling with excitement, said to me: 'Please! please! a piece of chalk! I want to write, too!' and, in fact, they set to work to write various words: *mamma, mano, gino, camino, ada.*

"Not one of them had ever had in his hands a piece of chalk or a writing instrument [except, of course, the crayon for shading the geometrical figures]; it was the first time that they had written; and they formed an entire word, as, when they first spoke, they pronounced an entire word.

"Thus did we go through the moving experience of the first development of graphic language in our children. During these first days we were filled with almost violent emotions, because we seemed to be living in a dream or witnessing a miracle.

A Frenzy of Writing Takes Possession of the School

"A veritable frenzy of writing took possession of our school. Each child flattered itself that it had detected within itself an especial gift of nature — a talent. Not being able to adjust in their little minds the connection between the preparations and the act, they were possessed with the amusing illusion that, having now grown to the proper size, they knew how to write — just as they had, when the strength came to them, been able to walk and to talk. This conviction shows clearly how little strain is put upon the tender brain by the preparatory work."

So great was the delight evinced, during the first few days, in this newly discovered ability, that the mothers came to report how, in order to save their floors, and even the crusts of their loaves, from inscriptions in chalk, they had been forced to give their little ones paper and pencil; and the children, delighted and proud, not only wrote all evening, but took these treasures with them to bed, in order to begin again at daylight.

How essential is the part played by the tactile sense the following little example will show. On my first visit to one of the schools, while I was listening to an exercise in articulation, one of the older girls came up mysteriously to Maria Montessori, who was sitting beside me, and whispered some question. The directress turned away from me, and whispered two words that I did not distinguish. I noticed that she spoke slowly and carefully, and repeated one word three times. Away skipped the little inquirer, making some motions in the air as she ran toward the box of letter-cards on the table. She selected two, and hurried to the blackboard, which she could not reach comfortably without mounting on a chair. Then she wrote, "A greeting to Giuseppina Tozier," without mistaking a letter of the name. She only paused a moment to pass her finger over the two cards she held in her hand, on which were the capital letters G and T, in sandpaper. As the capitals are learned last, she was less familiar with them than with the small letters, and required to refresh her memory by touching them.

Children of Four Learn to Write in Six Weeks

The usual interval between the first preparation and the accomplishment of writing is, in children of four years, a month and a half; in children of five years the period is shorter, usually only a month; and one of the little ones learned to write, with all the letters of the alphabet, in twenty days. After either a month or six weeks, according to age, the average child writes all the simple words he pleases, and usually begins to write with ink. After three months most of them write well; and those who have been writing for six months are equal in their caligraphy to children of the third elementary class in the public schools. In fact, writing is the easiest and most graceful conquest of the *bambini*.

The transition from writing to reading is not so immediate as one might imagine. A child, no doubt, can always repeat a word that he has written; but, as Maria Montessori points out, this cannot properly be called reading. He is merely retranslating from symbols into sounds, as, in writing, he had translated from sounds into symbols. He already knows the word, which he

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has mentally repeated many times in the act of writing it. Reading, on the other hand, is the art of extracting a previously unknown idea from the written or printed symbols.

When a child composes a word with movable letters, or when he writes it, he has ample time to think and choose; whereas reading means instantaneously or very quickly interpreting the letters chosen and arranged by some one else. Writing, by the Montessori method, immensely facilitates the acquisition of reading — but it is not the same thing, nor are the two powers simultaneously acquired.

The Game of Learning to Read

In teaching to read, Maria Montessori banishes the traditional syllabary — the "a, b, ab, b, a, ba" of our childhood. What she does is to write in clear, cursive script, upon pieces of cardboard, numbers of words already well known to the children — for the most part, names of familiar objects. Whenever it is possible, the word, when once deciphered, is placed beside the object itself. And this is generally possible; for the Houses of Childhood possess most of the common objects of daily life, if not in full size, at any rate in the form of toys. No distinction is made between easy and difficult words. All words, in rationally spelled Italian, are equally easy to any one who knows (as the children do) the values of the individual letters; though the inexperienced eye, of course, needs longer time to decipher a long word then a short one. Very soon the children are able to take part in a reading game, thus conceived: All the most attractive toys of the school are displayed on a table; the name of each is written on a piece of paper, and the folded paper placed in a bag; each child draws a paper and opens it, without allowing any one else to see; and then, if he can clearly and correctly pronounce the word written on it, the scrap of paper becomes, as it were, a coin entitling him for the rest of the day to the toy inscribed on it. The success of this game surpassed the inventor's expectation; for it was found that the children declined to play with the toys, and preferred to go on drawing from the bag and reading the words!

The progress from single words to short phrases is effected by means of the indispensable blackboard. The teacher writes on it brief questions, which the children answer, or orders, which they execute — thus carrying on a sort of conversation, on one side in writing, on the other side in speech or action. For longer phrases an extension of the same method is employed. A number of different commands are written out on paper and distributed among the children — commands of this nature: "Ask three of your companions, who sing best, to advance into the middle of the room; range them in a row, and sing with them any pretty song you choose." These papers the children take to their places, and con them in dead silence. Then the teacher asks, "Do you understand?" and when all have answered, "Yes," the word is given, "Then go"; whereupon the room, hitherto breathlessly still, is instantly changed into a scene of joyous bustle and activity.

This brief account leaves wholly untouched many of the most interesting and significant aspects of Maria Montessori's work — for instance, her dealing with numbers, her "first steps toward arithmetic." Especially is it impossible, within any reasonable limits, to convey an adequate idea of the solid and consistent philosophic basis on which her ideas and her methods rest. The application of her ideas to education beyond the infantile stage yet remains to be made. For the present, she has more than enough to do in recruiting a corps "of teachers, of disciples, of missionaries." There can be little doubt that, when this is done, the influence of her ideas will spread far beyond Rome and Italy, to "regions Caesar never knew." It may not be long before, in her own words, "the figure of the old schoolmistress, who labors to preserve the discipline of immobility, and wears out her lungs in a shrill and continuous flow of talk, shall have disappeared. For the mistress will be substituted a *didactic apparatus* which itself controls errors and places the child on the path of auto-education. The function of the mistress will then be simply to direct, *patiently* and *silently*, the spontaneous efforts of the children."

It is from American friends that Professoressa Montessori has met with the keenest interest, the deepest sympathy, and the most practical advice. To the encouragement of the Baroness Franchetti (Alice Hallgarten) and her husband is due her admirable book, "Il Metodo della Pedagogia Scientifica," in which Maria Montessori expounds the practical aspect of her work. Baron Franchetti, too, arranged for the international patent of the didactic apparatus that Maria Montessori has invented.

It was through another American, the Marchesa Ranieri di Sorbello, that the author of this article first heard of this precious boon to little children, and saw, in the nursery of her *palazzo*, two sturdy little sons who by its help had made a leap on the road of education several years in advance of their age. Without realizing that they had as yet done anything more than play, these two boys, the youngest of whom is only three and a half, can read and write both in English and in Italian.

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Before the Railroad

by M. Gauss

Illustrations by Maynard Dixon

LITTLE Jim and Harding — with Long between them — rode to the crest of a butte overlooking many miles of the Shell River cattle country. Thirty years ago, it was; yet the desert looked much as it does to-day in places unbroken by the railroad. They had passed, half a mile or so back, the poor shack in which Harry Stewart lived with his sister, the only human habitation thereabouts. The blue haze of late fall clung to a yellowish plain; here and there were low hills, purple as wood smoke; small bunches of cattle grazed about; and but a few miles to the east — a vivid gash in the pale landscape — lay Douglas Cañon. Squinting in the strong light of late afternoon, Jim scanned the slight and overgrown trail leading to the defile. Every boulder was cheek to cheek with its shadow, and the hills cast long, slender shadows, pointing like fingers to that blue gash in the plain. Little Jim was fully nerved for what was to happen there; he had lost all sense of pity for Long, and thought of him, not as a boy, but as a cattle-thief.

As for Long, one wouldn't have expected the boy to face his ordeal as he did — stolidly as an Indian. He was not more than twenty. Though still gaunt with youth, he was supple and handsome, and showed dash and daring in his every line and feature.

A large gray creature sprang up and made away, flashing over the edge of an arroyo just as the two guns spoke. Long's eyes followed the wolf in a queer way. *He* was given no chance to run for his life — they had set him, for his last ride, on a lame and broken-down cayuse; it stumbled forward helplessly. And just then there was a hurry of strong, free hoofs in the trail behind.

A girl overtook them, calling mockingly, "I saw what fine shots you boys were."

Her appearance struck them all dumb; for she didn't know the grim errand on which they were bound. What would happen? Would they betray themselves? Would Long tell her?

"We let that wolf off," said Little Jim, rising to the occasion. "We knowed you didn't approve of killing 'em."

"I do — of shooting them; but, while I'm here, you're not going to strangle any living creature with a rope."

She was a little thing, but the bronco she rode usually succeeded in throwing her brother — she kept on his back by a trick of digging her knee into his side.

Jim felt his stoical calm breaking, and he looked again at the girl. Her name was Bertha, but they had rechristened her "Missouri Rose," in compliment to the complexion she had brought to Shell River. The sun had warmed it, since, into soft browns and pinks, leaving it very white under the chin, behind the ears, and in a line around where the hair grew. There was a breath of wind just then, and her body bent to it. From the habit of bracing herself against the wind, she was acquiring the grace peculiar to all wind-blown prairie things.

"I wish I was a wolf!" she cried suddenly.

"You do, do you?"

"Yes; I wouldn't be in any danger from such shots as you. But I do, really — a wolf, or a rabbit, or anything that can run."

"How's Harry, Miss Stewart?" asked Little Jim; and she sobered instantly.

"Harry went to New Sweden three days ago. He said to tell the boys his lungs hurt him and he needed medicine."

"And you stay alone nights?"

"What would I be afraid of?" she asked triumphantly, and shook the hair out of her eyes, which looked very blue in her sunburned face. Then she deliberately pushed her pony in beside Long's. Little Jim fell back in the trail, but Harding doggedly remained on the prisoner's

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other side. Her eyes, soft and luminous, were lifted to Long's face. "Did you mean that, about going back to Detroit?" And still she suspected nothing.

"Yes, I meant it," the prisoner answered absently; and she drew her pony's mane through her fingers. It was wonderful, how the brute submitted to her! On a ridge, near, a coyote lifted his evening wail.

"I suppose you'll be over before you go?" she asked, and looked bewildered as he did not answer — she was not used to rebuffs. "I want to see you; Harry left you a message," she insisted.

Long's look at her was almost indignant, for she troubled and disturbed him, and he didn't want to put his mind on what she was saying. With each mile, the cañon brightened before him, and the wind brought him a whiff from its cedars. The girl opened her lips to speak, choked, swallowed hastily, and looked at her pony's neck. The dark pink went all over her face.

"I know you're busy starting off," she said angrily; "I only ask you because it's important." Again she looked at him; her anger moved him as little as her favor. "Will you come?" she demanded.

He started. "Why, sure I'll come."

"That's all. Good-by."

Long did not turn his eyes to look after her. Most of the cattlemen were in love with her, but Long was not; Jim had perceived that a long while before. And now, from the far-away look in the prisoner's eyes, he guessed his thoughts were with his mother in Detroit.

It was dark when they reached Douglas Cañon. The scents of cedar and prickly-pear hung in the air. In the stillness, the rocks above repeated the hoof-beats of the ponies. Near the entrance, the boys had buried a half-breed cattle-thief the year before, a rope still about his neck — and the wolves afterward dug him up; which was his reason, no doubt, for accosting Webber, that night, in the sand-storm.

Webber was going through the cañon, ignorant that anything had been at the grave. When the half-breed approached, he hadn't an idea that he was seeing a ghost, till he chanced to notice one side of the poor fellow's face, all eaten away.

The next day, when he and Little Jim investigated, they found that the coyotes had scratched away the earth, so that the breast and face of the corpse were exposed; and just beyond the grave lay a whisky-flask, thrown away half full — if you wanted proof that Webber had really seen something!

And they buried the half-breed rustler under a huge rock, and he never reappeared.

Under his sheltering boulder, as the three who had once known him rode by, the half-breed slept on quietly, and there was no sound but the loud breathing of cedars and the occasional yelp of a coyote. The moon was up, washing the cap-rocks, as they approached the place where this other rustler was to meet his fate.

Jim wished it were over — for it had to be done! He wished they had not met that girl. And one thing that greatly troubled him was the fear that their prisoner would break down and beg. There was something wrong about the stolid courage Long had shown at the trial and was showing now. He wasn't an Indian, and at the last moment, Jim feared, the Anglo-Saxon nerves would give way.

Passing a turn in the trail, they saw several men of the clique waiting for them; and as the moonlight struck Long's face, it looked very white. But he was still able to hold himself together. When they made him dismount, and he stood leaning against a boulder, he began to hum one of the tunes played at the Shell River dances. Jim knew, and everybody knew, he couldn't keep *that* up.

"Shut up, Long!" muttered Smith.

Smith was the rancher whose calves had been stolen and rebranded — an old man, of considerable influence with the rest. He looked uneasy. Long continued his tune; but a glance he shot at Little Jim all but unnerved his captor; the eyes had a look in them that was familiar — that of a trapped wolf when you are about to knock him on the head.

At last Harding spoke. Harding had acted as executioner the year before, and had a lariat coiled about his arm now. "You done it, Long," he said, with finality. "If I was you, I'd own to it."

Long hummed his tune, steadily enough.

"Yes," said Smith angrily. "You done it. Whyn't you own to it? 'Tain't no use *lying*."

Jim could see the collapse coming to Long; but the boy pulled himself together for a last plea in his own behalf. "I had the steers; and my brand, *44*, was on 'em. You say it was changed from *Double L*, and maybe it was; but I don't know who did the branding, any more than Jim does."

"What are we waiting for?" sternly inquired Harding.

"For Sam, and Slim Harry."

"Harry went to New Sweden Chewsday; he won't be here."

Little Jim gave this information rather huskily. He was standing next to Long in the group, and the prisoner gradually worked himself nearer till their shoulders touched. Then Jim felt Long's hand on his shoulder, and a voice breathed in his ear: "Gimme a gun."

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Jim shook his head. The circle was very quiet, and a long-drawn howl was audible, far off on the prairie. "I'll use it on myself," whispered Long. But Jim couldn't bear to have to refuse him; he walked over and stood beside Smith.

"I stopped at Stewart's shack," muttered Smith. "It's got to be fixed so *she* never hears of it." And Jim nodded, with his eyes on Long's face.

Smith broke another long silence. "Long," he said solemnly, "we all regret this."

The prisoner looked him in the eyes.

"Now, boy, ef you'll own up that you done it, I give my vote, as one man, to let you go back to Detroit, where you come from."

Long pulled himself erect — weakened and lunged forward — tried to speak, but couldn't make his voice go. Then, with a mighty effort, he got his words out: "Before *God* — I never touched — your" — a gasp — "*calves*." And Jim saw that the Anglo-Saxon courage would pull him through.

He felt only pity. The crime did not seem so bad, now; he knew that Long had lost practically all his cattle, and that his only pony had just broken its leg. He was driven to steal, after all; and Jim would rather see him hold the lie to the last. There was a noise of hoofs as the last man of the clique rode into the cañon.

They took Long across the bed of the little creek that trickled through the cañon, and proceeded toward Eagle Rock; there the cliff gave a sheer fall of a hundred feet, and there the half-breed had dropped to his death, the year before.

"I think I'll stay here," Little Jim whispered to Webber; and they left him behind.

He saw the procession reach Eagle Rock. He wanted to turn his eyes away, and something kept pulling them back — till he picked out Harding's pinto, down by the creek, and kept his eyes steadily fixed on its spotted, pinkish sides.

Then, in the air above him, he heard a swish and a thud. He didn't look at once, but waited until he felt sure all would be over. He heard the water gurgle in the creek, and the stamp of the ponies and the squeak of saddle-leather. The vivid Western stars were blotted out overhead by a flurry of cloud, which also obscured the moon. It grew dark and windy.

At last Jim looked up. The sound he had heard had been made by the trying of a chunk of cedar wood in Harding's lariat. The men of the cattle clique stood motionless on the rock, and he could make out Long's figure, with arms bound fast. Jim pulled his hat down over his head, and didn't look again.

He heard them coming slowly down the incline — and he thought they could not, so soon, be carrying *it* with them; it would still be hanging there, above his head. He turned his eyes to stare at the opposite slope.

"Jim —" said Smith.

He didn't turn.

"Will you agree to give him another chance?"

Little Jim wheeled to confront the clique — Harding, Webber, Smith, Sam, and — *Long*, who stood looking directly into his face. After a minute, when the shock of relief was over, he saw that the faces of the men looked grim, as if, in the very act of showing mercy, they had hardened.

"Give me a horse!" pleaded the boy. "You say you'll turn me out on these plains. What do you want the wolves to get me for? Give me a horse and a gun."

Little Jim leaned back against a rock, regarding him coldly; and there was a boisterous laugh from Webber. Webber was not made of that stern stuff that was in his mates, and to-night he was drunk.

"My father's a railroad man in Detroit," said Long. "He'll pay you for the horse, anything you say." Again Webber jeered, and nobody else spoke. "Why didn't you kill me, then?"

"If that's your choice," replied Harding — who had stood obstinately for execution.

"For God's sake, cut this rope!" The pris-

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oner angrily extended his bound arms. There was no response. Webber laughed. "I'll go, then," said Long. There was still no response. Stiffly, Long climbed the slope a little way. Then he turned, with one foot on a boulder. "I'll go," he repeated; "but I never touched your calves, and I'll *come back*. And you fellows'll be *sorry*." The men, at this, fell to cursing him, and telling him what fate awaited him if he dared return.

When he had labored up out of sight, Smith turned to Harding and Webber. "Go after him, boys," he ordered, "and cut the rope."

As he and Little Jim rode on their way, they saw the other two meet Long, and leave him again; then they watched the boy's figure going east. Over the moonlit plain it moved, scarcely distinguishable from the tall soapweed of the desert, and disappeared in the shadows of the hills.

They looked about them on the moonlit plains where they ruled as kings. Their cattle roamed there by thousands, unguarded; yet they were safe, except from the wolf. No thief dared molest them. Stewart's shack was near, a light burning in it, a figure outlined on the curtain. They could see the girl's hand on the neck of her mandolin, and in the window a table. It was not like any other table about, for it had a book on it — "Idylls of the King."

The tinkle of the music stopped at the sound of the hoofs. The girl appeared in the door, and Jim called a greeting to her. They looked back when they were past, and she was calling her dog in for the night. The tiny house stood in a savage and desolate prairie. On one side the wind had blown the tumbleweed almost to the roof. Yet, under this crude government of theirs, not only cattle were safe — all that they protected could lie down without fear.

Smith broke the silence, as they rode on: "And so we never done it, after all!"

"Long got off mighty durn easy," remarked Jim, and added: "He won't have no trouble unless it should happen to snow."

It didn't snow for some days, though the wind was raw and ugly, sweeping the plains. But one morning the face of the sky changed. A dark-gray veil shut down to the horizon, its ragged edges white and luminous. The cold cut one's face, and drove the cattle to the arroyo for shelter. The wind had piled dead tumbleweed into the mouth of it till it looked as if a shaggy brown bear were asleep there. And, about mid-afternoon, snow began to fly. Around Jim's shack were the carcasses of winter-killed steers, sun-scorched, wind-dried, each eloquent of slow starvation and thirst, and of a final death-struggle with the wolves.

Harding stopped by late in the day.

"I never see the wolves so thick," remarked Little Jim, leaving his door open when he brought in an armful of dead weeds to kindle the natural fuel of the prairies. "Yes, them cowardly devils is thick as flies this year — and I'm glad we *cut that rope for Long!*"

"Did Webber cut it?" asked Harding. "I never paid no attention.

"Naw, it wasn't cut!" he added, after a pause.

For a minute or two, Jim stood silent in his doorway, trying to look down the trail — where, through the snow, he began to think he made out a dark, moving object.

He turned on Harding. "You hadn't ought to done that trick!" he said savagely.

The dark object was growing into view. It became a pony with a girl on its back, her figure braced lightly against the wind. She pulled rein and sprang from the saddle before Jim could reach her.

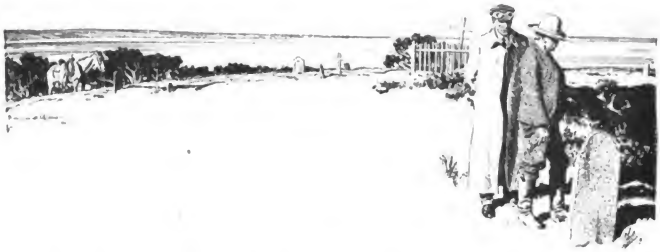
"Where's Long?" she demanded, as she entered the shack.

"I ain't Long's keeper," Harding replied. "Did Harry get home all right, Bertha?"

She shook her head. Standing by Jim's fire, she spread her hands above it; but her teeth chattered as if she did not feel the warmth. "I'm staying alone," she said, with a faint smile at Jim.

"You ought to go over to Nels Petersen's," Harding put in. "He's got a woman."

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"It isn't that I'm afraid — for *myself!*"

She turned, trembling, to Little Jim; and that cruelty done to Long gripped his heart and conscience. He looked off into the snow.

"I came to tell you something." By drawing in her breath sharply, she seemed to get control of herself. "*Harry* took your cattle. I don't know what he did it for. You won't ever see him again. I don't know if he's to blame or not. He's always done such things; it's a kind of disease with him. When he had to come West for his lungs, I thought if I came with him he wouldn't — " She broke off, and resumed: "He didn't let me know what he was at till the night before he went away. Then he told me. He said he took *Double L* cattle and changed the brand to *44*. He did that because he used to drive for Long, and because he didn't dare sell Smith's brand with the agent right there in town. He said he had to get away and never come back. And he must have got to the railroad, because the pony came home. He said if I told Long before he'd been away three days, Long would have him hung." She took breath again, and looked at Little Jim. "But I was going to tell Long, and ask him what to do. Why doesn't he come? He promised he would. I wanted to tell him." She went down suddenly, sitting on the edge of Jim's bunk, her hands clasping her knees.

"You thought *he* did it!" she cried. "And you've done something to *him* — and it's my fault, because I shielded Harry."

"Long went back to Detroit," said Harding calmly.

She looked at Little Jim. "That's a lie!" she said, and dropped her face on her hands and sobbed.

"Bertha, if I was to die this minute, Long — "

"Don't speak to me. If you've touched him, don't ever dare to speak to me again! Jim, *what* did they do to him?"

"Harding tells the truth; he went back to Detroit." But Little Jim spoke faintly.

"Please tell me!" she cried. "I would rather know." Jim threw more dried wood stalks on the fire. "Please tell me!" She saw that they would give her no answer, and threw herself down on the floor beside Jim's bunk.

He and Harding went out of doors to catch her pony. "Harding —" huskily began Jim.

"Shut up! I'm going to take *her* over to Petersen's."

It grew dark rapidly after Bertha and Harding had gone, and the wind made a wall of whirling snow close to the house. Jim cooked his supper, and went to bed under his wolf-skin rug; but he was very wakeful.

They were only coyotes he heard, yapping about his shack, tempting his collie out to chase them. They stopped soon, and there was only the rattling of a loose board in the wind. Then one of the dogs outside began to bark and whine about the door, while the other, which was bolder, growled defiance; and Jim heard the big cattle wolves.

When he opened his door the wolves hushed immediately, and all was quiet in the snow. The frightened dog tried to sneak past him, but he kicked her out scornfully, closed the door, and set the lamp in the window.

The wolves at once resumed their noise, and he was now sure they were closing in on something — a yearling, no doubt, or a sick cow; for they were cowardly wretches. Their way was to slink about the herd till they saw one stumble or stagger, then they would give tongue for their mates.

Jim did not think they would dare attack a human being — but he moved uneasily about his shack; and the next time he opened his door, he groped his way out and fired his gun.

As soon as his door was closed the cries began again, very near now. He thought they might be at the arroyo. It was as if their victim were trying to get to Jim's light. Jim sprang to his feet, hesitated, and sat down again.

There was a sharp yell, then an awful hush.



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It was eleven-ten by his silver watch. "Another calf gone!" said Jim, aloud, and rolled himself up in his rug to sleep.

He was restless all night, and woke in the early dawn. The snow was still coming down over the plains, and there were deep drifts.

As he was getting breakfast, he heard a pony outside, and presently Smith pushed the door open. The yellowish light of morning pierced the falling snow. Jim's lamp looked pale and flared smokily. The place was blue with pleasant smoke and fragrant with coffee.

"Come out here, Jim," said Smith. Jim looked up, startled.

"Yes, come out here by the 'royo," Smith insisted. "It's layin' right out here."

"What is, you fool?" Jim had turned a little paler.

"Long."

They went out into the falling snow. It was coming down softly now, with no wind. At the arroyo's edge lay what Smith had found, doubled up in the tumbleweed — a heap of bloody rags and bones. One look, and Jim turned his eyes away; he shuddered, and felt sick, in the chilly morning. He could hear Smith's teeth chatter.

"I never knowed them cowardly devils to do a trick like that!" Smith kept his eyes turned away. "Mus' ha' been a sure big pack. I laid and listened to 'em last night, and as soon as it was light, I rid over to see what the matter was."

Jim was silent.

"Say, Jim, we ought to move this."

Little Jim went back to his shack, and returned with a blanket. As they were lifting the bones,— leaving a scarlet stain on the snow,— a huge silver watch fell out, of the sort Ole Olesen kept in his store at New Sweden. It had stopped at eleven-ten.

They — Little Jim and Smith — were riding that way for the first time since they pushed the rags and bones into a shallow grave near the arroyo and piled stones over them. Bertha Stewart had seen them, and was waiting in the trail; and it seemed to Jim as if that pile of stones were the biggest thing in the landscape. He glanced aside, and, to his horror, saw a brown rag in the tumbleweed. But she sat there smiling, and did not perceive the rag — grim relic of Long's fate. She was always silent, of late; and her eyes were getting lonesome, through much solitary contemplation of the plain.

Jim had not dared, until now, to speak to her of Long. He did it to-day. He mentioned something that Long had done a year before, at a dance. He wished to see if she had any suspicion. "Oh!" she answered. "I had forgotten about Long!" And Jim was glad. The secret was safer now.

She looked down at her pony's neck a minute. "I guess he likes Detroit better than here," she remarked.

After she had gone, Smith said suddenly: "Do you recollec' what he said? He said he'd come back, and we'd be sorry, and — well, he sure did come back."

Jim was looking back at that pile of stones. He began to think, now, it would hold the secret forever.

"When one more man comes back," pursued Smith, "we'll see this here business through. Justice ain't done on earth, Jim — because look at that lunger! Long was good to him. He gave him his own clo'es, when he was cold. Yet the lunger done him like a devil, in return; and he got safe away!

"For, you know, after what we found out in New Sweden, he must ha' knew it would look bad fer Long. Ole asked me why didn't we notify the feder'l authorities. Lots Harry cares for *them!* Ef there's anything I hate, it's a feder'l court. Supposin' you do get them to hang a man. The trial goes for a year, and then they have the chaplain prayin' for him. Now, I don't know much about the Almighty, but, from

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all I can hear, it'd be just like him to pardon that dog we was speakin' of. No; that lunger has to die — and not by no feder'l court."

"He won't come back until he knows it's safe."

"Safe? I'll help hang him, if twenty years had passed."

"I won't!" said Little Jim. "I lied to his sister, good and plenty, about Long. I'm the man she believes, and if we was to hang Harry, you'd make me do the lyin'. It makes a heap of difference if there's somebody around that you have to lie to. It makes you feel like a murderer. I'm done with this here lynch law. And let me tell you another thing: ef ever Harry comes back, this whole story'll be out."

The clique, as a body, declared with Jim against lynchings. Harding took the tragedy coolly; Webber went on a spree when he heard about it, and wasn't sober till spring, when the fate of Long had become an old story. Bertha never noticed that heap of stones — if you don't see a new thing at once, you never see it. The sands of summer and the snows of winter blew over it; it became a well-known feature of the landscape — there to remain until it should be cleared away by the builders of some young Western city.

But a death-blow was dealt to the old régime on Shell River. Deprived of the right of dealing justice, the spirit of the community was broken. One spring some mavericks were stolen, and the thief — a Mexican — was handed over to the federal authorities: after that, the authority of the clique disintegrated rapidly.

Years passed, and Harry did not return. Jim saw the battle between the cattle and the sheep fought out, bloodily; he witnessed the encroachments of the irrigating-ditch, when men like Harding, who had made a fortune out of cattle, moved back from the river to make room for the ranchers. The railroad that came to New Sweden thrust out an arm to take the fruits of the country; and finally another road was proposed. Smith remained a reactionary; he didn't want railroads. He lived into his second childhood, and liked nothing better than to have Jim come over, of an autumn Sunday, and talk about old times. Sometimes, then, Smith would hark back to the lynching of Long, and would wax eloquent — in the impotent wrath of the old — as he told what he meant to do when Slim Harry came back. That lunger should be hanged, though he were president of a railroad! For the railroad was now greater than the federal court in Shell River.

Jim went to a dinner given in a private car in New Sweden, at which agents of the new road, explaining their plans to representative citizens, asked for coöperation.

Among the railroad men was one of forty-odd years who had about him something vaguely familiar to Little Jim — quite a handsome man, sober and conventional, with just that touch of imperiousness that comes from handling heavy responsibilities, and also, perhaps, from a knowledge that one commands the destinies of communities and with the stroke of one's pen may make men rich. There were aspects of him that were not familiar; but he had bright gray eyes, like a wolf's, that caught Jim's memory.

When the dessert had been taken off, this stranger lit a cigar and began to talk — in one of those imperious voices, hard with the sense of power, but soft also from habits of courtesy.

"*I* lived on the range for two years, when I was a boy," he said; "but, if I tell the story these days, people always think I'm lying. My son believes me; he's fourteen, and he thinks it's cruel there's no wild West now for a young man to run away to."

Half closing his eyes, and holding his cigar daintily between two fingers, he looked out on the dusty cow-town. Across from the private car was a greasy wooden building labeled "Waldorf-Astoria," and a shack with "Delmonico's" over it.

"Perhaps," he resumed, "I shouldn't venture out into the country. You see, when I come back to *one* place I'm to be hung, which I shouldn't like a little bit." Everybody laughed. "I said you'd think I was lying," he remarked, as he replaced his cigar.

Jim's eyes scarcely left his face. Somebody put a question about the new railroad.

"Now, *don't!*" said the railroad man. "This is dinner-time!"

That expression wasn't familiar; Jim began to think he had been mistaken. "We have a site for a depot — offered us by a man named *Harding*. But of course our acceptance would depend on circumstances. And I'm not the railroad, of course; I merely advise," — with the modesty of the very powerful.

"I say, I wish I could find an old-timer; I'd prove to you that I was here in the early days." The gray eyes, searching the banquet-tables, passed Jim without a sign of recognition; but again something disturbed the dust of years in Jim's brain.

"Who is that?" he whispered — and his neighbor didn't know.

Old faces had blurred into each other, in Jim's mind; so that if Slim Harry, and Long, and Webber — who went to the Klondike in '90 — could have been brought together out of

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the past, he would have known them all, and yet he couldn't have said which was which.

"Who is that?" he demanded of the president of the New Sweden Commercial Club.

"That? That's John G. Long, of Detroit."

Jim gasped — and stared at the railroad man.

"Haskell's an old-timer, Mr. Long!" said the president of the Commercial Club, and began poking Jim's elbow to introduce him.

Jim's eyes squinted up, almost shut, and his face looked withered and rosy, like a very old wine-sap apple.

Long did not know him. "How do you do, Mr. Haskell?" he was asking. "I wonder if you knew some old friends of mine — a fellow named Stewart, who had lung trouble, and lived with his sister?"

Jim screwed up his eyes again. "Slim Harry?" he asked.

"That's the man!" cried Long, delighted.

"He went away from here in the '80's," said Jim slowly, for he was a little stunned; "he never came back."

"What about his sister? She was a mighty pretty girl, I recall. I suppose she made one of the boys happy and the rest very sad."

"She's dead," said Little Jim.

"Dead?" repeated Long gently.

"Harry ran away. And eight months after she married Harding — it was the best thing she could do. And in one more year she died."

"You say Harry ran off and left her?"

"Yes; he'd been in devilment, branding other people's calves."

The gray eyes narrowed to slits. But Jim was not looking at Long. He thought of that snowy night when he lay in his shack and heard the wolves as they devoured a man. And all at once he knew whose were those bones buried, with Smith's help, near the arroyo, in the early morning. Harry was always faint-hearted. He couldn't stay on the back of the bronco — and so, of course, he wandered about, sick and wretched and in deadly fear of the cattlemen; and at last, as he was trying to get to Jim's light, the wolves pulled him down. Jim lifted his eyes to Long. And then he knew that a wolf would never dare! What need to ask how he got that rope off his hands? He'd be sure to get himself free!

And Long cried out: "Did they ever call you 'Little Jim'?"

Old currents of feeling were set going in Jim's heart that day. He recalled early times in a sad and wistful way — gallant days, good to the lonely heart of the old-timer, but not half so pleasant to live in as now, when a cattle-thief goes to the reformatory and nobody is bothered about him. Yet Jim found himself wanting something, in this day of paler passions, of chaffering for real estate and fawning on railroads; and it was something that seemed very good to him. He missed the glory of the small community, and the wild beauty of the old range, before the railroad.

The next Sunday afternoon, he took a ride from his ranch to a place called the "Cedars," away up over the cañon, where there were some old graves. He didn't see an automobile in the road; but when he had climbed the slope, a man stood there on the highest point, eagerly scanning the range with a glass. It was John G. Long, of Detroit. He did not look quite as Jim had seen him at the banquet; it seemed almost as if the spirit of his boyhood had entered into him again. And he turned, and smiled in a queer way at Little Jim.

Jim didn't know he was following; but, as he walked about among the mounds, he looked up, and Long was beside him.

"Which is it?" asked the railroad man.

Jim didn't know which grave held Harding's first wife; but on one of the rough stones somebody had scratched a name beginning with "B."

"It was either 'Bertha' or 'Bessy,'" he remarked.

"*Bertha*," said Long.

Little Jim stood, thinking about her marriage — after she had lived alone for eight months in her shack. It was one Sunday, when a Methodist preacher was out from New Sweden. And he remembered her death, also — one of those common sacrifices the pioneer life called for: a baby, and no doctor or nurse. But those pioneer women, they were willing to take their lives in their hands!

It was a lovely place to come on a Sunday afternoon. Below them was a vista of dwarf cedars, running down to the cañon-bed; little bluish juniper-berries fell in a constant rain, and were picked by the thousands of birds. The sky was blue as any in the world.

It would be so until Long's first engines should defile it with their smoke.

Now, on the trail far below, they saw Harding's new motor. He had no need to fawn on railroads; he was as rich as a man need care to be, and the second wife had her own little electric, and her fine new house, with a gas-plant, and hot and cold water piped in.

In the wake of the machine galloped a flurry of dust. It looked to Little Jim like the mounted ghost of the old-time range. No; like the ghost of a girl, in an old-fashioned riding-skirt, on a fleet gray pony.

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THE GIRLHOOD OF HARRIET BEECHER STOWE

BY

HER SON, CHARLES EDWARD STOWE
AND HER GRANDSON, LYMAN BEECHER STOWE

HARRIET BEECHER'S earliest recollections were of her mother, who died in 1816, before Harriet was six years old. She says of her mother, in describing the first of these memories: "Mother was an enthusiastic horticulturist in all the small ways that her limited means allowed. Her brother John, in New York, had just sent her a small parcel of fine tulip bulbs. I remember rummaging these out of an obscure corner of the nursery, one day when she was gone out, and being strongly seized with the idea that they were good to eat, and using all the little English I then possessed to persuade my brothers that these were onions, such as grown people ate, and would be very nice for us. So we fell to, and devoured the whole, and I recollect being somewhat disappointed at the odd, sweetish taste, and thinking that onions were not as nice as I had supposed.

"Then mother's serene face appeared at the nursery door, and we all ran toward her and began to tell our discovery and achievement. We had found this bag of onions and had eaten them all up.

"Also, I remember that there was not even a momentary expression of impatience, but that she sat down and said: 'My dear children, what you have done makes mama very sorry. Those were not onions, but roots of beautiful flowers; and, if you had let them alone, mama would have had in the garden, next summer, great, beautiful red and yellow flowers such as you never saw.' I remember how drooping and dispirited we all grew at this picture, and how sadly we regarded the empty paper bag."

This was one of the two incidents which, as she says, "twinkle like rays through the darkness." The other was "of our all running and dancing out before her from the nursery to the sitting-room one Sabbath morning, and her pleasant voice saying after us, 'Remember the Sabbath day, to keep it holy.'"

She goes on to say: "Then I have a recollection of her reading to the children, one evening, Miss Edgeworth's 'Frank,' which had just come out, I believe, and was exciting a great deal of interest in the educational circles of Litchfield. After that I remember a time when every one said she was sick. I used to be permitted once a day to go into her room, where she lay bolstered up in bed. I have a vision of a very fair face with a bright red spot on each cheek, and a quiet smile as she offered me a spoonful of her gruel; of our dreaming one night, we little ones, that mama had got well, and waking in loud transports of joy, and of being hushed down by some one coming into the room. Our dream was indeed a true one. She was forever well; but they told us she was dead, and took us in to see something that seemed so cold and so unlike anything we had ever seen or known of her."

Then came the funeral, which, in those stern days, had none of the soothing accessories of our gentler times. We are told of Harriet's little baby brother, Henry Ward, that, after the funeral, he was seen by his sister Catherine digging with great energy under her window, the bright sunlight shining through the long curls that hung down on either side of his little flushed face. When she asked what he was doing, he replied, "I'm doing down to find mama!"

"Although mother's bodily presence disappeared from our circle," says Mrs. Stowe, "I think that her memory and example had more influence in molding her family, in deterring from evil and exciting to good, than the living presence of many mothers. It was a memory that met us everywhere; for every person in the town seemed to have been so impressed by her character and life that they constantly reflected some portion of it back upon us. The passage in 'Uncle Tom' where Augustine St. Clair describes his mother's influence is a simple reproduction of this mother's influence as it has

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always been in her family." Such a woman was Roxana Foote, Dr. Lyman Beecher's first wife and the mother of eight of Dr. Beecher's eleven children.

Lyman Beecher's Love of Music

Harriet Beecher was born at Litchfield, Connecticut, in June, 1811. The house in which Harriet was born and grew up was originally a square building with a hipped roof, to which before her birth her father had built an addition known as the "new part." In the "Autobiography and Correspondence of Lyman Beecher" it is described, in part, as follows:

"The ground floor of the new part was occupied by a large parlor in which memory recalls ministers' meetings with clouds of tobacco smoke, and musical soirées with piano, flute, and song. Over this were sleeping-rooms, and in the attic was the study, the windows of which looked out into an apple orchard."

Mrs. Stowe wrote of this home, and of her father:

"Father was very fond of music, and very susceptible to its influence; and one of the great eras of the family in my childish recollection is the triumphant bringing home from New Haven of a fine-toned upright piano, which a fortunate accident had brought within the range of a poor country minister's means. The ark of the covenant was not brought into the tabernacle with more gladness than this magical instrument into our abode. Father soon learned to accompany the piano on his violin in various psalm tunes and Scotch airs, and brothers Edward and William to perform their part on their flutes. So we had often domestic concerts, which, if they did not attain to the height of artistic perfection, filled the house with gladness.

"One of the most decided impressions of the family, as it was in my childish days, was of a great household inspired by a spirit of cheerfulness and hilarity, and of my father, though pressed and driven with business, always lending an attentive ear to anything in the way of life and social fellowship. My oldest sister, whose life seemed to be a constant stream of mirthfulness, was his favorite and companion, and he was always more than indulgent towards her pranks and jokes." This eldest sister, Catherine, says of her father: "I remember him more as a playmate than in any other character during my childhood."

In spite of the fact that he was ever bubbling over with fun, he was respected and obeyed by his children in the minutest particulars. Catherine says of her father:

"As to family government, it has been said that children love best those that govern them best. This was verified in our experience. Our mother was tender, gentle, and sympathizing; but all the discipline of government was with father. With most of his children, when quite young, he had one, two, or three seasons in which he taught them that obedience must be exact, prompt, and cheerful, and by a discipline so severe that it was thoroughly remembered and feared. Ever after, a decided word of command was all-sufficient. The obedience was to be speedy and without fretting or frowns. 'Mind your mother! Quick! No crying! Look pleasant!' These were words of command, obeyed with almost military speed and precision."

"Team Work" in the Beecher Family

Never was a father more idolized by his children than was Lyman Beecher. Mrs. Stowe mentions especially his power of exciting family enthusiasm. "Whenever he had a point to be carried, or work to be done, he would work the whole family up to a pitch of fervent zeal, in which the strength of each seemed quadrupled. For instance, the wood for the family used to be brought in winter on ox-sleds, and piled up in the yard exactly over the spot where father wished to plant his cucumbers and melons. Of course, as all this wood was to be cut and split and carried into the wood-house before the garden could be started, it required a miracle of generalship to get it done, considering the immense quantity of wood required to keep an old windy castle of a house comfortable in winter weather. The axes would ring and the chips fly; the jokes and stories would fly faster, till all was cut and split. Then came the great work of wheeling in and piling."

Harriet would work like one possessed, sucked into the vortex of enthusiasm by her father's remarking, "I wish Harriet were a boy! She would do more than any of them!" Then she would throw aside her book or her needle and thread, and, donning a little black coat which she thought made her look more like a boy, she would try to outdo all the rest till the wood was all in and the chips swept up. Frequently Mr. Beecher would raise a point of theology and start a discussion, taking the wrong or weakest side himself, to practise the youngsters in logic. If the children did not make good their side of the case, he would stop and explain to them the position, and say, "The argument is thus and so! Now, if you take this position you will be able to trip me up!" Thus he taught them to reason as he would have taught them to box or wrestle, by actual face-to-face contest.

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Dr. Beecher's Fishing Parties

The task done, the Doctor always planned to have a great fishing expedition with the children. Before Harriet was old enough to go, she looked on these fishing expeditions as something pertaining only to her father and the older boys, and watched the busy preparations with regretful interest. They were all going to Great Pond, and to Pine Island, to that wonderful blue-pine forest that she could just see on the horizon; and who could tell what strange adventures they might meet!

When they were gone, the house seemed so still and deserted all day long — no singing, shouting, tramping, and wrestling of noisy, merry boys. Harriet would sit silent and lonely, sewing a long seam on a sheet by way of beguiling the time. At last it would begin to be dark, and the stars, peeping out one by one, would look down as if surprised to find a little girl who had gone to bed but not to sleep. With what joy she finally hailed in the distance the tramp of feet, the shouts and laughter of her father and brothers, as, glad with triumph, they burst into the kitchen with long strings of perch, roach, pickerel, and bull-heads, with waving blades of sweet-flag and lofty heads of cat-tail, and pockets full of fragrant wintergreen, a generous portion of which was always bestowed upon her. To her eyes, these were trophies from the dreamland of enchantment for which she had longed. She was then safe from being sent back to bed for an hour or more, and watched with delight the cheerful hurrying and scurrying to and fro, the waving of lights as the fish were cleaned in the back shed, the fire kindled into a cheerful blaze, and her father standing over the frying-pan, frying the fish. To his latest day, Doctor Beecher was firm in the conviction that no feminine hand could fry fish with that perfection of skill which was his as a king of woodcraft and woodland cookery.

The Minister's Study

One of Harriet's favorite haunts was her father's study. It was an arched garret room, high above all the noise and confusion of the busy household, with a big window that commanded a view of Great Pond with its fringe of steel-blue pines. Its walls were set round from floor to ceiling with the quiet, friendly faces of books, and there stood her father's study-chair and writing-table, on which always lay open before him Cruden's Concordance and the Bible. Here Harriet loved to retreat, and to snuggle down in a quiet corner with her favorite books around her. She had a restful, sheltered feeling as she sat and watched her father at his sermon-writing, turning his books, and speaking to himself from time to time in a loud, earnest whisper. She vaguely felt that he was about some holy and mysterious work, far above her childish comprehension.

The books ranged around filled her, too, with solemn awe. There, on the lower shelves, were enormous folios, on whose backs she spelled in black letters "Lightfooti Opera" — a title whereat she marveled, considering the bulk of the volumes. And, overhead, grouped along in sociable rows, were books of all sizes and bindings, the titles of which she had read so often that she knew them by heart. There were "Bell's Sermons," "Bonnett's Inquiries," "Bogue's Essays," "Toplady on Predestination," "Boston's Fourfold State," "Law's Serious Call," and other works of the kind, that she had looked over wistfully, day after day, without finding even a hope of something interesting.

Harriet Discovers Cotton Mather

It was a happy hour for Harriet when her father brought home and set up in his book-case Cotton Mather's "Magnalia." What wonderful stories, these, and stories, too, about her own country! Stories that made her feel that the very ground under her feet was consecrated by some special dealings of God's wonder-working providence. When the good Doctor related how a plague had wasted the Indian tribes, and so prepared a place for the Pilgrim fathers to settle undisturbed, she felt in no wise doubtful of his application of the text, "He drove out the heathen, and planted them." No Jewish maiden ever grew up with a more earnest faith that she belonged to a consecrated race, a people especially called and chosen of God for some great work on earth. Her faith in every word of the marvels related in this book was fully as great as the dear old credulous Doctor Mather could have desired. It filled her soul with an eagerness to go forth and do some great and valiant deed for her God and her country. She wanted then, as always, to translate her feelings into deeds.

But, aside from her father's study, Harriet found poetry and romance in the various garrets and cellars of the old parsonage. There was, first, the garret over the kitchen, the floors of which in the fall were covered with stores of yellow pumpkins, fragrant heaps of quinces, and less fragrant piles of onions. There were bins of shelled corn and of oats, and, as in every other garret in the house, there were also barrels of old sermons and pamphlets.

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Bunyan in the Smoke-house

But most stimulating to the imagination of a Puritan child steeped in that wonderful allegory, Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," was the smoke-house, which was a wide, deep chasm made in the kitchen chimney, in which the dried beef and the hams were prepared. The door that opened into this dismal recess glistened with condensed creosote, and Harriet trembled as she listened to an awful rumbling within, followed by crackling reverberations. One day she summoned courage to open the door and peep in, and was reminded of a passage in "Pilgrim's Progress" that reads: "Then I saw in my dream that the shepherds had them to another place, in a bottom, where was a door in the side of a hill; and they opened the door and bid them look in. They looked in, therefore, and saw that within it was dark and smoky; they also thought that they heard a rumbling noise as of fire, and a cry of some tormented, and they smelt the smell of brimstone." Harriet closed the door and ran away trembling.

Old Sermons and the "Arabian Nights"

She delighted in upsetting the barrels of old sermons and pamphlets on the floor, pawing about in the contents, and reading with astonished eyes the queer titles. It seemed to her that there were thousands of unintelligible things. "An Appeal on the Unlawfulness of a Man's Marrying His Wife's Sister" turned up in every barrel she investigated. But, oh joy and triumph! one rainy day she found at the bottom of a barrel a copy of the "Arabian Nights"! Thenceforth her fortune was made. She had no idea of reading as is the fashion in these days — to read and dismiss a book. To read, with her, was a passion, and a book once read was read daily, becoming ever dearer, as an old friend.

It was also a great day when she discovered an old torn copy of the "Tempest." This experience she wrought into that romance of the Maine coast, "The Pearl of Orr's Island," where she pictures Mara exploring the garret and finding in an old barrel of cast-off rubbish a bit of reading which she begged of her grandmother for her own.

Harriet's Fear of the Rats

There was one class of tenants whose influence on Harriet's youthful mind must not be passed over. They were the rats. They had taken formal possession of the old parsonage, grown, multiplied, and become ancient, in spite of traps, cats, or anything that could be devised against them. The family cat, in Harriet's day, having taken a dispassionate survey of the situation, had given up the matter in despair, and set herself philosophically to attend to other concerns. She selected a corner of the Doctor's study as her special domestic retreat. Here she made her lair on a heap of old pamphlets and sermons, whence, from time to time, she led forth litters of well-educated, orthodox kittens, who, like their mother, gazed on the rats with respectful curiosity, but ran no imprudent risks. Consequently the rats had, as it were, the "freedom of the city" in the old parsonage.

They romped all night on the floor of the garret over Harriet's sleeping-room, apparently busy hopping ears of corn across the floor and rolling them down into their nests between the beams. Sometimes she would hear them gnawing and sawing behind the wainscoting at the head of her bed as if they had set up a carpenter's shop there, and would be filled with terror lest they should come through into her bed. Then, there were battles and skirmishes and squealings and fightings, and at times it would seem as if a whole detachment of rats rolled in an avalanche down the walls, with the cobs of corn they had been stealing. When the mighty winds of the Litchfield winters were let loose, and rumbled and thundered, roaring and tumbling down the chimneys, rattling the windows and doors, when the beams and rafters creaked and groaned like the timbers of a ship at sea, and the old house shook to its very foundations, then would the uproar among the rats grow louder and louder, and Harriet would dive under the bedclothes, quaking with fear. Thus did the old parsonage exert its silent influence, every day fashioning the sensitive, imaginative child.

The Seafaring Uncle

There was probably no one who more profoundly influenced Mrs. Stowe's intellectual development than did her seafaring uncle, Captain Samuel Foote. Of him her sister Catherine says:

"Uncle Samuel came among us, on his return from each voyage, as a sort of brilliant genius of another sphere, bringing gifts and wonders that seemed to wake up new faculties in all. Sometimes he came from the shores of Spain, with mementoes of the Alhambra and the ancient Moors; sometimes from Africa, bringing Oriental caps or Moorish slippers; sometimes from South America, with ingots of silver, or strange implements from the tombs of the Incas, or hammocks wrought by South American tribes of Indians.

"He was a man of great practical common sense, united with large ideality, a cultivated

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taste, and very extensive reading. With this was combined a humorous combativeness that led him to attack the special theories and prejudices of his friends, sometimes jocosely and sometimes in earnest.

"Of course, he and father were in continual good-natured skirmishes in which all the New England peculiarities of theology and of character were held up, both in caricature and in sober verity.

"I remember long discussions in which he maintained that Turks were more honest than Christians, bringing very startling facts in evidence. Then I heard his serious tales of Roman Catholic bishops and archbishops whom he had carried to and from Spain and America, and he affirmed them to be as learned and as truly pious and devoted to the good of men as any Protestant to be found in America."

Lyman Beecher's Second Marriage

When Harriet was between six and seven years old, her father married Miss Harriet Porter, of Portland, Maine. She has herself thus described the advent of the new mother:

"I was about six years old, and slept in the nursery with my two younger brothers. We knew father was gone away somewhere on a journey, and was expected home, and thus the sound of a bustle or disturbance in the house more easily awoke us. We heard father's voice in the entry, and started up, crying out as he entered our room, 'Why, here's pa!' A cheerful voice called out from behind him, 'And here's ma!'

"A beautiful lady, very fair, with bright blue eyes, and soft auburn hair bound round with a black velvet bandeau, came into the room, smiling, eager, and happy-looking, and, coming up to our beds, kissed us, and told us that she loved little children and would be our mother. We wanted forthwith to get up and be dressed; but she pacified us with the promise that we should find her in the morning.

"Never did mother-in-law make prettier or sweeter impression. The next morning, I remember, we looked at her with awe. She seemed to us so fair, so elegant, so delicate, that we were afraid to go near her. We must have been rough, red-cheeked, hearty country children, honest, obedient, and bashful. She was peculiarly dainty and neat in all her ways and arrangements; I remember I used to feel breezy, rough, and rude in her presence. We felt a little in awe of her, as if she were a strange princess rather than our own mama; but her voice was very sweet, her ways of moving and speaking very graceful, and she took us up in her lap and let us play with her beautiful hands, which seemed like wonderful things made of pearl and ornamented with rings."

Mr. Beecher and Jonathan Edwards

One Sunday evening, shortly after the arrival of the new mother, Dr. Beecher, who was at that time given to an undiscriminating admiration for the works of the great Jonathan Edwards, was reading to her from a volume of sermons by that divine. It happened to be the sermon with the pungent title, "Sinners in the Hands of an Angry God." Harriet was curled up on the sofa, apparently absorbed in a book of her own. Drawn to observe closely her new mother, she saw that she seemed to be listening with abhorrence and suppressed emotion. A bright red spot suffused each cheek, every moment growing brighter and redder. Finally, rising to her stately height, she swept out of the room, saying as she went: "Mr. Beecher, I will not listen to another word! Why, it is horrible! It is a slander on the character of my heavenly Father!" Harriet was impressed with the stupefaction pictured on her father's face. If a bucket of ice-water had been thrown over him, the effect could not have been more startling. He probably never again read Edwards' lurid pages with the same ease of mind as formerly. Doubtless this incident placed his foot on the first rung of a ladder which the ultra-orthodox of the period thought led anywhere but to heaven. Harriet Porter, although orthodox, was human, and she belonged to a different age from Edwards.

Harriet's School Days

Harriet attended a school for young women kept by a Miss Sarah Pierce, who is described as a woman of "more than ordinary talent, sprightly in conversation, social, and full of benevolent activity." In process of time the school was enlarged, and her nephew, Mr. John Brace, became her assistant. Of him Mrs. Stowe writes:

"Mr. Brace exceeded all the instructors that I ever knew in the faculty of teaching the art of English composition. The constant excitement in which he kept the minds of his pupils — the wide and varied regions of thought into which he led them — formed a preparation for teaching composition, the main requisite for which, whatever people may think, is to have something that one feels interested to say.

"His manner was to divide his school of about one hundred pupils into divisions of about three or four, one of which was to write every week. At the same time, he inspired an ambition to

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write by calling every week for volunteers, and every week there were those who volunteered to write.

"I remember I could have been but nine years old, and my handwriting hardly formed, when the enthusiasm he inspired led me — greatly to his amusement, I believe — to volunteer to write every week. The first week the subject of the composition chosen by the class was, 'The Difference Between the Natural and the Moral Sublime.'

"One may smile at this for a child nine years of age; but it is the best account I can give of his manner of teaching to say that the discussion that he had held in the class not only made me understand the subject as thoroughly as I do now, but so excited me that I felt sure that I had something to say about it.

First Literary Honors

"By two years of constant practice, under his training and suggestion, I had gained so far as to be appointed one of the writers for the annual exhibition, a proud distinction, as I then viewed it. The subject assigned me was one that had been very fully discussed in the school in a manner to show to the best advantage Mr. Brace's peculiarity in awakening the minds of his pupils to the higher regions of thought. The question was, 'Can the Immortality of the Soul be Proved by the Light of Nature?'

"Several of the young ladies had written strongly in the affirmative. Mr. Brace himself had written in the negative. To all these compositions and consequent discussions I had listened, and, in view of them, chose to adopt the negative.

"I remember the scene at that exhibition, to me so eventful. The hall was crowded with all the literati of Litchfield. Before them all our compositions were read aloud. When mine was read, I noticed that father, who was sitting on high by Mr. Brace, brightened and looked interested, and at the close I heard him ask, 'Who wrote that composition?' '*Your daughter, sir!*' was the answer. It was the proudest moment of my life. There was no mistaking father's face when he was pleased, and to have interested him was past all juvenile triumphs."



From a painting by C. Harding

DR. LYMAN BEECHER

THE FATHER OF HENRY WARD BEECHER AND HARRIET BEECHER STOWE

Wonders of the "Meeting-house"

"Never shall I forget the dignity and sense of importance which swelled my mind when I was first pronounced old enough to go to meeting," writes Mrs. Stowe, in another account of those early Litchfield days. "To my childish eyes our old meeting-house was an awe-inspiring place. To me it seemed fashioned very nearly on the model of Noah's Ark and Solomon's Temple, as set forth in the pictures of my Scripture catechism, pictures which I did not doubt were authentic copies."

Rigors of the Sabbath

Harriet had hallowed associations connected with the thought of the old church. Early one summer morning she had been reminded that it was Sunday, the holy Sabbath day,

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THOMAS
ISABELLA

WILLIAM
CATHERINE

DR. LYMAN BEECHER

THE BEECHER FAMILY, FROM

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MARY CHARLES HENRY WARD
HARRIET

A PHOTOGRAPH MADE IN 1861

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Courtesy of Houghton, Mifflin Company

CATHERINE BEECHER
THE OLDEST SISTER OF HARRIET BEECHER STOWE

by the following incident. Her two younger brothers, Henry and Charles, slept together in a little trundle-bed in a corner of the nursery where she also slept. She was waked by the two little fellows chattering to each other as they lay in their bed making little sheep out of cotton pulled from the holes in the old quilt that covered them, and pasturing them on the undulating hillsides and meadows which their imagination conjured up amid the bedclothes. Suddenly Charles' eyes grew wide with fright, and he cried out, "Henry, this is wicked! It's Sunday!" There was a moment of consternation, followed by silence, as both little curly heads disappeared under the old coverlet.

Harriet's Conversion

Yes, it was Sunday, and Harriet was trying her best to feel herself a dreadful sinner, but with very poor success. She was so healthy, and the blood raced and tingled so in her young veins. She tried to feel her sins and count them up; but the birds and the daisies and the buttercups were a constant interruption, and she went into the old meeting-house quite dissatisfied with herself. When she saw the white cloth, the shining cups, and the snowy bread of the communion-table, she hopelessly felt that the service could have nothing for a little girl — it would all be for the grown-up people, the initiated Christians. Nevertheless, when her father began to speak, she was drawn to listen by a sort of pathetic earnestness in his voice.

The Doctor was feeling very deeply, and he had chosen for his text the declaration of Jesus: "I call you not servants; but friends." His subject was Jesus as the soul-friend offered to every human being. Forgetting his doctrinal subtleties, he spoke with the simplicity and tenderness of a rich nature concerning the faithful, generous love of Christ. Deep feeling inclines to simplicity of language, and Dr. Beecher spoke in words that even a child could understand. Harriet sat absorbed; her large blue eyes gathered tears as she listened, and when the Doctor said, "Come, then, and trust your soul to this faithful friend," her little heart throbbed, "I will!" She sat through the sacramental service that followed with swelling heart and tearful eyes, and walked home filled with a new joy. She went up into her father's study, and threw herself into his arms, saying, "Father, I have given myself to Jesus, and he has taken me." He held her silently to his heart for a moment, and she felt his tears dropping on her head. "Is it so?" he said. "Then has a new flower blossomed in the kingdom this day."

"Spiritual Experience" and the Old New England Divines

Shortly after going to Hartford to attend school, Harriet made a call upon the Rev. Dr. Hawes, her father's friend, and her spiritual adviser, which left an enduring impression upon her mind. It was her father's advice that she join the church at Hartford, as he had received a call to Boston, and the breaking up of the Litchfield home was imminent. Accordingly, accompanied by two school friends, she went, one day, to the pastor's study to consult him concerning the contemplated step. In

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those days much stress was placed on religious experience, and more especially on what was termed a conviction of sin; and self-examination was carried to an extreme calculated to drive to desperation a sensitive, high-strung nature.

The good man listened to the child's simple and modest statement of her Christian experience, and then, with an awful, though kindly, solemnity of speech and manner, said:

"Harriet! do you feel that if the universe should be destroyed"—alarming pause—"you could be happy with God alone?"

After struggling in vain to fix in her mind the meaning of the sounds that fell on her ears like the measured tolling of a funeral bell, the child of fourteen stammered out, "Yes, sir!"

"You realize, I trust, in some measure at least, the deceitfulness of your own heart, and that, in punishment for your sins, God might justly leave you to make yourself as miserable as you have made yourself sinful."

Having thus effectually, and to his own satisfaction, fixed the child's attention on the morbid and oversensitive workings of her own heart, the good and truly kind-hearted man dismissed her with a fatherly benediction. He had been alarmed at her simple and natural way of entering the kingdom. It was not theologically sound to make short cuts to salvation. The child went in to the conference full of peace and joy, and came out full of distress and misgivings; but the good Doctor had done his duty, as he saw it.



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HENRY WARD BEECHER
AT ABOUT THE AGE OF THIRTY

Theological Struggles in the Beecher Family

It was a theological age, and in the Beecher family theology was the supreme interest. It fills their letters, as it filled their lives. Not only was the age theological, but it was transitional, and characterized by intense intellectual activity, accompanied by emotional excitement. The winds of doctrine were let loose, blowing first from this quarter and then from that. Dr. Beecher spent his days in weathering theological cyclones; but the worst of all arose in his own family, among his own children. Great as were his intellectual powers, he was no match for his daughter Catherine and his son Edward — the metaphysical Titans who sprang from his own loins. It was almost in a tone of despair that this theological Samuel, who had hewn so many heretical Agags in pieces before the Lord, wrote concerning his own daughter:

"Catherine's letter will disclose the awfully interesting state of her mind. . . . You perceive she is now handling edged tools with powerful grasp. . . . I have at times been at my wits' end to know what to do. . . . I conclude that nothing safe can be done, but to assert ability, and obligation, and guilt upon divine authority, throwing in at the same time as much collateral light from reason as the case admits of."

Catherine was at this time breaking out of the prison-house of the traditional orthodoxy, and her brother Edward was in many ways in sympathy with her, though not so radical as she. Dr. Beecher was contending with might and main for the traditional Calvinism; and yet, in his zeal for its defense, he often took positions that surprised and alarmed his brother ministers, seriously disturbed their dogmatic slumbers, and caused them grave doubts as to his orthodoxy.

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Tragic Death of Catherine's Betrothed

When Harriet was in her eleventh year her sister Catherine had become engaged to Professor Alexander Fisher, of Yale College. He was a young man of brilliant talents, and specially noted for his mathematical genius. As an undergraduate at Yale he distinguished himself by original and valuable contributions to mathematical astronomy. Immediately on graduation he was appointed a professor of mathematics, and was sent abroad by his alma mater to devote some time to study and the purchase of books and mathematical instruments. The ship *Albion*, on which he sailed, was wrecked on a reef off the coast of Ireland. Of the twenty-three cabin passengers, only one reached the shore. This was a man of great physical strength, and all night long he clung to the jagged rocks at the foot of the cliff, against which the sea broke, till ropes were lowered from above, and he was drawn up, limp and exhausted. He often told of the calm bravery with which Professor Fisher met his end.

Up to this time in her life, Catherine had been noted for the gaiety of her spirits and the brilliancy of her mind. An inimitable story-teller and a great mimic, it seemed to be her aim to keep every one laughing. Her versatile mind and ready wit enabled her to pass brilliantly through her school days with comparatively little mental exertion, and before she was twenty-one she had become a teacher in a school for girls in New London, Connecticut. It was about this time that she met Professor Fisher, and they soon became engaged.

Catherine's Religion Taught that His Soul was Lost with His Body

When the news of his death reached her, to the crushing of earthly hopes and plans was added an agony of apprehension for his soul. He had never been formally converted; and hence, by the teachings of the times, his soul as well as his body was lost.

She wrote to her brother Edward: "It is not so much ruined hopes of this life — it is dismay and apprehension for his immortal spirit. Oh, Edward, where is he now? Are the noble faculties of such a mind doomed to everlasting woe?" Anxiously, but in vain, she searched his letters and journals for something on which she might build a hope of his eternal welfare. "Mournful contemplations awakened when I learned more of the mental exercises of him I mourned, whose destiny was forever fixed, alas, I know not where! I learned from his letters, and in other ways, as much as I could have learned from his diary. I found that, even from early childhood, he had ever been uncommonly correct and conscientious, so that his parents and family could scarcely remember of his doing anything wrong, so far as relates to outward conduct; and year after year, with persevering and unexampled effort, he sought to yield that homage of the heart to his Maker which was required, but he could not; like the friend who followed his steps, he had no strength. . . . It seemed to me that my lost friend had done all that unassisted human strength could do; and often the dreadful thought came to me that all was in vain, and that he was wailing that he ever had been born, in that dark world where hope never comes, and that I was following his steps to that dreadful scene."

Bereaved Girl's Struggle with Pitiless Calvinism

Miss Beecher passed the two years following the death of Professor Fisher at Franklin, Massachusetts, at the home of his parents, where she listened to the fearless and pitiless Calvinism of Dr. Nathaniel Emmons. Her mind was too strong and buoyant to be overwhelmed and crushed by an experience that would have driven a weaker and less resolute nature to insanity.

The conventional New England Calvinism gave her no satisfactory solution of her difficulties. She was tormented with doubts. "What has the Son of God done which the meanest and most selfish creature upon earth would not have done?" she asked herself. "After making such a wretched race and placing them in such disastrous circumstances, somehow, without any sorrow or trouble, Jesus Christ had a human nature that suffered and died. If something else besides ourselves will do all the suffering, who would not save millions of wretched beings, and receive all the honor and gratitude without any of the trouble?" Yet, when such thoughts passed through her mind, she felt that it was "all pride, rebellion, and sin." So she struggled on, sometimes floundering deep in the mire of doubt, and then lifted out of it by her constitutionally buoyant spirits.

It was in this condition of mind that Catherine Beecher came to Hartford, in the winter of 1824, and opened her school. In the practical experience of teaching she found, at last, the solution of her troubles. Turning aside from doctrinal difficulties and theological quagmires, she determined "to find happiness in living to do good." She says: "It was right to pray and read the Bible, and so I prayed and read the Bible. It was right to try to save others, and so

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I tried to save them. In all these years I never had any fear of punishment or hope of reward."

Without ever having heard of pragmatism, she became a kind of pragmatist. She continues: "After two or three years I commenced giving instruction in mental philosophy, and at the same time began a regular course of lectures and instructions from the Bible, and was much occupied with plans for governing my school and in devising means to lead my pupils to become obedient, amiable, and pious." These "means" resulted in a code of principles for the government of her school which were nothing more nor less than systematically formulated common sense, with plenty of the "milk of human kindness" thrown in. These principles she carefully compared with the government of God, and came to the conclusion that He, in His infinitely mighty and complex task of governing the universe, was applying the same fundamental principles as she in the relatively infinitesimal and simple task of governing her school. This was her solution, and this the view of the divine nature that was for so many years preached by her brother, Henry Ward, and set forth in the writings of her sister Harriet.

Harriet's Desire for Love

In the winter of 1829 Harriet was in Hartford again, this time assisting her sister Catherine in the school. She was now eighteen, but still morbidly introspective, sensitive, and overwrought. She apparently lived largely in her emotions. In closing one of her letters, she said: "This desire to be loved forms, I fear, the great motive for all my actions." Again, she writes to her brother Edward:

"I have been carefully reading the Book of Job, and I do not find in it the views of God you have presented to me. God seems to have stripped a dependent creature of all that renders life desirable, and then to have answered his complaints from the whirlwind; and, instead of showing mercy and pity, to have overwhelmed him by a display of his justice. From the view of God that I received from you, I should have expected that a being that sympathizes with his guilty, afflicted creatures would not have spoken thus. Yet, after all, I do believe that God is such a being as you represent him to be, and in the New Testament I find in the character of Jesus Christ a revelation of God as merciful and compassionate, in fact, just such a God as I need!"

This was the vision of God that came to her at the time of her conversion. It was the confusing and perturbing influence of her father's Calvinistic theology that had dimmed that gracious vision. Out of the prison-house of Giant Despair she had been delivered by the teachings of her sister Catherine and her brother Edward.

Religious Doubts and Fears

But, again, in the same letter we have a passage that shows that her feet are still enmeshed in the net of Calvinistic theology. She writes:

"My mind is often perplexed, and such thoughts arise in it that I cannot pray, and I become bewildered. The wonder to me is, how all ministers and all Christians can feel themselves so inexcusably sinful, when it seems to me that we all come into the world in such a way that it would be miraculous if we did not sin! Mr. Hawes always says in his prayers, 'We have nothing to offer in extenuation of any of our sins'; and I always think, when he says it, that we have everything to offer in extenuation.

"The case seems to me exactly as if I had been brought into the world with such a thirst for ardent spirits that there was just a possibility but no hope that I should resist, and then my eternal happiness made to depend on my being temperate. Sometimes, when I try to confess my sins, I feel that I am more to be pitied than blamed, for I have never known the time when I have not had a temptation within me so strong that it was certain that I should not overcome it. This thought shocks me, but it comes with such force, and so appealingly, to all my consciousness, that it stifles all sense of sin."

It was such reflections and arguments as these that had aroused Dr. Beecher to despair over his daughter Catherine's spiritual condition. The fact was, he belonged to one age and his children to another. Yet the brave old man lived to sympathize with them.

Harriet Breaks with Calvinism

Harriet at last learned to give up her introspection and morbid sensitiveness, and to live more healthily and humanly. At the age of twenty-one she was able to write thus to her friend, Georgiana May:

"The amount of the matter has been, as this inner world of mine has become worn out and untenable, I have at last concluded to come out of it and live in the eternal one, and, as F. S. once advised me, give up the pernicious habit of meditation to the first Methodist minister who would take it, and try to mix in society somewhat as other persons would.

"'*Horas non numero non nisi serenas.*' Uncle Sam, who sits by me, has just been reading the above motto, the inscription on a sun-dial in Venice. It strikes me as having a distant relationship to what I was going to say. I have

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come to a firm resolution to count no hours but unclouded ones, and let all others slip out of my memory and reckoning as quickly as possible." In this new life she was able to write to her brother Edward:

"I have never been so happy as this summer. I began it in more suffering than I ever before have felt; but there is One whom I daily thank for all that suffering, since I hope that it has brought me at last to rest entirely in Him." So she learned to suffer and to love. To suffer and to love, and at last to rest. After five years of struggling, she returned to where she started when converted as a child of thirteen. Love became her gospel, the alpha and omega of her existence — love for her God, for her friends, and, finally, for humanity. The three words "God is love" summed up her theology.

The Mighty Burke

by Theodore Dreiser

Illustrations by Jay Hambidge

WHEN I first met him he was laying the foundation for a small dynamo in the engine-room of the repair-shop at Spike, and he was most unusually loud in his protestations and demands. He had with him a dozen Italians, all short, swarthy fellows who were busy bringing material from a car that had been pushed in on the side-track next to the building, and was loaded with crushed stone, cement, old boards, wheelbarrows, tools, and the like, all of which were to be used in the labor that he was about to undertake. He himself was standing in the door of the shop where the operation was to be conducted, his coat off and his sleeves rolled up, shouting with true Irish insistence: "Come, Matt! Come, Jimmie! Get the shovels, now! Get the picks! Bring some sand here! Bring some stone! Where is the cement, now? Where is the cement? Jasus Christ! I must have some cement! What are ye all doing? Hurry, now! Hurry! Bring the cement!" and then calmly gazing around as if he were the only one who had any right to stand still in this world. He was medium in height, thick of body and neck, with short gray hair and mustache, and bright, clear, twinkling Irish gray eyes, and he carried himself with such an air of unquestionable authority that you would have had to take notice of him. It was much as if he had said, "I am the boss here"; and, indeed, he was.

The labor he was doing was not very intricate, but it was interesting. It consisted of digging a trench ten by twelve feet, and shaping it up with boards into a "form," after which concrete was to be mixed and poured in, and some iron rods set to fasten the engine to. It was not so urgent but that it might have been conducted with less excitement; but he was so excitable by nature, and so eager to have it done with, that he was constantly trotting back and forth, and shouting: "Come, Matt! Come, Jimmie! Hurry, now, bring the shovels," and occasionally bursting forth with a perfect avalanche of orders, such as, "Up with it! Down with it! Front with it! Back with it! In with it! Out with it!" all coupled with his favorite expletive, "Jasus Christ," which was as innocent of evil as a prayer. At the time it seemed positively appalling to me, and I thought, "The Irish brute! To think of his driving his men like that." But a little later I discovered that he was not so bad as he seemed, and then I began to like him.

The thing that brought about this change of feeling in me was the attitude of his men toward him. Although he was so insistent with his commands, they did not seem to mind. He would stand over them, crying: "Up with it! Up with it! - Up - with - it! - Up with it!" or

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"'I'LL CRACK Y'R BLITHERIN' EYETALIAN SKULL, I WILL!'"

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"Down with it! Down with it! Down with it! Down with it!" until you would have imagined their nerves would be worn to a frazzle. And yet, they did not seem to care; rather, they appeared to take it as a matter of course, as if it had to be. One could not help smiling at the incongruity of it; it was so farcical. Finally I ventured to laugh, and he turned on me with a sharp and yet not unkindly retort.

"Ha! Ha! Ha!" he mocked. "If you had to work as hard as these men, you wouldn't laugh!"

I explained that I was not laughing at them, but at him, and he took that in good part also. We fell to conversing upon railroad subjects, and in this way our period of friendship began.

As I learned that morning, Burke was the foreman mason for all that part of the railroad that lay between New York and fifty miles out, on three divisions. He had a dozen men under him, and was in possession of one car, which was shunted back and forth between the places in which he happened to be working. He was the builder of concrete platforms, culverts, coal-bins, sidewalks, and, in fact, anything that could be made out of crushed stone and cement, and he was sent here and there, as necessity required. As he explained to me at the time, he sometimes arose as early as 4 A. M. in order to make a train that would get him to his place of labor by seven. Darkness or storm made no difference to him. "Shewer, I have to be there," he said, with his quizzical, elusive Irish grin. "They're not payin' me wages fer lyin' in bed. If ye were to get up that way every day fer a year, it would make a man of ye."

"And how much do you get, Burke?" I asked.

"Two and a half a day."

The munificence of the corporation that paid him two and a half a day for ten hours' work, as well as the superintendence and construction of what he was doing, struck me forcibly, though I was not much better situated myself at the time. I was working on the road for my health, at fifteen cents an hour, and the sight of the foreman for whom I was working was a torture to my soul. He was a loud-mouthed, blustering, red-headed ignoramus, and I wanted to get out from under him. Since I had influence enough to obtain a transfer to any foreman who would accept me, I decided to appeal to Burke.

"Will you take me and let me work for you?" I asked hopefully.

"Shewer," he replied.

"Will I have to work with the Italians?"

"There'll be plenty uv work fer ye to do without ever yere layin' a hand to a pick er shovel. Shewer, that's no work fer a white man to do."

"And what do you call them, Burke?"

"Nagurs, uv course."

"But they're not negroes."

"Well, bedad, they're not white. That any man can tell by lookin' at thim."

I accepted this characterization of the sturdy, hard-working Italians without protest, though it struck me as a little hard. They were not the degraded creatures he seemed to take them to be, and yet I felt that there was no malice in what he said; it was his way, and I let it pass, deciding to go with him if I could — and I did.

The day that I was transferred to his flock, or gang, he was at Williamsbridge, a little station on the Harlem, building a coal-bin. It was a pretty place surrounded by trees and a grass-plot, which, after the long confinement of the shop, seemed to me a veritable haven of rest. The sun was shining brightly, and Burke was down in a cool hole which his men had dug under the depot platform, measuring and calculating with his plumb-bob and level, when I looked in on him.

"So here ye ar-re," he said, with a grin.

"Yes," I laughed.

"Well, ye're jist in time; I want ye to go down to the ahffice."

I replied that I was willing, but, before I could say more, he climbed out of his hole, odorous of the new-turned earth that had surrounded him, and fished out of the pocket of his old gray coat a soiled and crumpled letter, which he carefully unfolded with his thick, clumsy fingers. Then he held it up and looked at it defiantly.

"I want ye to go to Woodlawn," he continued, "and look after some bolts that ar-re up there,— there's a keg uv thim,— and sign the bill fer thim, and ship thim down to me. They're not many. And then I want ye to go down to the ahffice and take thim this o. k." He fished around and produced another crumpled slip, which I saw was an o. k. blank. All the time he kept talking of the "nonsinse" of it, and the "onraisonableness" of demanding o. k.'s for everything. "Ye'd think some one was going to sthale thim from thim," he declared.

It was plain that some infraction of the railroad's rules had occurred, and that he had been "called down" or "jacked up" about it, as the railroad men expressed it. He was in a high state of dudgeon, and defiant and pugnacious as his royal Irish temper would allow. He flung a parting shot at his superior as I departed.

"Tell him that I'll sign fer thim when I git thim, and not before," he declared.

I departed on my way, knowing that no such message would be accepted, and that Burke would not send it if he thought for a moment

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that I would take it. I went to Woodlawn and secured the bolts, after which I went down to the "ahffice" and reported. There I found the chief clerk also in a high state of temper, because Burke had failed to render an o. k. for the bolts for a whole month and more. He wanted to know what explanation he had to offer, and when I suggested that he thought he could leave them in the station, where they would be safe, until he needed to use them, he was fairly beside himself.



"'YE'LL NEVER BE A MASON TILL YE CAN DO THAT'"

"What do you think of that?" he exclaimed, shoving his hands distractedly through his hair. "He'll leave them there until he needs them, will he? Burke ought to know better than that. He's been long enough on the road. You tell him that I said that I want a signed form for everything consigned to him the moment he learns that it's waiting for him, and I want it without fail. He has got to come to time about this, or something's going to drop. I'm not going to stand it any longer. How does he think I am going to make out my reports? I wish he'd let you attend to these matters while you're there. It will save an awful lot of trouble in this office, and it may save him his job. There's one thing sure: he's got to come to time from now on, or either he or I'll quit." And then he explained to me the differences that existed between him and the hearty Irishman.

It seemed — as I learned from him then, and from Burke later, though never directly from the latter — that the great difficulty of the Irishman's life was in connection with these o. k.'s and some twenty-five monthly reports that he was compelled to make, covering every detail of his work, from the acknowledgment of all material received to the expenditure of even so much as one mill's worth of paper. They were the things on which his superior based his reports to those above him, and the details of them were looked after sharply. If a man could not sit down and reel off a graphic account of all that he was doing, accompanied by facts and figures, he was in a bad way with his superiors, no matter what his mechanical skill might be; whereas, if his reports were clear, the insufficiency of his skill might sometimes be overlooked. Burke was not skilled in these matters, though he was an A1 workman, and consequently his standing was not of the best, particularly with the chief clerk. The clerk was a dapper, very self-important individual to whom railroad work meant figuring, and he was constantly ham-

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mering away at the excitable Irishman to get him to "come to time," as he expressed it.

It also seemed that, at the time when I dawned upon Burke, he was just at the place where, for some reason or another, he was having a very bad spell of this. Several items of various kinds had gone wrong, and he was being bombarded with letters bearing the most significant insults to and reflections upon his intelligence, coupled with the most urgent commands, which tried his temper sorely. The compilation of his reports and time-books had become a veritable nightmare, and, when I arrived, he was not only employing all of his nights and Sundays, but also the services of his three daughters. Nevertheless and notwithstanding all this, he was constantly making mistakes, and as constantly being "jacked up" about them. It was a serious matter.

When I returned, that day, I was very well aware of the situation, but I did not care to take the unwelcome message back to him. On the contrary, I decided that it would be better to take the clerical work into my own hands — to find out what was wanted in this line and to do it. I knew that I could not very well work with a pick and shovel, and this was about all that was left outside of that. Consequently, when I returned, I quietly explained that an o. k. blank was what was always wanted under such circumstances, and that it was wanted at once.

"An o. k. blank! An o. k. blank!" he echoed contentiously. "He wants an o. k. blank, does he? Well, I expect ye might as well give it to him. I think the man lives on thim things, the way he's a-always ca-allin' fer thim. Ye'd think I was a bookkeeper and foreman at the same time; it's somethin' awful. An o. k. blank!"

A little while later he humorously explained that he had "clane fergot thim, anyhow."

The ensuing month was a busy one for us. We had a platform to lay at Morrisania, a chimney to build at Tarrytown, a sidewalk to lay at White Plains, and a large cistern to dig and wall in at Tuckahoe. Besides these, there were platforms to build at Van Cortlandt and Mount Kisco, water-towers at Highbridge and Ardsley, a sidewalk and drain at Caryl, a culvert and an ash-pit at Bronx Park, and some forty concrete piers for a building at Melrose — all of which required any amount of running and figuring, to say nothing of the actual work of superintending and constructing, which Burke personally looked after. The preliminary labor of ordering and seeing that the material was duly shipped and unloaded was one man's work alone; and yet, Burke was expected to do it all. How he managed before I came I could make out only on the basis that he accomplished less, and employed his whole family.

However, he displayed himself a masterful workman. He preferred to superintend — to get down into the pit or up on the wall, and measure and direct. He would toil for hours at a stretch with his trowel and his line and his level and his plumb-bob, getting the work into shape, and you would never hear a personal complaint from him concerning the weariness of labor; on the contrary, he would whistle and sing until something went wrong, when suddenly you would hear the most terrific uproar of words: "Come out of that! Come out of that! Jasus Christ, man, have ye no sinse at all? Put it down! Put it down! What ar-re ye doing? What did I tell ye? Have ye no raison in ye, ye h'athen nagur!" and such like, until you would have imagined that the most terrible calamity had been about to befall him. This would last for a couple of minutes, during which time the Italians would be seen hurrying excitedly to and fro; and then there would come a lull, and Burke would be heard to raise his voice in tuneful melody, singing or humming or whistling some old-fashioned Irish "come-all-ye."

But the thing in Burke that would have pleased any one was his ready grasp of the actualities of life — his full-fledged knowledge that work was the thing, the direct accomplishment of something tangible, and not the talking about it. Thus, when he was working like this, nothing that might concern the clerical end of the labor could disturb him, and, if the sky fell, he would imperturbably make you wait until the work was done. Once, when I interrupted him to question him concerning those wretched, pestering aftermaths of labor, the reports, he shut me off with: "The reports! The reports! What good ar-re the reports? What have the reports to do with the work? If it wasn't for the work, where would the reports be?" And I readily echoed, "Where?"

Another thing was his kindly attitude toward his men — that innate sense of personal relationship and fatherly feeling which, in spite of all his yelling and browbeating, kept them friendly to him. He had a way of talking to them and of saying kindly things to them in a joking manner which touched them. When he arrived in the morning, it was always in the cheeriest way that he began the day's work. "Come, now, b'ys!" he would exclaim. "Ye have a good day's work before ye to-day. Git the shovels, Jimmie. Bring the line, Matt." And then he would go below himself,— if below it was,— and there would be joy and peace until some obstacle to progress interfered.

This same Matt was a funny little Italian,

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"ARGUING WITH THIS MAN OR FIGHTING WITH THAT ONE, AND CALLING TO SOME MASON TO COME DOWN"

soft of voice and gentle of manner, whom Burke liked very much, but with whom he loved to quarrel. He would go down in the hole where the latter was working, and almost invariably you would hear the most uproarious clatter following immediately — shouts of: "Put it here, I say! Put it here, man. Here. Here! Jasus Christ! have ye no sinse at all?" — coupled, of course, with defiant replies from Matt, who had been with him so long that he was not in the least overawed by his yelling, and could afford to take such liberties. Presently Burke would come climbing out of the hole, his face and neck fairly scarlet with heat, raging and shouting: "I'll get shut uv ye. I'll have no more thruck with ye, ye blitherin', crazy loon. What good ar-re ye? What work can ye do? Na-athing! I'll have no more thruck with ye after to-night." Then he would dance around and threaten and growl until something else would take his attention, and then he would quiet down and be as peaceful as ever. Sometimes he would go home without saying a word to Matt, who would reappear as unconcernedly in the morning as if nothing had happened. Once I asked him, "How many times have you threatened to discharge Matt in the last three years, Burke?"

"Shewer," he said, with his ingratiating grin, "a man don't mane a-all he says a-all the time."

The most humorous of all his collection of workingmen was Jimmie, a dark, mild-eyed, soft-spoken Calabrian who had the shrewdness of a Machiavelli and the pertness of a crow. He lived in the same neighborhood as Burke (he kept all his Italians gathered close about him), and was always the one who was selected to run his family errands for him. On the job, no matter what it might be, Jimmie could never be induced to do hard work. He always had a task of some other kind on hand which he used as an excuse, and, as he was an expert cement-mixer and knew just how to load and unload the tool-car, nothing was ever said to him. If any one dared to reprove him, he would reply: "Yeh! Yeh! I know-a my biz. I been now with Misha Buck fifteen year. I know-a my biz." If you made any complaint to Burke, he would merely grin and say, "Jimmie's a shrewd one," or, perhaps, "I'll get ye yet, ye fox"; but more than that nothing was ever done.

One day, however, Jimmie failed to comply with an extraordinary order of Burke's, which produced a most laughable and yet characteristic scene. We had been working on the platform at Williamsbridge, digging a coal-bin, when a train came along bearing the general foreman, who got off to examine the work that had been done. It was a rule of the company that no opening of any kind into which a person might step or fall should be left uncovered at any

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station during the approach, stay, or departure of any train scheduled to stop at that station. Burke was well aware of this rule. He had a copy of it on file in his collection of circulars. In addition, he had delegated Jimmie to attend to this matter, a task that just suited the Italian, as it gave him ample time to idle about and pretend to be watching.

On this particular occasion Jimmie had failed to attend to this matter. When the train approached, there was the hole wide open, with Burke below, shouting and gesticulating about something. The general foreman came forward, looked down, and said quietly: "This won't do, Burke. You'll have to keep the work covered when a train is approaching." Burke looked up, so astonished and ashamed that he should be put in such a position before his superior that he hardly knew what to say. Instead of trying to answer, he merely began to shout for Jimmie, who came running, crying, as he always did, "What's da mat'?"

"'What's da mat'! What's da mat'!'" mocked Burke, in his fury. "What the divil do you suppose is the mat'? What do you mane by walkin' away and l'avin' the hole uncovered? Didn't I tell ye niver to l'ave a hole open when a train's comin'? Didn't I tell ye to attind to that and na-athing else? What, be all the powers, d'ye mane by l'avin' it? What else have ye to do? What else ar-re ye good fer? What d'ye mane by lettin' a thing like that happen?"

Jimmie was dumfounded. He did not know what to say, but he began to stutter and stammer about going for a trowel.

"A trowel!" cried Burke. "A trowel, ye h'athen guinea! What ud ye be doin' lookin' fer a trowel, and a train that close on ye it could have knocked ye off the track? A trowel, is it? I'll trowel ye! Git thim boards on, and let me catch ye l'avin' such a place as that open again. I'll get shut uv ye, ye blitherin' lunatic."

During this entire tirade Jimmie had been industriously hustling the boards into place, while the passengers, who had gathered about, looked on in astonishment. When it was all over, and the train, bearing the general foreman, had gone, Burke quieted down, but not without many fulgurous flashes that kept the poor Italian on tenterhooks.

About an hour later another train arrived, and, by some strange fatality, the hole was open again. Jimmie was away behind the depot somewhere, and Burke was, as usual, down in the hole. Misfortune trebled itself by bringing the supervisor himself, a grave, quiet man, of whom Burke stood in great awe. He walked up to the hole, and, looking reproachfully down, said: "Is this the way you leave your excavations, Burke, when a train is coming? Don't you know any better than to do a thing like that?"

"Jimmie!" Burke shouted, jumping up and climbing out. "Jimmie! Now, by——! where is that bla'guard Italian? I told him not to l'ave this place open." And he began shoving the planks into place himself.

Jimmie came running as fast as his legs would carry him, scared almost out of his wits. The excitable foreman was so enraged and ashamed, however, that he could not speak. His face and neck were fiery red and his eyes flashed with anger. He merely glared at his recalcitrant henchman, as much as to say, "Wait." When the next train had arrived, and the dignified supervisor had been carried safely out of hearing, he turned on Jimmie with all the fury of a masterful and excitable temper: "So ye'll naht cover the hole, after me tellin' ye naht fifteen minutes ago! Ye'll naht cover the hole! And what'll ye be tellin' me ye were doin' now?"

"I carry da waut [water] for da concrete," pleaded Jimmie weakly.

"Waut fer the concrete," echoed Burke, with his angry face shoved close to the Italian's own. "Waut fer the concrete! It's too bad ye didn't fall into y'r waut fer the concrete and drown, ye flat-footed, loon-headed nagur! Waut fer the concrete, is it, and me here, and a train comin', and the hole open. Waut fer the concrete, and Mr. Mills steppin' off and lookin' in on me, ye black-hearted son of a sea-cook, ye! I'll waut fer the concrete ye! I'll crack y'r blitherin' Eyetalian skull with a pick, I will! I'll chuck ye in y'r waut fer the concrete until ye choke, ye round-eyed, leather-headed lunatic! I'll tache ye to walk off and l'ave the hole open, and me in it. Now, get y'r coat and get out uv this. I'll throuble no more with ye. I'll have no more thruck with ye. Out with ye, and never show me y'r face again!" And he made a motion as if he would grab him and rend him limb from limb.

Jimmie was too clever, however. He had evidently been through many such scenes before. He retreated behind the depot, and, when Burke had gone to work, came back and took a position on guard over the hole. When the next train came, he was there to shove the boards over, and nothing more was said about the matter: Burke did not appear to notice him. The next morning he came to work as usual, and it was, "Come, Matt! Come, Jimmie!" just as if nothing had happened.

It was not so very long after I arrived that Burke began to tell me of a building that the company was going to erect in Mott Haven Yard, one of its great switching centers. It was to be an important affair, sixty by two hundred

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feet, of brick and stone, and was to be built under a time limit of three months, an arrangement by which the company hoped to find out how satisfactorily it could do work for itself, that is, without letting it to outside contractors. From his manner and conversation I could see that Burke was anxious to get this job, for he had been a contractor of some ability in his day, and felt a little above the small odds and ends of masonry that he was now called on to do. He was anxious to show the company that he could build this building and thus make a little better place for himself in the company's estimation; but, at the same time, he was a little afraid of the clerical details, those terrible nightmares of reports.



"'MISHA BUCK! MISHA BUCK! I WORK-A WITH HIM FIFTEEN YEAR'"

"How ar-re ye feelin', Teddy b'y?" he would inquire, with a great show of interest in my troublesome health.

"Fine, Burke," I would say. "I'm feeling better every day."

"That's good. Ye're the right man in the right place now. If ye were to stay a year or two at this work it would be the makin' uv ye. I never have a sick day, meself."

"That's right, Burke; I intend to stick at it for a while."

"Ye ought to; it'll do ye good. If we get the new buildin' to build, it will be better yet fer ye. Ye'll have plenty to do there to relave y'r mind."

"Relieve, indeed!" I thought, but I did not say so. On the contrary, I felt so much sympathy for the lusty Irishman and his reasonable ambitions that I desired to help him, and urged him to get it. I suggested indirectly that I would see him through, which touched him greatly. He was a grateful creature, in his way, but so excitable and so helplessly self-reliant that there was no way of aiding him without doing it in a secret, or rather self-effacing, way. He would have much preferred to struggle along and fail — though I doubt whether real failure could have come to Burke — rather than openly admit that he needed aid.

In another three weeks the work was really given him to do, and then began one of the finest exhibitions of Irish domination and self-sufficiency that was ever witnessed. We moved to Mott Haven Yard, the clerical details were intrusted to me, and Burke was given a large force of men, whom he fairly gloried in bossing. He would trot to and fro about the place, beaming in the most angelic fashion, and shouting orders that could be heard all over the neighborhood. At times he would stand by the long trenches where the men were digging, — we had forty of them in line now, — and rub his hands in satisfaction, saying, "I can just see me way to the top of the buildin'"; and then he would proceed to harass and annoy his men out of pure exuberance of spirits.

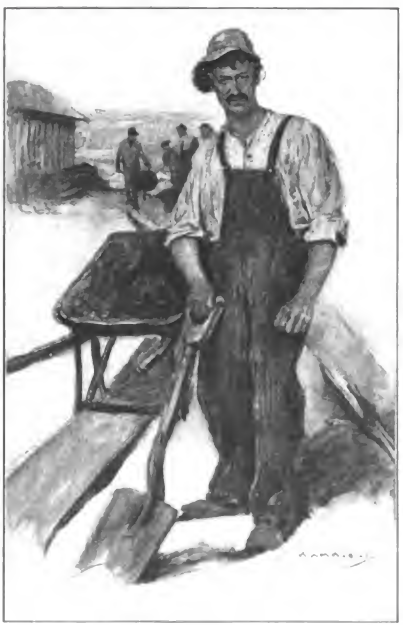
"Ye want to dig it so, man," or, "Ye don't handle yer pick right; hold it this way." Sometimes he would get down in the trench and demonstrate just how it was to be done, a thing that greatly amused some of the workmen. Frequently he would exhibit to me little tricks or knacks of his trade, such as throwing a trowel ten feet so that it would stick in a piece of wood, turning a shovel over with a lump of dirt on it and not dropping the lump, and such like, always adding, "Ye'll never be a mason till ye can do that."

When he was tired of fussing with the men outside, he would come around to the little wooden shed where I was keeping the mass of orders and reports in shape and getting his material for

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him ready to his hand, and look over the papers in the most knowing manner. When he had satisfied himself that everything was going right, he would exclaim, "Ye're just the b'y fer the place, Teddy. Ye'd make a good bookkeeper. If ever I get to be President, I'll make ye me Secretary uv State."

The thing that interested and enthralled Burke was the coming of the masons. These hardy buccaneers of the laboring world, who come and go as they please, asking no favors and brooking no interference, excited his most admiring and pugnacious fancy. It promised him the opportunity he inmostly desired of once more fussing and fuming with real, strong, determined, and pugnacious men like himself, who would not take his onslaughts tamely, but would fight him back; and he was never weary of talking of them. "Wait till the masons come, Teddy b'y," he would say to me. "Wait till we have thirty er forty men on the line! Them's the times ye'll see what ixcitement manes, me b'y."



"MATT"

"What'll I see, Burke?" I used to ask.

"Throuble enough. They're not crapin' Eyetalians, that'll let ye talk to thim as ye pl'ase. Ye'll have to fight with thim fellies."

"Do you think you can handle them, Burke?" I would ask, with a great show of trepidation.

"Handle thim!" he would exclaim, his glorious wrath kindling in anticipation of possible conflict. "Handle thim! And the likes of a thousand uv thim. I know thim all, every one of thim, and their thricks. It's naht foolin' me they'll be. Ah, me b'y, it's a fine job ye'll have runnin' down to the ahffice gittin' thim their time." (This is the railroad man's expression for money due, or salary.)

"You don't mean to say you're going to discharge them, Burke, do you?" I said.

"Shewer!" he exclaimed authoritatively. "Why shouldn't I? They're just the same as other min. Why shouldn't I?" Then he added, after a pause: "It's thim that'll be comin' to me askin' fer their time, instead of me givin' it to thim. They're not the kind that'll let ye talk back to thim. If their work don't suit ye, it's 'Give me me time.' Wait till they'll be comin' round half drunk in the mornin', er not feelin' quite right. Thim's the times ye'll find out what masons ar-re made of."

I confess this opportunity did not seem to me as brilliant as it did to him, but it had its humor. I expressed wonder that he would hire them, if they were such a bad lot.

"Shewer, they have a right to do as they pl'ase," he said instantly, jumping to their defense. "It's no common workmen they are. If ye were in their place ye'd do the same. There's no sinse in allowin' another man to walk on ye when ye can get another job. I don't blame thim. I was a mason wanst meself."

"You don't mean to say that you acted as you say these men are going to act?"

"Shewer!"

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"Well, I shouldn't think you'd be very proud of it."

"I have me rights," he declared, flaring up. "What kind uv a man is it that'll let himself be walked on? There's no sinse in it. It's not natchral. It's not intinded that it should be so."

Well, the masons came, and a fine lot they were. For the most part, they were clean, industrious fellows, but so obstreperously conscious of their own rights, and so proud of their skill as masons, that there was no living with them. They wanted, "first off," as the railroad men used to say, to know whether there were any non-union men on the job, and this gave Burke several splendid opportunities for altercations, which he hastened to improve. Then they wanted to know when they were to get their money, and this led to more trouble, as the railroad paid only once a month. After that there came bickerings on all conceivable subjects: the number of bricks they were to lay an hour; the number of men they were to carry on one line, or wall; the length of time they were supposed to work, or had worked, or would work — all of which were pure food and drink to Burke. He was around all the time, arguing with this man or fighting with that one, and calling to some mason to come down, that he would give him his time. Frequently he would come rushing into the office, the defiant mason at his heels, demanding that I make out a time-check at once, which I would. Occasionally he would patch up a truce with the man, but not often. As a rule, they were as eager to quit and get the money due them as he was to have them, and more so. It was all like a scene out of comic opera.

Toward the last, however, a natural calm set in, the result of weariness and a sense of surfeit, which sent the building forward apace. During this time Burke was to be seen walking defiantly up and down in front of his men, his hands behind his back, his face screwed up into a quizzical expression, and his whole body bearing a look of bristling pugnacity that was delicious to see. He could not say much, things were going so well, but he could look his contentiousness, and he did. Even now he would occasionally manage to pick a quarrel that resulted in the customary descent to the office, but not often.

It was one cold December day about three weeks later, when I was just about to announce that I could not delay my departure any longer, that a most dreadful accident occurred. Burke and a number of Italians, including Matt and Jimmie, were down in the main room of the building, looking after the laying of three concrete piers that were to support three columns intended to reinforce the second floor, where heavy storing was to be done, when the boiler of the hoisting-engine, which was located inside the building and just at the juncture of three walls, blew up and knocked the middle section of the wall opposite out into the middle of the great room. It also let down the wall from the space above it, which dislocated fourteen floor-joists, and precipitated all of fourteen thousand bricks that had been placed on the third floor into this room below. For a few moments there was a hurricane of bricks and falling timber; and, when it was over, the mighty Burke and five Italians were found to be embedded, and all but Jimmie more or less seriously injured. Burke, in particular, was unfortunately placed. His body from the waist down was surrounded by a pile of bricks, and across his shoulder a great joist was pressing where it had struck him and cut his neck and ear. He was a pathetic sight when we entered, grim and bleeding, but undaunted.

"I'm tight fast, me lad," he said, as I with others came hurrying up. "It's me legs that's caught, not me body. Give a hand to the men, there. The Eyetalians are underneath."

Disregarding his suggestion, we began working at him, every man throwing away bricks like a machine; but he would not have it.

"'Tend to the men!" he exclaimed, with a touch of his old firmness. "The Eyetalians are under there — Matt and Jimmie. Jasus Christ! can't ye see that I'm all right? Look after the men. I'll be all right till you get the men out. Come, look after the men!"

We fell to this end of the work then, for there was no gainsaying him; and, while we did so, Burke stood embedded in his mass of material, directing us. A fabled giant he seemed, half god, half man, composed in part of flesh, in part of brick and stone, and gazing on our little earthly efforts with the eye of a demi-god.

"Come, now. Get the joist from off the end, there. Take the bricks away from that man. Can't ye see? There's where his head is — there. There! Jasus Christ — theyer!"

You would have thought we were Italians ourselves, and compelled to do his bidding.

After a time we succeeded in releasing all five of the men — Matt badly cut about the head and seriously injured; and Jimmie, the imperturbable Jimmie, a little bit the worse for a brick mark on one shoulder, but otherwise unharmed, and sitting calmly under a shielding joist that had fallen over the hole in which he was digging. He was more or less scared, of course, but comic to look at, even in his fright. "Big-a smash," he exclaimed, when he recovered himself. "Lika da worl' fall. Misha Buck! Misha Buck! Where Misha Buck?"

"Here I am, ye Eyetalian scalawag," exclaimed the unyielding Irishman, genially, but

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with a touch of sorrow in his voice at that. "Are ye hurted much?"

"No, Misha Buck. Help Misha Buck," replied Jimmie, grabbing at bricks himself; and so the rescue work began in that quarter.

Even here, however, the peculiar domineering quality of the man's nature was not to be done away with. He deprecated our efforts, this wonderful and exceptional fuss over him, and, when we tugged frantically at joists and beams, he interfered with contentious but what he no doubt deemed salutary objections. "Take your time. Take your time. I'm not so badly fixed as all that. Take your time. Get that board out of the way there, Jimmie."

But he was badly "fixed." His hip was severely crushed by the timbers, and his legs broken, and it was only when we had removed all the bricks that we saw how desperate his condition really was. He was so seriously crushed that he could not stand, and had to be laid out on the canvas tarpaulin which the yardmaster had spread on the brick-strewn ground while the doctors of the ambulance worked over him. While they were examining his desperate wounds, he took a critical and quizzical interest in what they were doing, and offered numerous suggestions. Finally, when they were ready to move him, he asked how he was, and, on being told that he was all right, looked curiously around until he caught my eye. I could see that he realized how critical it was with him.

"I'd like to see a priest, Teddy," he whispered; "and, if ye don't mind, I'd like ye to go up to Mount Vernon and tell my wife. They'll be after telegraphin' her if ye don't. Break it easy, if you will. Don't let her think there's anything serious. There's no need of it. I'm not hurted so bad as all that."

I promised, and the next moment one of the doctors shot a spray of cocaine into his hip to relieve what they knew must be his dreadful pain. A few moments later he lost consciousness, after which I left him to the care of the hospital authorities, and hurried away to send the priest and tell his wife.

For two weeks he lingered in a very serious condition, and finally blood-poisoning set in from the injured condition of his kidneys, and he died. I saw him at the hospital a number of times, and, trying to sympathize with his condition, I frequently spoke of what I deemed the dreadful carelessness of it all.

"Ye have to expect thim things," was his one comment. "Ye can't always go unhurted. I never lost a man before, nor had one come to harm. It's the way of things, ye know."

Poor Burke! You'd have thought the whole Italian population of Mount Vernon, where he lived, knew and loved him, the way they turned out at his funeral. It was a state affair for most of them, and they came in hundreds, packing the little brick church, at which he was accustomed to worship, full to overflowing. Matt was there, bandaged and sore, but sorrowful; and Jimmie, artful and scheming in the past, but now thoroughly subdued. He was all sorrow, I think, and sniveled and blubbered and wept hot, blinding tears through the fingers of his dark, leathery hands.

"Misha Buck, Misha Buck," I heard him say, as they bore the body in; and, when they carried the body out of the church, he followed, head down, and as they lowered it in the grave he was inconsolable.

"Misha Buck! Misha Buck! I work-a with him fifteen year."

VANITIES

BY MAUD SPRINGER NESOM

HOW cruel a thing is wrath!
Some farthest, unkind ripple of our rage
Must beat against the one our heart would shield.

How idle a thing is grief!
Since endless tears call back not one small flower
That drifted to its death the summer gone.

How futile a thing, revenge!
Since, ere our smoldering, heart-hid hate flares high,
All those who wronged us are but still, spent clay.

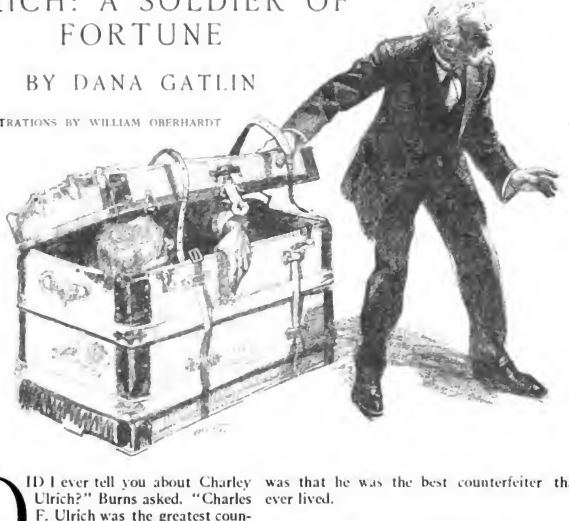
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DETECTIVE BURNS' GREAT CASES

ULRICH: A SOLDIER OF FORTUNE

BY DANA GATLIN

ILLUSTRATIONS BY WILLIAM OBERHARDT



"DID I ever tell you about Charley Ulrich?" Burns asked. "Charles F. Ulrich was the greatest counterfeiter the world ever knew until the advent of Taylor and Bredell at Philadelphia. But Ulrich was, perhaps, the most versatile counterfeiter that ever operated. The government itself adopted his method of engraving a national bank note, and has used it ever since. Up to this time, the government had been engraving a complete plate for each bank. Ulrich engraved only one plate, leaving out the title line; he then engraved separately the title lines of the different banks, and combined any one that he wished with the plate of the note. The government at once utilized Ulrich's ingenious device.

"Ulrich came to this country from Germany in 1853. He was a raw young German then, but a real artist. When I knew him he was one of the finest-looking men I ever met — six feet tall, straight as an arrow, with long, curly hair. He was one of the pleasantest and most genial companions in the world, one of the most interesting fellows to talk with on any subject — one of the best posted men I ever knew. He was a gentlemanly fellow, and his principal fault was that he was the best counterfeiter that ever lived.

Ulrich in the Charge of the Light Brigade at Balaklava

"There has always been a good deal of mystery about Ulrich's early life, but the criminal records of the day bear out his account to me of his movements after he came to this country. Though he was still only a boy, his fame had preceded him here. After he landed in New York he soon became known as a very talented artist. It was not long before his work caused considerable comment among steel-engravers. They called him the 'young Dutchman.'

"A counterfeiter named Jim Colbert put a shadow on Charley and, finding where he lunched, sat at the same table. He finally got well enough acquainted with him to take him to the theater and show him about the town. At last he induced him to engrave a State bank note, having convinced him that there was a fortune in it. Charley did fine work on the note, but they were both caught and sent to prison for a short term. When Ulrich got out,

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the Crimean War was just on, and, falling in with some English recruiting officers, he enlisted in the English army. Charley went to England and joined what was known as the British Foreign Legion, from which he and a few others were selected, on account of their superior bodily and mental equipment, as cavalrymen in the famous body known as the Light Brigade, and he was in the celebrated charge at Balaklava, immortalized by Tennyson.

"He was struck over the head with a musket by a Russian soldier, his skull was crushed, and he was bayoneted in the side. He was left for dead on the field; but thirty-six hours after, when the English came on the ground, they found him still alive.

How the Counterfeiters Got Charley Again

"After his recovery he returned to this country; but the counterfeiters soon got hold of him again. He finally went in with a fellow by the name of Jimmy Courtney, one of the smartest fellows in the business.

"Charley became acquainted with Jim Courtney through a couple of German girls, Kate Gross and Mary Braun, both criminals and associates of counterfeiters. Courtney persuaded Charley to leave New York and go with him to Cincinnati. Courtney had a partner named Stewart, a noted counterfeiter from Pittsburg, who put up part of the money to buy Ulrich into this deal. But Courtney threw Stewart down at the last moment and took Charley off by himself. He installed him in a little cottage on the Colrain Pike, and there Charley engraved a plate for fifty-cent 'shin-plasters.'

"Stewart found out where Charley was, and put up a job on his old partner. He sent four men out to Cincinnati, who waylaid Charley and Jim Courtney as they were coming into town one day, held them up, told them they were Secret Service officers, and showed them their stars. The bogus sleuths then took the counterfeiters back to their plant, grabbed their plates, took twenty-five hundred dollars away from them, and then let them go. It was a smart job.

"Charley had his share of grit, though. He set right to work and engraved a hundred-dollar-note plate, printed eighteen thousand dollars, gave the counterfeit bills to Kate Gross and Mary Braun, and told them to go out and pass them. The girls acted like a couple of fools. Instead of traveling about, getting the bad money changed for good money in various places, they stopped off in Philadelphia, and bought fourteen thousand dollars' worth of bonds from a woman named Emma Cole, who was the wife of the famous 'Dutch' Cole, a notorious counterfeit promoter. Mrs. Cole deposited the entire fourteen thousand dollars in counterfeit notes in a certain bank in Philadelphia.

"Of course, when the notes were discovered to be counterfeits, they were traced as coming from this bank, and from there to Emma Cole, who admitted that she had bought them from Kate Gross and Mary Braun. After the girls had been caught and locked up, they promptly confessed. They said the notes had been made by Charley, who was then in Cincinnati under the name of Henderson, and that they were just about to ship twenty-eight hundred dollars to him by express. So the Secret Service officers went to Cincinnati, and one of them was installed as clerk in the express office.

Caught in the Express Office

"When Charley came into the express office for his money, he saw a strange clerk there. He said to himself, 'Not for me,' and turned and walked out. He stayed away for ten days; but when he came back the new clerk was still there. Ulrich looked in at the office occasionally for six weeks, and, as the new clerk was always there, he finally lost patience, and went up to the desk and asked for his money.

"'Just wait a moment,' said the clerk; 'we would like to talk with you about this shipment of money.'

"Charley saw that the game was up, and replied: 'I understand the situation thoroughly.'

"He was immediately taken to New York, and placed temporarily in Crow Hill Penitentiary, Brooklyn, where he was put in a cell with a Frenchman who was also under arrest for counterfeiting.

"Even in jail Charley didn't go to sleep. Every day he watched the turnkey lock and unlock his door, until he got every notch in the key fixed in his mind. Then, with a common shoemaker's awl, he cut out a piece of iron from around the wash-place, made a key, opened the door, let himself and the Frenchman out, and they both skipped to Canada.

"In the meantime, his first pal, Jim Colbert, was a fugitive from justice and had already escaped to Canada. Charley found him there, and the three sat around together in the saloons every night. They were not anxious, for there was no extradition in those days. His old pal knew that the officers were wild over Charley's escape, and he decided to turn his partner to good use and ease himself up a bit. He wrote

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to the Chief of the Secret Service, and asked what could be done for him provided he'd tell where to catch Charley. The Chief wrote back that he'd be allowed to come back to this country. Colbert wrote the Chief to come on over, which he immediately did, taking six or seven men. They rounded Charley up while he was watching a game of billiards. Colbert pointed him out. Charley gave them a good fight, and the result was that the police came running in and arrested them all.

"So there were Charley and the Frenchman in prison again, waiting for their case to be heard, and Charley figuring how he could beat the cell. He did it. They got up on the top corridor, and climbed from there to a little window, pushed the bars aside, and dropped into the yard. Then they found they had a wall to scale. There were a lot of buckets in the yard, and Charley piled them up and held them until the Frenchman got up; then the Frenchman held them down while Charley got up.

"The soldiers outside were marching back and forth, and when they saw Charley and the Frenchman, they fired at them. But the escaped prisoners got to the railroad track, and there they did a very smart thing. They went along the track a good piece, and Charley threw his cap on the ground to put the guards on the wrong scent. Then they sneaked around back the other way, and crossed the river in a rowboat that they stole just above Niagara Falls — they didn't dream how near they were to the Falls.



"THEY GOT UP ON THE TOP CORRIDOR, AND CLIMBED FROM THERE TO A LITTLE WINDOW, PUSHED THE BARS ASIDE, AND DROPPED INTO THE YARD"



"They went to Buffalo, and there Charley bade the Frenchman good-by, and wrote to Jim Courtney at Cincinnati. Courtney had been under arrest for making the hundred-dollar note, but was out on bond, and had all the papers made for getting back into business. He wrote to Charley to come on and meet him in Cleveland. They met there, and Courtney arranged for Ulrich to come on to Cincinnati and get into the business with him.

Betrayed by Another Old Pal

"At Cincinnati Courtney took Charley to the house of a Mrs. Roberts, where Courtney boarded. Courtney then went straight to the Chief of the Secret Service, and asked him what he would do to learn the whereabouts of Ulrich. (Poor Charley was the most unfortunate man, in his friends, that I've ever known.)

"'I'll let you off,' said the Chief.

"'All right!' said Jim. 'You can get him at noon to-day. Come to my house and pretend you are searching for him. I will hide him in a chest, so that he won't suspect anything. Then I'll take him down to the C. H. & D. Rail-

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road, and you can nail him just as he's going to get on the train.'

"So, at noon, when Charley and Jim were sitting in a room at Mrs. Roberts', in walked the Secret Service officers. Before they got to this room, Jim hid Charley in a chest, and when the Chief came in he was told that his bird had not been there. The officers left.

"'We'll have to clear out in a hurry,' said Jim. 'We'd better try to catch the C. H. & D.'

"They hustled for it, and, just as Charley reached the depot he was grabbed. He seemed to know instinctively that he'd been betrayed again, and he was heartbroken. Charley was, as I've said, one of the most generous fellows I've ever known.

"'If you'll let everybody else go, and wipe the slate clean,' he told the officers, 'I'll plead guilty and turn over my plates.' The officers agreed to this.

Engraved a Portrait on an Old Saw-Blade

"Ulrich was tried, and sent to the penitentiary in Columbus, Ohio, for fifteen years. He was a model prisoner, and he was allowed to have a little shop in the prison yard. One day he picked up an old circular saw-blade in the yard, and engraved on it a portrait of William Allen, who was at that time the Democratic candidate for Governor. It was one of the most perfect portraits ever engraved.

"When Ulrich had been in prison for seven years, President Hayes pardoned him through the intercession of the warden, Colonel Innis, who thought it a shame that such a clever artist should be shut up. Innis then set him up in an engraving shop in Columbus.

"I was a boy living in Columbus then, and used to watch him go up and down the street, for I'd heard his history and it fascinated me. At times I used to go over to see him, and I little dreamed then how much I was to see of him later.

Charley's Friends Got After Him Again

"When Charley was pardoned, I'm convinced he intended to do what was right. He married, and worked hard. But all through his life his friends were his undoing. After a while old 'Dutch' Cole of Philadelphia came to Columbus to coax him to go to Philadelphia and to engrave a hundred-dollar note. Finally Ulrich was persuaded to go. He took his wife with him. They went to a place outside Philadelphia called Oak Lane, and here Ulrich began to engrave his note, while Cole sat by and jollied him on.

"One day Charley came into town to buy some supplies. A Secret Service man recognized him, followed him home, and made a report. The Chief sent a man out to nail Charley; but, as he was more anxious to get Cole than Charley this time, they agreed to give Charley a suspended sentence, provided he'd help them catch Cole. Charley thought he might as well try the personal-profit game himself, and he arranged to hide two officers in his house, so that, the next time Cole came out to visit him and jolly him up, they might hear the whole conversation. But, one day, when they were to be there, Cole came out unexpectedly. Mrs. Ulrich was preparing dinner, and had set the table for four people. The minute she saw Cole, she had enough presence of mind to grab the table and upset the whole thing — dishes and all — on the floor. Of course she did not want Cole to get on to Charley's relations with the officers.

"'What on earth's the matter?' said Cole, entering.

"'I was trying to fix a caster, and upset the whole thing,' she explained. A little later the officers stepped out and arrested Cole. He was sent to the penitentiary, and died there.

"Charley was given a suspended sentence, and for a time tried to lead an honest life. He went to Trenton, New Jersey, where he was the first man to introduce into this country the painting of pottery. Up to this time it had been done only in Germany. This industry at Trenton has grown to wonderful proportions, and some of the finest pottery is now made there.

Got Away with Nearly $200,000, but His Wife Took in Washing

"Charley, however, finally drifted back to the old gang. Old Bill Brockway and his crowd got after him, and wanted him to engrave some railroad bonds and drafts. Charley refused; but they were so persistent that, rather than mix up in their scheme, he left the country and went back to Germany. This was in the early '60's. While there, he opened a bogus commission house, and a large amount of goods was consigned to him to be sold. He sold the goods and kept the money. He told me he got together nearly two hundred thousand dollars, and was just about ready to leave Germany when they got on to him and sent him to prison. His wife returned to this country, settled in Cincinnati, and took in washing to support her family.

"Our government had determined to keep an eye on Charley, and the German government had promised to let us know when ..? was

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released. But they failed to do so, and Charley came to this country unannounced. Then, when we got word — I was in the service by this time — that he was among us, there was a scurry to locate him.



"ONE DAY HE PICKED UP AN OLD CIRCULAR SAW-BLADE, AND ENGRAVED ON IT A PORTRAIT OF GOVERNOR ALLEN"

"Schuyler Donnella was the man who did it. He was watching Mrs. Ulrich's movements. One day she did not go to work as usual. She excused herself later by saying that her husband had just got home. Donnella found this out and reported it to Washington, and I was picked out to go to Cincinnati to work on Ulrich.

How Burns Shadowed Ulrich

"I went to Cincinnati and found out where he was living. There happened to be a little flat for rent directly across the street, but I knew well that Charley had that flat spotted. If a man were mysteriously to move in and lie low, wise Charley would move out the next morning; or, if he did not go, he would behave himself. I was not in Cincinnati to watch Charley behave himself. The very fact that Charley did not report his presence to the government indicated that he didn't intend to keep straight.

"About the first of November, Mrs. Burns and I moved our unpretentious belongings into the flat. The next morning, at six-thirty, I was out with my working-clothes and dinner-bucket, all ready for the eyes of Charley and his wife. I went down the street about two blocks and around the corner, and was thus disposed of for the day for the Ulrich neighbors. But I came in the back way, changed my clothes,

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and watched for Charley. When he came out I went out with him — by the back way.

"Charley and his wife watched me each morning as I went to work, and Mrs. Burns watched them. About the fifth morning they did not watch any more. Every morning I'd pick Charley up. He'd walk around the street for blocks, testing to determine whether he was being followed. An old friend, a woman living in Vine Street, received his mail for him, and he'd walk around there and get it. The shadowing had to be done with the greatest care because Charley was unusually crafty. Moreover, he was experienced in the game. He knew most of the tricks of shadow work. However, by patient watching, I was able to find out most of his plans.

"So things went on for a long time," Burns continued. "I began in November, and all through November, December, January, February, and March I took Charley up in the morning and put him to bed at night. Nothing doing. One day I was sitting by the window, armed with my cap, and a sandwich in my pocket, when Mrs. Burns called to me.

Detective Burns "on the Move"

"'I wish you'd bring in some coal,' she said. We had an extra room in the rear that we used only to keep coal in. So I told her to watch that gate across the street, between the two buildings and giving entrance to both, and I took the bucket and went back. I had dropped just one lump in when I heard Mrs. Burns call:

"'There he goes! Just going away!'

"I dropped the scuttle, and ran down through the back way to the alley, and then to the next corner; from there I could go down the street and catch him. I didn't see Mrs. Burns again for four months.

"Charley walked around a dozen squares and down an alley, testing things thoroughly. Finally, he went to the Chesapeake & Ohio ticket office, and I saw him buy a ticket. Just as he stepped out, I ran up to the window.

"'I promised to meet my uncle here right now,' I said. 'He's a big tall man' — here I gave an accurate description of Ulrich. 'Did he get his ticket?'

"'Yes,' said the agent.

"'Give me one just like it.'

"He gave me a ticket to New York. I took a car, and got to the station before Charley, who walked down. I boarded the train that left at twelve-one, and took a seat. Charley never saw me at all, but I could see him standing out there, watching everybody who got on the train. Finally, when it was coming time to close the gate, he went over to the guard.

"'I'm expecting a friend who was to go out with me; he was going to meet me here.'

"'Well, he'll have to hurry. We're going out right away. You'd better get on.'

"Charley walked in, and the guard slammed the gate. Charley got on the train, absolutely certain that he did it without anybody knowing it.



MARY BRAUN

Ulrich Had His Tools and Was on His Way to Join the Brockway Gang

"For the first couple of hours he sat very close; then he walked out into the smoking-car to smoke his pipe. I managed to look over his baggage,— a paper suit-box,— and found a complete outfit for engraving plates. I left them as they were, and wired to Chief William P. Hazen, who arranged to have Operative W. J. McManus meet the train at Philadelphia and go on to New York with me. On the way we determined on our course of action. We concluded to nail Charley, and give him a choice of going to Jersey and taking his fifteen years of suspended sentence, or helping us catch Brockway and his gang.

"I've mentioned Bill Brockway to you before," digressed the detective. "He cut quite a wide swath in government criminal circles. For thirty years he had been a counterfeiter; he took some special courses in Harvard to fit himself. A doctor named Bradford was doing ten years in Sing Sing for malpractice while Jim Courtney and Brockway were doing ten years there for forgery, and they all got acquainted. This gang later got together in New York, and had Sidney Smith engrave a five-hundred-dollar gold certificate. Then they thought it better to have Charley engrave it, and he was on his way to meet them.

"When we arrived, Charley went into a telegraph office and sat down to write a telegram, commencing with the body of the message, without writing the name of the person to whom it was to be sent.

"'Have just arrived,' he wrote, and then realized that somebody was looking over his shoulder. He looked up at me; I looked down at him.

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"'Are you interested in this?' he asked.

"'Yes,' I answered.

"'Well,' he said, 'maybe you had better write it.'

"'All right; I will.' I took the pen and wrote in the name and address of the fellow the message was to, and signed it with Ulrich's name.

"Charley sat back, looking at me. 'You *are* interested, aren't you?' That was all he said.

"'Yes,' I replied. 'And I want you to come with me.'

"'May I ask your name?'

"'Burns is my name.'

"'Burns?'

"'Yes — Burns.'

"'William J. Burns?'

"'Yes, William J. Burns.'

"'Well, Mr. Burns, I'm very glad to meet you—but not under these circumstances I know of you, but have never seen you before.'

"'Are you quite sure that you never saw me before this?'

"'Never in my life.'

"'Do you remember engraving a picture of Governor William Allen on a circular saw-blade in Columbus?'

"'Yes, I remember that very well — very well.'

"'I used to live in Columbus, and I used to go out to see you there.' And we shook hands.



"'DO YOU WANT TO TAKE THE FIFTEEN YEARS THAT'S COMING TO YOU, OR WILL YOU HELP US ROUND UP THESE CROOKS THAT HAVE NEVER DONE ANYTHING BUT PLAY YOU FALSE?'"

Burns Told Ulrich His Friends Had Ruined Him

"'Now, Charley,' said I, getting down to business, 'the situation is this. Away back in '56 they landed you and "Key Jim"; and in an effort to get himself out of it, Jim told who the engraver was. You got two years.'

"'Yes, that's so.'

"'You got out, went away to war, came back, and Jim Courtney took you to Cincinnati and gave you up.'

"'Yes, that's so.'

"'You beat it and went to Canada, and were given up there.'

"'By Gott! That's right! That's history.'

"'You beat it again, went to Canada, were given up again, and beat it again. You got back to Cincinnati with Jim, and he gave you up. It was a succession of betrayals, one after another, Charley. There never has been a man who has profited by your work who has ever helped you out. The man who let you do the work has always got big money, while you went to prison to live. Your wife had to come from Europe alone, and wash clothes early and late. When you came home, you found that she had worked hard, had made good friends, and brought up your children well. You, like a big loafer, were willing to sit around and allow your evil friends, who are not friends at all, to get you into trouble again and put you in prison. You never take a thought of those young girls, just becoming women, that your wife has worked so hard for. You don't mind their being pointed out as the daughters of Charley Ulrich, the notorious counterfeiter.' I handed talk like that out to Charley until the tears began to roll down his cheeks.

"'What's the use of reminding me of all that?' he cried.

"'Because you need it. I want to ask you a question. Do you want to go to New Jersey and take the fifteen years that's coming to you, or do you want to come in with us,— help us

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"'DON'T LET ME DISTURB YOU,' I SAID POLITELY. BUT HIS APPETITE WAS GONE"

round up these crooks that have never done anything but play you false,— and live right with God and man and your family?'

"'By Gott! I want to go with you. Mr. Burns. I'll be absolutely loyal to you.'

Charley Helped Burns Run Down the Brockway Gang

"We put him in a carriage and took him up to the St. James Hotel. When the Chief heard of my proposal to Charley, he didn't like it. He didn't mean to let Charley out of his sight. But I pointed out my view of the matter to him. The Chief was the responsible man, and he agreed to take the chance.

"I let Charley roam around and meet the fellows we were after. He and Dr. Bradford had quite a time together. At last I got a letter from Charley telling me that he was with the gang at a place on Ann Street, West Hoboken, and that that was the place to find what I was after. So I went right ahead.

"When we raided the Ann Street place, Charley was there, and they were eating lunch—Charley, Abbie Smith, and a fellow named Wagner. Wagner and Mrs. Smith made the paper for the counterfeit notes by taking two pieces of paper the width and size of the note and putting silk threads between them. Poor Wagner was eating heartily when he caught sight of me.

"'Don't let me disturb you,' I said politely. But his appetite was gone.

"'What do you want?' demanded Mrs. Smith.

"'We're government officers,' I replied. 'I want to notify you that your house is under arrest.'

"Charley kept right on eating. I looked at the woman.

"'What is your name?'

"'Mrs. Abbie Smith.'

"'What is your name?'—I turned to Wagner.

"'Johnson.'

"I looked at Charley. 'What is your name?'

"'Schmidt.'

"'You are a German, aren't you?'

"'Yes, I'm a German.'

"'What are you doing here?' I then asked him.

Before he could answer, Abbie spoke up:

"'He is my uncle and is visiting here.'

"'That's peculiar,' said I. 'One Smith and the other Schmidt.'

"'No,' said Abbie; 'Schmidt is the German for Smith.'

"'Haven't I seen you before?' I asked Charley.

"'Perhaps you have. I live in Boston.'

"Then we began a search. Upstairs we found a complete printing outfit, over two million dollars in counterfeit gold certificates and hundred-dollar notes, and one oil-cloth printing-apron. Perhaps that seems a trifling thing to you, but it resulted in the conviction of Brockway.

"Well, before we got through we had Jimmy Courtney, Dr. Bradford, and, as you know, Bill Brockway. For a whole year, during the time of arrests and trials, I kept Ulrich right with me, day and night. The whole story of the chase after these clever men is too long to tell now. It was the first time the government had

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ever got Brockway. Before that he had always escaped punishment by turning up the engraver and surrendering the plates.

"This time Brockway was sentenced to ten years in a New Jersey prison. He served his time and is still living. Dr. Bradford got five years in a New York State prison, but he died before his time was up. After his death $80,000's worth of securities were found in his cell. Jimmy Courtney escaped a sentence on the Brockway case, but we found an indictment against him in Detroit, Michigan, thirty years previous, and he had to stand trial on this. He was convicted, and, after serving a part of his time, he was pardoned. Then he disappeared, and no one has heard of him since.

"To go back to Charley, I must say that he played square with me. As a matter of fact, I became very much attached to him. He stuck close to me, because he knew that was his best protection against his former friends. I took him with me down to Florida, where I had to investigate some Cuban filibuster cases. He lived an honest life from this time on until his death about three years ago.

"So there you have Charley Ulrich's story. He was a fellow of wonderful talent, and one of the best counterfeiters in history. If he had turned his skill and ability to any honest business he might have gone far in the world. With all his cleverness, he'd taken the worst possible way of 'making money.'"

A ROSE IN DECEMBER

BY

MOIRA O'NEILL

WELL can I mind your mother; the pity it is she's gone,
An' her sort is lost out of Ireland, women like her there's none!
Blue were the eyes an' kindly, soft an' slow was the tongue;
I mind her words the bether for that, an' the quare ould songs she sung;
She had many a poor one's blessin', an' blessin' she'd give *galor*,
Aye, a rose in December was growin' by her door.

But you were all the daughter she had, an', faith, 'twas just as well!
For if it wasn't for manners, now, straight to your face I'd tell
That two like you is too many, an' one is more than enough,
But rightly I know for an ould man's talk you'll care not a pinch o' snuff;
For looks you were never the peel of her; for l'arnin' — I may be a fool,
But I wouldn't give much for the l'arnin' that's got at the National School.

Young people should be *conducted*, but that's where they're all asthray;
There were none o' this loiterin' home from fairs in Father McCarthy's day.
'Twas he would ha' had their lives for less, so he would then, who but he!
Your mother he called "the flower o' Layde," an' none minds that but me;
An' she had the voice of a song-thrush, but you have the laugh of a jay—
Och, she was a rose in December, but you are a frost in May!

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A Citizen of Calais

by Marie Belloc Lowndes

Illustrations by Lucius W. Hitchcock

O mort, vieux Capitaine, il est temps, levons l'ancre,
Le pays nous ennuie, O mort, appareillons!
—BAUDELAIRE.

JACQUES DE WISSANT stood in his wife's boudoir. It was a strange and beautiful room, likely to linger in the memory of those who knew its strange and beautiful mistress. The walls were draped with old Persian shawls, the furniture was of red Chinese lacquer. Pale blue and faded yellow silk cushions softened the formal angularity of the wide cane-seated couch and low square chairs. There was a deep crystal bowl filled with midsummer flowering roses on the table, laden with books, by which Claire often sat long hours, reading poetry and prose written by authors of whom her husband had only vaguely heard, but of whom he definitely disapproved.

It was nine o'clock in the morning of a hot August day. The window was wide open, and there floated in from the garden, which sloped away to the edge and, indeed, over the low, crumbling cliff, fragrant salt-laden odors, dominated by the clean, sharp scent thrown from huge shrubs of red and white geraniums.

But Jacques de Wissant was unconscious, uncaring of the beauty round him, either in the room or without; and when, at last, he walked forward to the window, his face hardened as his eyes instinctively sought out the spot where, built on the edge of the great expanse of sand to the left, lay the quarters of the Submarine Flotilla. These buildings were actually on his land, and he had eagerly assented to their being placed there; yet now he would have given much — and he was a careful man — to have had them swept away, transferred to the other side of Calais. Down there, within but a few minutes' walk, dwelt Jacques de Wissant's secret foe; for the man of whom he was acutely, miserably jealous was Commander Dupré, the naval officer commanding the Submarine Station.

The owner of the Pavillon de Wissant seldom entered the room where he now stood impatiently waiting for his wife, and he never did so without looking round him with distaste, and remembering with an odd, wistful feeling the room as it had been in his mother's time. Then *le boudoir de Madame* had reflected the tastes and simple interests of an old-fashioned, provincial lady born in the year that Louis Philippe came to the throne. The man standing there greatly preferred the room as it had been to what it was now! Over the low marble mantelpiece, where were arranged a trophy of ancient Chinese weapons sent home by Claire de Wissant's admiral father in 1899, there had hung, in Jacques' own childhood, a large engraving of a painting by Delaroche, showing the Citizens of Calais, each with a halter round his neck, prepared for the great sacrifice. Especially prominent among them — or so the grave little boy had always secretly hugged the thought to himself — was the austere figure of his own ancestor and name-sake, that Jacques de Wissant who, according to tradition, was the first to follow Eustache de St. Pierre in the path of perilous honor.

The engraving, dethroned from its pride of place, now hung in the room where the twin daughters of the house, Clairette and Jacqueline, did their lessons with their English governess.

Clairette and Jacqueline! Jacques de Wissant's lantern-jawed, expressionless face quickened into feeling as he thought of his two little girls. They were the pride, as well as the only

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vivid interest and pleasure, of his life. All that he dispassionately admired in his wife was, so he sometimes told himself with satisfaction, repeated in his daughters. They had inherited their mother's look of race, her fastidiousness and refinement of bearing, while lacking — fortunately — Claire's dangerous personal beauty, her touch of eccentricity, and her discontent with life — or, rather, with the life that Jacques de Wissant, in spite of a gnawing ache and longing that nothing could still or assuage, yet found good.

Jacques de Wissant was a narrow-built man of forty-six; his clean-shaven, rather fleshy face was very pale; and on this hot August morning he was dressed in a gray frock-coat and a pale yellow waistcoat. On his wife's writing-table lay his tall hat and lemon-colored gloves.

As Mayor of Calais — a position he owed to his historic name and to his wealth — he had to perform civil marriages, and to-day, it being the eve of the Assumption, there were to be a great many weddings celebrated in the Hôtel de Ville.

Suddenly there broke on his ear the sound of a low, full voice, singing. It came from the next room, his wife's bedroom, and the mournful, passionate words of the old soldier song rang out, full of a desolate pain and sense of bitter loss:

"Je me suis engagé,
Pour l'amour d'une belle —
A cause d'un baiser
Qu'elle m'a refusé —"

and then the refrain in a minor key:

"A cause d'un baiser qu'elle m'a refusé."

He knocked twice, sharply, on his wife's door. The song broke short, and there followed a perceptible pause before he heard her say, "Come in."

Claire de Wissant was standing before a long, narrow mirror placed at right angles to a window looking straight out to sea. Her short, narrow, dark-blue skirt and long blue silk jersey silhouetted her slender figure, which remained so supple, so — so young, in spite of her twelve-year-old daughters. There was something shy and wild, untamed and yet beckoning, in the oval face, now drawn with pain and sleeplessness, in the gray, almond-shaped eyes, reddened with secret tears, and in the firm, delicately modeled mouth. She was engaged in tucking up her dark, curling hair under a gray yachting-cap, and for a few minutes she neither spoke nor looked to see who was standing in the door.

When she at last turned away from the mirror and saw her husband, the color, rushing into her pale face, caused an unbecoming flush to cover it.

"I thought it was one of the children," she said, a little breathlessly. And then she waited, assuming — or so her husband thought — an air at once of patience and of surprise which angered him. Her look of strain, of positive illness, also vaguely alarmed him. Could she be grieving so about her younger sister, Marie-Anne, the wife of an Italian officer, who was now ill of scarlet fever at Mantua? Two days ago Claire had implored him to allow her to go and nurse Marie-Anne. He had refused, not unkindly, but quite firmly. Claire's duty lay at Calais with her husband and children, not at Mantua with her sister.

As he said nothing, she again broke silence. "Well?" she said. "Is there anything you wish to tell me?"

Seeing that he still did not answer, she added: "I am lunching with Madeleine, but I shall be home by three o'clock."

Jacques de Wissant frowned. He did not like or approve of Madeleine Guiard. This summer she had hired a furnished villa close to the beach that ran below the Pavillon de Wissant, and there she often entertained the officers of the Submarine Flotilla. From her brother-in-law's point of view, this was very far from "correct" conduct on the part of a young widow.

"I suppose you are on your way to some important town function?" There was a slight, mocking smile on Claire's face. She disliked the town and the town folk, and she hated the vast old family house standing in the market-place, where she had to spend each winter.

"To-day is the fourteenth of August," said Jacques de Wissant, in his deliberate voice, "and I have a great many marriages to celebrate this morning."

"Ah, yes, of course!" Claire de Wissant spoke with the courteous indifference, the lack of interest in her husband's concerns, that she had early schooled him to endure.

But all at once there came a change in her voice, in her manner. "Why, to-day — to-day is our wedding-day! How stupid of me to forget! We must tell Jacqueline and Clairette; it will amuse them."

Jacques de Wissant came forward into the room, and, as he did so, his wife moved abruptly away from where she had been standing, thus maintaining the distance between them. But Claire de Wissant need not have been afraid; her husband had his own strict code of man-

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ners, and to this code he ever remained faithful. He had a remarkable mastery of his emotions, and he had always shown so singular a power of self-restraint that his wife, not unreasonably, sometimes doubted if he had any emotions to master, any passionate feelings to restrain. All he now did was to take a shagreen case out of his pocket and hold it out toward her.

"Claire," he said, "I have brought you, in memory of our wedding-day, a little gift which I hope you will like. It is a medallion of the children." And, as she at last came close to him, he pressed a spring and revealed a dull-gold medal on which, modeled in high relief and superposed the one on the other, were Clairette's and Jacqueline's young, delicately pure profiles.

A light came into Claire de Wissant's heavy-lidded eyes. She looked surprised and touched. She held out a hesitating hand, and Jacques de Wissant, before placing the shagreen case in it, took his wife's hand in his, and, bending rather awkwardly, kissed it lightly.

To Claire the touch of her husband's lips was hateful — so hateful, indeed, that she had to make a great effort to hide the feeling of physical repulsion which had suddenly engulfed her in certain dark recesses of memory and revolt.

"It is a charming medallion," she said hurriedly — "a work of art, Jacques; and I thank you for having thought of it! It gives me great, very great pleasure."

And then something happened which was to her so utterly unexpected that she gave a cry of pain, almost, it seemed, of fear.

As she had forced herself to look into his face, the anguish in her own sore heart unlocked the key to his, and she perceived the suffering, the dumb longing, she had never allowed herself to know were there. For the first time since her marriage,— since that wedding-day of exactly thirteen years ago,— Claire de Wissant felt pity for another than herself. She realized that her husband, like herself, was enmeshed in a web of tragic circumstance.

"Jacques!" she cried. "Oh, Jacques!" And, as she so uttered his name twice, there came a look of acute distress, and then of sudden resolution, in her face. "I wish you to know," she said, "that — that — if I were a wicked woman I should perhaps be a better wife." Thanks to the language in which she spoke, there was a play on the word — the word that in French signifies woman as well as wife.

He looked at her fixedly, but he made no comment on her strange speech. At one time — not lately, but many years ago — she had sometimes tried his patience by the odd, unreasonable things she said; and Claire, knowing that this had been so, now told herself, with quick, exultant relief, that Jacques had not understood — that he was, as she had always supposed him to be till to-day, dull and unperceptive. With a nervous smile, she turned again to her mirror, and then Jacques de Wissant, with her words ringing in his ears, left the room.

Ah, yes, he had understood! There are things that all men and all women, when tortured by jealousy, well understand, however dull, however unperceptive they may be. Jacques de Wissant believed that he was now justified in his suspicions. His wife, moved by some obscure desire for self-revelation to which he had no clue, had flung at him the truth. Yes, no doubt she could have made him happy — so little would have contented his hunger for her — had she been one of those light women of whom he sometimes heard, who from their husbands' kisses go to those of their lovers. He knew nothing of such women. The men of his race had known how to acquire honest wives, ay, and keep them so. There had never been in the de Wissant family any of those ugly scandals that stain other clans, and which are remembered over generations in French provincial towns.

At last he looked at his watch. It was still early. If he started now, at once, he would be at the Hôtel de Ville by ten o'clock, when the first of the marriages he had to celebrate that morning was timed to take place.

As he drove the five miles into the town, keeping his fine horses well in hand, Jacques de Wissant found it impossible to think of any matter but that which for the moment filled his heart to the exclusion of all else — his own relation to his wife, his wife's relation to Commander Dupré. In his distress of mind — for his wife's sudden confidence had outraged his sense of what was decent and fitting, and had increased a thousandfold his jealous misery — he went back to the past. His parents' uneventful happy married life lay spread before him retrospectively. They had been married in the good old way; that is, up to their wedding-day, they had never met save in the presence of their respective parents and relations. And yet, how devoted they had been to each other! So completely one in thought, in interest, in sympathy, that when his father died his mother had not known how to go on living. But Jacques had been difficult to please, and he was already thirty-three when he met Claire de Kergonet at her first ball. She was only seventeen, with but the promise of a beauty that was now in exquisite flower; yet he had decided, there and then, in the course of two hours, that this Demoiselle

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de Kergouet was alone worthy of becoming Madame Jacques de Wissant.

And, on the whole, his prudent parents had blessed his choice, for the girl was of the best Breton stock, and came of a famous naval family. It was Claire's grandfather who, at Trafalgar, when both his legs had been shattered by a shell, bade his men place him in a barrel of bran, that he might go on commanding, in the hour of defeat, to the end. She had had no dowry to speak of; but Jacques de Wissant had not allowed his parents to give the matter of Claire's fortune more than a regretful thought; indeed, he had gone further — he had "recognized" a dowry that was non-existent, to save the pride of her family.

But Claire — he could not help thinking of it to-day with a sense of bitter injury — had never seemed grateful, had never seemed to understand all that had been done for her.

In the beginning of their married life he had poured splendid gifts upon her, and, what had been far more difficult to him, within reason he had satisfied all her fantasies. But naught had availed to secure him even a semblance of that steadfast, warm affection, that sincere interest and pride in his concerns, which is all such a Frenchman as Jacques de Wissant expects, or indeed desires, of his wedded wife. Had she been such a woman, his own passion for her would have soon dulled into a reasonable, comfortable liking. But Claire's coldness, her aloofness, had kept alive his hidden fires, the more so — so ironic are the tricks that nature plays — that for many years past he had troubled her but very little with his intimate company.

And yet, not until within the last few months had Jacques de Wissant ever felt jealous of his wife. There had been times when he had been angered by the way in which her young beauty, her indefinable, mysterious charm, attracted the men who came to their house. But Claire, he had always admitted to himself, was no flirt; she was ever perfectly "correct." "Correct" was a word dear to Jacques de Wissant; it was one that he used as a synonym for great things — honor, fineness of conduct, loyalty.

And then — and then there had come a man into the slow, decorous life of the Pavillon de Wissant, and he had brought him there. How bitter it now was to look back and remember how much he had liked — liked because he had respected — Commander Dupré! He had come to hate him, and would have liked to despise him. But that he could not do. Commander Dupré was all that Jacques de Wissant had taken him to be — a brilliant officer, devoted to his profession, already noted in the service as having made an important improvement in the steering-gear of submarine craft.

True, Commander Dupré soon did not trouble him by his material presence at the Pavillon de Wissant: for a long time past the naval officer had come there only when good breeding required him to pay a formal call on his nearest neighbor and sometime host, the Mayor of Calais. But Claire saw him constantly at her sister's house, the Chalet des Dunes; and she was both too proud and too indifferent, it appeared, to her husband's view of what a young married woman's conduct should be, to conceal the fact. This openness on Claire's part was at once her husband's consolation and his opportunity for endless self-torture.

II

It was one o'clock, and the last of the wedding parties had left the great hall of the Calais Hôtel de Ville. Jacques de Wissant took up his hat and gloves — and then a look of annoyance came over his weary face, for he heard the swinging of a door. Probably his clerk was coming back to ask him some useless question. Jacques de Wissant always found it difficult to leave the Hôtel de Ville at the exact moment he wished to do so; for, although all the officials were afraid of the Mayor, they were far more afraid of his cold anger if business of any importance were done without his knowledge and sanction. But it was not his clerk who wished to intercept him on his way out; it was the chief of the employees in the telephone and telegraph department of the building, a forward, pushing young man whom Jacques de Wissant disliked.

"M'sieur le Maire — " The speaker stopped short, daunted by Jacques de Wissant's look of impatient fatigue. "Has M'sieur le Maire heard the news?" He gathered courage; it is always exciting to be the bearer of news, especially of bad news.

Jacques de Wissant shook his head.

"There has been an accident, M'sieur le Maire — a terrible accident! One of the submarines — they don't yet know which it is — has been struck by the Dover steamer. The craft has sunk in the fairway of the Channel, about two miles out!"

Jacques de Wissant uttered an exclamation of horror. "When did it happen?" he asked quickly.

"About half an hour ago, more or less. *I* said that M'sieur le Maire ought to be informed at once of such a calamity; but I was told to wait till the marriages were over."

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Looking furtively at the Mayor's face, the young man regretted that he had not interrupted the weddings. There was an old feud between the municipal and the naval authorities,— there always is in a Continental port,— and the Mayor ought certainly to have been among the very first to hear the news of the disaster.

"The Admiral has only just driven by," he observed insinuatingly, "not five minutes ago —"

Jacques de Wissant shook the man off impatiently. He strode out of the hall into the street, and joined the hurrying crowd, which grew denser as it swept down the tortuous, narrow ways leading to the harbor.

The end of the pier was already roped off, only the officially privileged being allowed to go through to the spot where now stood the Admiral de Saint Vilquier, impatiently waiting for the tug that was to take him out to the scene of the disaster. He was a naval officer of the old school, that is, an aristocrat who always went to church, who called his men "my children," and who detested the republican form of government.

As Jacques de Wissant hurried up to him, he turned and stiffly saluted the Mayor of Calais. The old Admiral had no liking for Jacques de Wissant — a cold prig of a fellow, who was married to such a beautiful, such a charming woman, the daughter, too, of one of the Admiral's oldest friends — that Admiral de Kergouet with whom he had first gone to sea a matter of forty years ago. His old friend's daughter was worthy of a better fate than to be the wife of this plain, cold-blooded landsman.

"Do they yet know which of the submarines has gone down?" asked de Wissant. He was full of a burning curiosity edged with a longing and a suspense into whose secret sources he had no wish to thrust a probe.

"Yes, the news has just come in; but it isn't yet to be made public. It's the submarine *Neptune* that was struck — with Commander Dupré, Lieutenant Paritot, and ten men on board. They're eighteen fathoms down."

And then, hearing the other utter an inarticulate cry,— was it of horror or only of surprise? — the Admiral, moved by the Mayor's emotion, relaxed into a confidential undertone: "Poor Dupré! I had forgotten that you know him well. He has, indeed, been pursued by fate. As, of course, you are aware, he applied a short time ago to be transferred to Toulon, and his appointment is in to-day's *Gazette*. In fact, he was actually leaving Calais to-morrow to spend a week with his family before taking up his new command!"

Jacques de Wissant made no comment on what was to him a very surprising piece of information. He was telling himself that if this were true — and of course it was true — he had been mistaken as no man had ever been mistaken before! In a few moments his mind traversed a whole gamut of conflicting emotions, in which relief and a touch of sharp self-condemnation predominated.

The fact that Commander Dupré had applied for promotion (he supposed it to be promotion) was surely a proof that there had been nothing — that is, nothing of any consequence — between the naval officer and Claire.

There came over Jacques de Wissant, as he stood there on the pier, staring out, as all those about him and behind him were doing, at the great expanse of dark blue, foam-flecked sea, a great lightening of spirit. But, all too soon, his mind, his memory, swung back to the tragic business of the moment.

The Admiral went on, addressing himself rather than the silent man by his side. "The devil of it is," he exclaimed, "that the nearest salvage appliances are at Cherbourg! Thank God, the Ministry of Marine are alone responsible for that blunder! Dupré and his comrades have, it seems, thirty-six hours' supply of oxygen — if, indeed, they are still living, which I feel tempted to hope they are not. You see, Monsieur de Wissant, I was at Bizerta when the *Lutin* sank. A man doesn't want to remember two such incidents in his career."

"I suppose it isn't yet known how far the *Neptune* was injured?"

"No; but we shall learn something of that presently. The divers are on their way there. But — but even if the craft sustained no injury, what can *they* do? Ants might as well attempt to pierce a cannon-ball." He shrugged his shoulders, oppressed by the vision his homely simile had conjured up.

And then, suddenly, Jacques de Wissant bethought himself that it was most unlikely that any news of the accident could yet have reached the Chalet des Dunes, the lonely villa on the shore, where Claire was lunching with her sister; but at any moment some casual visitor from the town might come in there with the news. He told himself, uneasily, that it would be well, if possible, to save his wife from such a shock. After all, she and Dupré had been good friends; so much must be admitted — nay, he was now eager to admit it.

He touched the older man on the arm. "I should be grateful, Admiral, for the loan of your motor-car. I have just remembered that I ought to go home for an hour. This terrible affair made me forget it; but I shall not be long — indeed, I cannot be, for there will be all sorts

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"CLAIRE DE WISSANT WAS STANDING BEFORE A LONG, NARROW MIRROR PLACED AT RIGHT ANGLES TO A WINDOW"

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of arrangements to be made at the Hôtel de Ville. Of course we shall be besieged with inquiries, with messages from Paris, with telegrams ——"

"My car is entirely at your disposal." The Admiral could not help feeling, even at so sad a moment as this, a little satirical amusement. Arrangements at the Hôtel de Ville, forsooth! If the end of the world were in sight, the claims of the municipality of Calais must not be neglected or forgotten.

Not till Jacques de Wissant was actually in the car did he give his instructions to the chauffeur. "Take me to the Chalet des Dunes as quickly as you can drive without danger," he said briefly. "You probably know where it is."

And then, for the first time that day, Jacques de Wissant began to feel pleasantly cool; nay, there even came over him a certain exhilaration.

He remembered with a shamed feeling of distaste his own state of mind and body that very morning. He had then been in the mood to kill Dupré — or, rather, in the mood to welcome the news of his death with fierce joy; and then, simultaneously with his discovery of how groundless had been his jealousy, he had learned the awful fact that the man whom he had wrongly accused lay out there, buried and yet alive, beneath the glistening sea that stretched out, like a great blue pall, to his right!

A bend in the road, and the sea was spread out, an opaque, glistening sheet of steel, before him. He looked out, with a feeling of melancholy and fearful curiosity, to the spot where already a swarm of craft, great and small, marked the place where the *Neptune* lay, eighteen fathoms deep.

He got up and touched the chauffeur on the shoulder. "Stop here," he said. "You needn't drive up to the house. I want you to turn and wait for me at the Pavillon de Wissant. Ask the servants to give you lunch. I may be half an hour, I may be an hour; but I want to get back to Calais as soon as I can."

The house looked singularly quiet and deserted, and Jacques de Wissant became vaguely uneasy. He reconsidered his plan of action. If the two sisters were alone together — as he supposed them to be — he would go in and quietly tell them what had happened. It would be making altogether too much of the matter to send for Claire; she would very properly resent it.

He pulled the rusted bell-handle. How absurd to have ironwork in such a place! There followed what seemed to him a long pause, and he rang again.

At last the door was opened by his sister-in-law, Madame Guiard, herself; and, in the midst of his own agitation and unease, he saw that there was a look of embarrassment on the face that Madeleine tried to make amiably welcoming.

"Jacques!" she exclaimed. "I had no idea that you were coming here to-day. I have sent the servants in to the town to purchase a railway time-table. Claire will have told you that I am starting for Italy to-night. Our poor Marie-Anne is worse, and I feel that it is my duty to go to her; I am thinking of driving to Boulogne."

No, Claire had not told him that Marie-Anne was worse. That, doubtless, was why she had looked so unhappy this morning. He felt hurt and angered by his wife's reserve.

"I am sure you will agree with me, Madeleine," he said stiffly — he was glad to gain a little time — "that it would not be wise for Claire to accompany you. After all, she is still quite a young woman, and poor Marie-Anne's disease is most infectious. I have ascertained, too, that there is a regular epidemic raging in Mantua."

Madeleine nodded her head. Then she turned, with an uneasy side-look at her brother-in-law, and began to lead the way down the short passage. The door of the dining-room was open; it was clear that Madeleine had just finished her luncheon.

"Isn't Claire here?" he asked, surprised. "She said she was going to lunch with you. Hasn't she been here this morning?"

"No — I mean, yes." Madame Guiard spoke confusedly. "She was here for a little while."

"But has she gone home again?"

"Well — she may be home by now, but —" She was opening the door of the little drawing-room.

It was an ugly, common-looking room, the walls hung with Turkey red and ornamented with cheap colored prints. Jacques de Wissant told himself that it was odd that Claire should like to spend so much of her time here, instead of asking her sister to join her each morning or afternoon in her own beautiful house on the cliff.

"Forgive me," he said, "but I can't stay a moment. I really came for Claire. You say I shall find her at home?" He still held his top-hat and his yellow gloves in his hand.

Madeleine looked at once relieved and perplexed; but she knew the slow, sure workings of her brother-in-law's mind. If he found that his wife had not gone home, and that there was no news of her there, he would come back to the Chalet des Dunes for further information.

"No," she said at last; "Claire has not gone

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back to the Pavillon. In fact, I know that she has gone into the town; she had something important she wished to do there."

She looked so troubled, so uncomfortable, that Jacques de Wissant leaped to the sudden conclusion that the tidings that he had been at such pains to bring had already been told.

"Ah!" he exclaimed, "then I am too late! Ill news travels fast."

"Ill news?" Madeleine repeated affrightedly. "Is anything the matter? Has anything happened to one of the children? Don't keep me in suspense, Jacques — I am not cold-blooded like you!"

"The children are all right," he said shortly. "But there has been, as you evidently know, an accident. The submarine *Neptune* has gone down." He spoke with cold acerbity. How childishly foolish of Madeleine to try and deceive him! But all women of the type to which she belonged made foolish mysteries about nothing.

"The *Neptune* gone down!" There came over Madame Guiard's face a look of measureless terror. Twice her lips opened — and twice she closed them again. At last she uttered a few words — words of anguished protest. "No, no!" she cried. "That can't be — it's impossible!"

Then, as if speaking to herself, she used a phrase that was to linger a long time in Jacques de Wissant's memory. "We have done nothing," she said, "nothing so to provoke the anger of God!"

"You are a good sister," he said ironically, "to take Claire's distress so much to heart. Identifying yourself as entirely as you seem to do with her, I am the more surprised that you did not accompany her into Calais."

"Claire is not in Calais," muttered Madeleine.

"Not in Calais?" He echoed her words in a tone of anger, even of disgust. Was it possible that his wife had had herself rowed to the scene of the calamity? If she had done that, if her sister had allowed her to go alone, or accompanied perhaps by one or another of the officers belonging to the Submarine Flotilla, then he would find it very difficult to forgive Claire. There are things that a woman with any self-respect, especially a woman who is the mother of children, does not do. To this was added a feeling of contemptuous anger for Madeleine Guiard. She ought to have known how to save her sister from such an act of undignified folly.

"Well?" he said sharply. "Well, Madeleine? I am waiting to hear the truth. I desire no explanations — no excuses. I cannot, however, withhold myself from telling you that you ought to have accompanied your sister, even if you found it impossible to control her."

"I was there yesterday," she said, with a pinched, white face, "for over two hours."

"What do you mean?" he asked suspiciously. "Where were you yesterday for over two hours?"

"In the *Neptune*." She stared at him with widely open eyes,— as if she were staring, fascinated, at some scene of unutterable horror,— and there crept into Jacques de Wissant's mind a thought so full of shameful dread that he thrust it violently from him.

"You were in the *Neptune*," he said sternly, "knowing well that it is forbidden for any officer to take a friend on board a submarine without a special permit from the Minister of Marine?"

"It is often done," she said listlessly.

Madame Guiard had now sat down on a low chair, and she was plucking at the front of her colored flowered skirt with a curious mechanical movement of the fingers.

"Did the submarine actually put out to sea with you on board?"

She nodded her head, and then very deliberately added: "Yes, I was out for two hours. They all knew it — the men and officers of the whole flotilla. I was horribly frightened, but — but now I am glad indeed that I went. Yes, I am very glad!"

"Why are you glad?" he asked roughly — and again a terrible suspicion thrust itself insistently upon him.

"I am glad," she said deliberately,—"I am glad because it will make what Claire has done to-day seem natural — a — a simple escapade ——"

There was a moment of awful silence between them.

"Then do all the officers and men belonging to the flotilla know that my wife is out there — in the *Neptune?*" he asked in a low voice.

"No," said Madeleine shamefacedly; "they none of them know — only those who are on board." She hesitated a moment. "That is why I sent the servants away this morning. We — I mean Commander Dupré and I — did not think it necessary that any one should know."

"Then no one — that is, only a harebrained young officer and ten men belonging to the town of Calais — was to be aware of the fact that my wife had accompanied her lover on this life-risking expedition?" Jacques de Wissant asked the question in bitter irony.

"Jacques!" She rose and faced her brother-in-law proudly. "What infamous thing is this that you are harboring in your mind? My

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sister is an honest woman — ay, as honest, as high-minded, as was your own mother ——"

He stopped her with a violent gesture. "Do not mention Claire and my mother in the same breath!" he cried.

"Ah, but I will — I must! You want the truth; you said just now you wanted only the truth. Then you shall hear the truth. Yes, it is as you have evidently suspected. Louis Dupré loved Claire, and she"— her voice faltered — "she may have had for him a little sentiment — who can tell? You have not been at much pains to make her happy. But what is true, what is certain, is that she rejected his love. To-morrow they were to part — forever."

Her voice failed a moment, then strengthened and hardened. "That is why he, in a moment of folly,— I admit it was a moment of folly,— asked her to come out on this his last day in the *Neptune*. I was expecting them back any moment. But, Jacques, no one shall know. After all, Admiral de Saint Vilquier will do anything for us Kergouets. I myself will go to him and — and explain."

But Jacques de Wissant scarcely heard her eager words. He had thrust his wife from his mind, and her place had been taken by his honor — his honor, and that of his children, of happy, light-hearted Clairette and Jacqueline. For a moment he said nothing; then, all the anger gone from his voice, he spoke, uttered a fiat.

"No," he said; "you must leave the Admiral to me, Madeleine. You were going to Italy to-night — to Marie-Anne? Well, you must carry out your plan."

She stared at him, her face blotched with tears, a look of bewildered anguish in her eyes.

"You must do this," he went on deliberately, "for Claire's sake, and for the sake of Claire's children. You cannot stay here. You haven't sufficient control of yourself. You need not go farther than Paris; and I will keep you informed hour by hour. Those whom it concerns will be told that Claire has gone with you. It will be always time to tell the truth. The Admiral and I will devise a plan. And perhaps"— he waited a moment —"the truth will never be known, or known only to a very few people — people who, as you say, will understand."

He spoke very slowly, as if weighing his words. "I ask you to do this, my sister,"— he had never before called Madeleine "my sister,"— "because of the children, of Clairette and Jacqueline. Their mother would not wish a slur to rest upon them."

She looked at him piteously, but she knew that she would do what he asked.

III

Jacques de Wissant sat at his desk in the fine old room which is set aside for the Mayor's sole use in the Calais Hôtel de Ville. He was waiting for Admiral de Saint Vilquier, whom he had summoned there on the plea of a matter both private and urgent.

The time that had elapsed since he had parted from his sister-in-law had seemed like years instead of hours; and yet, every moment of those hours had been filled with action. From the Chalet des Dunes he had gone to his house, there to inform the household that Madame de Wissant was even then leaving with her sister for Italy, by way of Boulogne and Paris, and that her luggage was to be sent after her. While that same luggage was being prepared, he had changed his clothes, throwing aside his gala garments with loathing; and then he had returned to Calais, taking the station on his way to the Hôtel de Ville, and from there despatching Claire's trunks to Paris.

At the Hôtel de Ville there had never been, since the day that war was declared by France on Germany, so busy an afternoon. With scarcely a moment's interval, the Mayor was called upon to compose suitable answers to the urgent messages of inquiry and condolence that came pouring in from all over the world.

It was to Jacques de Wissant also that there fell the task of officially announcing to the crowd surging impatiently in the market-place — though room in front was always made and kept for those of the fisher-folk who had relatives in the Submarine Service — that it was the *Neptune* that had gone down. He had seen the effect of that announcement painted on the rough, worn, upturned faces; he had heard the cries of anguish, the groans of despair of the few, and had witnessed the relief, the tears of joy, of the greater number of his auditors. But his heart felt numb, and his cold, stern manner kept the emotions and excitement of those about him in check.

At last there came a short respite. It was explained that, owing to the currents, the divers had had to suspend their work. Jacques de Wissant gave orders that, when the Admiral arrived, they were on no pretext to be disturbed.

He got up and began to walk up and down the room — his head bent, his hands clasped behind him. Any moment the Admiral might be shown in, but he had not yet made up his mind how to word his communication — how much to tell, how much to conceal. He knew well that if the desperate attempts now being

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made to raise the *Neptune* were successful, and if its human freight were rescued living, the fact that there had been a woman on board could not be concealed. It would be known to thousands to-night, and to millions to-morrow morning.

Not only would the amazing story provide newspaper readers with a delightful thrill, but it would be perpetuated in every account of subsequent accidents to submarine craft. Already Jacques de Wissant had seen in that afternoon's local paper an elaborate recital of each former disaster; but now he reminded himself grimly that in every future list so printed the accident to the *Neptune* would be specially starred, if only because there had been a woman on board, the wife of the then Mayor of Calais, of Jacques de Wissant, namesake and descendant of one of the famous citizens who had offered their lives for the town!

More intimately, vividly agonizing was the knowledge that the story, the scandal, would be revived when there arose the all-important question of a suitable and happy marriage for Clairette or Jacqueline. He could visualize the scene with absolute distinctness. He could hear the words being whispered: "Yes, dear friend, the girl is admirably brought up, and has a large fortune; also, she and your son have taken quite a fancy to each other. But there is that very ugly story of the mother. Don't you remember that she was with her lover in the submarine *Neptune?*"

Thus the miserable man tortured himself, turning the knife in his wound. And, though he was waiting impatiently for the Admiral, when the old naval officer was at last ushered in, he would have given many years of his life to postpone their interview.

"As you asked me so urgently to do so, I have come here, Monsieur de Wissant, to learn what you have to tell me. But I'm afraid the time I can spare must be short. As you know, I must be at the station in half an hour to meet the Minister of Marine."

The Admiral was annoyed at having been thus sent for to come to the Hôtel de Ville. It was surely Jacques de Wissant's place to have come to him! And then, while listening to the other's murmured excuses, Admiral de Saint Vilquier happened to look straight into the Mayor's wan face, and a change came over his manner; even his voice altered.

"Pardon my saying so, Monsieur de Wissant," he exclaimed, "but you look extremely ill! You mustn't allow this affair to take such hold on you! It is tragic, no doubt, that such things must be, but they are the price of admiralty."

"Admiral," said the wretched man, "Admiral ——"

"Yes? Take your time; I am not really in such a hurry. Pardon my ungraciousness of just now; I am quite at your disposal."

"It is a question of honor," muttered Jacques de Wissant,— "a question of honor."

The Admiral leaned forward.

"The honor of a naval family is involved, Admiral." The Mayor of Calais was speaking in a low, pleading voice.

The Admiral stiffened. "Ah!" he exclaimed. "And they have asked you to intercede with me on behalf of the young scapegrace. Well, who is it? I'll look into the matter to-morrow morning. I really cannot think of anything to-day but of this terrible business of the submarine ——"

"Admiral, it concerns that business."

"The loss of the *Neptune?* In what way can the honor of a naval family be possibly involved in such a matter?" There was a touch of hauteur as well as of indignant surprise in the fine old man's voice.

"Admiral," said Jacques de Wissant deliberately, "there was — there is — a woman on board the *Neptune.*"

"A woman in the *Neptune?* That is quite impossible!" The Admiral got up from his chair. "It is one of our strictest regulations that no stranger be taken on board a submarine without a special permit from the Minister, countersigned by the nearest port-admiral. No such permit has been issued for many months. Commander Dupré was far too conscientious, too loyal an officer, to break this regulation."

"Commander Dupré," repeated Jacques de Wissant, in a bitter tone, "was not too conscientious, too loyal an officer, to break that regulation; for there is — I repeat it — a woman in the *Neptune.*"

The Admiral sat down again. "But this is serious — very serious," he muttered. He was thinking of the effect, not only at home but abroad, of such a breach of discipline.

He shook his head with a pained, angry gesture. "I understand what happened," he said at last. "The woman was, of course, poor Dupré's"— and then something in Jacques de Wissant's face made him substitute, for the plain word he meant to have used, a softer, kindlier phrase —"poor Dupré's *bonne amie,*" he said.

"I am advised not," said Jacques de Wissant shortly. "I am told that the person in question is a young lady."

"Do you mean an unmarried girl?" asked the Admiral. There was great curiosity and a certain relief in his voice.

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"I beg of you not to ask me, Admiral! The family have implored me to reveal as little of the truth as possible. They have taken their own measures, and they are good measures, to account for her — her disappearance." Jacques de Wissant spoke with considerable agitation.

"Quite so! Quite so! They are right; I have no wish to show indiscreet curiosity."

"Do you think anything can be done to prevent the fact becoming known?" asked de Wissant; and, as the other waited a moment before answering, his suspense became almost more than he could endure. He got up and instinctively stood with his back to the light. "The family of this lady are willing to make any pecuniary sacrifice, Admiral."

"It is not a question of pecuniary sacrifice," the Admiral said shortly. "Money will never really purchase either secrecy or silence. But honor, Monsieur de Wissant, will sometimes — nay, often — do both. Everything will be done by me — so you can assure your unhappy friends — to conceal the fact that Commander Dupré failed in his duty. Not for his sake, you understand; he, I fear, deserves what he has suffered, what he is perhaps still suffering,"— a look of horror stole over his old, set face,—"but for the honor of the service."

He also got up. "And now I, on my side, must exact of you a pledge." He looked searchingly at the government official standing before him. "I solemnly implore you, Monsieur de Wissant, to keep this fact you have told me absolutely secret — secret even from the Minister of Marine."

Jacques de-Wissant bent his head. "I intend to act," he said slowly, "as if I had never heard it."

"I ask it for the honor, the repute, of our country," muttered the old officer. "After all, Monsieur de Wissant, the poor fellow did not mean much harm. We sailors have all at some time or other of our lives had a *bonne amie* whom we found it devilish hard to leave on shore!" The Admiral walked slowly toward the door. To-day had aged him years. Then he turned and looked benignantly at Jacques de Wissant. The man before him might be stiff, cold, awkward in manner, but he was a gentleman, a man of honor.

And, as he drove to the station to meet the Minister of Marine, Admiral de Saint Vilquier's shrewd, practical mind began to deal with the difficult problem that was now added to his other cares. It was simplified in view of the fact — the awful fact — that, according to private information, it was most unlikely that the submarine would be raised within the next few hours. He hoped with all his heart that the twelve men and the woman now lying beneath the sea had met death at the moment of the collision.

Jacques de Wissant sent home word that for the present he would stay in his town house. All that night the restaurants and cafés remained open, and there was a constant coming and going to the beach, where many people, even among the visitors who were not directly interested in the calamity, arranged to stay, staring out at the dark sea, waiting for news.

The Mayor was back at his post in the Hôtel de Ville at eight the next morning, and he spent the whole of that long, dragging day there. All hope that there could be any one still left alive in the *Neptune* was being gradually abandoned; and yet, that evening there ran a rumor through the town that knocking had been heard in the submarine.

Jacques de Wissant himself drew up the official proclamation in which it was pointed out that it was almost certain that all on board had died at the time of the collision, and that, even if any had survived for a few hours, not one of them could be alive now.

And then, one by one, the days of waiting began to wear themselves away, and the world, apart from the town that numbered ten of her sons among the doomed men, relaxed its painful interest in the fate of the French submarine *Neptune*.

But the Mayor of Calais was unceasing in his efforts, especially on behalf of the families of the men who still lay, eighteen fathoms deep, incased in their steel tomb. The townspeople were deeply moved by his evident, if restrained, distress. It became known that he had even put his children, his pretty twin daughters, into deep mourning. This touched the seafaring portion of the population very much.

It was also understood that Jacques de Wissant was suffering from domestic trouble. His sister-in-law was seriously ill in Italy of an infectious disease, and his wife, who had gone away at a moment's notice to help to nurse her, had caught the infection.

The Mayor of Calais and Admiral de Saint Vilquier had not often occasion to meet during those days which each of them spent in entertaining official personages and in composing answers to the messages and inquiries which went on dropping in, both by day and night, at the Hôtel de Ville and at the Admiralty buildings of Calais. But there came a day when the Admiral at last sought out the Mayor.

"I think I have arranged everything satisfactorily," he said briefly, "and you can convey that message to your friends. I do not think,

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as matters are now, that there is much fear that the truth will ever be discovered."

The old man did not look into Jacques de Wissant's face as he said the comforting words. He had become aware of many things — of Madeleine Guiard's expedition in the submarine the day before the accident, and of her own and her sister's sudden departure for Italy. But, alone among those who sometimes had speech with the Mayor during those somber days of waiting, he did not ask news of Madame de Wissant, or condole with the anxious husband on the fact that he could not yet leave his post.

Jacques de Wissant sat up in bed. It was the darkest hour of the summer night, but vaguely outlined before him was the short, squat form of an old woman who had entered his mother's service when he was only ten years old, and who now always stayed in his town house. During the last fortnight she had been his only servant, and she had amply fulfilled her master's simple requirements.

"M'sieur l'Admiral de Saint Vilquier desires to see M'sieur le Maire on urgent business," she said. "I have put him to wait in the great drawing-room. It is fortunate that I took all the covers off the furniture yesterday."

Then the moment of ordeal, the moment he had begun to think would never come, had come? The submarine had been finally towed into the harbor. Now was about to begin the work of taking out the bodies.

Jacques de Wissant had put all his trust in the Admiral, and in the arrangements that the Admiral was making to avoid discovery; but now there came over him a frightful sensation of doubt and fear. How would it be possible for Admiral de Saint Vilquier, unless backed by governmental authority, to elude the vigilance, not only of the Admiralty officials and all those who were directly interested, but also of the journalists who, however much the public interest had slackened in the disaster, still stayed on at Calais in order to be present at the last act of the tragedy?

These thoughts jostled each other in Jacques de Wissant's mind as he rapidly dressed himself.

Together the two men went out into the deserted market-place. "This is the quietest hour in the twenty-four," observed the Admiral abruptly; "and, though I anticipate a little trouble with the journalists, I think everything will go off quite well. By the way, I have had to tell Dr. Tarnier." And, as Jacques de Wissant uttered a stifled exclamation of dismay, "Of course I had to tell him," he said impatiently. "He has most nobly offered to go into the submarine alone — though in doing so he will run considerable risk."

Admiral de Saint Vilquier waited a moment, for the quick pace at which his companion was walking made him rather breathless. "I have simply told him that there was a young woman on board. He imagines her to have been a Parisienne, a person of no importance, you understand, who had come to spend the holiday with poor Dupré. But he quite realizes the vital necessity that the fact should never come to light." He spoke in a dry, matter-of-fact tone. "There will not be room on the pontoon for more than four or five officials, including ourselves. Doubtless some of our newspaper friends will be disappointed,— if one can speak of disappointment in such a connection,— but they will have plenty of opportunities of being present to-morrow and the following nights. I have arranged with the Minister of Marine that the work is to be done only at night."

The *Neptune* had been towed into the old harbor — the harbor digged out by the English in the days when they held Calais; and, as the Admiral and the Mayor of Calais emerged on the quay, Jacques de Wissant became aware that the news had leaked out, for there were groups of men standing about, talking in low, hushed tones and staring at the middle of the harbor.

Apart from the others, and almost dangerously close to the unguarded edge, below which was the black, shallow water, stood a line of women shrouded in deep black; and from them there came no sound.

As the Admiral and his companion approached the little group of officials who were apparently waiting for them, the old naval officer whispered to Jacques de Wissant, using for the first time the familiar expression, *mon ami*, "Do not forget, *mon ami*, to thank the harbor master and the pilot. They have had a very difficult task, and they will expect your commendation."

Jacques de Wissant said the words required of him. And then, at the last moment, just as he was on the point of going down the steps leading to the flat-bottomed boat that was about to be rowed to the pontoon, there arose a discussion. The harbor master had promised the representatives of two Paris papers that they should be present when the submarine was first opened.

But the Admiral angrily asserted his supreme authority. "In such matters I can allow no favoritism! It is doubtful if any bodies will be recovered to-night, gentlemen, for the tide is already turning. I will see if other arrange-

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ments can be made to-morrow. If any of you had been in the harbor of Bizerta when the *Lutin* was raised, you would now thank me for not compelling you to view the sight that we may be about to see."

And so the weary, disappointed journalists, who had spent long days waiting for this one hour, realized that they must content themselves with what could be seen from the quay.

It will, however, surprise no one familiar with the remarkable enterprise of the modern press that by far the most accurate account of what occurred during the hour that followed was written by a cosmopolitan war correspondent, and appeared the next morning in an Anglo-American paper:

None of those who were there will ever forget what they saw in the old harbor at Calais that summer night.

The scene, lighted by the searchlight of a destroyer, was at once sinister, somber, and magnificent. Below the high, narrow pontoon, on the floor of the harbor, lay the wrecked submarine. And those who gazed down at the *Neptune* felt as though they were gazing at what had been a once sentient being done to death, ripped open in three places by some huge Goliath of the deep.

Dr. Tarnier, the official physician of the town of Calais,— a man who is much beloved and respected by all the population of the place,— stood ready to begin his dreadful task. We all knew that he had obtained permission to go down alone into the hold of death — an exploration attended with considerable physical risk. He was clad in a suit of india-rubber clothing, and over his arm was folded a large tarpaulin sheet lined with carbolic wool, one of half a dozen such sheets lying at his feet.

The difficult work of unsealing the conning-tower or periscope was at once proceeded with in the presence of Admiral de Saint Vilquier, whose prowess as a midshipman is still remembered by British Crimean veterans, and of the Mayor of Calais, Monsieur Jacques de Wissant, who has been indefatigable throughout, and who is, it is interesting to note, directly descended from one of the famous Citizens of Calais who are commemorated in the sculptor Rodin's best-known work.

At last there came a guttural exclamation of "*Ça y est!*" and Dr. Tarnier entered the tower, to emerge but a moment later with the first body, obviously that of the gallant Commander Dupré, who was found, as it was expected he would be, at the helm. Once more the doctor's burly figure disappeared; once more he emerged, tenderly bearing a lighter burden, the boyish form of Lieutenant Paritot, who was found close to Commander Dupré. The tide was rising rapidly, but two more bodies — this time with the help of a webbed band cleverly designed by Dr. Tarnier with a view to this purpose — were lifted from the inner portion of the submarine. The four bodies, rather to the disappointment of the crowd that had gathered gradually on the quay, were not taken directly to the shore, to the great hall where Calais is to mourn her dead sons; one by one, they were reverently conveyed, by the Admiral's orders, to a barge which was once used as a hospital ward for sick sailors, and which is close to the mouth of the harbor. Thence, when all twelve bodies have been recovered,— that is, in three or four days, for the work is only to be proceeded with at night,— they will be taken to the Salle d'Armes, there to await the official obsequies.

On the morning following the night during which the last body was lifted from within the submarine, there ran a curious rumor through the fishing quarter of the town. It was said that thirteen bodies — not twelve, as declared the official report — had been taken out of the *Neptune*. It was declared, on the authority of one of the seamen — a Gascon, be it noted — who had been there on that first night, that five, not four, bodies had been conveyed to the hospital barge. But the rumor, though it found an echo in the French press, was not regarded as worth official denial, and it received its final quietus on the day of the official obsequies, when it was, of course, at once seen that the number of ammunition-wagons heading the great procession was twelve.

As long as tradition endures in the life of a town, Calais will remember the *Neptune* funeral procession.

Through the long line of soldiers, each man with his arms reversed, walked the official mourners, while from the fortifications there tolled the minute-gun.

First came the President of the French Republic, with, to his right, the Minister of Marine; close behind him paced the stiff, still vigorous figure of old Admiral de Saint Vilquier, and by his side Jacques de Wissant, Mayor of Calais — so mortally pale, so what the French call *défait*, that the Admiral felt fearful lest his companion should be compelled to fall out. But Jacques de Wissant was not minded to fall out.

The crowd looking on, especially those wives of substantial citizens of Calais who stood at their windows behind half-closed shutters and drawn blinds, stared down at Jacques de Wissant with pitying concern. "He has a warm heart, though a cold manner," murmured these ladies to one another; "and just now, you know, he is in great personal anxiety, for his wife — that odd, beautiful Claire with whom he doesn't get on very well — is in Italy, ill of scarlet fever. As soon as this sad ceremony is over, he will leave for the South — the President has offered him a seat in his saloon as far as Paris."

As the head of the procession passed in front of Rodin's "Citizens of Calais," Jacques de Wissant straightened himself with an instinctive gesture, and his lips began to move. He was muttering to himself the last words of the speech he would soon have to deliver:

"*Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori.*"

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SOUTH STREET FROM MAIDEN LANE, 1834

MASTERS OF CAPITAL IN AMERICA

WALL STREET

THE CITY BANK: THE FEDERATION OF THE GREAT MERCHANTS

BY

JOHN MOODY AND GEORGE KIBBE TURNER

WALL STREET, going east from Broadway, left the section of the importing dry-goods merchants. Two thirds of its length down, it dipped and sloped to the East River. Here were the merchants of the raw materials. Down Pearl Street, to the south, the cotton brokers spread their white samples on their blue-topped tables; to the north were the merchants of tobacco and spice; and down the slope of Wall Street the great East and West India merchants of tea and coffee and sugar sat in their dismal red-brick counting-houses. Below them, at the end of the street, they saw the spars of their square-riggers moored along South Street, which ran like a long piazza in front of old New York.

Half way down Wall Street, on top of the hill behind the foreign merchants, lay the New York stock market of 1850. It was a small affair at that time; an hour and three quarters a day was enough time for all its business. It was small for the reason that New York City did not spend its money building railroads. Other sections did that — particularly New England. New York laid aside its money, and, when hard times came, it bought bankrupt railroads low for cash, and, one by one, it brought them down to Wall Street. Now it has practically all of them. This has been done by the New York merchants, the men who know how to handle money.

The merchant, in the old meaning of the word in New York fifty years ago,— a meaning that still persists in London,— was the last and greatest figure in commercial life. He handled money, or staple goods — food and drink and clothing — that were continually and readily turned into money. He was a silent, aggressive, domineering figure; hard experience on

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land and sea had hammered him into the highest form of arbitrary and self-reliant individualism in the world. The first article of his creed was, Mind your own business; the second, Always keep your capital where you can put your hand on it: if you don't you will surely get into trouble; if you do, you can get incredible bargains when the squeeze comes.

Infant Communism and the Merchants

This railroad business was certainly a strange, new, experimental thing. Hundreds of thousands of people all over this country and Europe put in the money that built these roads, in small sums. The people who contributed most of this had nothing at all to say about managing these roads; they were merely creditors — holders of bonds. Everybody and everything owned the stock, which had the voting power — towns and counties, and mortgaged farmers, and sharp promoters and blacklegs. If everybody's business was nobody's business, as Americans were taught with their catechism, this helpless, accidental infant communism was the craziest business organization on the face of the earth. Certainly no sane merchant cared to embark in such an enterprise.

There was one stock, though, that a merchant could buy — the stock of banks. Here was an investment as good as first-class merchandise, and better. You could stop any time and close out your loans; and there was your money in your hand again. If you ran a bank right, alone or with other sound men, you got the use of still more ready money, and you had a still greater instrument of safety and profit in the day of financial disaster.

Half a century ago and more the situation was clearly laid out. Here were the public, the mortgaged farmers, and the mortgaged towns, and the mortgaged counties, and the holders of bonds in Europe; here were New England and Pennsylvania and the South — all with their capital nailed up tight in this railroad equipment, this stuff you could neither eat not wear nor sell when you most wanted to. And here were the merchants of New York in the normal position of experienced men — their capital where it could readily be reached, their surplus capital invested in banks. Even then they had the ready money, and the others had the stock.

The Banks of the Merchants

At the foot of Wall Street on South was the great West India house of G. G. & S. Howland, known throughout civilization and far beyond. The last and possibly the greatest of the great New York merchants — Moses Taylor — served his apprenticeship there. He was born, learned his trade, and spent his whole business life within a block or two of Wall Street. He was brought up in the strictest traditions of the merchants, his father being confidential agent for that great old trader, John Jacob Astor. In 1832, when Taylor was twenty-six years old, he started in the West India business himself; in 1856 he became president of the old City Bank, the bank of the merchants in raw materials.

The New York merchants all had their banks, each merchant according to his kind. To the north of Wall Street, toward the East River, where the tan-yards lay in "the Swamp," were the banks of the leather merchants. The banks of the great dry-goods trade — the Park, the Chemical, and later the Importers' and Traders' Bank — kept near these merchants as they edged up Broadway. For many years they were, quite naturally, the greatest banks of the place, for the importing dry-goods trade was enormous. The leading bank of the raw materials — the City — stayed where it was first founded in 1812, in the old center, the ancient banking row on the north side of Wall Street. It did not grow so fast as the banks of the dry-goods merchants. But in a new country, a continent of raw materials, it was destined at last to grow a great deal larger.

To start with, Moses Taylor was the chief figure in the great raw-sugar trade. The rich Cuban planters deposited their money with him, and left him with the reams of United States government bonds into which they had put their savings against the long-expected time of Cuban revolution. In the second place, it was a strong cotton bank, the financial institution that moved a good share of the largest, safest, and most valuable American crop going abroad. In the third place, it was the bank of such houses as the great importing metal firm of Phelps, Dodge & Company, which was always represented on its board of directors. It was — what a strong bank must be — a federation of interests still greater and stronger than itself.

Moses Taylor, too, had his own idea of a bank. First of all, it must be strong; his pride was his cash reserve. The City Bank was always run on the formula, not of the ordinary commercial bank, but of the richest and most conservative old-time merchant, with a great holding of surplus cash. Whenever there was a panic, the bank grew. A panic is a time when everybody puts his money in the safest place he knows. It is the day of reckoning, the time of the survival of the fittest, in the world of business. Moses Taylor's bank was safe and strong; with every panic it grew stronger.

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The Beginnings of Wall Street

The panic of 1857 came. Down went the railroads, smashed to pieces, and many of the speculative merchants who had gone into them. Moses Taylor had looked into a new field of raw materials — the anthracite-coal region a couple of hundred miles west of New York; it seemed to him that there was sense in it. He took his money in his hand and went out and bought the Delaware, Lackawanna, & Western Railroad, exactly as he would buy a horse and a delivery-wagon. He paid cash for it; he never bought on margin. But, by waiting, he paid $5 a share — less than any ordinary margin. Seven years later the stock of the road was worth $240 a share to him.

Wall Street was still a small and provincial stock market in 1857. There were only 24,000 miles of railway in the country — about a tenth of the mileage of to-day; and on the New York stock market appeared only a dozen little local roads, none of them over 400 miles long, and most of them not built by New York capital. On the great day of the panic of 1857, October 13, the current records showed sales of less than 5,000 shares of railroad stocks in the two New York exchanges, about one per-cent of an ordinary day of recent years, and all these were in thirteen little railroads. Vanderbilt had not come into railroads yet. Moses Taylor, with his coal road, with three and a half million dollars capital, was the greatest railroad magnate in New York. He took his railroad and went back to his bank and operated it. And so another big business in raw materials — anthracite coal and iron — came into the federation about the City Bank.

Taylor's mercantile business was now brought upstairs at 52 Wall Street, over his bank; he bought largely into the Farmers' Loan and Trust Company; made it depositary and trustee for the mortgages on his railroad; established the offices of the coal road in the second story above it; and put his man, Samuel Sloan, in charge of the destinies of the railroad and the trust company. He himself sat in his City Bank, a big, ruddy, side-whiskered autocrat, on a platform in the rear — always arriving, on foot, at nine o'clock.

Moses Taylor and His Institutions

Below him, down the aisle, he could watch his clerks at work (clerks were nothing but irresponsible day-laborers in those days), and see every customer who came into the bank. Depositors were not solicited; they came, hat in hand, to be taken in; and they came to Moses Taylor. It was a one-man institution — Moses Taylor's. He would not even mail dividends to his stockholders. He made them come in and take their money out of his hands.

Commodore Vanderbilt arrived, and dragged his captured country railroads into Wall Street. He was a depositor in Moses Taylor's bank; but never would Moses Taylor become a stockholder in Vanderbilt's railroads. There was not room enough in one railroad for Vanderbilt and Taylor, and Taylor knew it. So Moses Taylor went his own way, with his own enterprises. He bought largely into the railroads of the South, where his bank's cotton business came from — in Georgia and in Texas; his portrait went on Southern railroad bonds — an assurance to timid investors. He bought, for cash, at a great bargain, the majority control of the greatest gas company in New York — held it and operated it. He early developed and controlled the coal-and-iron business around his Lackawanna Railroad.

And all these interests — railroads and coal companies and gas companies, and the banks where they put their money — came into the great general federation of merchants that centered where he sat on his platform in the old City Bank at 52 Wall Street. Occasionally he would go out to attend to his other enterprises, or visit the office of his coal road. And the clerks would look up from their desks, in the narrow lane of Exchange Place, to hear the laughter of the august, side-whiskered financial presences, as John Brisbin, the fat superintendent of the road, told Gargantuan tales to Moses Taylor and Samuel Sloan in the office of the Delaware & Lackawanna.

The Wall Street of 1882

But at length, in 1882, in the fulness of his years, the last of the great merchant princes died. The tow-headed boy who had watched the ships come in, from the pretty residential park on the Battery, when New York had been the low, red-brick town of the sea traders, had lived to the day of the great modern corporation, and to head the greatest federation of merchants which controlled these great business structures. Around the City Bank were assembled still the sugar merchants, the cotton brokers, the metal merchants, the strongest of the interests of anthracite coal, the greatest of the New York gas companies, and a variety of Southern railways, and, by a growing affiliation of interests, the resources of the Vanderbilts, the greatest railroad fortune of the day. Behind it all stood the enormous fortune of Moses Taylor himself, almost entirely in stocks, and

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estimated, at the prices of that day, at some $50,000,000.

Wall Street in 1882 was scarcely greater, relatively, than in 1857. There were some 114,000 miles of railroad in the United States then, nearly half as many as now. But comparatively few were dominated in New York. What were there had been dragged in — as all roads to New York have been — by thorough unbelievers in the much-advertised, theoretical democracy of modern corporations.

Things were going badly with the irresponsible, headless, popularly owned railroads. The promoter had arrived and captured them, and was looting them or driving them recklessly into a disastrous future. But the time had not yet arrived for the conservative autocrats of ready money to take them and bring them into New York. It was impossible to get the right grip on them.

The Vanderbilts had brought in their chain of the chief railroads of New York State, and the extension through Chicago into Omaha. Gould had put his blighting hand on the Union Pacific, and had taken and patched together the Wabash through the Middle West. J. Pierpont Morgan, that arch-merchant and son of a merchant, was beginning to invade Pennsylvania and bring in the main coal roads, through his alliances with the big Philadelphia house, the Drexels. But Philadelphia still controlled the coal roads, and the Pennsylvania, the greatest railroad in America. Baltimore still had the great Baltimore & Ohio. New England still controlled its own railroads, and the strong roads of the Middle West and beyond the Mississippi which the courage and enterprise of her old merchant class had built. And the great Southern Pacific and Central Pacific roads were still held by the daring California merchants who had built them. The Wall Street market, though always noisy and spectacular, was still a small thing compared with the solid, silent influences that clustered about such institutions as the City Bank.

But now, in 1882, the great man was gone — the strong personality that had built up this great commercial federation; and his son-in-law reigned in his stead. Percy R. Pyne, a kindly, gentle man, who had had charge of the old Taylor mercantile business upstairs, came down to the gloomy room below, with little heart for ruling this great banking machine. For nine years he sat at the president's desk, occupied with his own account books, while his cashier ran the bank. Then, one day, he had his stroke. He came back about his work again, a pitiful figure, not long for life. And another merchant and great leader of merchants came to rule the City Bank — James Stillman.



Courtesy of "Harper's Weekly"

MOSES TAYLOR, MERCHANT

James Stillman — Merchant

A strange figure, James Stillman, not understood clearly by any man, except for his one main governing characteristic, which is very clear. He stands today, with one other man alone,— J. Pierpont Morgan,— as the chief, most uncompromising survival of the beliefs, enthusiasms, and prejudices of the old merchant class. His father, like so many of the old New York merchants, was a New Englander; a resident, like Morgan's father, of Hartford, Connecticut. Stillman himself, as it happened, was born in 1850 at Brownsville, that far lower end of Texas, where his parents had gone, so that his father, a cotton dealer, could look after a great tract of land that he had purchased for a song.

Young Stillman was a shy, reticent child, trained from the first to the virtues and accomplishments of the merchant class. One of his earliest play things, which he still preserves, was a toy bank, across the front of which he had printed "City Bank," his father being even then associated with the City Bank interests and Moses Taylor. He was sent to a boys' school up the Hudson; he was prepared for college, when his father was stricken with paralysis, and he was thrown into business at the age of seventeen. He started in the cotton business on South Street, near Wall, in New York. The older partner in the business was a close attendant of the reign of Moses Taylor in the City Bank; his younger partner was William Woodward, a thick-set, aggressive man from Baltimore.

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THE BANKS OF WALL STREET, 1862

Stillman did not care for routine business. His reticence, which amounts almost to an idiosyncrasy, made the bargaining of buying and selling highly distasteful to him. His work was principally with the financial end of the firm. He was a great deal at his place in Newport, and on his yacht — a rich man, and a rich man's son, who didn't have to apply himself to business detail; always silent, yet always with a gift for being with men of power and financial knowledge. And all this time he was under preparation for his great work of associating the chief commercial interests of the country.

Stillman and William Rockefeller

It was in the '80's that he laid the foundations for the great commercial federation which he was to establish. By this time the American merchants of food products and raw materials had grown to stupendous proportions in two lines — the handling of meats and oils. The men at the head of these two enterprises, the Armours and the Rockefellers, had exactly the same business formula as the old-time merchants of New York, magnified by the size of their operations: mind your own business, in silence; keep your money where you can get your hand on it. The cash accumulations of the Standard Oil Company in particular were astonishingly great.

In the early '80's the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railroad, seeking, as railroads are always compelled to do, the alliance and the assistance of the class with ready money, placed on its board of directors William Rockefeller, James T. Woodward, president of the Hanover National Bank of New York, and James Stillman. Philip D. Armour, as the magnate of the Middle West, was also a member of the board.

Woodward and Stillman represented a good financial connection in the Hanover Bank. In 1876 William Woodward, Stillman's partner in the cotton business, had bought, with his brother, James T. Woodward, a dry-goods merchant, the interest of two other dry-goods merchants, J. & J. Stewart, which held a managing control of this bank. Stillman was supposed to be financially interested in the bank from the first, but he was not director until 1883. The bank was very strong in the South, where the Woodwards' personal and business connections were. In 1885 William Rockefeller was made a director of the institution. And from that time on the Stillman and Rockefeller interests have been closely tied together. The bond, as such bonds are apt to be, has been quite largely a personal one between William Rockefeller and Stillman. John D. Rockefeller has never been in close alliance with Stillman. He has rarely, if ever, put his foot inside the City Bank. But William Rockefeller and he are personal friends, as well as business associates, and their own friendship has been cemented by the marriage of their children.

When James Stillman was elected president of the City Bank in 1891, there were two chief reasons for it: first, there was no one else in sight; and, second, he was a man of ability, sure to represent, to some extent, the traditions of the institution. He had been familiar, in both a personal and business way, with the bank since his youth. But no one realized, what was actually the case, that the choice of Stillman

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East end of Wall Street

NEW YORK'S FINANCIAL DISTRICT IN 1878; SHOWING THE

meant the choice of a banking genius, and the tying together of the two interests in which an identical policy had reached the highest success in America — the City Bank, with its various interests, and the Standard Oil Company.

The most successful merchants of the country, the men who were at that time beginning to astonish and frighten the country with their new "trusts," had always held to the identical old formula of Moses Taylor—personal control, silence, and ready money. They lent their money out to Wall Street. The Arbuckles, merchants of coffee, lent millions; and many a Wall Street man can still remember going in for his loans to the dingy offices of the American Sugar Refining Company on eastern Wall Street, passing over the sticky floor, and having his $50,000 or $100,000 check handed out to him from the little window into the office, where he pushed through his bundles of collateral in exchange.

The Standard Oil concern had grown because of its silence and its enormous hoards of cash —in fact it owed its very existence to these qualities. For it alone had stores of money large enough to save and buy the tremendous quantities of that remarkable natural product, petroleum, which without the presence of masses of ready capital for storing it would be entirely lost; but which can be bought for cash by the interest having money and machinery prepared for taking it, on a basis exactly similar to buying gold dollars for fifty cents.*

William Rockefeller had been for twenty-five years in charge of the financial office of the Standard Oil Company in New York — really a great bank. No living man knew better the use of ready money as a tool, or what tremendous profits it would bring of its own power against men who were on the verge of ruin for not having it. Stillman, the silent, undemonstrative, broadly observant man of business, who had passed through life without any great enthusiasms, was now aroused, his imagination touched by the unbounded power of that wonderful instrument — the great bank.

The Stillman-Rockefeller Banks

So James Stillman, merchant in cotton, and William Rockefeller, merchant in oil, went out, in the early '90's, exactly as Moses Taylor had done half a century before, and established themselves firmly at the foundations of the financial system of New York. Moses Taylor had taken absolute control of the National City Bank. These men did exactly the same thing on a much greater scale. They put together an aggregation of the largest and soundest banks in New York. It was no temporary arrangement, likely to be overthrown. They and their close associates held or bought them; that is, with one exception, they bought a majority of the stock of these banks. And they now own it.

The City Bank is owned, through an absolute majority holding of their stock, by the Taylor estate, held in the hands of trustees, and James Stillman. William Rockefeller is a large stockholder. The Taylor estate, Stillman, and William Rockefeller own an absolute majority of the Farmers' Loan and Trust Company. Stillman and Rockefeller together own a very large percentage, though not an actual majority, of

* See "The Standard Oil Company—Bankers," McClure's Magazine for March, 1911.

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Trinity Church, west end of Wall Street

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SHIPPING ALONG SOUTH STREET ON THE EAST RIVER

the United States Trust Company. The Woodward family and James Stillman own an actual majority of the Hanover Bank.

These are the strongest, most conservatively managed banks and trust companies in New York to-day. They preserve the best practices and traditions of the old commercial class. Eighteen years ago the Stillman-Rockefeller combination was in practical control of them. Around them were not only these banks, but the Standard Oil Company, the Taylor estate, and many of the greatest and most conservative fortunes and enterprises of America.

They had not gone out and invested great sums of money in these things. They were simply in the midst of a large, cumulative power. Most of the fortunes and companies had grown from nothing in the past quarter century. The stock of the banks, held from the beginning, or bought at a comparatively early date, had required relatively little investment, compared to the resources they held. But there were tens of millions of dollars of ready resources in the ownership of these interests or under their control. They were in a position almost unique in America. And then the panic of 1893 came.

1893—the Creation of Wall Street

General disaster, threatening for at least a decade, came at once upon the great, headless, exploited, popular experiments — the railroads of America. A third of them, including many of the largest, went bankrupt; that is, the value of their stock was wiped out. Even the value of their bonds was cut into. In the stock market down on Broad Street, a couple of blocks from the old City Bank, and in the various markets of other large cities in the country, the world seemed to be coming to an end with a loud noise. The great promoters who had built or taken up the railroads of the country clung desperately to the vanishing stock equities by which they held them.

Old Collis P. Huntington had a typical experience. The market value of his great holding of Southern Pacific stock fell straight down. He took his better stocks around from bank to bank and pledged them for loans. Stocks fell lower still. He pledged his miscellaneous securities. They fell again. He pledged his real estate, his pictures, the very furniture in his house. When it was all in — every dollar he had in the world — he went upstairs, sat down in his private room, and sent down word to his servants to tell every man who called to see him on business to "go to hell." His courage and the very greatness of his obligations saved him. The banks dared not let him fail. And, little by little, stocks came up again, and he was saved.

But Huntington was a marked exception — an exceptional promoter and an exceptional man. The rank and file of railroad managers, small and great, lost their properties in and about this time. The irresponsible idealist, playing with other people's money, the man who took up a property to gut it and throw it down again — all passed with the crash. The great popular rule of railroad corporations went down in a confused mass; and the merchants of New York reached out and took them with an iron hand, and dragged them down to Wall Street.

Before the '90's scarcely a third of the railroads had their main headquarters in New York.

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Five years after the panic almost all of them were there. It was the creation of Wall Street as we know it now — the establishment of a single central stock market for the continent. There is often unnecessary wonder at the control of Wall Street. Wall Street was controlled before it existed, by the very terms of its making.

It was J. P. Morgan who first took these railroads, reorganized them, and brought them under individual control. He and his chief lieutenant, Charles H. Coster — a graduate, like Moses Taylor, of an old South Street importing firm — were the principal figures engaged in dragging in the local roads from Boston and Philadelphia and Baltimore to New York. Each one they took they held under an absolute power of rule — the voting trust, which put the properties in the management of their trustees for a term of years, or until the roads paid dividends again.

Morgan largely represented English capital. Kuhn, Loeb & Company, Speyer & Company, and other Hebrew firms, who, after him, took the most considerable part in the reorganization of American railroads at this time, represented the investments of Germany. These sources had contributed a large proportion of the actual money for building American railroads, through their purchases of bonds. The foreigners, when the period of depression began, had their money very largely in these bonds; when it ended, they still held bonds. The merchants of New York held the stock.

Two Groups of Railroad Owners

It was, in fact, a very surprising spectacle when the American railroads emerged from bankruptcy in the late '90's and early 1900's. They had gone in under a variety of stock control, well spread out over the United States. They came out practically entirely under the control of two small groups of men, formed, or forming, about two banking combinations in New York. Morgan had piled up, under his temporary control of the voting trust, about a fifth of the railroads of the country. Many of these he still holds, under these same trusts; he saw to it that the rest did not go back to the vagaries of popular rule or the tender mercies of promoters. Before their voting trusts expired, he had bequeathed them by stock sale, at the nominal prices of the day, to a group of men he trusted, and of which he soon became the center. This combination might be called the railroad banking combination.*

The second group, which took the greater and more profitable of the two parts of railroad ownership, was the group of the great merchants of raw materials and foods, gathered around the National City Bank. Stillman had, one by one, associated them with his bank; by his success in building up the institution to its extraordinary power and serviceability to their needs, he had made it almost an essential to their enterprises. Ten years after the panic, he had created the federation of merchants on his directorate as it practically exists to-day, holding the representation of the greatest industrial corporations in the world — the Standard Oil, the United States Steel Company, the American Sugar Company, Armour & Company, and the International Harvester Company.

This group were the cash buyers of America. They had systematized a great new power — the power of always being able to buy when everybody else has to sell. In a period when very many sound railroad stocks were worth from a fifth to a tenth of what they were to be worth ten years later, they had both the power and the business sagacity to buy almost indefinitely. They already controlled the greatest of the industrial concerns, and in buying their railroad stock they bought the future management of a great portion of American railways — and with their management, as is the case in any business, a large share of their future profits.

The Union Pacific Comes In

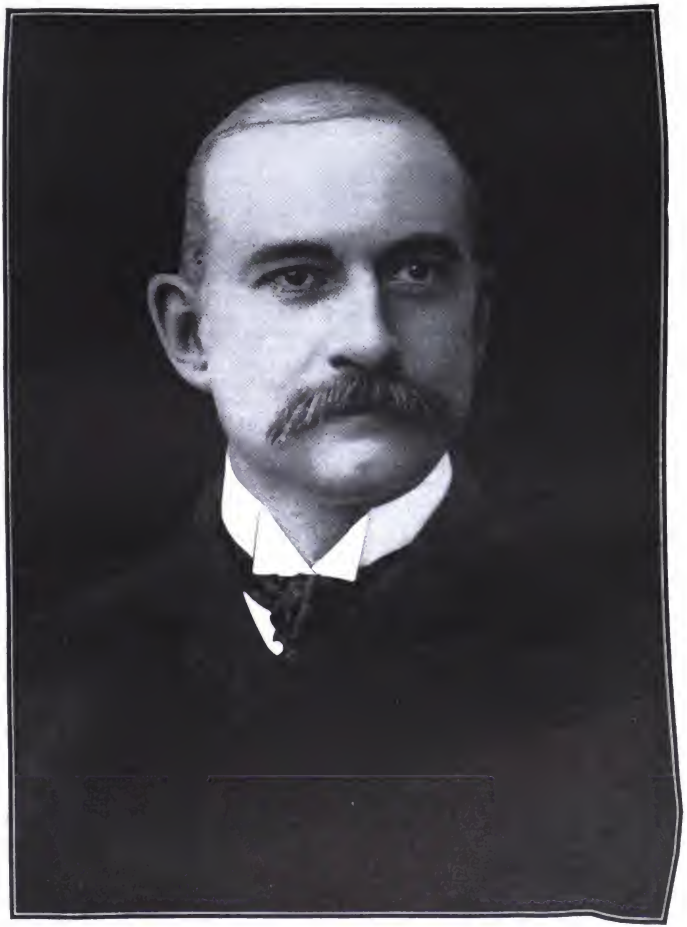
The City Bank grew by leaps and bounds after the panic of 1893. In 1891, when Stillman first became president of the bank, it had about $12,000,000 deposits; in 1892 it had $16,000,000; before the end of the panic year it had $31,000,000. Men, as usual at such times, went hurrying with their money to the safest place they knew. In 1891 there were several New York banks with double the deposits of the City; two years later it was the greatest bank in New York, and the greatest reservoir of cash in America.

For this reason the bank added to its federation, in 1897, an interest that was to become even greater than the Standard Oil Company; that is, the Union Pacific Railroad. Kuhn, Loeb & Company, the private bankers who reorganized the road, had had no previous affiliations with the City Bank, or the Taylor-Stillman-Rockefeller interests behind it. They came to it simply because the Union Pacific reorganization — with its payment of $45,000,000 to the United States government — was the greatest cash transaction of its kind; and the City Bank was the natural instrument for making it.

This new alliance, which was built up in the

*The history of this combination will be given in the next article of this series.

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JAMES STILLMAN

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next few years, was with exactly the same old type of men — Jacob H. Schiff, head of the former firm of clothing merchants, Kuhn, Loeb & Company; Henry C. Frick, the former steel and coke maker; Edward H. Harriman, the former stock broker. These, with James Stillman and William Rockefeller, were soon the managers and practical owners of the Union Pacific Railroad.

There were no railroad men in this aggregation, although Harriman afterward became a very great one. But the time had arrived when the merchants and their legitimate successors, the New York bankers, would own the railroads, and hire the railroad men to operate them. This would seem odd in other kinds of business. In railroads it was not only natural, it was inevitable.

The City Bank group did not own the Union Pacific at first; they gradually acquired it. The reorganization syndicate got millions of stock as a fee; Harriman and others bought millions more at between $20 and $30 a share; and finally, after the object-lesson of their conflict with the Morgan-Hill alliance over the Northern Pacific road, their syndicate bought outright a quarter of the stock of the Union Pacific — raising most of the money needed by hypothecating it on the usual margin with the financial institutions of New York. From this syndicate the holding went naturally into the private ownership, where it now remains; that is, about a third of the stock — which constitutes an absolutely controlling interest in a property of this kind — went into the hands of William Rockefeller, James Stillman, Kuhn, Loeb & Company, and E. H. Harriman.

The Union Pacific, as is generally known, was as much a bank as a railroad. It kept and handled great cash resources with all the skill of the interests back of it, the best skill and tradition that exists in this country. In a decade, through the brilliant management and speculations of Harriman and the solid backing of the City Bank group behind him, it had rolled up a billion and a half of railroad capital, in its own system. In company with the central Stillman-Rockefeller interest behind the City Bank, it held a working control of two billion more.

Meanwhile the huge industrial fortunes behind the bank — in a market where everything, from kerosene to railroads, was rising — were rolling over and over for investment. William Rockefeller and his friends had a working control of the St. Paul road; John Rockefeller, together with the decadent management of Jay Gould's estate, had control of the big Gould system, and had large investments in the New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad, which dominates New England. The Rockefellers, the Taylor estate, and Stillman controlled the Lackawanna. The Vanderbilts and J. P. Morgan — somewhat less closely allied at that time — added the control of nearly all of the remaining strong railroad groups in the country to the federation about the bank. Between them all they held a practical control of three quarters of the railroads in the country.

The Triumph of Individualism

The world had moved a great way since Moses Taylor started the great federation of the City Bank in 1856. Thousands of little enterprises owned by small capitalists had grown into great industrial enterprises, in the private hands of a few inconceivably successful men. The careless communism that had built and begun to operate the railroads had come to an end. For hundreds of thousands of owners, without adequate knowledge or voice in the management of these enterprises, had been substituted the control and management of the fiercest and most aggressive type of individualism in the world. It had been a duel for ten years between a loose and inefficient industrial democracy and a keen and highly trained autocracy. And although every surface indication and every outcry had been in favor of democracy, the management of industrial affairs had gone steadily, and toward the last very rapidly, into private hands.

The greatest of the industrial enterprises were either in the family ownership or the control of a few men. The railroads, tied together into large systems, were held largely by two small federations of capitalists on a very simple plan, worked out by half a century's experience. These men owned from a quarter to a third of the stock of the great central railroad systems. The bonds that made three fifths of the railroad capital of the country, and the other two thirds or three quarters of the railroad stock, were scattering more and more widely into the ownership of the public. But the controlling interests remained in private hands. And now these individual owners were seen to be gathering more or less clearly about the banking interests of Wall Street. There was a loud public outcry. For what good reason was the concentration of corporate wealth in single hands to be concentrated once again? What was this Wall Street, this "money power," this City Bank?

The Rise of the "Money Power"

Now, before the panic of 1893 there was no "money power." There was none because

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THE MAIN BANKING ROOM OF THE CITY BANK

there was no Wall Street, no central continental stock market, as there is to-day. The greatest banks of New York City and the country were not Wall Street banks; they were the banks of the dry-goods and textile merchants, like the Park and the Importers' and Traders'. The greatest of them had barely touched $25,000,000 or $30,000,000 in deposits. The modern trust company had not arrived. Then the railroad panic came, the formation of the great new industrial combinations, the great corporate development of the '90's. The merchants took charge of Wall Street, and established and built up, through a period of fabulous expansion, their old favorite investment and business instrument — the conservative and aggressive bank.

In 1890, in the combination that came together three or four years later in the Stillman-Rockefeller banking alliance — that is, in the City and Hanover, banks, and in the Farmers' Loan and United States Trust companies — there were only $125,000,000 of resources, all told; less, that is, than half of the present resources of the City Bank alone.

Times revived; a series of great crops, accompanied by European famine, built up the re-

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sources of the West; money was accumulating throughout the country. That money more and more centered in New York: first, by the public contribution of capital to the vast improvements, against which the railroad managements were issuing bonds; second, by the huge surpluses piled up by industrial enterprises.

The money raised for railroad improvements was generally stored in the New York banks until it was needed. The great industrial corporations placed their surpluses there. Country banks sent in their balances to lend on stock collateral. It was a financial revolution. With the creation of modern Wall Street, and the final centralization of the corporate life of the country about it, those huge new structures, the financial banks, began to mount up out of the old banking level, like the skyscrapers out of the old commercial town of New York.

James Stillman started at once to construct in the City Bank the greatest institution on the continent. He had, as deposits — or could secure when mutually profitable — the tens of millions of cash reserves of the Standard Oil Company; the cash resources of the Union Pacific during its earlier period were tens of millions more. The bank became, and still is, the chief depositary of the city of New York — often holding $10,000,000 of its money at a time.

In 1891 the deposits in the City Bank had been $12,000,000; they had risen with the panic to $31,000,000 in the last of 1893; they grew again, in 1897, with the Union Pacific reorganization, to $95,000,000. By 1900 they had touched $120,000,000. The total resources of the bank in that year were $190,000,000 — nine times what they had been in 1890. The City Bank had liquidated one large downtown bank and had got most of its deposits; the owners of the City Bank had bought half a dozen smaller New York banks by 1900 or 1901; the owners of the Hanover Bank had bought two more. In all, the resources of the New York banks in the Stillman-Rockefeller group had reached $450,000,000 in 1900. The growth of the great corporations and fortunes that stood behind them had been greater still.

The City Bank now occupied, in the mind of the American public,— together with the Standard Oil Company,— the distinction of being the leading institution of the "money power." But James Stillman was not concerned by the attacks on the growing power of his bank and its alliances. Far from being an occasion for apology, they were a matter of deep pride to him. His whole training and tradition taught him that the greatest possible service to mankind, rich and poor, was the establishing of sound financial institutions at the foundation of business. He had taken in 1891 a bank of $1,000,000 capital, which had been raised to $10,000,000 in 1901. In 1902 — in the midst of the unsound development of the trust-company craze — he determined to make an institution strong enough to carry any possible strain, and he established the first bank with $25,000,000 capital in America.

The capital of the City Bank was made $25,000,000, its surplus $15,000,000. That is, it had $40,000,000 working capital of its own before a dollar of deposits was taken into account. In the nine years since 1902, it has added an annual sum, growing into more and more millions every year, until to-day the bank's own working capital is $60,000,000. There are only eight States in the Union whose entire banking capital is larger than this.

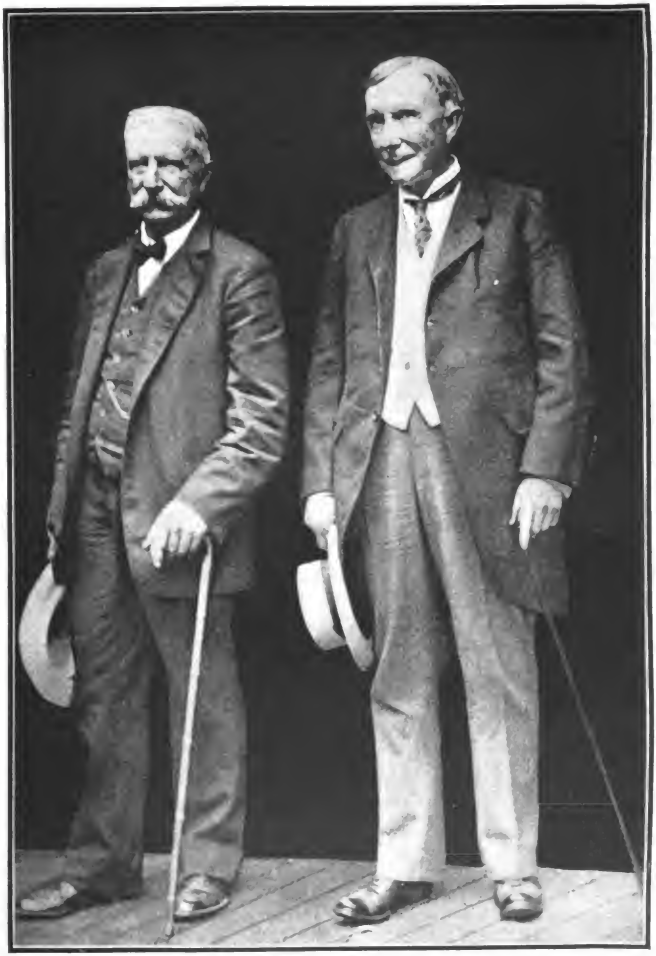
The foundation of the bank was safe beyond any possible strain, and would be in the future. James Stillman's further ambition was to make it the greatest and most efficient banking instrument in America. Very early he had secured the strongest possible banking connections through Europe, and established a great business in foreign exchange. He did the banking of the strongest corporations in the country; he could offer corresponding banks valuable business in their own towns in return for what they could give him in New York. Some eighteen hundred of the seven thousand national banks in the United States are now the City Bank's correspondents.

The bank, within ten years after Stillman took it, was no longer, by any possibility, a one-man enterprise. Stillman saw this, and brought around him a large staff of younger men, whom he had either educated or taken in, the latter very largely from the Middle West. Frank A. Vanderlip, now president of the bank, was one of these Western men, and his ability and previous experience as a financial journalist and Assistant Secretary of the Treasury contributed much to broaden the outlook and field of the institution.

The work of adding corresponding banks was pushed, the entire United States being covered by agents to get this business. Stillman bought a large interest in the Riggs National Bank, of Washington, opposite the Treasury Department, and arranged for it to act as Washington agent for the City Bank's correspondents throughout the country. A bond department was built up, which takes issues of bonds in blocks of millions or tens of millions, and sells them to banks and other investors.

In 1908 the City Bank moved into its new $5,000,000 banking house, just across Wall Street from its location of the preceding century. The old custom house — formerly the Mer-

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WILLIAM AND JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER

From a photograph taken in 1907

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chants' Exchange, in which sixty years ago the Wall Street stock market occupied a small corner for less than two hours a day — was remade into a building covering one of the irregular blocks of the old city. Two thirds of this is occupied by the bank itself, and in the heart of it, 188 feet long, 124 feet wide, and occupying a height of four ordinary stories, is the magnificent main banking room — the great central temple of American money.

The Great Money Plant

Yet it is not as a piece of architecture that the new bank is most interesting, but as a wonderfully equipped plant for handling money and securities. In the center of it is the two-storied steel vault, about the size of a workingman's cottage. In this there is generally at least $500,000,000 in cash and actual securities. The cash ranges from $50,000,000 to $75,000,000. There are from $150,000,000 to $200,000,000 worth of securities held as collateral against loans, and $250,000,000 or $300,000,000 of American securities held as agent for foreign owners — largely financial or brokerage houses. An elaborate system of protection surrounds the vault. Should it be attacked by a mob, there is an apparatus by which live steam could be thrown out, enveloping the whole vault, and scalding to death any one approaching it.

Around the vault is a high marble inclosure, behind which, in a score of bronze cages, the various clerks and tellers do their business with the public. At the left, the vice-presidents and cashiers sit behind a low railing. At the rear is the office of the president, Frank A. Vanderlip. Every arrangement is made to promote the accessibility of these men to anybody who has legitimate business with them. Upstairs, above the office of the president, is James Stillman,— now chairman of the directors,— out of immediate contact with the public: a silent, swarthy, melancholy-eyed man, planning, in the retirement of a big, isolated room, the policies of his bank. Much of his time he spends in Paris; but he is never out of touch with his bank.

In this extraordinary plant is every possible equipment for a banking business. A telegraph and cable room connects directly with every part of the world; there is every type of machine for carrying papers, and for talking or writing messages; there is a big library; there is a kitchen, and a dining-room accommodating one hundred and fifty people at a time, where the bank serves luncheon free of charge to its employees every day; there is a suite of two bedrooms for the use of officers kept in the bank for some sudden necessity, such as a crisis in a great panic; and in the basement there is a big club-room for the clerks of the establishment.

Four hundred and fifty men are needed to operate this great work-shop. Forty messengers carry the drafts and general business of the institution through the city; roomfuls of clerks sort checks and drafts and keep the records of correspondents' accounts; a special department keeps filed away the information relating to the tens of thousands of individuals and enterprises that have applied to the bank for loans.

Throughout the twenty-four hours of the day this financial plant is never stopped. A small force of clerks goes on at the end of the regular working day, and stays until midnight. From midnight until eight o'clock half a dozen clerks are sorting the mail — receiving then a great part of all that comes in from out of town. There are from three to five thousand out-of-town letters every day, containing from fifteen to twenty thousand checks. They must be ready by ten o'clock for presentation at the clearing-house, or the clients of the banks will lose a full day's interest on their money. In an institution that has presented total demands as great as $75,000,000 in a single day at the clearing-house, carelessness or delay in handling checks and drafts might easily mean a daily loss of hundreds or even thousands of dollars. The daily interest on $10,000,000 at four per cent is over a thousand dollars.

At half past eight or nine o'clock the messengers go out through the city, taking the hundreds of drafts to business houses for acceptance; at ten the settlement at the clearing-house is made, and the regular public banking day begins again at the bank. The great plant is running, full of life and energy, at high speed again.

It needs to be. Here, by the growth of Wall Street, the centralization of corporations in New York, the necessity of banks to find a temporary place for the use of surplus money, is the center of the ready resources of the country — a volume of money always fluctuating, often very violently. The training of half a century has gone to evolve in this and other Wall Street banks the highest possible development of a system for keeping assets liquid. The deposits of this bank have varied $15,000,000 in a day. It is necessary to be everlastingly ready.

The total deposits of the City Bank now run about $250,000,000; its total resources are about $310,000,000. Of this sum $60,000,000 are in cash. This is the first line of reserve. The second line is call loans of some $75,000,000. The third line is some $35,000,000 in bonds. All of the $170,000,000 or more in these three items is in cash and the nearest equivalents that can be carried profitably.

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The call loan, of all these three, is the most significant of the New York financial bank. Practically the only place in the country that makes real call loans — that is, loans on collateral, which are made on an absolutely impersonal basis and can be called at any time, regardless of the borrower's feelings — is Wall Street.

Across the center of the long desk where the loan clerks of the City Bank stand, in a little channel under a glass, runs the constantly moving tape of Wall Street quotations. An average fall of one point in the market will mean a decline of $1,500,000 or $2,000,000 in the value of the securities pledged for loans with the institution. Four clerks can stand and watch this momentous moving strip of paper, in case of panic. In drawers around them are arranged the names of every borrower, with their loans and collateral, recorded on cards arranged in alphabetical order; in other drawers are addressed envelops, in the same card-catalogue order. A call for more collateral can be sent out immediately. Loans for $25,000,000 can be called in fifteen minutes through the bank messengers.

The City Bank Group

The City Bank, always ready, sits at the center of the financial operations of the country — perpetuating the most successful traditions of the old trading merchants of New York. There are $300,000,000 of resources always in its hands. It buys and sells money, and credit, and securities, exactly as it would buy and sell cotton or sugar or coal. Upon it, and its alliances, has been concentrated the tremendous power that has accrued to it as custodian of the greatest central body of available cash and quick assets of the country.

Behind this City Bank, in the second line of strength in this section of the so-called "money power," are the various other Stillman-Rockefeller banks — tied to it by common ownership. The resources of these banks and trust companies, including the City, were $700,000,000 at the beginning of 1911.

Behind these, in the third line, are the personal fortunes allied closely with the bank: the fortune of William Rockefeller, estimated several years ago by one of his most intimate associates at $400,000,000; of John D. Rockefeller, his brother, considered the richest man in the world; the Taylor and Harriman estates, estimated at $100,000,000 each; the Armour property, now estimated at $100,000,000; the fortunes of such men as Jacob Schiff, James Stillman, and the Vanderbilts and J. P. Morgan. No one but the owners themselves can estimate how great their accumulations are. They go high into the hundreds of millions. Together they very likely pass the billion mark.

Back of these, in the fourth line, are the huge enterprises that these men control. That central and almost identical group — the Stillman-Rockefeller banks, the Standard Oil Company, and the Union Pacific system — embody corporate property worth four or five billion dollars. There were only seven States in the Union whose property, by the census of 1904, exceeded four billion dollars. In addition, the close, but in 1906 not identical, interests on the board of the City Bank — like the Vanderbilts and Armours and J. P. Morgan — certainly controlled as much more capitalization in industries and railroads.

Financial groups are not fixed, accomplished things; they are organisms still in process of formation. In 1906 — as far as the control of the railroads and the greatest industrial enterprises and the large financial institutions of the United States were concerned — there were two groups quite clearly defined.

The first of these was the one gathered around the City Bank, founded on the most tried and successful principles of the traders in merchandise and ready money. It possessed a tremendous and cumulative power — the power of buying for cash when everybody else has to sell, and of buying to a practically unlimited extent. These operations, based on an exact mathematical certainty of growth,— a certainty as sure as the recurrence of business fluctuations,— were backed by individual fortunes that had already accumulated to the size of the wealth of large cities, and by corporate properties that had accumulated to the wealth of great States.

The second group, formed, on a very similar principle, around other New York banking institutions, will be described in the next article of this series.

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Rodania the Magic Mare

By Lucille Baldwin Van Slyke

Illustrated by Wladyslaw T Benda



ON a rainy afternoon that interfered with the pursuit of his peace-disturbing trade, came Keddash, the fruit-huckster, who was Arab, to the shop of Sewaya the Syrian. For, though Keddash could not comprehend the neat black lettering that announced

ALL KINDS OF METTAL — BY OR SELL
ALL REPAIR IN GOLD SILVER BRASS
COPPER TIN & IRON QUIK DONE HERE

he could read the gay red Arabic above this comprehensive announcement.

In his hand he bore a broken bit which he loudly proclaimed was "bust," and he bargained shrewdly for the repairs thereof. That delicate stroke of diplomacy consummated, he sat down amicably in the back of the junk-shop to watch the work; for Sewaya was an honest craftsman, and the mending of the bit was no trifling thing. It meant no hasty soldering of the rusty iron. It began with the ceremonious building of a wee charcoal fire, by the aid of bellows as wheezy and brown and wrinkled as the ancient workman himself; it proceeded with a nice adjustment of the somewhat primitive tools and a patient handling of the heated metal; and it would be concluded with a grave inspection of a thing perfectly accomplished.

With his patriarchal white head bent over his task, the tinker listened politely to the scolding monologue of his customer, the burden of whose complaint was a bitter execration of American harness in general and American bits in particular.

In the delicious metallic clutter of the doorway were playing Sewaya's grandchildren, Nazileh, dusky-eyed and lovely, and wee Antar, her brother. The little girl was patiently trying to teach the baby the proper way to greet his grandsire.

"Abu Asaad," she coaxed softly, under the clink of the tool against the iron.

"Bah — saad-ad!" sputtered the infant, chuckling adorably.

Nazileh sighed and gave it up. She leaned her curly head against the door-panel and listened idly to the hoarse voice of Keddash.

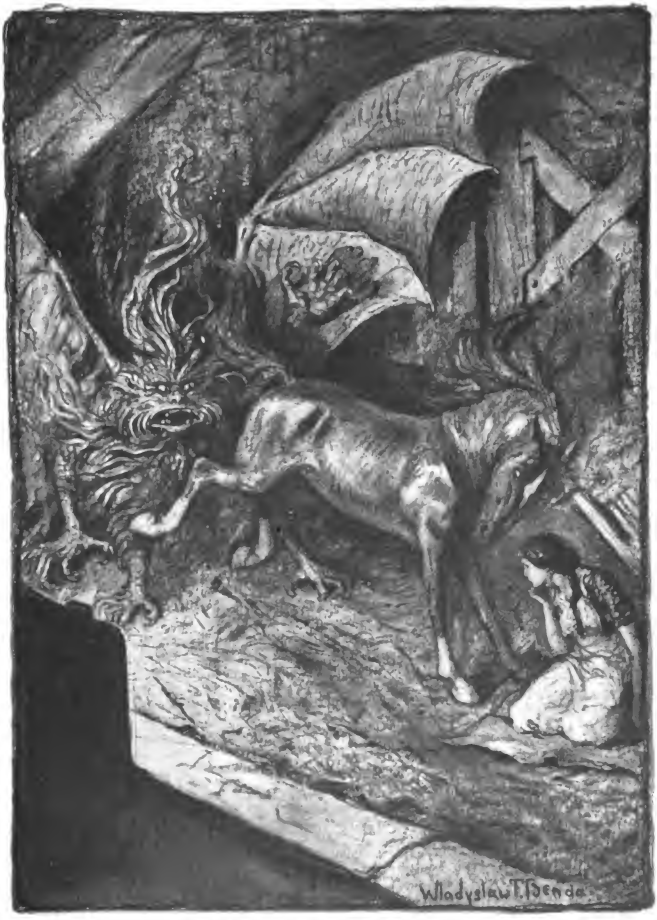
"Whad kin you es-spec'?" he was demanding rhetorically. "Thees Ameercan, whad do they know of 'orse? Bah! They ri-ide onlee een a soobway or a rallroad train, or some een a squawkin' aut'mobeel! They know notheeng of the 'orse, an' they know nod 'ow to ma-ak a bit for heem."

He rolled a cigarette industriously.

"Onlee time thad I haf 'ear of any Ameercan efen talk of a 'orse — eet ees a crazee woman. She ma-ak a mooch of trouble for me, thad one. You know that brothaire of a donkey I get — whad they call th' brunco? May the man thad ees train heem be forgeeve of Allah — nevaire weel I forgeeve heem! Thad 'orse, one day, ees possess of a devil. Me, I take the whip an' beat heem good! Thad crazee ladee — she go tell th' S-pee-c-ah — Bah! They ma-ak me pay fine — one doll'r!"

Nazileh leaned forward with great interest. She, too, had heard of the S. P. C. A. Had not a stern-faced woman spoken in the schoolroom to them all about this strange thing? The

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"'THE MARE EES TRAMPLE WEETH HER HOOF, AN' SHE EES GNASH WEETH HER TEETH, AN' SHE EES DESTROY THAD GHOUL!'"

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child drew her brows together in a straight little Asiatic frown as she tried to remember. It had been something about always giving dogs a drink, and never going off to the country and leaving your cat to starve.

"Please — yes," Nazileh had vaguely replied, at that time. "My mothaire ees nod haf a dog to geeve water — an' my mothaire ees nod goin' ad any othaire country but Br-rooklyn — an' we haf nod a cat — no; we haf a nice, swee-eet babee!"

The class-room had resounded with uproarious laughter; Nazileh blushed as she recalled it. And this strange S. P. C. A. would not let Keddash beat his wicked horse! Nazileh glowed with sympathy for the abused man.

"'Oo can tell me, Keddash, 'ow shall I rule my 'orse?" demanded the Arab. "Keddash, of the tribe of Anazeh! Me, 'oo haf rule th' 'orse evaire since thad I was a leetle child." He leaned back more comfortably and watched the cigarette smoke drift out into the rain.

"Clink — clink — clink!" jingled the tools. The baby babbled softly as he played with a glittering bit of tin. Nazileh leaned forward, quite breathless, her thick lips parted, her dark eyes shining; for when Keddash talked of his childhood there was sometimes a story coming.

"Of a truth, Abu Asaad," he continued reflectively, "I haf een my time ri-ide more 'orse than I haf evaire see een Ameerca! When thad I am a leetle boy my fathaire feerst teach me 'ow to care for th' day-ol' foal — to feed heem a feeg soak een salt. When thad I am a youth he ees teach me 'ow to ri-ide the two-year mares. When thad I am a suitable age — ah!" — Keddash bent forward and his voice dropped reverently, — "when thad I am of suitable age I am permeet to ri-ide — Rodan-ee-ah!"

The hot iron glowed in the dingy light of the shop; Abu Asaad looked up with a gleam of interest in his deep-set eyes. He, too, loved a story.

"Ees Rodan-ee-ah the mare of thy fathaire?" he asked adroitly.

"Efen so!" responded Keddash proudly. "Ah — she was a mare, thad one! She was *shareb-er-rebl* — a very air-drinker!"

Keddash swayed himself like one in the saddle, his eyes half closed in ecstasy as he recalled the glories of the mare. He sang her praises like the cadences of a song.

"Th' leetle ears of her — leeke th' antelope, startle een th' 'erd!"

He sighed rapturously.

"Th' forehead of her — eet ees cover weeth seelky hair!

"Th' color of her — eet ees ches'nut — leeke the mares of the Nedj!

"Th' tail of her — eet ees leeke unto the veil of a bride!

"An' she go — ah! she go leeke th' rushin' of the south wind!"

Nazileh drew a long breath of delight.

"Me — I leeke thad 'orse!" she sighed. "Me — I lofe thad 'orse!"

"She haf nod a trouble hair on her," boasted Keddash, "an' she haf one white ear — thad ees ver' lucky!"

"Ees she of good blood, also?" suggested Abu Asaad slyly.

"Blood?" ejaculated Keddash, his voice rising shrill once more. "You ask eef Rodan-ee-ah ees of good blood!" He flung out his arms.

"Leesten ad me! Rodan-ee-ah ees Keheilan Ajuz! She ees bred by Ibn Rodan of the Roala, an' the Keheilet Ajuz are all descend from the El Khamsa — the five faithful mares of the Prophet! An' El Khamsa, as you well know, ees descend from Bint el Ahwaz — the daughters of the crooked — those wonderful mares of Ishmael heemself! An' you ask me ees Rodan-ee-ah of good blood! Rodan-ee-ah — a Keheilan Ajuz!"

His voice rolled out triumphantly. He was no longer Keddash, the fruit-huckster; he was Keddash, a son of the desert!

"Let me tol' you more," he added eagerly, "'ow lucky a mare ees thees Rodan-ee-ah. On a time, a maiden of th' Roala tribe ees pursue of a ghoul — efery night thees speerit ees chase after her, an' would carry her many miles to a country of scorpions. Goes thees maiden to a witch-woman, an' thad wise one ees tell her she shall be safe onlee weeth a mare — a ches'nut mare weeth nod a trouble hair on her, an' weeth one white ear! Goes th' maid, thad night, to the tent of her fathaire. Outside ees tie Rodan-ee-ah, then just a leetle one-year mare. Th' maid she hide by th' sleepin' mare. Comes th' ghoul at midnight, an' up starts thad mare! An' she ees trample weeth her hoof, an' she ees gnash weeth her teeth, an' she ees destroy thad ghoul! An' thad maiden — she ees forevaire safe!"

"Ah!" breathed Nazileh, her dark eyes glistening and her little breast heaving tempestuously. "Thad ees an angel 'orse!"

"My fathaire — Allah keep hees soul!" continued Keddash dreamily,—"he ees win thad mare from th' Roala een battle, an' thad mare ees th' mos' bes' 'orse he had. But one day an En'leesch ladee ees safe my fathaire of deeth of a fever, an' my fathaire ees swear an eternal brothairehood weeth th' 'usband of miladee, an' he ees geeve them — Rodan-ee-ah! Th' reech En'leesch ladee, she take thad mare to

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En'land; an' thad ees 'ow," he ended grandiloquently, "eet 'appen thad th' En'leesch know sometheeng more of th' 'orse than thees stupid Ameercan!"

"Oxcuse thad I ask," cried Nazileh softly. "Me — I leeke thad I see thad mare!"

Keddash stared down at the child, and then he brushed the unashamed tears from his eyes.

"*Bismallah!*" he muttered. "I leeke thad I see!"

When he took the rusty bit from Sewaya's wrinkled fingers, he twisted the metal thing in his hands and laughed harshly.

"An' I — 'oo haf ri-ide Rodan-ee-ah," he wailed, "I — 'oo haf rush leeke the wind through th' desert — I dri-ive a brunco— th' brothairé to th' ass!"

He shrugged his shoulders passionately as he hurried out into the rain; and a moment later the "brother to the ass" was running more angrily than he had ever run in all his life, while in his leathery mouth the mended bit sawed itself viciously back and forth, to the ferocious satisfaction of Keddash the Arab.

Nazileh sat quite still until her grandfather roused her from her revery.

"Wrap thy brother warm," he commanded, "and I will carry him for thee to the house of thy mother."

"Thad Rody 'orse," mused Nazileh, forgetting, as she so often did in these days, to speak to her grandfather in Arabic, "eet ees a nice lucky 'orse, thad one."

"So Keddash says," responded Abu Asaad grimly; "but, eef of a truth thad mare was a Keheilan Ajuz — 'oo can blame heem thad he boast!"

In the evening, when Antar was asleep, Nazileh told her mother of the lucky horse. Umn Antar listened, smiling with childish delight at the tale.

"Thad 'orse ees th' mos' bes' kin' of 'orse," she nodded wisely. "I bet thad ghoul nod goin' to fool aroun' a mageeck 'orse any more."

The little girl sighed thoughtfully.



"NAZILEH PEERED CURIOUSLY THROUGH THE GRATING"

"Me — I leeke thad I haf a mare."

"*Masballah!*" exclaimed her mother, in mock horror. "Jus' one leetle ge-url haf a beeg 'orse!"

Nazileh did not laugh. In all seriousness she reiterated her plaintive wish, and added:

"Eef thad I haf a mare, nod anytheeng can evaire geet Antar."

"Notheeng goin' to geet thad babee," answered her mother teasingly; "nobody goin' to wan' sooch a bother."

Nazileh's slender hands clenched themselves and her slow black eyes flashed angrily.

"Nobody ees better try," she cried shrilly, "or — or — I goin' to keeck them jus' leeke thad mare, an' gnash weeth my teeth jus' leeke thad mare — so!"

She pranced about the room like a little whirlwind of wrath; her clumsy shoes clattered until Antar awoke, whimpering. She knelt quickly over his rug, cooingly contrite, until he had closed his sleep-heavy eyelids once more.

"*Aie!*" she whispered shamefacedly, her dark eyes lifted to the glint of laughter in her mother's. "He ees so sweet, thees one — many a one would weesh for heem!"

The story of the magic mare proved a source of endless delight to the story-loving little girl for many days to come. Antar was favored with many big-mouthed, wide-eyed versions of the tale; Tommy O'Brien and the small Cassettlys listened awe-stricken to a breathless account of the Arab maid's adventures.

"Huh!" said Tommy. "That's nothin'! I know a nigger down in Adams Street that's got a cross-eyed dog that bit a feller that tried to nab th' coon."

"But thad ees nod mageeck," protested Nazileh. "A ghoul ees nod a fellow, Tommeeoó-breen; eet ees a theeng" — her voice lowered with the horror — "eet ees a speerit of a dead one, a ghoul ees, an' eet would carry away

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maidens an' shildrens an'" — she shuddered — "swee-eet leetle ba-bees!"

The Cassettlys corroborated this description of a ghoul as authentic, and even added a few hair-raising details of their own. Tommy at last comprehended the supernatural characteristics, and paled under his spatter of freckles.

"None o' Syria for mine!" he ejaculated, "if dey lets many o' dem around loose! Dat's de limit!"

When the Cassettlys had departed, in answer to a guttural command from their father, Tommy edged closer to Nazileh.

"Say, Nuzli," he suggested, "j'ever see de horse up de street in de stable dat opens off de corner? My fader hears it cost *one t'ousand dollars!*"

Nazileh was not in the least awed.

"Th' mare of Abu Keddash," she rejoined, with dignity, "ees cos' mor' than a thousan' doll's; eet ees worth many, many camels!"

But, when she took Antar for his afternoon outing, she pushed the battered perambulator down the street to the stable, and peered curiously through the grating.

It was a dignified doorway with grilled gates, distinguished by much-involved monograms and quaint side-lights; over the queer old bell-handle was a sign:

ENTRANCE TO RESIDENCE
AROUND THE CORNER
AT 81 JARDEEN STREET

The little Syrian sighed with delight. This marvelous doorway straightway became the cover of a delectable picture-book. She hung about the place like one entranced. For within the stable were mysterious wonders shrouded in dusty muslin — a barouche, a surrey, a cumbrous old brougham, and oddly curving sleighs with bells that trembled, when the horses stamped, into little jingles so faint that they seemed like the ghosts of forgotten winters.

The stalls were almost empty, but Nazileh could see a bobbed tail above a pair of pony's hoofs that pounded impatiently, and a glorious swishing tail above a pair of brown legs.

"Beeg 'orse for me!" she whispered rapturously. "Leetle young 'orse for thee, Antar!"

Peering more closely into the shadowy depths, she saw a small doorway that opened into a sunlit yard beyond, where a stately gray-haired woman sauntered beneath the ailanthus trees.

"Thad ees a mooch reech ladee," sighed the little girl. "See 'ow she walks so grand an' tall, Antar!"

But a moment later the children fled incontinently; for Joe Saunders, the stableman, opened the harness-room door with a bang.

Joe was a gruff New Englander who had grown old in his mistress' service. His life jogged along with the even regularity of a battered old kitchen clock. Every morning he groomed his two charges; every day he drove his mistress to market in the fat pony's cart; every afternoon at four he harnessed the mare to the least antiquated vehicle, and drove sedately around the corner to take the gray-haired lady for her drive; and when it was evening, he bedded his charges, and, having hid the key in the door-jamb, departed.

His mistress grew more sternly disdainful every year of the noisy foreigners and their broods of little ones who were creeping closer and closer to her old home. She fought against them with an intensity that vastly amused her youthful relatives.

"I shall never be able to pretend to have any interest in the creatures," she declared stiffly to her niece. "Mary Elderson was here, the other day, to ask me to contribute to some absurd Fresh Air Fund; said this unusually hot June weather was increasing the infant mortality. I told her plainly that I never went into the country until July myself, and I didn't see why I should send other people in June. Furthermore, I really see no reason for prolonging the existence of these undesirable aliens — I'd far rather contribute to a fund for the exclusion of immigration."

Joe Saunders thoroughly advocated his mistress' point of view. He, too, railed at the annoying proximity of what he termed "danged furriners." Whenever Tommy O'Brien or the Cassettlys or the Dutch baker lady's children encroached on his domains, he drove them away with the stubbly stable broom.

"Heathen! I can't stand them heathen!" he would grumble, as he rubbed the fat mare; "they ought to be a lawr ag'in' 'em, they ought!"

But, somehow, when the little Syrian, with her darkly fringed eyes raised trustfully to his, crept timidly one morning to the stable, and begged to see the horses, Joe Saunders simply grunted. And when she tuggingly lifted her chubby brother so that he could see "th' lofely leetle 'orse," Joe Saunders pretended to be busy in the harness-room, so that Antar wriggled his fingers around the pony's pink nostrils to his heart's content.

"Me — I leeke thad I see thad mor' beeg 'orse," coaxed Nazileh sweetly, when Joe returned.

"Can't be bothered bringing her out," Joe replied gruffly; "she was rubbed down afore

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"NAZILEH STRETCHED OUT HER HAND TOWARD THE QUIVERING NOSTRILS AND SHUT HER EYES IN RAPTURE"

you came. Stand by lest you get hit by this door sliding!" And, the door having slid, the story-book closed for that day, and Nazileh and Antar went back to the workaday world of Dix Street.

Patiently, day by day, the little Syrian hung about the doorway; yet, somehow, she was never rewarded with a closer view of the mare. Joe Saunders found it very amusing to listen to her pretty coaxing.

"She's a very valuable hoss," he would say, "and my orders is to take extra good care of her — they's no call for me to be showing her to every little dago that comes along!"

Nazileh sighed wearily.

"Me — I ees nod a dago," she explained, with the spiritless intonation of one who has reiterated the racial fact to many persons. "Me — I ees come from Beirut, Syreeah. An' I leeke ver' mooch thad my brothaire Antar shall see th' lofely beeg 'orse!"

At last there came the eventful day when a quick shower made Joe Saunders so far unbend as to pull the perambulator into the shelter of the entrance. Nazileh was actually seated on a faded carriage-cushion, almost breathless with delight. She eyed Joe Saunders shrewdly when he had finished grooming the pony.

"Thees day you ees so kin'," she drawled sweetly; "thees ees a ver' good day thad Antar shall see thad beeg 'orse — please!"

Joe grinned.

"You're th' divil of a teaser, you are," he laughed; "hain't ye 'feard she might bite him?"

"No, seer — or madame," replied Nazileh eagerly. "'Orse they nod bite good ge-url or a swee-eet babee!" She paused to lavish a moist caress on Antar's fuzzy little head. "I bet you thad nice 'orse leeke to see thees nice babee!"

Her eyelashes drooped slyly; the corners of her mouth lifted in a little smile.

"Antar," she whispered adroitly, "I mos' guess we ees goin' to see that 'orse — thees man ees so kin'."

Joe laughed uproariously.

"Ye're a cute little wheedler," he said. "I guess he is."

Nazileh sat quite still, her thick lips parted and her eyes shining wonderfully.

"Ah," she sighed, "I mooch obleege." She waited, star-eyed, until the patter of the pony's hoofs subsided and the heavy thud of bigger shoes was heard.

The pretty mare came around the corner of the stall-posts with her head coquettishly high; she curvetted and pranced, sniffing the rain-sweet air. Her sweeping mane and tail shone, her satiny sides gleamed, and her nostrils quivered as she nuzzled at Joe's hands for the anticipated sweet.

For a full moment Nazileh held her delighted breath as she stared, and then, as she caught sight of the mare's curiously marked white ear, the child fell forward in a deep Oriental salaam.

"*Aie! Aie!*" she screamed in terror-stricken joy. "Eet ees thad Rodan-ee-ah! Eet ees th' mageeck 'orse!"

Joe Saunders looked down upon this Eastern abandon, very much perplexed.

"Name's Molly," he objected. "She hain't no mageeck 'orse — she's an A-rab!"

Nazileh lifted her prostrate self to her knees. Her eyes were glistening and her breath came in excited gasps. Nothing could shake her ardent belief in the miracle she perceived before her.

"A-rab!" she nodded, her words falling gutturally. "Me — I know: Keddash haf tol'

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Abu Asaad. See thou th' ear so white — see thou th' tail so long — " She got up and walked warily around the horse, looking eagerly over the satiny coat for any whorl of hairs. "*Aie!*" she ended triumphantly, when she found it not, "she haf nod a tr-rouble hair — 'eet ees Rodan-ee-ah!"

Suddenly she rushed back to the carriage-cushion and caught up Antar.

"See thad mare, Antar?" she cried. "See thad 'orse, heart of my hearts? Eet ees thad mageeck 'orse!"

Antar clapped his dusky hands, as he always did when he heard the excited thrill in Nazileh's voice.

"'Orse! 'Orse!" he echoed proudly.

Nazileh hugged him rapturously; she was almost too happy for speech.

"You see, kin' man," she faltered, "thees babee, he too, he know thees 'orse!"

Joe fondled the mare's white nose, and laughed.

"Gee, what a fuss!" he chuckled. "But you come here an' see what she'll do to this lump o' sugar when you give it to her."

Nazileh took the proffered bit shyly; she stretched out her slender hand toward the quivering nostrils. A pink tongue flashed out, velvet-soft lips touched her fingers, and then the mare bobbed her head with her usual gesture of thanks. She was so close that Nazileh could feel her breath. The child shut her eyes in rapture.

"Rodan-ee-ah!" she sighed. "Me — I jus' lofe thee!"

The days that followed were filled with the new delight. Every day strengthened her faith that the horse was in truth the horse of the fairy tale. She babbled constantly of the wonder.

"'Urry, my mothaire," she would plead, early in the morning, while the breakfast broth was steaming. "Me — I mus' 'urry weeth Antar to see Rodan-ee-ah. We shall feed her th' sugaire of th' kin' man."

Umn Antar would smile into her little daughter's eager face.

"Pretty little fool," she sighed once. "There is no magic in this weary land!"

"There ees Rodan-ee-ah!" Nazileh stoutly protested. "Rodan-ee-ah — 'oo ees thad mageeck 'orse!"

Then, suddenly, these days of blissful delight came to an abrupt end; for there rose a strange new danger, more awesome than any of those that had yet troubled the little Syrian. On a sticky, humid day came Geraldine Schmidt, the Dutch baker lady's daughter, wailing out her noisy Teutonic grief.

"Mine brother! They takes mine brother!" she howled.

Nazileh clutched Antar closely.

"'Oo takes heem?" she demanded, cold dread in her heart. If "they" would take a stupid Dutch baby like Adolph Schmidt, would not "they" take Antar?

"The Fresh Air Fund," wailed Geraldine. "They takes him off mit a train!"

Nazileh's eyes widened with horror. The very name of the monster was terrifying; she mouthed it with bated breath.

"Freeschairfun'!" she whispered. This was a terror more to be feared than the ghouls and jinns of far-off Syria. She pushed the battered perambulator home so fast that its rattling wheels almost lost their spokes. She did not dare confide this dreadful terror to her mother, but lingered within doors, starting nervously at every strange sound in the noisy hallways. She used cunning, inventing excuses for staying inside, when her mother bade her take the whimpering baby to the street; and, when these availed not, she scuttled into doorways whenever a stranger passed.

To be sure, after a few days the first sharpness of her fright slid easily into a somewhat secure sense of a thing past; but always a new note of danger sang itself through the noisy song of her life. She argued adroitly with herself that some moments were obviously safe moments for Antar to appear in public. Not even a jinn or a ghoul would dare approach while Father Shiskim's broad back was within vision; and she followed him, half a block or more behind, on his daily journeys through his parish.

But one evening, while this unconscious protector stood in plain sight from the corner where she had stationed herself, Antar let out a sudden cry, as the heat-rash chafed his dusky skin. When Nazileh flew to comfort him with gentle scratches, she saw that two women were stooping over the dilapidated hood of the cart. One, with odd little bonnet-ties beneath her chin, was smiling at the baby pityingly.

"Has the baby been sick very long?" she asked.

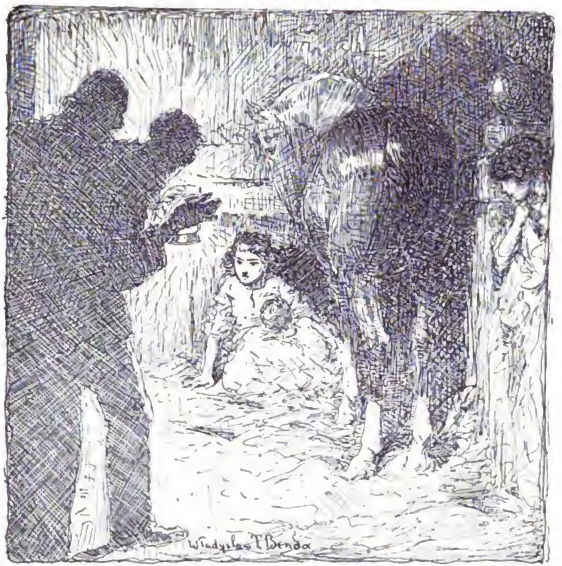
"He ees nod seeck," answered Nazileh patiently. "Eet ees more hot than he leekes, an' he cries also of th' bite of th' muskeet."

"Poor little soul," said the woman thoughtfully, with one cool hand on Antar's wrist. "His temperature is 'way up. Where do you live, dear?"

"Forty-neen of Deex Street, please," answered Nazileh.

The other woman wrote something in a little book, straining her eyes in the flickering glare of the arc-light.

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"'I NOD GOIN' TO RUN WEETH THEES NICE 'ORSE!' SHE ASSURED THE STERN-FACED WOMAN"

"I'm afraid it won't be any use, Miss Bonner," she said regretfully. "Every one of the south district's tickets are gone, and unless you can get a transfer stub from the Bridge Street Fresh Air Fund ——"

Without a second's pause, the two startled women found themselves staring down the street after a child who ran stumblingly but fleetly — a child who was pushing a rickety cart before her with all the strength of her frightened little self; and within the cart a baby crowed happily over the joy of the sudden jolting. The flying legs and wabbly wheels were lost in the depths of a yawning doorway before the charity visitors could even cry out.

"Heart of my hearts!" whispered Nazileh, in rapid Arabic, with one grimy little hand over Antar's thick lips, "not so loud — *bass baqua!*" Her breath came in uneven jerks; she was shivering with terror.

"Oh, thad Freeschairfun'!" she moaned softly. "I leeke thad eet was dead, dead, dead! I weesh" — she paused in grim delight of the deadly American oath she was about to utter — "*I weesh a gosh on eet!*"

Antar screamed lustily in the darkness of the doorway. A man from the floor above sharply bade Nazileh to take herself away; and the little girl, tugging bravely at the cart-handles, slipped cautiously out into the street once more. Breathless from a perilous journey to her own doorway, she paused, a new dread in her heart. She remembered that she had told the women where Antar lived. She gave a startled cry, and deliberately fled down Dix Street, without so much as glancing up the familiar stairway.

A little breeze came up from the river; the stars came out, and then the languorous summer moon. The Cassettly children went indoors, weary from the heat of the day. Presently even Tommy O'Brien had left his beloved street, and was curled comfortably on the pillows his mother had piled on the fire-escape for him. Another hour, and Dix Street was fairly quiet; for all the children were asleep, save a wailing infant or two, and only the deeper-toned adult noises were heard.

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Umn Antar called fretfully from her window; she was very tired. But her usually obedient little daughter made no answer. After a while Umn Antar called again, this time crossly. Presently she shuffled her worn Oriental slippers wearily across the hall to her neighbor. And, when her neighbor could suggest nothing, they both hurried into the street.

Dix Street did not forget for some time the wailings of Leila, the mother of Antar and Nazileh, for her lost children. Most of Dix Street could not understand her guttural Arabic cries and her extravagant methodical beating of her thin breast; but all of Dix Street could interpret the frightened light in her gleaming eyes and the meaning of her empty, outstretched arms.

Up and down stairways, under rotting back-yard sheds, in the shadows of the billboards of a vacant lot, they searched in vain. A big policeman from the station and the watchman from the warehouses led the way, patiently rousing children who knew the little Syrians; but none could tell where Nazileh Sewaya had gone. Exhausted from the excitement, Umn Antar collapsed in the arms of the women who tried to comfort her, and alternately sobbed and scolded out her hysteria.

It was not until midnight that Tommy O'Brien, awakened by the flickering lanterns in the yard below him, tumbled out of his summer bed, digging his fists into his scared, sleepy eyes; and he looked down upon the wailing woman and heard her broken cries.



"'SEE THAD MARE, ANTAR? EET EES THAD MAGEECK 'ORSE!'"

"A jinn or a ghoul haf carry them——"

A glimmer of sense flashed through the quick Irish brain, and he was off down the street, dragging the policeman after him. Around the corner to the Jardeen Street house he raced, waiting impatiently while the officer roused the household; and then presently they were all hurrying through the ailanthus shadows to the stable door—the policeman, Tommy, the stately lady, and her pretty niece.

The horses whinnied nervously at the disturbance. Tommy's voice quavered as he called, first timidly, then shrilly.

"Nuzli! Nuzli!" he entreated. "Come out of it, kiddo—your mudder's t'rowing fits! Nuzli! Give us a holler!"

Peering into harness closets, poking around carriages, his heart beat with a sense of futility.

"Sure she could get in," he argued impatiently, when the officer showed him the locked door; "she knows where th' man sticks th' key, an' she hangs aroun' here lots!"

The lady's voice was very stern.

"I'm sorry the children are lost," she said, "but I think this boy is mistaken; they couldn't be here."

But Tommy had caught a glimpse of something white in the corner of the big box-stall, and he was dancing up and down excitedly. The policeman slapped the fat mare to make her stand aside; but she reared and showed her teeth. She would not budge for her mistress until the familiar voice grew insistently sharp in its command.

Even in her terror-stricken slumber, Nazileh still held Antar. Their curly heads were cuddled close together in the straw. Secure in the magic protection of the white ear, they slept, and the mare was guarding them faithfully.

The gray-haired woman waved the men aside, and walked firmly to the sleeping children.

"Wake up!" she commanded shortly. "Wake up, little girl!"

Miss Emily put out a protesting hand.

"Aunty dear," she faltered, "you mustn't frighten the poor things!"

"Frighten them?" queried Mrs. Grayson. "Haven't they frightened every one else? It's perfectly preposterous! Wake up!" she ordered brusquely.

And Nazileh awoke. Her lovely dusky eyes shone in the gleam of the lifted lantern.

"Oxcuse!" she murmured drowsily. "Oxcuse, dear ladee!" Her words trembled at first, but then they came more bravely.

"Me—I nod goin' to run weeth thees nice 'orse—ah, no!" she assured the stern-faced woman. "Me—I jus' goin' to stay at thees place." She bent protectingly over the baby, her face lifted appealingly. "Thees ees a mageeck 'orse, as well you know." Her words were coming in a tempestuous rush. "An evil

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speerit — thad bad Freeschairfun' — ees pursue; eet would carry away thees babee to a far-off country — deed nod thees 'orse protec'!"

She spoke bravely, but her eyes were dim with frightened tears.

For a full moment they stared at each other, the stately lady and the little kneeling Syrian; and then the anger in the woman's eyes melted into a whimsical smile at the child's absurd faith. When she spoke again her tones had lost their harshness.

"Will you come if I promise not to let the spirit harm you?" she asked.

Nazileh rose awkwardly; Antar was very heavy when he slept.

"Yes, ladee."

The horse whinnied softly as they passed, rubbing her pink nose against them. Nazileh leaned her cheek toward the mare.

"Rodan-ee-ah," she whispered shyly, "I mooch obleege ad you!" And then she stepped straight into her mother's eager arms. Unconscious of all the rest, the child patted the sobbing woman protectingly.

"Do nod weep, leetle mothaire of my heart," she sighed. "Th' Freeschairfun' haf nod geet our babee — ah, no! Me an' Rodan-ee-ah haf guard heem through th' night! An' thees kin' ladee — she weel protec'!"

The motley group faded away like the climax to some grotesque dream — Tommy and Nazileh trotting obediently ahead; the big policeman carrying the sleeping baby, with Umn Antar clinging to one dimpled little fist; and the others pattering noisily over the flag-stones under the ailanthus shadows. Their excitable voices died away in the distance, Nazileh's gutturally sweet tones echoing faintly through the star-lit garden.

"An' Rodan-ee-ah — an' thad kin' ladee —"

The stately lady flushed with honest shame.

"Absurd little heathen!" she said abruptly, but her voice was gentle.

SONG OF THE SHROUD

(SUNG WHILE SPINNING IT)

A Roumanian folk-song

THOU snow-white apple-blossom,
Unto the ground art fallen,
Down to the earth art fallen,
Thou snow-white apple-blossom.

Snow-white as thou art, so shall be my shroud;
Yea, white as apple-blossoms,
White as a bridal wreath.
Thou wilt be soft for me, my gentle shroud;
Say, wilt thou not? nor chafe my limbs, when I
Have fallen asleep, and know nothing more;
Whilst in the village houses, round about,
They light the fire without me, and draw near
To tell their tales and spin?
But whilst I sit and spin thee, winding-sheet,
Shall I not tell thee, too, some fairy-tale?

Thou snow-white apple-blossom,
Down to the earth art fallen,
Unto the ground art fallen,
Thou snow-white apple-blossom.

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The Case of Richard Meynell

by Mrs. Humphry Ward

X

MEANWHILE, in the room upstairs, Alice Puttenham, lying with her face pressed against the back of the chair into which she had feebly dropped, heard Hester run down the steps — tried to call, or rise, and could not. Since the death of Judith Sabin she had had little or no sleep, and much less food than usual, with, all the while, the pressure of a vague, corrosive terror on nerve and brain. The shock of that miniature in Hester's hands had just turned the scale: endurance had given way.

The quick footsteps receded. Yet she could do nothing to arrest them. Her mind floated in darkness.

Presently out of the darkness emerged a sound, a touch, a warm hand on hers.

"Dear — dear Miss Puttenham!"

"Yes."

Her voice seemed to herself a sigh — the faintest — from a great distance.

"The servants said you were here. Ellen came up to knock, and you did not hear. I was afraid you were ill — so I came in — you'll forgive me."

"Thank you."

Silence for a while. Mary brought cold water, chafed her friend's hands, and rendered all the services that women in such straits know how to lavish on a sufferer. Gradually Alice mastered herself, but more than a broken word or two still seemed beyond her, and Mary waited in patience. She was well aware that some trouble of a nature unknown to her had been weighing on Miss Puttenham for a week or more; and she realised too, instinctively, that she would get no light upon it.

Presently there was a knock at the door, and Mary went to open it. The servant whispered, and she returned at once.

"Mr. Meynell is here," she said, hesitating. "You will let me send him away?"

Alice Puttenham opened her eyes.

"I can't see him. But, please — give him some tea. He'll have walked — from Markborough."

Mary prepared to obey.

"I'll come back afterwards."

Alice roused herself further.

"No — there is the meeting afterwards. You said you were going."

"I'd rather come back to you."

"No, dear — no. I'm — I'm better alone. Good night, kind angel. It's nothing"— she raised herself in the chair —"only bad nights! I'll go to bed; that'll be best. Go down — give him tea. And Mrs. Flaxman's going with you?"

"No. Mother said she wished to go," said Mary slowly. "She and I were to meet in the village."

Alice nodded feebly.

"Just time. The meeting is at seven."

Then, with a sudden movement: "Hester! — is she gone?"

"I met her and the maid — in the village — as I came in."

A silence — till Alice roused herself again. "Go, dear. Don't miss the meeting. I — I want you to be there. Good night."

And she gently pushed the girl from her, putting up her pale lips to be kissed, and asking

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that the little parlour-maid be sent to help her undress.

Mary went unwillingly. She gave Miss Puttenham's message to the maid, and, when the girl had gone up to her mistress, she lingered a moment at the foot of the stairs, her hands lightly clasped on her breast, as if to quiet the life within.

Meynell, expecting to see the lady of the house, could not restrain the start of surprise and joy with which he turned towards the incomer. He took her hand in his, pressing it involuntarily. But it slipped away; and Mary explained, with her soft composure, why she was there alone — that Miss Puttenham was suffering from a succession of bad nights and was keeping her room, that she sent word the Rector must rest a little before going home, and allow Mary to give him tea.

Meynell sank obediently into a chair by the open window, and Mary ministered to him. The lines of his strong, worn face relaxed. His look returned to her again and again, wistfully, involuntarily, yet not so as to cause her embarrassment.

She was dressed in some thin grey stuff that singularly became her; and with the grey dress she wore a collar or ruffle of soft white that gave it a slight Puritan touch. But the tumbling red-gold of the hair, the frank dignity of expression, belonged to no mere cloistered maid.

Meynell heard the news of Miss Puttenham's collapse with a sigh — checked at birth. He asked few questions about it — so Mary reflected afterwards. He would come in again on the morrow, he said, to enquire for her. Then, with some abruptness, he asked whether Hester had been much seen at the cottage during the preceding week.

Mary reported that she had been in and out as usual, and seemed reconciled to the prospect of Paris.

"Are you — is Miss Puttenham sure that she hasn't still been meeting that man?"

Mary turned a startled look upon him.

"I thought he had gone away?"

"There may be a stratagem in that. I have been keeping what watch I could; but at this time — what use am I?"

The Rector threw himself back wearily in his chair, his hands behind his head. Mary was conscious of some deep throb of feeling that must not come to words. Even since she had known it, the face had grown older — the lines deeper, the eyes finer. She stooped forward a little.

"It is hard that you should have this anxiety too. Oh, but I *hope* there is no need!"

He raised himself again with energy.

"There is always need with Hester. Oh, don't suppose I have forgotten her! I have written to that fellow, my cousin. I went, indeed, to see him, the day before yesterday; but the servants at Sandford declared he had gone to town, and they were packing up to follow. Lady Fox-Wilson and Miss Alice, here, have been keeping a close eye on Hester herself, I know; but, if she chose, she could elude us all!"

"She couldn't give such pain — such trouble!" cried Mary indignantly.

The Rector shook his head sadly. Then he looked at his companion.

"Has she made a friend of you? I wish she would."

"Oh, she doesn't take any account of me," said Mary, laughing. "She is quite kind to me: she tells me when she thinks my frock is hideous — or my hat's impossible — or she corrects my French accent. She is quite kind, but she would no more think of taking advice from me than from the sofa-cushion."

Meynell shrugged his shoulders.

"She has no bump of respect — never had!" And he began to give a half-humorous account of the troubles and storms of Hester's bringing up. "I often ask myself whether we haven't all — whether I in particular — haven't been a first-class bungler and blunderer all through with regard to Hester. Did we choose the wrong governesses? They seemed most estimable people. Did we thwart her unnecessarily? I can't remember a time when she didn't have everything she wanted!"

"She didn't get on very well with her father?" suggested Mary timidly.

Meynell made a sudden movement, and did not answer for a moment.

"Sir Ralph and she were always at cross purposes," he said, at last. "But he was kind to her — according to his lights; and — he said some very sound and touching things to me about her — on his death-bed."

There was a short silence. Meynell had covered his eyes with his hand. Mary was at a loss how to continue the conversation, when he resumed:

"I wonder if you will understand how strangely this anxiety weighs upon me — just now."

"Just now?"

"Here am I preaching to others," he said slowly, "leading what people call a religious movement, and this homely, elementary task seems to be all going wrong. I don't seem to be able to protect this child confided to me."

"Oh, but you will protect her!" cried Mary. "You will! She mayn't seem to give way —

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when you talk to her; but she has said things to me — to my mother, too ——"

"That show her heart isn't all adamant? Well, well! — you're a comforter, but ——"

"I mean that she knows — I'm sure she does — what you've done for her — how you've cared for her," said Mary, stammering a little.

"I have done nothing but my plainest, simplest duty," he said impatiently. "I have made innumerable mistakes; and if I fail with her — it's quite clear that I'm not fit to teach or lead anybody."

They said no more of Hester. Mary's hunger for news of the Reform movement could not be hid. It was clear she read everything she could, and fed upon it in a loneliness and under a constraint that touched him profoundly. The conflict in her between a spiritual heredity — the heredity of her father's message — and her tender love for her mother had never been so plain to him. He could not feel that he was abetting any disloyalty in allowing the conversation. She was mature. Her mind had its own rights!

So the craving in her led him on, once again, as it had done on their first meeting. His fatigue passed away under the charm of the girl's refined and noble personality. He drew for her the progress of the campaign — its astonishing development, the kindling on all sides of the dry bones of English religion.

The new — or rewritten — liturgy of the Reform was, it seemed, almost completed. From all parts — from the universities, from cathedral cloisters, from quiet country parishes, from the clash of life in the great towns — men had emerged, as if by magic, to bring to the making of it their learning and their piety, the stored passion of their hearts. And the mere common impulse, the mere release of thoughts and aspirations so long repressed, had brought about an extraordinary harmony, a victorious selflessness, among the members of the Commission charged with the task. The work had gone with rapidity, yet with sureness, as in those early years of Christianity that saw so rich and marvellous an upgrowth from the old soil of humanity. With surprising ease and spontaneity the old had passed over into the new, just as, in the first hundred years after Christ's death, the psalms and hymns and spiritual songs of the later Judaism had become, with but slight change, the psalms and hymns of Christianity, and a new sacred literature had flowered on the stock of the old.

"At last we have a marriage service that is not an offence! — and a burial service that keeps the Pauline poetry, while it cuts away the Pauline philosophising. To-night — here! — we submit them both to the Church Council. And the same thing will be happening, at the same moment, in all the churches of the Reform — scattered through England."

"How many churches now?" she asked, with a quickened breath.

"Eighteen in July — this week more than a hundred."

But in his aspect, as he spoke, there was no trace of any mere triumph in success; and the emotion which it momentarily betrayed was instantly replaced by the practical note of the organiser, as he went on to describe some of the developments of the preceding weeks — the founding of a newspaper, the collection of propagandist funds, the enrolment of teachers and missionaries, in connection with each Modernist church. Yet, at the end of it all, feeling broke through again.

"They have been wonderful weeks! — *wonderful!* Which of us could have hoped to see the spread of such a force in this dusty modern world! You remember the fairy story of the prince whose heart was bound with iron bands — and how, one by one, the bands gave way? I have seen it like that, in life after life!"

"And the fighting?"

She had propped her face on her hands, and her eyes, with their eager sympathy, their changing lights, rained influence on the man beside her — an influence insensibly mingling with and colouring the passion for ideas which held them both in its grip.

"Has been hot! — will be, of course, infinitely hotter still! But yet, again and again, with one's very foes one grasps hands! They seem to feel with us the 'common wave'— to be touched by it — touched by our hope. It is as though we had made them realise, at last, how starved, how shut out, we have been — we, half the thinking nation! — for so long!"

"Don't — don't be too confident!" she entreated. "Aren't you? Isn't it natural you should miscalculate the forces against you? Oh, they are so strong!" She drew in her breath — and he understood her.

"Strong indeed," he said gravely. "But —" Then the vivid smile that was the charm of his face broke in:

"Have I been bragging? You see some signs of swelled head? Make me tell you, then, what the other side are doing. That chastens one! There is a conference of bishops next week — there was one a week ago. The English Church Union has an Albert Hall meeting — it will be magnificent. A 'League of the Trinity' has started against us, and will soon be campaigning all over Eng-

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land. The orthodox newspapers are all in full cry. Meanwhile, the bishops are only waiting for the decision of my case — the test case — in the lower court to take us all, by detachments. Every case, of course, will go to the Supreme Court — the Privy Council. A hundred cases! That will take time. Meanwhile, from us, a monster petition — first to the bishops for the assembling of a full Council of the English Church; then to Parliament, for radical changes in the conditions of membership of the Church, clerical and lay."

Mary drew in her breath.

"You *can't* win! You *can't* win!"

And he saw in her clear eyes her sorrow for him, and her horror of the conflict before him.

"That," he said quietly, "is nothing to us. We are but soldiers under command."

He rose; and, suddenly, she realised with a fluttering heart how empty that room would be when he was gone. He held out his hand to her.

"I must go and prepare what I have to say to-night."

"To your Church Council?"

"Yes. Some thirty people — two thirds of them miners."

"Oh! but they *can't* understand you!"

"Come and see!"

Then he paused, a little embarrassed; the words had slipped out. Mary coloured and looked down.

"I — I am coming!"

His start of pleasure was evident.

"I'm glad! — I want you to hear some of these men."

"And — my mother is coming with me."

Her voice was constrained. Meynell — in his great surprise — hesitated a moment.

"I don't think — there will be anything to hurt — or wound her. At any rate — for her — there will be nothing strange or unexpected."

"Oh, no!" Then, after a moment's awkwardness, she said: "We shall soon be going away."

His face changed and quivered.

"Going away? I thought you would be here for the winter!"

"No. Mother is so much better — we are going to our little house in the Lakes — in Long Whindale. We came here because Mother was so ill — and Aunt Rose begged us. But ——"

"Do you know,"— he interrupted her impetuously,—"that, for six months, I've had a hunger for just *one* fortnight — up there — among the fells — and by the streams."

"You love them?" she said eagerly, her face flushing like a child's. "You love the mountains?"

He smiled.

"It doesn't do to think of them, does it? You should see the letters on my table! But I may have to take a few days' rest sometime. Should I find you in Long Whindale — if I dropped down on you — over Goat Scar?"

"Yes — from December till March. Oh, do come!" Then she checked herself. "It's always beautiful."

"Even when it rains? And how it rains! And everybody pretends it doesn't matter. The lies one tells!"

She laughed.

They stood looking at each other. What did it signify what they said? Words were nothing. But an atmosphere seemed to have sprung up round them in which every tone and movement had suddenly become magnified and strangely significant.

Then Meynell recovered himself. He stepped back from her, conscious of a stab of self-reproach, and held out his hand. She gave hers shyly; he scarcely dared to press it, before he turned away.

But he had scarcely reached the door before she made a startled movement towards the open window.

"What is that?"

There was a sound of shouting and running in the street outside. A crowd seemed to be approaching. Meynell ran out into the garden to listen. By this time the noise had grown considerably, and he thought he distinguished his own name among the cries.

"Something has happened at the colliery!" he said to Mary, who had followed him.

And he hurried towards the gate, bareheaded, just as a grey-haired lady in black entered the garden.

"Mother!" cried Mary, in amazement.

Catherine Elsmere paused — one moment. She looked from her daughter to Meynell. Then she hurried to the Rector.

"You are wanted," she said, struggling to get her breath. "A terrible thing has happened. They think four lives have been lost. Some accident to the cage — and people blame the man in charge. They've got him shut up in the colliery office — and declare they'll kill him. The crowd looks dangerous, and there are very few police. I heard you were here — some one, the postman, saw you come in. You must stop it. The people will listen to you!"

Her fine, pale face, framed in her widow's veil, did not so much ask as command. He replied by a gesture — then by two or three rapid enquiries. Mary, bewildered, saw them for an instant as allies and equals, each recognising the other. Then Meynell ran to the gate, and

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was at once swallowed up in the moving groups that had gathered there, and seemed to carry him back with them towards the colliery.

Catherine Elsmere turned to follow — Mary at her side. Mary looked at her in anxiety, dreading the physical strain for one, of late, so frail.

"Mother darling! — ought you?"

Catherine took no heed whatever of the question.

"It is the women who are so terrible," she said in a low voice, as they hurried on. "Their faces were like wild beasts'. They have telephoned to Cradock for police. If Mr. Meynell can keep them in check for half an hour, there may be hope."

They ran on, swept along by the fringe of the crowd till they reached the top of a gentle descent at the farther end of the village. At the bottom of this hill lay the colliery, with its two huge chimneys, its shed and engine-houses, its winding-machinery, and its heaps of refuse. Within the enclosure, from the height where they stood, could be seen a thin line of police surrounding a small shed — the pay-office. On the steps of it stood the manager; and the Rector, to be recognised by his long coat and his bare head, had just joined him. Opposite to the police, and separated from the shed by about ten yards and a wooden paling, was a threatening and vociferating mob, which stretched densely across the road and up the hill on either side — a mob largely composed of women — dishevelled, furious women — their white faces gleaming amid the coal-blackened forms of the miners.

"They'll have 'im out," said a woman in front of Mary Elsmere. "Oh, my God! — they'll have 'im out! It was he caused the death of the boy — yo' mind 'im — young Jimmy Ragg — a month sen — though the crowner's jury did let 'im off, more shame to them! An' now they say as how he signalled for 'em to bring up the men from the Albert pit afore he'd made sure as the cage in the Victory pit was clear!"

"Explain to me, please," said Mary, touching the woman's arm.

Half a dozen turned eagerly upon her.

"Why, you see, Miss, as the two cages is like buckets in a well — the van goes down as the other cooms up. An' there's catches as yo' mun knock away to let 'un go down. An' this banksman — ee's a devil! — he niver so much as walked across to the other shaft to see — and there was the catches fast, and, instead o' goin' down, there was the cage stuck, and the rope uncoilin' itsel', and fallin' off the drum, and foulin' the other rope. An' then, all of a sudden, just as them poor fellows wor nearin' top, the drum began to work t'other way — run back'ards, you un'erstan'? And the engineman lost 'is head, and niver thowt to put on t' brakes — an' — oh, Lord save us! — whether they was drownt at t' bottom i' the sump, or killt afore they got there — theer's no one knows yet — they're getten of 'em up now."

And, as she spoke, a great shout which became a groan ran through the crowd. Men climbed up the railings at the side of the road, that they might see better. Women stood on tiptoe. A confused clamour came from below, and in the colliery yard there could be seen a gruesome sight — four stretchers, borne by colliers, their burdens covered from view. Beside them were groups of women and children, and in front of them the crowd made way. Up the hill they came, a great wail preceding and surrounding them, behind them the murmurs of an ungovernable indignation.

As the procession neared them, Mary saw a grey-haired woman throw up her arm, and heard her cry out in a voice harsh and hideous with excitement:

"Let 'im as murdered them pay for 't! What's t' good o' crowner's juries? Let's settle it ourselsl"

Deep murmurs answered her.

"An' it's this same Jenkins," said another fierce voice, "as had a sight to do wi' bringing them blacklegs down here, in the strike last autumn. He's been a great man sence, has Jenkins, wi' the masters; but he sha'n't murder our husbinds an' sons for us, while he's loafin' round an' playin' the lord — not he! Have they got 'un safe?"

"Aye, he's in the pay-house, safe enoof," shouted another — a man. "An' if them as is defendin' of 'un won't give 'un oop, there's ways o' makin' them."

The procession of the dead approached — all the men baring their heads, and the women waiting. In front came a piteous group — a young half-fainting wife, supported by an older woman, with children clinging to her skirts. Catherine went forward, and lifted a baby of two that was being dragged along the ground. Mary took up another child, and they both joined the procession.

As they did so, there was a shout from below.

Mary, white as her dress, asked an elderly miner beside her, who had shown no excitement whatever, to tell her what had happened. He clambered up on the bank to look, and came back to her.

"They've beaten 'un back, Miss," he said in her ear. "They've got the surface men to help, and Muster Meynell, he's doing his best. If there's anybody can hold 'em, he can, and

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there's some of his Church Council fellows got to him by now; but there's terrible few on 'em. It is time as the Cradock men came up. They'll be trying fire before long, an' the women is like devils."

On went the procession into the village, leaving the fight behind them. In Mary's heart, as she was pushed and pressed onward, burnt the memory of Meynell on the steps — speaking, gesticulating — and the surging crowd in front of him.

There was that to do, however, which deadened fear. In the main street the procession was met by hurrying doctors and nurses. For those broken bodies, indeed,— young men in their prime,— nothing could be done, save to straighten the poor limbs, to wash the coal-dust from the strong faces, and cover all with the white linen of death. But the living — the crushed, stricken living — taxed every energy of heart and mind. Catherine, recognised at once by the doctors as a pillar of help, shrank from no office and from no sight, however terrible. But she would not permit them to Mary, and they were presently separated.

Mary had a trio of sobbing children on her knee, in the living-room of one of the cottages, when there was a sudden tramp outside. Everybody in Miners' Row, including those who were laying out the dead, ran to the windows.

"The police from Cradock!"— fifty of them.

The news passed from mouth to mouth, and even those who had been maddest half an hour before felt the relief of it.

Meanwhile, detachments of shouting men and women ran clattering at intervals through the village streets. Sometimes stragglers from them would drop into the cottages alongside — and, from their panting talk, what had happened below became roughly clear. The police had arrived only just in time. The small band defending the office was worn out. The Rector had been struck. The palings had been torn down, and in another half hour the rioters would have set the place on fire and dragged out the man of whom they were in search.

The narrator's story was broken by a howl: "Here he comes!" And once again, as though by a rush of muddy water, the street filled up, and a strong body of police came through it, escorting the banksman who had been the cause of the accident. A hatless, hunted creature, with white face and loosened limbs, he was hurried along by the police, amid a grim silence that had suddenly succeeded to the noise.

Behind came a group of men, officials of the colliery, and to the right of them, amid a small crowd of miners who were clearly his bodyguard, walked the Rector, bareheaded as before, a bandage on the left temple. His eyes ran along the cottages, and he presently perceived Mary Elsmere standing at an open door, with a child that had cried itself to sleep in her arms.

Stepping out of the ranks, he approached her. The people made way for him, a few here and there with sullen faces, but in the main with a friendly and remorseful eagerness.

"It's all over," he said in Mary's ear. "But it was touch and go. An unpopular man — suspected of telling union secrets to the masters last year. He was concerned in another accident to a boy, a month ago; they all think he was in fault, though the jury exonerated him. And now, a piece of abominable carelessness! — manslaughter, at least. Oh, he'll catch it hot! But we weren't going to have him murdered on our hands. If he hadn't got safe into the office, the women alone would have thrown him down the shaft. By the way, are you learned in 'first aid'?"

He pointed, smiling, to his temple, and she saw that the wound beneath the rough bandage was bleeding afresh.

"It makes me feel a bit faint," he said, with annoyance; "and there is so much to do!"

"May I see to it?" said her mother's voice, behind her. And Catherine, who had just descended from an upper room, went quickly to a nurse's wallet that had been left on a table in the kitchen, and took from it an antiseptic dressing and some bandaging.

Meynell sat down by the table, shivering a little from shock and strain while she ministered to him. One of the women near brought him brandy; and Catherine deftly cleaned and dressed the wound. Mary looked on, handing what was necessary to her mother, and, in spite of herself, a ray of strange sweetness stole through the tragedy of the day.

In a very few minutes Meynell rose. They were in the cottage of one of the victims. The dead lay overhead, and the cries of wife and mother could be heard through the thin flooring.

"Don't go up again!" he said peremptorily to Catherine. "It is too much for you — and the children want you." He pointed to the huddled group about the doorway. Then, to Mary:

"Gather some of the people, if you can, outside. I want to speak to them when I come down. I must give a notice about the church to-night." Then he mounted the cottage stairs. Violent sounds of grief broke out overhead, and the murmur of his voice could be heard between.

Mary quietly sent a few messengers into the street, and when the Rector descended there was a small crowd waiting outside.

Meanwhile evening had fallen — a late September evening, shot with gold and purple.

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Behind the village the yellow stubble stretched up to the edge of the Chase, and drifts of bluish smoke from the colliery chimneys hung in the still air.

Meynell, standing on the raised footpath above the crowd, gave notice that a special service of mourning would be held in the church that evening. The meeting of the Church Council would, of course, be postponed.

During his few words Mary found herself at the farther edge of the gathering, looking over it towards the speaker. Behind him ran the row of cottages, and in the doorway opposite she saw her mother, with her arm tenderly folded round a sobbing girl, the sister of one of the dead. The sudden tranquillity, the sudden pause from tumult and anguish, seemed to draw a "wind-warm space" round Mary; and she had time, for a moment, to think of herself and the strangeness of this tragic day.

How was it her mother was here at all? How was it she had suddenly proposed to come — nay, insisted on coming — to this meeting of the Reform that was to have been held in the village that evening? As a spectator, of course, and with the general public; but how it must have troubled her! It was strange — inexplicable.

The name of Richard Meynell had scarcely been mentioned, of late, between mother and daughter; and it often seemed to Mary as if the silent antagonism in her mother's mind had reached to terrifying heights.

And yet, at the same time, she had been constantly aware of reactions in the noble woman beside her — of passing moments of weakness in the strong will. And she would say to herself, piteously, "It is because she loved my father so!" And then hope would rise, only to be crushed again by indications of another sort.

How beautiful was the lined face, so pale in the golden dusk, amid its heavy frame of black! Mary could not take her eyes from it. It betrayed an animation, a passion of life, that had been foreign to it for months. In these few crowded hours, when every word and action had been simple, instructive, inevitable,— love to God and man working at their swiftest and purest,— through all the tragedy and the horror, some burden seemed to have dropped from Catherine's soul. She met her daughter's eyes, and smiled.

When Meynell had finished, the crowd silently drifted away, and he came back to the Elsmeres. They noticed the village fly coming towards them — saw it stop in the roadway.

"I sent for it," Meynell explained rapidly. "You mustn't let your mother do any more. Look at her! Please, will you both go to the Rectory? My cook will give you tea — I have let her know. Then the fly will take you home."

They protested in vain — must, indeed, submit. Catherine flushed a little at being so commanded, but there was no help for it.

"I would like indeed to come and show you my den!" said Meynell, as he put them into the carriage. "But there's too much to do here."

He pointed sadly to the cottages, shut the door, and they were off.

During the short drive Catherine sat rather stiffly upright. Saint as she was, she was accustomed to have her way.

They drove into the dark shrubbery that lay between the Rectory and the road. At the door of the little house stood Ann, in a white cap and clean apron. But the white cap sat rather wildly on its owner's head; nor would she take any interest in her visitors till she had got from them a fuller account of the tumult at the pit than had yet reached her, and assurances that Meynell's wound was but slight. But, when these were given, she pounced upon Catherine.

"Eh, but you're droppin'!"

And, with many curious looks at them, she hurried them into the study, where a hasty clearance had been made among the books, and a tea-table spread.

She bustled away to bring the tea-pot.

Then exhaustion seized on Catherine. She submitted to be put on the sofa, after it had been cleared of its pile of books; and Mary sat by her a while, holding her hands. Death and the agony of broken hearts overshadowed them.

But then tea came in, and with it the dogs, discreet at first, but presently, at scent of buttered toast, effusively friendly. Mary fed them all, and Catherine watched the color coming back to her face and the dumb sweetness in the grey eyes.

Presently, while her mother still rested, Mary took courage to wander round the room, looking at the books, the photographs on the walls, the rack of pipes, the carpenter's bench, and the panels of half-finished carving. Timidly, yet eagerly, she breathed in the message it seemed to bring her from its owner — of strenuous and frugal life. Was that half-faded miniature of a soldier his father — and that sweet, grey-haired woman his mother? Her heart thrilled to each discovery.

Then Ann invaded them, for conversation; and while Catherine, unable to hide her fatigue, lay speechless, Ann chattered about her master. Her indignation was boundless that any hand could be lifted against him in his own parish. "Why, he strips 'imself bare for them, he does!"

And — with Mary unconsciously leading her — out came story after story in the racy West-

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Cumbrian vernacular, illustrating a good man's life, and those hidden, "unremembered acts" which attest and consecrate it.

As they drove slowly home through the sad village street, they perceived Henry Barron calling at some of the stricken houses. The Squire was always punctilious, and his condolences might be counted on. Beside him walked a young man with jaunty step; a bored sallow face, and a long moustache which he constantly caressed. Mary supposed him to be the Squire's second son, "Mr. Maurice," whom nobody liked.

Then the church, looming through the dusk, lights shining through its fine Perpendicular windows, and the sound of familiar hymns surging out into the starry twilight.

Catherine turned eagerly to her companion. "Shall we go in?"

The emotion of one to whom religious utterance is as water to the thirsty spoke in her voice. But Mary caught and held her.

"No, dearest, no! Come home and rest." And, when Catherine had yielded and they were safely past the lighted church, Mary breathed more freely. Instinctively she felt that certain barriers had weakened before the tragic tumult, the human appeal, of the day. Let well alone!

And, for the first time, as she sat in the darkness, holding her mother's hand and watching the blackness of the woods file past under the stars, she confessed her love to her own heart — trembling, yet exultant.

Meanwhile, in the crowded church, men and women, who had passed that afternoon through the extremes of hate and sorrow, unpacked their hearts in singing and prayer. The hymns rose and fell through the dim red sandstone church — symbol of the endless plaint of human life, for ever clamouring in the ears of Time; and Meynell's address, as he stood on the chancel steps, almost among the people,— the disfiguring strips of plaster on the temple and brow sharply evident between the curly black hair and the dark hollows of the eyes,— sank deep into grief-stricken souls. Written down, it might not have satisfied an expert in religious eloquence. But it was the utterance of a man with the prophetic gift, speaking to human beings to whom, through years of chequered life, he had given all that a man can give of service and of soul. He stood there as the living expression of their conscience, their better mind, conceived as the mysterious voice of a divine power in man; and in the name of that power, and its direct message to the human soul embodied in the tale we call Christianity, he bade them repent their blood-thirst and take comfort for their dead. He spoke amid weeping; and from that night forward one might have thought his power unshakeable — at least, among his own people.

But there were persons in the church who remained untouched by it. In the left aisle, Hester sat a little apart from her sisters, her hard, curious look ranging from the preacher through the crowded benches. She surveyed it all as a spectacle — half thrilled, half critical. And, at the western end of the aisle, the Squire and his son stood during the greater part of the service, showing plainly, by their motionless lips and folded arms, that they took no part in what was going on.

Father and son walked home together in close conversation.

And two days afterwards the first anonymous letter in the Meynell case was posted in Markborough, and duly delivered the following morning to an address in Upcote Minor.

XI

"What on earth can Henry Barron desire a private interview with me about?" said Hugh Flaxman, looking up from his letters, as he and his wife sat together after breakfast in Mrs. Flaxman's sitting-room.

"I suppose he wants subscriptions for his heresy hunt? The Church party seem to be appealing for funds in most of the newspapers."

"I should have thought he knew I am not prepared to support him," said Flaxman quietly.

"Where are you, old man?" His wife laid a caressing hand on his shoulder. "I don't really quite know."

Flaxman smiled at her.

"You and I are not theologians, are we, darling?" He kissed the hand. "I don't find myself prepared to swear to Meynell's precise 'words' any more than I was to Robert's. But I am ready to fight to prevent his being driven out."

"So am I!" said Rose, erect, with her hands behind her.

"We want all sorts."

"Ye-es," said Rose doubtfully. "I don't think I want Mr. Barron."

"Certainly you do! A typical product — with just as much right to a place in English religion as Meynell — and no more."

"Hugh! You must behave very nicely to the Bishop to-night."

"I should think I must! — considering the *omnium gatherum* you have asked to meet him. I really do not think you ought to have asked Meynell."

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"There we must agree to differ," said Rose firmly. "Social relations in this country must be maintained — in spite of politics, in spite of religion, in spite of everything."

"That's all very well — but if you mix people too violently you make them uncomfortable."

"My dear Hugh! how many drawing-rooms are there?" His wife waved a vague hand towards the folding doors on her right, implying the suite of Georgian rooms that stretched away beyond them. "One for every *nuance*, if it comes to that. If they positively won't mix, I shall have to segregate them. But they will mix." Then she fell into a reverie for a moment, adding at the end of it: "I must keep one drawing-room for the Rector and Mr. Norham ——"

"That, I understand, is what we're giving the party for. Intriguer!"

Rose threw him a cool glance.

"You may continue to play Gallio if you like. *I* am now a partisan."

"So I perceive. And you hope to turn Norham into one."

Rose nodded. Mr. Norham was the Home Secretary, the most important member in a Cabinet headed by a Prime Minister in rapidly failing health; to whose place, either by death or retirement, it was generally expected that Edward Norham would succeed.

"Well, darling, I shall watch your manoeuvres with interest," said Flaxman, rising and gathering up his letters. "And, *longo intervallo*, I shall humbly do my best to assist them. Are Catherine and Mary coming?"

"Mary certainly — and, I think, Catherine. The Fox-Wilsons of course, and that mad creature Hester, who goes to Paris the day after to-morrow — and Alice Puttenham. How that sister of hers bullies her — horrid little woman! *And* Mr. Barron!" — Flaxman made an exclamation — "and the deaf daughter — and the nice elder son — and the unpresentable younger one — in fact, the whole menagerie."

Flaxman shrugged his shoulders.

"A few others, I hope, to act as buffers."

"Heaps!" said Rose. "I have asked half the neighbourhood — our first big party. And as for the week-enders, you chose them yourself." She ran through the list, while Flaxman vainly protested that he had never in their joint existence been allowed to do anything of the kind. "But to-night you're not to take any notice of them at all. Neighbours first! Plenty of time for you to amuse yourself to-morrow. What time does Mr. Barron come?"

"In ten minutes!" said Flaxman, hastily departing — only, however, to be followed into his study by Rose, who breathed into his ear:

"And if you see Mary and Mr. Meynell colloguing — play up!"

Flaxman turned round with a start.

"I say! is there really anything in that?"

Rose, sitting on the arm of his chair, did her best to bring him up to date. Yes; from her observation of the two, she was certain there was a good deal in it.

"And Catherine?"

Rose's eyebrows expressed the uncertainty of the situation.

"But such an odd thing happened last week! You remember the day of the accident — and the Church Council that was put off?"

"Perfectly."

"Catherine made up her mind suddenly to go to that Church Council — after not having been able to speak of Mr. Meynell, or the Movement, for weeks. *Why* — neither Mary nor I know. But she walked over from the cottage — the first time she has done it. She arrived in the village just as the dreadful thing had happened. Then, of course, she and the Rector took command. Nobody who knew Catherine would have expected anything else. And now she and Mary and the Rector are busy looking after the poor survivors. 'It's propinquity does it,' my dear!"

"Catherine could never — never — reconcile herself."

"I don't know," said Rose doubtfully. "What did she want to go to that Council for?"

"Perhaps to lift up her voice?"

"No. Catherine isn't that sort. She would have suffered dreadfully — and sat still."

"What Meynell will be going through presently he is not likely to ask other people to share," said Flaxman gravely.

Rose shook her head thoughtfully, as if to indicate that the veins of meditation opened up by the case were rich and various, and went slowly away.

Then Hugh was left to his *Times*, and to speculations on the reasons why Henry Barron — a man whom he had never liked and often thwarted — should have asked for this interview in a letter marked "Private." He made an agreeable figure, as he sat pondering by the fire, while the *Times* gradually slipped from his hands to the floor. And he was precisely what he looked — an excellent fellow, richly endowed with the world's good things, material and moral. He was of spare build, with grizzled hair, long-limbed, clean-shaven, and grey-eyed. In general society he appeared as a person of polished manners, with a gently ironic turn of mind. His friends were more numerous and more devoted than is generally the case in middle age, and his family were rarely happy out

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of his company. Certain, indeed, of his early comrades in life were inclined to accuse him of a too facile contentment with things as they are, and a rather Philistine estimate of the value of machinery. He was absorbed in "business," which he did admirably. Not so much of the financial sort, although he was a trusted member of important boards. But for all that unpaid multiplicity of affairs — magisterial, municipal, social, or charitable — which make the country gentleman's sphere, Hugh Flaxman's appetite was insatiable. He was a born chairman of a County Council, and a heavensent treasurer of a hospital.

And no doubt this natural bent, terribly indulged of late years, led occasionally to "holding forth"; at least, those who took no interest in the things that interested Flaxman said so. And his wife, who was much more concerned for his social effect than for her own, was often nervously on the watch lest it should be true. That her handsome, popular Hugh should ever, even for a quarter of an hour, sit heavy on the soul even of a youth of eighteen was not to be borne; she pounced on each incipient harangue with mingled tact and decision.

But, though Flaxman was a man of the world, he was by no means a worldling. Tenderly, unflinchingly, with a modest and cheerful devotion, he had made himself the stay of his brother-in-law Elsmere's harassed and broken life. His supreme and tyrannical common sense had never allowed him any delusions as to the ultimate permanence of heroic ventures like the "New Brotherhood"; and as to his private opinions on religious matters, it is probable that not even his wife knew them. But, outside the strong affections of his personal life, there was at least one enduring passion in Flaxman which dignified his character. For liberty of experiment and liberty of conscience, in himself or others, he would gladly have gone to the stake. Himself the loyal upholder of an established order, which he helped to run decently, he was yet in curious sympathy with many obscure revolutionists in many fields. To brutalize a man's conscience seemed to him worse than to murder his body. Hence a constant sympathy with minorities of all sorts, which no doubt interfered often with his practical efficiency. But perhaps it accounted for the number of his friends.

"We shall, I presume, be undisturbed?"

The speaker was Henry Barron; and he and Flaxman stood for a moment surveying each other after their first greeting.

"Certainly; I have given orders. For an hour, if you wish, I am at your disposal."

"Oh, we shall not want so long."

Barron seated himself in the chair pointed out to him. His portly presence, in some faultlessly new and formal clothes, filled it substantially; and his colour, always high, was more emphatic than usual. Beside him Flaxman made but a thread-paper appearance.

"I have come on an unpleasant errand," he said, withdrawing some papers from his breast pocket; "but — after much thought — I came to the conclusion that there was no one in this neighbourhood I could consult upon a very painful matter with greater profit — than yourself."

Flaxman made a rather stiff gesture of acknowledgment.

"May I ask you to read that?"

Barron selected a letter from the papers he held, and handed it to his host.

Flaxman read it. His face changed and worked as he did so. He read it twice, turned it over to see if it contained any signature, and returned it to Barron.

"That's a precious production! Was it addressed to yourself?"

"No — to Dawes, the colliery manager. He brought it to me yesterday."

Flaxman thought a moment.

"He is — if I remember right — with yourself, one of the five aggrieved parishioners in the Meynell case?"

"He is. But he is by no means personally hostile to Meynell. Quite the contrary. He brought it to me in much distress, thinking it well that we should take counsel upon it, in case other documents of the same kind should be going about."

"And you, I imagine, pointed out to him the utter absurdity of the charge, advised him to burn the letter and hold his tongue?"

Barron was silent a moment. Then he said, with slow distinctness:

"I regret I was unable to do anything of the kind."

Flaxman turned sharply on the speaker.

"You mean to say you believe there is a word of truth in that preposterous story?"

"I have good reason, unfortunately, to know that it cannot at once be put aside."

Both paused, regarding each other. Then Flaxman said, in a raised accent of wonder:

"You think it possible — *conceivable* — that a man of Mr. Meynell's character — and transparently blameless life — should have not only been guilty of an intrigue of this kind twenty years ago, but should have done nothing since to repair it — should actually have settled down to live in the same village side by side with the lady whom the letter declares to be the mother of his child — without making any attempt to

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marry her — though perfectly free to do so? Why, my dear sir, was there ever a more ridiculous, a more incredible tale!"

Flaxman sprang to his feet, and, with his hands in his pockets, turned upon his visitor, impatient contempt in every feature.

"Wait a moment before you judge," said Barron drily. "Do you remember a case of sudden death in this village a few weeks ago? — a woman who returned from America to her son, John Broad, a labourer living in one of my cottages — and died forty-eight hours after arrival, of brain disease?"

Flaxman's brow puckered.

"I remember a report in the *Sentinel*. There was an inquest, and some curious medical evidence?"

Barron nodded assent.

"By the merest chance, I happened to see that woman the night after she arrived. I went to the cottage to remonstrate on the behaviour of John Broad's boys in my plantation. She was alone in the house, and she came to the door. By the merest chance, also, while we stood there, Meynell and Miss Puttenham passed in the road outside. The woman — Mrs. Sabin — was terribly excited on seeing them, and she said things which astounded me. I asked her to explain them, and we talked — alone — for nearly an hour. I admit that she was scarcely responsible; that she died, within a few hours of our conversation, of brain disease. But I still do not see — I wish to Heaven I did! — any way out of what she told me, when one comes to combine it with — well, with other things. But whether I should finally have decided to make any use of the information I am not sure. But, unfortunately,"— he pointed to the letter still in Flaxman's hand,— "that shows me that other persons — persons unknown to me — are in possession of some, at any rate, of the facts — and therefore that it is now vain to hope that we can stifle the thing altogether."

"You have no idea who wrote the letter?" said Flaxman, holding it up.

"None whatever," was the emphatic reply.

"It is a disguised hand," mused Flaxman, "but an educated one — more or less. However, we will return presently to the letter. Mrs. Sabin's communication to you was of a nature to confirm the statements contained in it?"

"Mrs. Sabin declared to me that having herself, independently, become aware of certain facts, while she was a servant in Lady Fox-Wilson's employment, that lady — no doubt in order to ensure her silence — took her abroad, with herself and her young sister Miss Alice, to a place in France she had some difficulty in pronouncing — it sounded to me like Grenoble; that there Miss Puttenham became the mother of a child, which passed thenceforward as the child of Sir Ralph and Lady Fox-Wilson, and received the name of Hester. She herself nursed Miss Puttenham, and no doctor was admitted. When the child was two months old, she accompanied the sisters to a place on the Riviera, where they took a villa. Here Sir Ralph Wilson, who was terribly broken and distressed by the whole thing, joined them, and he made an arrangement with her by which she agreed to go to the States and hold her tongue. She wrote to her people in Upcote — she had been a widow for some years — that she had accepted a nurse's situation in the States, and Sir Ralph saw her off from Genoa for New York. She seems to have married again in the States, and in the course of years to have developed some grievance against the Fox-Wilsons which ultimately determined her to come home. But all this part of her story was so excited and incoherent that I could make nothing of it. Nor does it matter very much to the subject — the real subject — we are discussing."

Flaxman, who was standing in front of the speaker, intently listening, made no immediate reply. His eyes, half absently, considered the man before him. In Barron's aspect and tone there was not only the pompous self-importance of the man possessed of exclusive and sensational information: there were also indications of triumphant trains of reasoning behind that outraged his listener.

"What has all this got to do with Meynell?" said Flaxman abruptly.

Barron cleared his throat.

"There was one occasion," he said slowly, "and one only, on which the ladies at Grenoble — we will say it was Grenoble — received a visitor. Miss Puttenham was still in her room. A gentleman arrived, and was admitted to see her. Mrs. Sabin was bundled out of the room by Lady Fox-Wilson. But it was a small wooden house, and Mrs. Sabin heard a good deal. Miss Puttenham was crying and talking excitedly. Mrs. Sabin was certain from what, according to her, she could not help overhearing, that the man ——"

"Must one go into this back-stairs story?" asked Flaxman with repulsion.

"As you like," said Barron impassively. "I should have thought it was necessary." He paused, looking quietly at his questioner.

Flaxman restrained himself with some difficulty.

"Did the woman have any real opportunity of seeing this visitor?"

"When he went away, he stood outside the house, talking to Lady Fox-Wilson. Mrs. Sabin

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was at the window, behind the lace curtains, with the child in her arms. She watched him for some minutes."

"Well?" said Flaxman sharply.

"She had never seen him before, and she never saw him again until — such, at least, was her own story — from the door of her son's cottage, while I was with her, she saw Miss Puttenham — and Meynell — standing in the road outside."

Flaxman took a turn along the room, and paused.

"You admit that she was ill at the time she spoke to you — and in a distracted, incoherent state?"

"Certainly I admit it." Barron drew himself erect, with a slight frown, as tacitly protesting against certain suggestions in Flaxman's manner and voice. "But now let us look at another line of evidence. You, as a newcomer, are probably quite unaware of the gossip there has always been in this neighbourhood, ever since Sir Ralph Wilson's death, on the subject of Sir Ralph's will. That will in a special paragraph committed Hester Fox-Wilson to Richard Meynell's guardianship in remarkable terms; no provision whatever was made for the girl under Sir Ralph's will, and it is notorious that he treated her quite differently from his other children. From the moment, also, of the French journey, Sir Ralph's character and temper appeared to change. I have cautiously enquired of a good many persons as to this — of course, with absolute discretion. He was a man of narrow Evangelical opinions,"— at the word "narrow" Flaxman threw a sudden glance at the speaker,— "and of strict veracity. My belief is that his later life was darkened by the falsehood to which he and his wife committed themselves. Finally, let me ask you to look at the young lady herself — at the extraordinary difference between her and her supposed family; at her extraordinary likeness — to the Rector."

Flaxman raised his eyebrows at the last words — his aspect expressing disbelief and disgust even more strongly than before. Barron glanced at him, and then, after a moment, resumed in another manner, loftily explanatory:

"I need not say that personally I find myself mixed up in such a business with the utmost reluctance."

"Naturally," put in Flaxman drily. "The risks attaching to it are simply gigantic."

"I am aware of it. But, as I have already pointed out to you, by some strange means,— connected, I have no doubt, with the woman Judith Sabin, though I cannot throw any light upon them,— the story is no longer in my exclusive possession, and how many people are already aware of it, and may be aware of it, we cannot tell. I thought it well to come to you in the first instance, because I know that — you have taken some part lately — in Meynell's campaign."

"Ah!" thought Flaxman, "now we've come to it!"

Aloud he said:

"By which I suppose you mean that I am a subscriber to the Reform Fund, and that I have become a personal friend of Meynell's? You are quite right. Both my wife and I greatly like and respect the Rector." He laid stress on the words.

"It was for that very reason — let me repeat — that I came to you. You have influence with Meynell; and I want to persuade you, if I can, to use it." The speaker paused a moment, looking steadily at Flaxman. "What I venture to suggest is that you should inform him of the stories that are now current. It is surely just that he should be informed. And then — we have to consider the bearings of this report on the unhappy situation in the diocese. How can we prevent its being made use of? It would be impossible. You know what the feeling is — you know what people are. In Meynell's own interest, and in that of the poor lady whose name is involved with his in this scandal, would it not be desirable in every way that he should now quietly withdraw from this parish, and from the public contest in which he is engaged? Any excuse would be sufficient: health, overwork — anything. The scandal would then die out of itself. There is not one of us — those on Meynell's side or those against him — who would not in such a case do his utmost to stamp it out. But if he persists — both in living here and in exciting public opinion as he is now doing — the story will certainly come out! Nothing can possibly stop it."

Barron leant back and folded his arms. Flaxman's eyes sparkled. He felt an insane desire to run the substantial gentleman sitting opposite to the door, and dismiss him with violence. But he restrained himself.

"I am greatly obliged to you for your belief in the power of my good offices," he said, with a very frosty smile, "but I am afraid I must ask to be excused. Of course, if the matter became serious, legal action would be taken very promptly."

"How can legal action be taken?" interrupted Barron roughly. "Whatever may be the case with regard to Meynell and her identification of him, Judith Sabin's story is true. Of that I am entirely convinced."

But he had hardly spoken before he felt that

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he had made a false step. Flaxman's light blue eyes fixed him.

"The story with regard to Miss Puttenham?"

"Precisely."

"Then it comes to this. Supposing that woman's statement to be true, the private history of a poor lady who has lived an unblemished life in this village for many years is to be dragged to light — for what? In order — excuse my plain speaking — to blackmail Richard Meynell, and to force him to desist from the public campaign in which he is now engaged? These are hardly measures likely, I think, to commend themselves to some of your allies, Mr. Barron!"

Barron had sprung up in his chair.

"What my allies may or may not think is nothing to me. I am, of course, guided by my own judgment and conscience. And I altogether protest against the word you have just employed. I came to you, Mr. Flaxman, I can honestly say, in the interests of peace! — in the interests of Meynell himself."

"But you admit that there is really no evidence worthy of the name connecting Meynell with the story at all!" said Flaxman, turning upon him. "The crazy impression of a woman dying of brain disease — some gossip about Sir Ralph's will — a likeness that many people have never perceived! What does it amount to? Nothing! — nothing at all! — less than nothing!"

"I can only say that I disagree with you." The voice was that of a rancorous obstinacy at last unveiled. "I believe that the woman's identification was a just one — though I admit that the proof is difficult. But then, perhaps I approach the matter in one way, and you in another. A man, Mr. Flaxman, in my belief, does not throw over the faith of Christ for nothing. No! Such things are long prepared. Conscience, my dear sir, conscience breaks down first. The man becomes a hypocrite in his private life before he openly throws off the restraints of religion. That is the sad sequence of events. I have watched it many times."

Flaxman had grown rather white. The man beside him seemed to him a kind of monstrosity. He thought of Meynell,— of the eager refinement, the clean idealism, the visionary kindness of the man,— and compared it with this "muddy vesture," this gross embodiment, mental and physical, of Meynell's prosecutor.

Nevertheless, as he held himself in with difficulty, he began to perceive more plainly than he had yet done some of the intricacies of the situation.

"I have nothing to do," he said, in a tone that he endeavoured to make reasonably calm, "nor has anybody, with generalisation of that kind, in a case like this. The point is, could Meynell, being what he is, what we all know him to be, have not only betrayed a young girl, but have then failed to do her the elementary justice of marrying her? And the reply is that the thing is incredible!"

"You forget that Meynell was extremely poor and had his brothers to educate ——"

Flaxman shrugged his shoulders in laughing contempt.

"Meynell desert the mother of his child — because of poverty — because of his brothers' education! *Meynell!* You have known him some years, I only for a few months. But go into the cottages here — talk to the people — ask them, not what he believes, but what he *is* — what he has been to them. Get one of them, if you can, to credit this absurdity!"

"The Rector's intimate friendship with Miss Puttenham has long been an astonishment — sometimes a scandal — to the village!" exclaimed Barron doggedly.

Flaxman stared at him in a blank amazement, then flushed. He took a turn up and down the room, after which he returned to the fireside, composed. What was the use of arguing with such a disputant? He felt as if the mere conversation were an insult to Meynell, in which he was forced to participate.

He took a seat deliberately, and put on his magisterial manner, which, however, was much more delicately and unassumingly authoritative than that of other men.

"I think we had better clear up our ideas. You bring me a story — a painful story — concerning a lady with whom we are both acquainted, which may or may not be true. Whether it is true or not is no concern of ours. Neither you nor I have anything to do with it, and legal penalties would probably follow the diffusion of it. You invite me to connect with it the name of a man for whom I have the deepest respect and admiration; who bears an absolutely stainless record; and you threaten to make use of the charge in connection with the heresy trials now coming on. Now, let me give you my advice — for what it may be worth. I should say,— as you have asked my opinion,— have nothing whatever to do with the matter! If anybody else brings you anonymous letters, tell them something of the law of libel — and something, too, of the guilt of slander! After all, with a little good will, these are matters that are as easily quelled as raised. A charge so preposterous has only to be firmly met to die away. It is your influence, and not mine, which is important in this matter. You are a permanent resident, and I a mere bird of passage. And" — Flaxman's countenance kindled

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— "let me just remind you of this. If you want to strengthen Meynell's cause, if you want to win him thousands of new adherents, you have only to launch against him a calumny which is sure to break down — and will certainly recoil upon you!"

The two men had risen. Barron's face, handsome in feature, save for some thickened lines and the florid tint of the cheeks, had somehow emptied itself of expression while Flaxman was speaking.

"Your advice is no doubt excellent," he said quietly, as he buttoned his coat, "but it is hardly practical. If there is one anonymous letter, there are probably others. If there are letters, there is sure to be talk — and talk cannot be stopped. And, in time, everything gets into the newspapers."

Flaxman hesitated a moment. Something warned him not to push matters to extremities — to make no breach with Barron — to keep him in play.

"I admit, of course, if this goes beyond a certain point it may be necessary to go to Meynell — it may be necessary for Meynell to go to his Bishop. But, at present, if you *desire* to suppress the thing, you have only to keep your own counsel — and wait. Dawes is a good fellow,' and will, I am sure, say nothing. I could, if need be, speak to him myself. I was able to get his boy into a job not long ago."

Barron straightened his shoulders slowly.

"Should I be doing right — should I be doing my duty — in assisting to suppress it,— always supposing that it could be suppressed,— my convictions being what they are?"

Then, suddenly, it was borne in on Flaxman that in the whole interview there had been no genuine desire whatever on Barron's part for advice and consultation. He had come determined on a certain course, and the object of the visit had been, in truth, merely to convey to one of Meynell's supporters a hint of the coming attack, and some intimation of its strength. The visit had been, in fact, a threat — a move in Barron's game.

"That, of course, is a question which I cannot presume to decide," said Flaxman, with cold politeness. His manner changed instantly. Peremptorily dismissing the subject, he became, on the spot, the mere suave and courteous host of an interesting house; he pointed out the pictures and the view, and led the way to the hall.

As he took leave, Barron stiffly intimated that he should not himself be able to attend Mrs. Flaxman's party that evening; but his daughter and sons hoped to have the pleasure of obeying her invitation.

"Delighted to see them," said Flaxman, standing in the doorway, with his hands in his pockets. "Do you know Edward Norham?"

"I have never met him."

"A splendid fellow — likely, I think, to be the head of the Ministry before the year's out. My wife was determined to bring him and Meynell together. He seems to have the traditional interest in theology without which no English Premier is complete."

Pursued by this parting shot, Barron retired, and Flaxman went back thoughtfully to his wife's sitting-room. Should he tell her? Certainly. Her ready wits and quick brain were indispensable in the battle that might be coming. Now that he was relieved of Barron's bodily presence, he was by no means inclined to pooh-pooh the communication that had been made to him.

As he approached his wife's door he heard voices. Catherine! He remembered that she was to lunch and spend the day with Rose. Now what to do! Devoted as he was to his sister-in-law, he was scarcely inclined to trust her with the incident of the morning.

But, as soon as he opened the door, Rose ran upon him, drew him in, and closed it. Catherine was sitting on the sofa, with a pale, kindled look, a letter in her hand.

"Catherine has had an abominable letter, Hugh! — the most scandalous thing!"

Flaxman took it from Catherine's hand, looked it through, and turned it over. The same script, a little differently disguised, and practically the same letter, as that which had been shown him in the library! But it began with a reference to the part which Mrs. Elsmere and her daughter had played in the terrible accident of the preceding week; which showed that the rogue responsible for it was at least a rogue possessed of some local and personal information.

Flaxman laid it down, and looked at his sister-in-law.

"Well?"

Catherine met his eyes with the clear intensity of her own.

"Isn't it hard to understand how anybody can do such a thing as that?" she said, with her patient sigh — the sigh of an angel grieving over the perversity of men.

Flaxman dropped on the sofa beside her.

"You feel, with me, that it is a mere clumsy attempt to injure Meynell, in the interests of the campaign against him?" he asked her eagerly.

"I don't know about that," said Catherine slowly — a shining sadness in her look. "But I do know that it could only injure those who are trying to fight his errors — if it could be supposed that they had stooped to such weapons!"

"You dear woman!" cried Flaxman impul-

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sively, and he raised her hand to his lips. Catherine and Rose looked their astonishment. Whereupon he gave them the history of the hour he had just passed through.

XII

But, although what one may call the natural freemasonry of the children of light had come in to protect Catherine from any touch of that greedy credulity which had fastened on Barron, though she and Rose and Hugh Flaxman were at one in their contemptuous repudiation of Barron's reading of the story, the story itself, so far as it concerned Alice Puttenham and Hester, found in all their minds but little resistance.

"It may — it may be true," said Catherine gently. "If so — what she has gone through! Poor, poor thing!"

And, as she spoke, her thin fingers clasped on her black dress, the nunlike veil falling about her shoulders, her aspect had the frank simplicity of those who for their Lord's sake have faced the ugly things of life.

"What a shame — what an outrage — that any of us here should know a word about it!" cried Rose, her small foot beating on the floor, the hot colour in her cheek. "How shall we ever be able to face her to-night?"

Flaxman started.

"Miss Puttenham is coming to-night?"

"Certainly. She comes with Mary — who was to pick her up after dinner."

Flaxman patrolled the room a little, in meditation. Finally he stopped before his wife.

"You must realise, darling, that we all may be walking on the edge of a volcano to-night."

"If only Henry Barron were! — and I might be behind to give the last little *chiquenaude!*" cried Rose.

Flaxman devoutly echoed the wish.

"But the point is, are there any more of these letters out? If so, we may hear of others to-night. Then — what to do? Do I make straight for Meynell?"

They pondered it.

"Impossible to leave Meynell in ignorance," said Flaxman. "If the thing spreads, Meynell, of course, would be perfectly justified — in his ward's interests — in denying the whole matter absolutely, true or no. But can he? — with Barron in reserve — using the Sabin woman's tale for his own purposes?"

Catherine's face, a little sternly set, showed the obscure conflict behind.

"He cannot say what is false," she said stiffly. "But he can refuse to answer."

Flaxman looked at her with an expression as confident as her own.

"To protect a woman, my dear Catherine, a man may say anything in the world — almost."

Catherine made no reply, but her quiet face showed she did not agree with him.

"That child Hester!" Rose emerged suddenly from a mental voyage of recollection and conjecture. "Now one understands why Lady Fox-Wilson — stupid woman! — has never seemed to care a rap for her. It must indeed be annoying to have to mother a child so much handsomer than your own."

"I think I am very sorry for Sir Ralph Fox-Wilson," said Catherine, after a moment.

Rose assented.

"Yes! Just an ordinary, dull, pig-headed country gentleman confronted with a situation that only occurs in plays to which you don't demean yourself by going! — and obliged to tell and act a string of lies, when lies happen to be just one of the vices you're not inclined to! And then, afterwards, you find yourself let in for living years and years with a bad conscience — hating the cuckoo-child, too, more and more as it grows up. Yes! I am quite sorry for Sir Ralph!"

"By the way!" — Flaxman looked up,— "do you know, I am sure that I saw Miss Fox-Wilson — with Philip Meryon — in Howlett's spinney this morning. I came back from Markborough by a path I had never discovered before — and there, sure enough, they were. They heard me on the path, I think, and vanished most effectively. The wood is very thick. But I am sure it was they — though they were some distance from me."

Rose exclaimed.

"Naughty, *naughty* child! She has been absolutely forbidden to see him, the whole Fox-Wilson family have made themselves into jailers and spies — and she just outwits them all! Poor Alice Puttenham hovers about her, trying to distract and amuse her, and has no more influence than a fly. And as for the Rector, it would be absurd, if it weren't enraging! Look at all there is on his shoulders just now — the way people appeal to him from all over England to come and speak, or consult, or organise. (I don't want to be controversial, Catherine darling, but there it is!) And he can't make up his mind to leave Upcote for twenty-four hours, till this girl is safely off the scene! He means to take her to Paris himself on Monday. I only hope he has found a proper sort of Gorgon to leave her with!"

Flaxman could not but reflect that the whole relation of Meynell to his ward might well give openings to scoundrels like the writer of the anonymous letters, who was certainly acquainted

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with local affairs. But he did not express this feeling aloud. Meanwhile Catherine, who showed an interest in Hester that surprised both him and Rose, began to question him on the subject of Philip Meryon. Meryon's mother, it seemed, had been an intimate friend of one of Flaxman's sisters, Lady Helen Varley, and Flaxman was well acquainted with the young man's most unsatisfactory record. He drew a picture of the gradual degeneracy of the handsome lad who had been the hope and delight of his warm-hearted, excitable mother — of her deepening disappointment and premature death.

"Helen kept up with him for a time, for his mother's sake; but, unluckily, he has put himself beyond the pale now, one way and another. It is too disastrous about this pretty child! What on earth does she see in him?"

"Simply a means of escaping from her home," said Rose — "the situation working out! But who knows whether he hasn't got a wife already? Nobody should trust this young man farther than they can see him."

"It mustn't — it can't be allowed!" said Catherine, with energy. And, as she spoke, she seemed to feel again the soft bloom of Hester's young cheek against her own, just as when she had drawn the girl to her in that instinctive caress. The deep maternity in Catherine had never yet found scope enough in the love of one child.

Then, with a still keener sense of the various difficulties rising along Meynell's path, Flaxman and Rose returned to the anxious discussion of Barron's move and how to meet it. Catherine listened, saying little; and it was presently settled that Flaxman should himself call on Dawes, the colliery manager, that afternoon, and should write strongly to Barron, putting on paper the overwhelming arguments, both practical and ethical, in favour of silence — always supposing there were no further developments.

"Tell me," said Rose presently, when Flaxman had left the sisters alone,— "Mary, of course, knows nothing of that letter?"

Catherine flushed.

"How could she?" She looked almost haughtily at her sister.

Rose murmured an excuse. Would it be possible to keep all knowledge from Mary that there *was* a scandal — of some sort — in circulation, if the thing developed?

Catherine, holding her head high, thought it would not only be possible, but imperative.

Rose glanced at her uncertainly. Catherine was the only person of whom she had ever been afraid. But at last she took the plunge.

"Catherine! — don't be angry with me — but I think Mary is interested in Richard Meynell."

"Why should I be angry?" said Catherine. She had coloured a little, but she was perfectly composed. With her grey hair and her plain widow's dress, she threw her sister's charming mondanity into bright relief. But beauty, loftily understood, lay with Catherine.

"It *is* ill luck — his opinions!" cried Rose, laying her hand upon her sister's.

"Opinions are not 'luck,'" said Catherine, with a rather cold smile.

"You mean we are responsible for them? Perhaps we are, if we are responsible for anything — which I sometimes doubt. But you like him — personally?" The tone was almost pleading.

"I think he is a good man."

"And if — if — they do fall in love — what are we all to do?"

Rose looked half whimsically, half entreatingly, at her sister.

"Wait till the case arises," said Catherine, rather sharply. "And please don't interfere. You are too fond of matchmaking, Rose!"

"I am — I just ache to be at it, all the time. But I wouldn't do anything that would be a grief to you."

Catherine was silent a moment. Then she said, in a tone that went to the listener's heart:

"Whatever happens — will be God's will."

She sat motionless, her eyes drooped, her features a little drawn and pale, her thoughts — Rose knew it — in the past.

Flaxman came back from his interview with Dawes, reporting that nothing could have been in better taste or feeling than Dawes' view of the matter. As far as the Rector was concerned,— and he had told Mr. Barron so,— the story was ridiculous — the mere blunder of a crazy woman; and, for the rest, what had they to do in Upcote with ferreting into other people's private affairs? He had locked up the letter, in case it might sometime be necessary to hand it to the police, and didn't intend himself to say a word to anybody. If the thing went any further, why, of course the Rector must be informed. Otherwise silence was best. He had given a piece of his mind to Mr. Barron, and "didn't want to be mixed up in any such business. As far as I'm concerned, Mr. Flaxman, I'm fighting for the Church and her Creeds — I'm not out for backbiting!"

"Nice man!" said Rose, with enthusiasm. "Why didn't I ask him to-night!"

"But," resumed Flaxman, "he warned me

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that if any letter of the kind got into the hands of a certain Miss Nairn, in the village, there might be trouble."

"Miss Nairn — Miss Nairn?" The sisters looked at each other. "Oh, I know — the lady in black we saw in church, the day the revolution began — a strange little shrivelled spinster thing who lives in that house by the post-office. She quarrelled mortally with the Rector last year, because she ill-treated a little servant-girl of hers, and the Rector remonstrated."

"Well, she's one of the 'aggrieved.'"

"They seem to be an odd crew! There's the old sea-captain that lives in that queer house with the single yew tree and the boarded-up window on the edge of the heath. He's one of them. He used to come to church about once a quarter, and wrote the Rector interminable letters on the meaning of Ezekiel. Then, there's the publican, East, who nearly lost his license last year — he always put it down to the Rector, and vowed he'd be even with him. I must say, the Church in Upcote seems rather put to it for defenders!"

"In Upcote," corrected Flaxman. "That's because of Meynell's personal hold. Plenty of 'em — quite immaculate — elsewhere. However, Dawes is a perfectly decent, honest man, and grieved to the heart by the Rector's performances."

Catherine had waited silently to hear this remark, and then went away to write a letter.

"Poor darling! Will she go and call on Dawes — for sympathy?" said Flaxman mischievously to his wife, as the door closed.

"Sympathy?" Rose's face grew soft. "It's much as it was with Robert. It ought to be so simple — and it is so mixed! Nature, of course, *ought* to have endowed all unbelievers with the proper horns and tail. And there they go, stealing your heart away! — and your daughter's."

The Flaxmans and Catherine — who spent the day with her sister, before the evening party — were more and more conscious of oppression as the hours went on, as if some moral thunder hung in the air.

Flaxman asked himself again and again, "Ought I to go to Meynell at once?" — and could not satisfy himself with any answer; while he, his wife, and his sister-in-law, being persons of delicacy, were all ashamed of finding themselves the possessors, against their will, of facts — supposing they were facts — to which they had no right. Meynell's ignorance — Alice Puttenham's ignorance — of their knowledge, tormented their consciences. And it added to their discomfort that they shared their knowledge with such a person as Henry Barron.

However, there was no help for it.

A mild autumn day drew to its close, with a lingering gold in the west, and a rising moon. The charming old house, with its faded furniture and its out-at-elbows charm, was lit up softly with lamps that made a dim but friendly shining in its wide spaces. It had never belonged to rich people, but always to people of taste. It boasted no Gainsboroughs or Romneys, but there were lesser men of the date, possessed of pretty talents of their own, painters and pastellists, who had tried their hands on the family, of whom they had probably been the personal friends. The originals of the portraits on the walls were known to neither history nor scandal; but their good, modest faces, their brave red or blue coats, their white gowns and drooping feathers, looked winningly out from the soft shadows of the rooms. At Maudeley, Rose wore her simplest dresses, and was astonished at the lightness of the household expenses. The house, indeed, had never known display, or any other luxury than space; and to live in it was to accept its tradition.

The week-enders arrived at tea-time: Mr. Norham, with a secretary and a valet, much preoccupied, and chewing the fag-end of certain Cabinet deliberations in the morning; Flaxman's charming sister, Lady Helen Varley, and her husband; his elder brother, Lord Wanless, unmarried, an expert on armour, slightly eccentric, but still, in the eyes of all intriguing mothers, and to his own annoyance, more than desirable as a husband, owing to the Wanless collieries and a few other trifles of the same kind; the Bishop of Markborough; Canon France and his sister; a young poet whose very delicate muse had lodged itself oddly in the frame of an athlete; a high official in the local Government Board, Mr. Spearman, whom Rose regarded with distrust, as likely to lead Hugh into too much talk about workhouses; Lady Helen's two girls, just out, as dainty and well dressed, as gaily and innocently sure of themselves and their place in life, as the "classes," at their best, know how to produce; and two or three youths, bound for Oxford by the end of the week — samples, these last, of a somewhat new type in that old University, combining the dash, family, and insolence of the old "tuft" or Bullenden man with an amazing aptitude for the classics, rare indeed among the "tufts" of old. Two out of the three had captured almost every distinction that Oxford offers; and all three had been either 'gated for lengthy periods, or "sent down," or otherwise castigated by an angry University, puzzled by the queer connection between Irelands and Hertfords, on the one hand, and tipsy frolics on the other.

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Meynell appeared for dinner — somewhat late. It was only with great difficulty that the Flaxmans had prevailed on him to come, for the purpose of meeting Mr. Norham. But the party within the Church which, foreseeing a Modernist defeat in the Church courts, was appealing to Parliament to take action, was strengthening every week; Meynell's Saturday articles in the *Modernist*, the paper founded by the Reformers' League, were already providing these parliamentarians with a policy and inspiration; and, if the movement were to go on swelling during the winter, the Government might have to take very serious cognisance of it in the spring. Mr. Norham, therefore, had expressed a wish for some conversation with the Modernist leader, who happened to be Rector of Upcote; and Meynell, who had by now cut himself adrift from all social engagements, had with difficulty saved an evening.

As far as Norham was concerned, he would have greatly preferred to take the Home Secretary for a Sunday walk on the Chase; but he had begun to love the Flaxmans, and could not make up his mind to say no to them. Moreover, was it not more than probable that he would meet at Maudeley "one simple girl," of whom he did not dare in these strenuous days to let himself think too much?

So that Rose, as she surveyed her dinner-table, could feel that she was maintaining the wide social traditions of England by the mingling of as many contraries as possible; but the oil and vinegar were, after all, cunningly mixed, and the dinner went well. The Bishop was separated from Meynell by the length of the table, and Norham was carefully protected from Mr. Spearman, in his eyes a prince of bores, who was always bothering the Home Office.

The Bishop, who was seated beside Rose at one end of the table, noticed the black patch on Meynell's temple, and enquired its origin. Rose gave him a graphic account of both the accident and the riot. The Bishop raised his eyebrows.

"How does he contrive to live the two lives?" he said, in a tone slightly acid. "If he continues to lead this movement, he will have to give up fighting mobs and running up and down mines."

"What is going to happen to the movement?" Rose asked him, with her most sympathetic smile. Socially, and in her own house, she was divinely all things to all men; but the Bishop was rather suspicious of her.

"What can happen to it but defeat? The only other alternative is the break-up of the Church. And for that, thank God, they are not strong enough."

"And no compromise is possible?"

"None. In three months Meynell and all his friends will have ceased to belong to the English Church. It is very lamentable. I am particularly sorry for Meynell himself — who is one of the best of men."

Rose felt her colour rising. She longed to ask: "But supposing *England* has something to say? Suppose she chooses to transform her national Church? Hasn't she the right and the power?"

But her instincts as hostess stifled her pugnacity. And the little Bishop looked so worn and fragile that she had no heart for anything but cossetting him. At the same time, she noticed — as she had done before, on other occasions — the curious absence of any ferocity, any smell of brimstone in the air! How different from Robert's day! Then the presumption underlying all controversy was of an offended authority ranged against an apologetic rebellion. A tone of moral condemnation on the one side, a touch of casuistry on the other, confused the issues. And now, behind and around the combatants, the clash of equal hosts! — over ground strewn with dead assumptions. The conflict might be no less strenuous; nay, from a series of isolated struggles it had developed into a world-wide battle; but the bitterness between man and man was less.

Yes! — for the nobler spirits — the leaders and generals of each army. But what of the rank and file? And at the thought of Barron she laughed at herself for supposing that religious rancour and religious slander had died out of the world!

"Can we have some talk somewhere?" said Norham languidly in Meynell's ear, as the gentlemen left the dining-room.

"I think Mrs. Flaxman will have arranged something," said Meynell, with a smile, detecting the weariness of the political Atlas.

And, indeed, Rose had all her dispositions made. They found her in the drawing-room, amid a bevy of bright gowns and comely faces, illumined by the cheerful light of a big wood fire — a circle of shimmering stuffs and gems, the blaze sparkling on the pointed slippers, the white necks, and glossy hair of the girls, and on the diamonds of their mothers.

But Rose, the centre of the circle, sprang up at once, at sight of her two *gros bonnets*.

"The green drawing-room!" she murmured in Meynell's ear, and tripped on before them, while the incoming crowd of gentlemen, mingling with the ladies, served to mask the movement.

Not, however, before the Bishop had perceived the withdrawal of the politician and the

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heretic. He saw that Canon France, who followed him, had also an eye to the retreating figures.

"I trust we, too, shall have our audience!" said the Bishop ironically.

Canon France shrugged his shoulders, smiling.

Then his small, shrewd eyes scanned the Bishop intently. Nothing in that delicate face beyond the sentiments proper to the situation?—the public situation? As to the personal emotion involved, that, the Canon knew, was for the time almost exhausted. The Bishop had suffered much during the preceding months—in his affections, his fatherly feeling towards his clergy, in his sense of the affront offered to Christ's seamless vesture of the Church. But now, France thought, pain had been largely deadened by the mere dramatic interest of the prospect ahead, by the anodyne of an immense correspondence, a vast increase in the business of the day, caused by the various actions pending.

Nothing else—new and disturbing—in the Bishop's mind? He moved on, chatting and jesting with the young girls who gathered round him. He was evidently a favourite with them, and with all nice women. Finally he sank into an arm-chair beside Lady Helen Varley, exchanging Mrs. Flaxman's cossetting for hers. His small figure was almost lost in the arm-chair. The firelight danced on his slender stockinged legs, on his episcopal shoe-buckles, on the cross that adorned his episcopal breast, and then on the gleaming snow of his hair, above his blue eyes with their slight unearthliness, so large and flowerlike in his small white face. He seemed very much at ease, throwing off all burdens.

No! the Slander that had begun to fly through the diocese, like an arrow by night, had not yet touched the Bishop.

Nor Meynell himself?

Yet France was certain that Barron had not been idle, that he had not let it drop. "I advised him to let it drop," he said uneasily to himself; "that was all I could do."

Then he looked round him, at the faces of the women present. He knew scarcely any of them. Was she among them—the lady of Barron's tale? He thought of the story as he might have thought of the plot of a novel. When medieval charters were not to be had, it made an interesting subject of speculation. And Barron could not have confided it to any one in the diocese so discreet, so absolutely discreet, as he.

"I gather this movement of yours is rapidly becoming formidable?" said Norham to his companion.

He spoke with the affectation of interest that all politicians in office must learn. But there was no heart in it, and Meynell wondered why the great man had desired to speak with him at all.

He replied that the growth of the movement was certainly a startling fact. "It is now clear that we must ultimately go to Parliament. The immediate result in the Church courts is of course, not in doubt. But our hope lies in such demonstrations in the country as may induce Parliament"—he paused, laying a quiet emphasis on each word—"to reconsider—and resettle—the conditions of membership and office in the English Church."

"Good heavens!" cried Norham, throwing up his hand. "What a prospect! If that business once gets into the House of Commons, it'll have everything else out."

"Yes. It's big enough to ask for time—and take it."

Norham suppressed a slight yawn as he turned in his chair.

"The House of Commons, alas! never shows to advantage in an ecclesiastical debate. You'd think it was in the condition of Sydney Smith with a cold—not sure whether there were nine Articles and thirty-nine Muses—or the other way on!"

Meynell looked at the Secretary of State in silence, his eyes twinkling. He had heard from various friends of this touch of insolence in Norham. He awaited its disappearance.

Edward Norham was a man still young—under forty, indeed, though marked prematurely by hard work and hard fighting. His black hair had receded on the temples, and was obviously thinning on the crown of the head. He wore spectacles, and his shoulders had taken the stoop of office work. But the eyes behind the spectacles lost nothing that they desired to see, and the general impression was one of bull-dog strength, which could be impertinent and aggressive, and could also masque itself in a good humour and charm by no means insincere. In his political career, he was on the eve of great things; and he would owe them mainly to a power of work, supreme even in these hard-driven days. This power of work enabled him to glean in many fields and keep his eye on many chances that his colleagues perforce neglected. The Modernist movement was one of these chances. For years he had foreseen great changes ahead in the relations of Church and State; and this group of men seemed to be forcing the pace.

Suddenly, as his eyes perused the strong humanity of the face beside him, Norham changed his manner. He sat up and put down the paper-

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knife he had been teasing. As he did so, there was a little clash at his elbow, and something rolled on the floor.

"What's that?"

"No harm done," said Meynell, stooping. "One of our host's Greek coins. What a beauty!" He picked up the little case, and the coin that had rolled out of it — a gold coin of Velia, with a head of Athene, one of the great prizes of the collector.

Norhan took it with eagerness. He was a Cambridge man and a fine scholar, and such things delighted him.

"I didn't know Flaxman cared for these things."

"He inherited them," said Meynell, pointing to the open cabinet on the table. "But he loves them, too. Mrs. Flaxman always has them put out on great occasions. It seems to me they ought to have a watcher! They are quite priceless, I believe. Such things are soon lost."

"Oh — they are safe enough here," said Norham, returning the coin to its place, with another loving look at it. Then, with an effort, he pulled himself together and with great rapidity began to question his companion as to the details and progress of the movement. All the facts up to date — the number of Reformers enrolled since the foundation of the League, the League's finances, the astonishing growth of its petition to Parliament, the progress of the movement in the universities among the ardent and intellectual youth of the day, its spread from week to week among the clergy — these things came out steadily and clearly in Meynell's replies.

"The League was started in July — it is now October. We have fifty thousand enrolled members, all communicants in Modernist churches. Meetings and demonstrations are being arranged at this moment all over England; and in January there will be a formal inauguration of the new Liturgy in Dunchester Cathedral."

"Heavens!" said Norham, dropping all signs of languor. "Dunchester will venture it?"

Meynell made a sign of assent.

"It is, of course, possible that the episcopal proceedings against the Bishop, which, as you see, have just begun, may have been brought to a close, and that the Cathedral may be no longer at our disposal, but ——"

"The Dean, surely, has power to close it!"

"The Dean has come over to us, and the majority of the canons."

Norham threw back his head with a laugh of amazement.

"The first time in history that a dean has been of the same opinion as his Bishop! Upon my word, the Government has been badly informed! We had no idea — simply no idea — that things had gone so far. Markborough, of course, gives us very different accounts — he and the bishops acting with him."

"A great deal is going on which our Bishop here is quite unaware of."

"You can substantiate what you have been saying?"

"I will send you papers to-morrow morning. But, of course," added Meynell, after a pause, "a great many of us will be out of our berths in a few months, temporarily at least. It will rest with Parliament whether we remain so!"

"The Non-Jurors of the twentieth century!" murmured Norham, with a half-sceptical intonation.

"Ah, but this *is* the twentieth century!" said Meynell, smiling. "And, in our belief, the *dénouement* will be different."

"What will you do — you clergy — when you are deprived?"

"In the first place, it will take a long time to deprive us — and, so long as there are any of us left in our livings, each will come to the help of the other."

"But you yourself?"

"I have already made arrangements for a big barn in the village," said Meynell, smiling — "a great tithe-barn of the fifteenth century, a magnificent old place, with a forest of wooden arches and a vault like a church. The village will worship there for a while. We shall make it beautiful!"

Norham was silent for a moment. He was stupefied by the energy, the passion of religious hope, in the face beside him. Then the critical temper in him conquered his emotion, and he said, not without sarcasm:

"This is all very surprising — very interesting; but what are the *ideas* behind you? A thing like this cannot live without ideas — and I confess I have always thought the ideas of Liberal Christianity a rather beggarly set-out — excuse the phrase!"

"There is nothing to excuse! — the phrase fits. A 'reduced Christianity,' as opposed to a 'full Christianity' — that is the description lately given, I think, by a divinity professor. I don't quarrel with it at all. Who can care for a 'reduced' anything! But a *transformed* Christianity — that is another matter."

"Why 'Christianity' at all?"

Meynell looked at him in a smiling silence. He, the man of religion, was unwilling in these surroundings to play the prophet, to plunge into the central stream of argument. But Norham, the outsider and dilettante, was conscious of a kindled mind.

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"That is the question to which it always seems to me there is no answer," he said easily, leaning back in his chair. "You think you can take what you like of a great historical religion and leave the rest — that you can fall back on its presuppositions and build it anew. But the presuppositions themselves are all crumbling! 'God,' 'soul,' 'free will,' 'immortality,' — even human identity,— is there one of the old fundamental notions that still stands unchallenged? What are we, in the eyes of modern psychology, but a world of automata — dancing to stimuli from outside? What has become of conscience — of the moral law — of Kant's imperative — in the minds of writers like these?"

He pointed to two recent novels lying on the table, both of them brilliant glorifications of sordid forms of adultery.

Meynell's look fired.

"Ah! — but let us distinguish! *We* are not anarchists — as those men are. Our claim is precisely that we are, and desire to remain, a part of a *society* — a definite community with definite laws — of a National Church — of the nation, that is, in its spiritual aspect. The question for which we are campaigning is as to the terms of membership in that society. But terms and conditions there must always be. The 'wild living intellect of man' must accept conditions in the Church as *we* conceive it, no less than in the Church as Newman conceived it."

Norham shrugged his shoulders.

"Then why all this bother?"

"Because the conditions must be adjusted from time to time! Otherwise the Church suffers, and souls are lost wantonly, without reason. But there is no church, no religion, without some venture, some leap of faith! If you can't make any leap at all — any venture — then you remain outside — and you think yourself, perhaps, entitled to run amuck — as these men do!" He pointed to the books. "But *we* make the venture! — *we* accept the great hypothesis — of faith."

The sound of voices came dimly to them from the farther rooms. Norham pointed towards them.

"What difference, then, between you — and your Bishop?"

"Simply that in his case — as *we* say — the hypothesis of faith is weighted with a vast mass of stubborn matter that it was never meant to carry — bad history, bad criticism, an outgrown philosophy. To make it carry it — in our belief — you have to fly in the face of that gradual education of the world, education of the mind, education of the conscience, which is the chief mark of God in the world. But the hypothesis of faith, itself, remains — take it at its lowest — as rational, as defensible, as legitimate as any other."

"What do you mean by it? God — conscience — responsibility?"

"Those are the big words!" said Meynell, smiling —"and, of course, the true ones. But what the saint means by it, I suppose, in the first instance, is that there is in man something mysterious, superhuman, a Life in life — which can be indefinitely strengthened, enlightened, purified, till it reveal to him the secret of the world, till it 'toss him' to the 'breast' of God! — or, again, can be weakened, lost, destroyed, till he relapses into the animal. Believe it, we say! Live by it! Make the venture. *Verificatur vivendo!*"

Again the conversation paused. From the distance once more came the merry clamour of the farther drawing-room. A din of young folk chaffing and teasing one another — a girl's defiant voice above it — outbursts of laughter. Norham, who had in him a touch of dramatic imagination, enjoyed the contrast between the gay crowd in the distance, and this quiet room where he sat face to face with a visionary — surely altogether remote from the marrying, money-making, sensuous world. Yet, after all, the League was a big, practical, organised fact.

"What you have expressed — very finely, if I may say so — is, of course, the mystical creed," he replied at last, with suave politeness. "But why call it Christianity?"

As he spoke, he was conscious of a certain pride in himself. He felt complacently that he understood Meynell, and appreciated him; and that hardly any of his colleagues would, or could, have done so.

"Why call it Christianity?" he repeated.

"Because Christianity *is* this creed! — 'embodied in a tale.' And mankind must have tales and symbols."

"And the life of Christ is your symbol?"

"More! — it is our sacrament — the supreme sacrament — to which all other symbols of the same kind lead — in which they are summed up."

"And that is why you make so much of the eucharist?"

"It is — to us — just as full of mystical meaning, just as much the meeting-place of God and man, as to the Catholic — Roman or Anglican."

"Strange that there should be so many of you!" said Norham, after a moment, with an incredulous smile.

"Yes; that has been the discovery of the last six months. But we might all have guessed it.

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The fuel has been long laid. Now comes the kindling, and the blaze!"

There was a pause. Then Norham said abruptly:

"Now, what is it you want of Parliament?"

The two men plunged into a discussion in which the politician became presently aware that the parish priest, the visionary, possessed a surprising amount of practical and statesmanlike ability.

Meanwhile, a room or two away, in the great bare drawing-room, with its faded tapestries and its warm mixture of lamplight and firelight, the evening guests had been arriving. Rose stood at the door of the drawing-room, receiving, her husband beside her, Catherine a little way behind.

"Oh!" cried Rose suddenly, under her breath, heard only by Hugh — a little sound of perturbation.

Outside, in the hall, hardly lit at intervals by oil-lamps, a group could be seen advancing: in front, Alice Puttenham and Mary; and, behind, the Fox-Wilson party, Hester's golden head and challenging gait drawing all eyes as she passed along.

But it was on Alice Puttenham that Rose's gaze was fixed. She came dreamily forward; and Rose saw her marked out by the lovely oval of the face, its whiteness, its melancholy, from all the moving shapes around her. She wore a dress of black gauze over white; a little scarf of old lace lay on her shoulders; her still abundant hair was rolled back from her high brow and sad eyes. She looked very small and childish — as frail as thistledown.

And, behind her, Hester's stormy beauty! Rose gave a little gulp. Then she found herself pressing a cold hand, and was conscious of sudden relief. Miss Puttenham's shy composure was unchanged. She could not have looked so, she could not surely have confronted such a gathering of neighbours and strangers, if ——

No, no! The Slander — Rose, in her turn, saw it under an image, as if a dark night-bird hovered over Upcote — had not yet descended on this gentle head. With eager kindness, Hugh came forward, and Catherine. They found her a place by the fire, where presently the glow seemed to make its way to her pale cheeks, and she sat, silent and amused, watching the triumph of Hester.

For Hester was no sooner in the room than, resenting, perhaps, the decidedly cool reception that Mrs. Flaxman had given her, she at once set to work to extinguish all the other young women there. And she had very soon succeeded. The Oxford youths, Lord Wanless, the sons of two or three neighbouring squires, they were all presently gathered about her, as thick as bees on honeycomb, recognising in her instantly one of those beings endowed from their cradle with a double portion of sex-magic, who leave such a wild track behind them in the world.

By her chair stood poor Stephen Barron, absorbed in her every look and tone. Occasionally she threw him a word,— Rose thought for pure mischief,— and his whole face would light up.

In the centre of the circle round Hester stood one of the Oxford lads, a magnificent fellow, radiating health and gaiety, who was trying to wear her down in one of the word-games of the day. They fought hard and breathlessly, everybody listening, partly for the amusement of the game, partly for the pleasure of watching the good looks of the young creatures playing it. At last the man turned on his heel with a cry of victory:

"Beaten! — beaten! — by a hair. But you're wonderful, Miss Fox-Wilson. I never found anybody near so good as you at it before, except a man I met once at Newmarket — Philip Meryon. Do you know him? Never saw a fellow so good at games. But an awfully queer fish!"

It seemed to the morbid sensitiveness of Rose that there was an instantaneous and a thrilling silence. Hester tossed her head; her colour, after the first start, ebbed away; she grew pale.

"Yes, I do know him. Why is he a queer fish? You only say that because he beat you!"

The young man gave a half-laugh, and looked at his friends. Then he changed the subject. But Hester got up impatiently from her seat, and would not play any more. Rose caught the sudden intentness with which Alice Puttenham's eyes pursued her.

Stephen Barron came to the help of his hostess, and started more games. Rose was grateful to him — and quite intolerably sorry for him.

"But why was I obliged to shake hands with the other brother?" she thought rebelliously, as she watched the disagreeable face of Maurice Barron, who had been standing in the circle not far from Hester. He had a look of bad company that displeased her; and she resented what seemed to her an inclination to stare at the pretty women — especially at Hester and Miss Puttenham. Heavens! if that odious father had betrayed anything to such a son! Surely, surely, it was inconceivable!

The party was beginning to thin when Meynell, impatient to be quit of his Cabinet Minis-

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ter, that he might find Mary Elsmere before it was too late, hurried from the green drawing-room, in the wake of Mr. Norham, and stumbled against a young man who, in the very imperfect illumination, had not perceived the second figure behind the Home Secretary.

"Hullo!" said Meynell brusquely, stepping back. "How do you do? Is Stephen here?"

Maurice Barron answered in the affirmative —and added, as though from the need to say something, no matter what:

"I hear there are some coins to be seen in there?"

"There are."

Meynell passed on, his countenance showing a sternness, a contempt even, that was rare with him. He and Norham passed through the next drawing-room, and met various acquaintance at the farther door. Maurice Barron stood watching them. The persons invading the room had come intending to see the coins; but, meeting the Home Secretary, they turned back with him, and Meynell followed them, eager to disengage himself from them. At the door some impulse made him turn and look back. He saw Maurice Barron disappearing into the green drawing-room.

The night was soft and warm. Catherine and Mary had come prepared to walk home, Catherine eagerly resuming, now that her health allowed it, the Spartan habits of their normal life. Flaxman was drawn by the beauty of the moonlight and the park to offer to escort them to the lower lodge. Hester declared that she, too, would walk, and carelessly accepted Stephen's escort. Meynell stepped out from the house with them, and, in the natural sequence of things, he found himself with Mary.

Flaxman and Catherine, who led the way, hardly spoke to each other. They walked, pensive and depressed. Each knew what the other was thinking of, and each felt that nothing was to be gained, for the moment, by any fresh talk about it. Just behind them they could hear Hester laughing and sparring with Stephen; and, when Catherine looked back, she could see Meynell and Mary, far away in the distance of the avenue they were following.

The great lime trees on either side threw long shadows on grass covered with the fresh-fallen leaf, which gleamed a pale orange through the dusk. The sky was dappled with white cloud, and the lime boughs overhead broke it into patterns of delight. The sharp scent of the fallen leaves was in the air, and the night, for all its mildness, prophesied winter. Meynell seemed to himself to be moving on enchanted ground, beneath enchanted trees. The tension of his long talk with Norham, the cares of his leadership, the voices of a natural ambition, dropped away. Mary, in a blue cloak, a white scarf wound about her head, summed up for him the pure beauty of nature and the night. For the first time, he did not attempt to check the thrill in his veins; he began to hope. It was impossible to ignore the change in Mrs. Elsmere's attitude towards him. He had no idea what had caused it, but he felt it. And he realised, also, that, through unseen and inexplicable gradations, Mary had come mysteriously near to him. He dared not have spoken a word of love to her; but such feeling as theirs, however restrained, penetrates speech and gesture, and irresistibly makes all things new.

They spoke of the most trivial matters, and hardly noticed what they said. He all the time was thinking, "Beyond this tumult, there will be rest some day — then I may speak. We could live hardly and simply; neither of us wants luxury. But *now* it would be unjust; it would bring too great a burden on her — and her poor mother. I must wait! But we shall see each other — we shall understand each other!"

Meanwhile she, on her side, would perhaps have given the world to share the struggle from which he debarred her. Nevertheless, for both, it was an hour of happiness and hope.

TO BE CONTINUED

In an article on "McAdoo and the Subway," by Burton J. Hendrick, printed in the March McClure's, the Public Service Corporation of New Jersey was referred to as "a crowd of stock-waterers." The author, on reconsideration, is convinced that the remark was unfounded in fact. It is the policy of this magazine, in case it unintentionally does any man or corporation an injustice, to make retraction; and, in accordance with this policy, it withdraws this statement about the Public Service Corporation.

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HOW MORGAN ORGANIZED

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By John Moody and George Kibbe Turner


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AN OLD WOMAN OF THE ROADS

BY

PÁDRAIC COLUM

OH, to have a little house!
To own the hearth and stool and all!
The heaped-up sods upon the fire,
The pile of turf against the wall!

To have a clock with weights and chains,
And pendulum swinging up and down!
A dresser filled with shining delf,
Speckled and white and blue and brown!

I could be busy all the day
Clearing and sweeping hearth and floor,
And fixing on their shelf again
My white and blue and speckled store!

I could be quiet there at night,
Beside the fire and by myself,
Sure of a bed, and loath to leave
The ticking clock and the shining delf!

Och! but I'm weary of mist and dark,
And roads where there's never a house or bush,
And tired I am of bog and road,
And the crying wind and the lonesome hush!

And I am praying to God on high,
And I am praying Him night and day,
For a little house—a house of my own—
Out of the wind's and the rain's way.

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Drawing by Henry Keuterdahl

"THEN I WENT TO THE BRIDGE TO EXPLAIN TO THE *MAHALA'S* CAPTAIN THAT HIS WIRELESS OPERATOR WAS DEAD"

See "Sparks," page 149

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McCLURE'S MAGAZINE
VOL. XXXVII JUNE, 1911 No. 2

SOME ENGLISH STATESMEN

BY

SYDNEY BROOKS

AUTHOR OF "WHAT EUROPE THINKS OF ROOSEVELT" AND "THE REAL KAISER"

IN any review of the men who are piloting England through her present unexampled difficulties, it is inevitable that one should begin with the Prime Minister. But I must own to a certain diffidence in doing so. I do not know Mr. Asquith; I have never exchanged a word with him. I have, however, heard and read a great many of his speeches; I have watched his career pretty closely from the time he was introduced into public life as one of Mr. Gladstone's discoveries; I have constantly sat above him in the House of Commons; and I have been moderately well placed for finding out what the average man, in and out of Parliament, says and thinks of him. The real Mr. Asquith may, of course, be very different from my outside estimate of him — one sees inevitably only the worst side of a public man in public. But, such as it is, it is at least unprejudiced and independent.

Asquith is one of those men whose successes never surprise those who know them best. From the moment he entered his teens, he has been not merely distinguished, but supreme among his contemporaries. As a boy he took all the school prizes. As a youth he won the blue riband of classical scholarship, the Balliol, became president of the Oxford Union,— the famous debating society of the University,— took a "double first," carried off the Craven scholarship, and so impressed his professors and fellow graduates, from Dr. Jowett downwards, that perhaps no man ever left Oxford amid so many or such confident predictions of a brilliant future.

He matured early, and a character sketch of him in those Oxford years would probably need little modification in detail and none at all in essentials to-day. A companionable youth among his chosen associates, but at no pains to be popular or ingratiating outside his own circle; a hard reader, and nothing of an athlete, with few recreations beyond whist, chess, and talk; a lucid, confident, somewhat arrogant, but undeniably effective debater at the Union; one whom a few swore by and many, perhaps, were more inclined to swear at, but of whose ability, directness, strength of character, and dry, triumphant adequacy there could be no question — such was Asquith thirty-five years ago, and such, in the fundamentals of mind and temperament, he remains to-day.

Asquith a Self-Made Man

Asquith has made his own way in life. A Yorkshireman of Puritan stock, born in moderate circumstances, he started out with none of those advantages of family influences and connections and high social position that in England, more perhaps than in any other country, smooth the path of professional and political ambition. He had his full share of the ordinary anxieties and difficulties of the briefless barrister, and he alleviated them, as do most briefless barristers, by journalism and lecturing. It was during this period of trial and uncertainty, when he was still only five-and-twenty, with his career all to make, that he took a step which the Asquith of the popular imagination — the somewhat hard, self-centred embodiment of the sterner efficiencies — would never have taken: he married. One has to remember that. One has to remem-

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ber also that years afterwards he sought and won, as his second wife, Miss Margot Tennant, perhaps the most brilliant and the keenest-witted woman in the British Isles. And, further, one must bear in mind all the reports that reach one of his staunchness as a friend, his pride in the achievements of his gifted son, his sociability and considerateness as a host and companion. Asquith, after all, is human. That softer, warmer, more emotional side of him is not non-existent merely because the outer world is rarely, if ever, allowed to see it.



RT. HON. HERBERT HENRY ASQUITH

PRIME MINISTER OF ENGLAND SINCE 1908 AND LEADER OF THE LIBERAL PARTY. HE HAS GUIDED THE ENGLISH NATION THROUGH TWO GENERAL ELECTIONS AND A MOMENTOUS CONSTITUTIONAL CRISIS WITH AN EFFICIENCY AND DETERMINATION THAT HAVE STAMPED HIM AS ONE OF THE FOREMOST OF LIVING ENGLISHMEN

It is a quarter of a century since Mr. Asquith, at the age of thirty-four, entered Parliament. The British House of Commons, unlike the American House of Representatives, does not as a rule take kindly to lawyers, but Asquith gained its ear at once. It was not, however, as a politician, but as an advocate, that he first became something of a national figure. He unsuccessfully but very ably defended John Burns when he was arrested in connection with the Trafalgar Square riots of 1887 — the same John Burns who is now President of the Local Government Board in the Cabinet of which Mr. Asquith is the official head. Two years

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later the famous Parnell Commission gave him his great chance. It fell to Mr. Asquith to cross-examine Mr. Macdonald, the manager of the *Times*. He did so with a masterly, merciless completeness that caught the popular fancy, was highly approved of by the profession, and put Mr. Asquith among the first flight of English lawyers.

Used His Powers for Reform as Home Secretary

From that moment his star rose rapidly. He began to figure in all the great cases, in society, and in Parliament. Mr. Gladstone conceived a warm regard and admiration for his qualities, and in 1892, when the Liberals returned to power, made him Home Secretary. He proved himself a strong, competent, and open-minded administrator; he met and solved three extremely troublesome questions with a firmness that lifted him at once altogether out of the ruck of time-serving politicians; and the freshness and vigor with which he stretched his official powers in the cause of social reform, in fighting sweating and overcrowding, and in protecting the health and industrial interests of the working classes, made him the idol of Labor and penetrated the national consciousness with a new sense of its social responsibilities.

In 1895, when the Conservatives came back into office, Mr. Asquith returned to his law practice, and for some years afterwards took only a casual, but always a prominent, part in politics. Throughout the Boer War he ranged himself with the Rosebery group of Liberals, and steadily supported his political opponents in a cause which he held to be above party. But it was not, I think, until Mr. Chamberlain, in 1903, launched his fiscal programme that the country took the full measure of Mr. Asquith's abilities. The controversy precisely suited his trenchant, lucid style. Eight years ago he was one of the very few Liberals — so long had the question slept, so little did any one expect to see it reopened — who really knew why they were Free-Traders. He at once took up Mr. Chamberlain's challenge, dogged his footsteps from town to town, and answered him speech for speech and point for point until it almost looked as if the issue would resolve itself into a gladiatorial combat between the two men.

Asquith's Rise to the Premiership

The great wave that in 1906 carried the Liberals to power in unprecedented force landed Mr. Asquith in the second highest post in the ministerial hierarchy, the Chancellorship of the Exchequer. Already it was clear that he was a predestined Premier. Within his own party he had no rival, no one who united as he did the range, the abilities, and the kind of hold upon the people that are essential qualifications for the highest office of all. When Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman early in 1908 laid down the reins, King Edward merely interpreted the universal expectation of the party and the people in summoning Mr. Asquith to take them up. For the past three years, through two general elections and amid a momentous Constitutional crisis, he has guided the nation and the Empire with an efficiency, an authority, and a determination that have stamped him as one of the foremost of living Englishmen.

Asquith has in an abundant degree the combative qualities that a party leader must have to be successful. He is a first-class fighting man, always supremely sure of himself, never at a loss for an effective retort, never far below the top of his form, and able to bring all his guns into action at a moment's notice. For pungency, vigor, concise and clean-cut compression, and a wealth of sonorous and cogent diction, there is nobody in the House of Commons to equal him. However damaging the attack upon the Government, there is a cheer of perfect confidence from the Liberal ranks when Asquith gets up to answer it. The stocky figure of medium height, the strong, clean-shaven, fresh-complexioned face that belies the white hair above it, give out an instant impression of assurance. With few gestures, squarely confronting the Opposition, the Prime Minister begins to speak. There is no appeal to passion in what he says, no loose generalities, no attempt at rhetoric, nothing subtle or bewildering. The sentences roll out with a hammer-like precision; the points made are direct and unambiguous; the argument never wanders; the humor is of the plain knockdown British brand; the language is massive without being ornate and virile without being overstrained; one gets the effect of some perfect machine producing an almost effortless fusillade of logical, ordered dialectics.

How a Man Without Enthusiasms Leads Enthusiasts

I have, indeed, known Asquith to succeed, by a speech of pitiless, piled-up lucidity and compactness, in lashing his party into an enthusiasm such as even Mr. Gladstone could not always evoke. But the enthusiasm was wholly intellectual; the cheers were for the achievement, not for the man. For, while his speeches in their way are models of what public speaking

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should be, they are not oratory. They lack the tone and color, the raptures and abandon and exaltations, of true oratory. Mr. Asquith always seems to know almost too well just what he is going to say and how he is going to say it. He never appears to be in the slightest danger of being carried out of himself. One could imagine him speaking equally well to no audience at all, or to an audience of broomsticks. The bloodless rigidity of excellence that runs through all his efforts seems to be independent of all spiritual communion between the speaker and those whom he is speaking to.

It would be, perhaps, unfair to say that the party of all the enthusiasms is led by the man with none. Mr. Asquith's Liberalism is not only a strongly held and closely reasoned creed: it is also an instinct, a vital part of the man himself, the sincerity of which is beyond question. At the same time, and by comparison with large sections of his party and with some of his principal lieutenants, the opinions, the manner, the whole bearing and attitude of the man have an air of almost piquant moderation and restraint. He is scrupulous of the dignities and traditions of his high office, of the decencies and amenities of Parliamentary debate, of the repute and decorum of public life; and of by no means all of his associates can as much be said. However much they may differ from his views and policies, all Englishmen are at one in feeling that the great succession of British Premiers suffers no deterioration in Mr. Asquith, and that his manliness, his impeccable honesty both of mind and character, and his great experience of affairs and his unfailing competence are assets, particularly in such critical times as these, of the first value to the State.



RT. HON. ARTHUR JAMES BALFOUR
JUST AFTER MAKING HIS FAMOUS SPEECH IN WHICH HE SANCTIONED THE THROWING OUT OF THE BUDGET

But he is not a popular man. He has little of the "magnetism" that Americans prize so highly in their politicians. The insufficiency at which I have glanced in his speeches is equally noticeable in the man himself. Lord Rosebery has gone bail for it that Mr. Asquith has qualities of heart even more remarkable than his qualities of head, and those who know him intimately simply laugh at the notion that he is really as austere as he seems. But the average man remains slightly sceptical. He finds in Mr. Asquith a lack of expansiveness, one whose drawbridge is rarely down, whose amiable and appealing weaknesses, if he has any, are rarely visible. His political manner is not ingratiating. There is about him a warning air that fools will not be suffered gladly. Men accuse him of the superiority which is commonly associated with Oxford. They suspect that his inclination is to treat stupidity as a sort of crime. He holds himself almost too well in hand; he is barricaded almost too completely against the possibility of committing an indiscretion; he has measured his capabilities to a nicety that seems positively excessive; the monotony of his hard, high, and constant success is almost too metallic for human nature's daily food. Just as one misses in his oratory the touch and tone that would fuse and elevate the whole, so in the man one sighs, at times, for the glow and the mellow streak that would temper and relieve his unvarying self-continence.

Balfour Suspected of Caring Too Much About Blue China

Mr. Balfour, his principal antagonist and closest friend, and the leader of the Opposition

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in the House of Commons, is a very different type of man. It is thirty-seven years since he entered Parliament. Even then he was a marked man. Not only was he Lord Salisbury's nephew, but he had made a reputation on his own account. It was not, to be sure, a reputation of the kind that every young man of six-and-twenty would care to have. Mr. Balfour was suspected of being something of a dandy and a good deal of a dilettante. Tales of the enormous hours he would lie in bed, of his passion for blue china, Burne-Jones, and golf, and of the various nicknames he had earned among the robust undergraduates of Cambridge, used to float about the lobbies of the House. His tall, willowy frame, and a face that was attractive but not strong, bore out his reputation. His manners seemed to confirm it. He lounged about on the benches with an air of the utmost nonchalance, his long legs crossed in front of him, his head resting on the back of the bench, his eyes peacefully surveying the ceiling. It was most difficult for the stolid British householder to detect the makings of a statesman beneath such a show of airy negligence. The House laughed at him and his languid ways. Few, if any, saw in him anything but an amiable and indolent aesthete who had strayed into politics by accident, who would soon tire of the game and bury himself once more among his books and china.



RT. HON. DAVID LLOYD-GEORGE
THE CHAMPION OF WALES, WHO HAS MADE THAT NATION FOR THE FIRST TIME POLITICALLY EFFECTIVE

Balfour was quick to master the parry and thrust of Parliamentary debate, and, as the nephew of a Prime Minister who never neglected the political interests of his relatives, he stepped almost as a matter of course into one of the minor Ministerial offices. But he had been in Parliament a dozen years or more before anything happened to make one think that a brilliant career was in store for him. His chance came in 1887. Sir Michael Hicks-Beach was obliged by ill health to retire from the Irish Secretaryship, and Mr. Balfour was chosen as his successor. The appointment was one of the greatest surprises ever sprung in modern English politics. That this slim, delicate "philosopher" should essay the most difficult and engrossing office in the service of the British Crown, an office that had killed Mr. Forster and turned Sir George Trevelyan's hair white and broken down Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, seemed incredible to the point of laughter.

"Pretty Fanny" and the Irish Nationalists

It was a momentous day when Mr. Balfour took his seat on the front bench, among the derisive howls of the Irish Nationalists and the dubious encouragement of his friends. Lord Salisbury, however, had made no mistake. The mistake was made by the Irish members when they prophesied that "Pretty Fanny" would be either out of his office or in his grave in three months. They did their best to make good their threat, but they had yet to learn their man. Mr. Balfour met their jeers and insults and obstruction with a calm that was phenomenal. He never let himself be "drawn." They could make no headway against his unvarying good humor. An aristocrat to the finger-tips, he governed Ireland on the highly aristocratic principle of treating it as a nursery of ill-conditioned children, who had to be coerced into obedience; and in the House he simply smiled while the Irish members raged.

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LLOYD-GEORGE IN HIS HOUSE AT CRICCIETH

FOR MORE THAN TWENTY YEARS LLOYD-GEORGE WAS AN OBSCURE LAWYER IN A SMALL WELSH COUNTRY TOWN: TO-DAY HE IS CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, THE IDOL OF HIS COUNTRYMEN, AND ONE OF THE MOST POWERFUL, IN SOME WAYS THE MOST POWERFUL, INFLUENCE IN BRITISH LIFE

Three months went by, and he had neither died nor resigned. On the contrary, he had ceased to be "Pretty Fanny." He was now the "base, bloody, and brutal Balfour," and history was ransacked for tyrants and oppressors to compare him with. All this passed by the Chief Secretary like the idle wind. His glacial indifference, his measured, stinging sarcasms, wore them down. It was in all ways a remarkable personal triumph, hailed both by the party and the country with almost exaggerated fervor. Balfour came out of it mentally hardened, physically made over, a new and vigorous man, saved by hard work. On the death of Mr. W. H.

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Smith in 1891, his accession to the leadership of the House of Commons was undisputed. Eleven years later, when Lord Salisbury resigned at the time of King Edward's coronation, Mr. Balfour became leader of the whole Conservative party and Prime Minister of England.

His warmest admirers, I imagine, would hardly contend that Mr. Balfour has been as great a success as Prime Minister or as leader of the Conservative party as he was as Irish Secretary. He seems to be one of those men who need opposition to brace them. With his back to the wall, hemmed in by his foes, he displays the tenacity of a Scotchman and the guile and resourcefulness of an Irishman. But as the captain of an overpowering majority in the House of Commons he repeatedly made blunders that only the strength and discipline of his followers kept from being catastrophes. There is a strain of weakness or indifferentism, if not of petulance or fretfulness, in him somewhere that seems to warp his judgment and sap his fibre when the pressure of a hand-to-hand fight is removed. A past master in the art of conducting a defence or a retreat, he is flaccid and hesitating in attack. So long as he remains in politics the Conservatives can have no other leader. They know it and admit it. Yet I doubt whether any leader was ever regarded with such mingled despair and admiration, admiration for his parts and personality, despair for the lack of force and strenuousness and decision that at times goads his more militant followers almost into revolt.

Balfour Not a Man of Action

Within four years of his accession to the Premiership he allowed his party and his government to drift to the greatest electoral disaster that has been known in the annals of British politics. In 1909 he sanctioned, approved, and instigated the action of the House of Lords in throwing out the Budget for the year, an action which precipitated the Constitutional crisis in which Great Britain is still desperately entangled. Since then there have been two General Elections, and in each one of them Mr. Balfour has been worsted. Lord Salisbury, indeed, if he were to return to earth, would hardly recognise in the broken, Protectionist, referendum-advocating, and purely opportunist party of to-day the mighty, triumphant, and steadfast host that he committed less than ten years ago to his nephew's charge.

It was Mr. Chamberlain's plunge into tariff reform that showed Mr. Balfour's defects most clearly. He was then Prime Minister. But he would neither embrace the new doctrine nor disavow it. He took refuge instead in a mist of subtleties and evasions through which no pursuer proved able to track him. He subordinated everything to gaining time and saving the party from irrevocable disruption. The consummate ingenuity with which he avoided every trap and every peril, baffled all inquiries, "cornered" the Opposition, and wrapped friend and foe alike in a fog of brilliant and bewildering sophistries, constituted a Parliamentary performance of the utmost dexterity. But it was not a performance of the kind that attracted the people. To them it seemed shifty, disingenuous, and feeble; and the tidal wave of condemnation which in 1906 overwhelmed Mr. Chamberlain's policy owed much of its impetus to Mr. Balfour's "tactics."

Even to-day, after eight years of the fiscal controversy, there is hardly an Englishman who could say with any confidence what Mr. Balfour's views are. The Protectionists of his own party do not really trust him. His pledge to submit a Tariff Reform Budget to a Referendum before it becomes law seems to them, indeed, very much like shelving, or evading, responsibility for the whole question. The Liberal Free-Traders, on the other hand, still affect to believe that Mr. Balfour is a Free-Trader at heart and in his moments of unguarded instinct would talk Free Trade as naturally as Mr. Asquith. And the uncertainty is not due to any want of mental candor or of mental trenchancy in Mr. Balfour. His books show not only a keen and honest but a positive intellect. But it is an intellect of the kind that is most positive when it is most agnostic, and most trenchant when it is most concerned to justify an attitude of scepticism and doubt. Its range and acuteness and fertility find their freest field in the work of critical destruction. There are few settled questions for Mr. Balfour; his strongest intellectual conviction is, perhaps, a denial of the finality or permanence of anything. That subtle, supple, spacious, free-roving mind of his affirms little, analyses all things, and hardly finds a firm refuge anywhere.

A Statesman Should Not Think Too Much

For a leader in the hurly-burly of politics such a mental equipment as this is not always an advantage. Politics are for the one-idea'd men, or at any rate for the men with only one idea at a time. To the plain party man, pining for a clear lead, Mr. Balfour's refinements seem to smack of casuistry, and his hesitations, which are really the fruit of his scrupulous intellectual honesty, to argue an incurable vacillation. And if Mr. Balfour's cast of mind thus handicaps

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him, so also does his temperament. He is not a pachyderm like Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, nor has he anything of Mr. Gladstone's compelling and sustaining energy. His is the leisurely disposition that often goes with a quick-moving mind. Music, pictures, literature, philosophy, and golf compete for possession of him with the attractions of politics. Largely and unavoidably, the work of leadership is against the grain. The continuous, petty, chafing strain, the constant attendance at the House, the multitude of little details that have to be seen to,— and Mr. Balfour hates details and figures and minutiae of all kinds,— the necessity of listening to the cranks that find their way to Westminster — all this, to a man of Mr. Balfour's wide and delicate culture and extreme sensitiveness, must seem like a daily foretaste of the inferno. Hardly a winter comes around that he does not break down under it and take to his bed and a diet of hot gruel.

Balfour's Great Personal Popularity

How is it, then, that he manages to retain his easy, indisputable ascendancy? Well, in the first place, the Conservatives have no one like him, no one who unites his social position and associations, his long and intimate experience of Parliamentary life and business, his noble gift of oratory, and his flashing, luminous, versatile mind. And, in the second place, the man himself, the extraordinary charm and sweetness and sympathy of his character, make him the most warmly liked member in the whole House. The House of Commons is not a body that gives its esteem or affections lightly. Mr. Balfour has won its regard by deserving it. The House is his natural sphere. He needs an audience that will catch the lightest shades and appreciate the most delicate turns to bring out all his powers. Then the quick play of humor and fancy, the exquisite retort that tickles while it demolishes, the strong, cool, persuasive reasoning, and at times the honest, irrepressible indignation, especially when a friend or colleague is unfairly attacked, make a matchless Parliamentary performance.

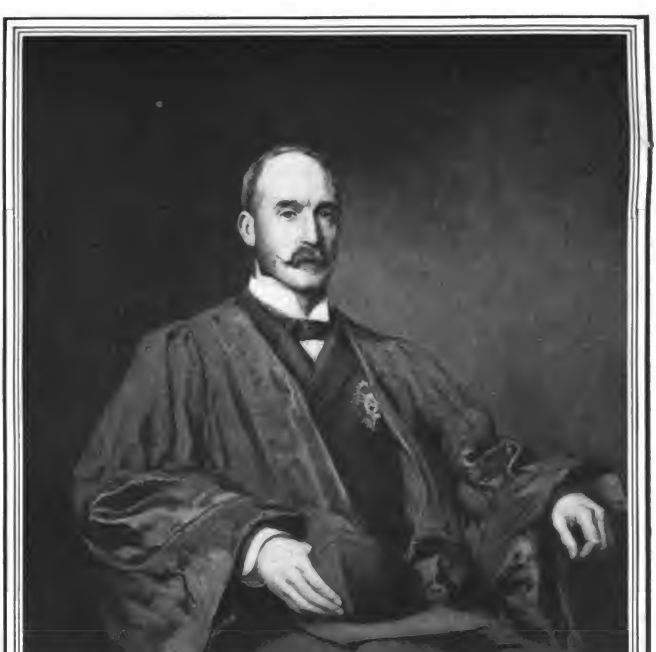
The country, while he has never roused, as other and lesser men have often roused, its passionate enthusiasm, yields to Mr. Balfour the respect and confidence that always go out to a public man who is transparently incapable of anything low or mean, and not only sets a high standard himself but makes others live up to it by the mere influence of atmosphere. But at Westminster he has endeared himself to both sides of the most critical Chamber in the world by a hundred bonds of real, personal affection. Mr. Gladstone loved him as a son. His perfect courtesy to opponents, those little touches of chivalry that count for so much in an excitable and disputatious assembly, his disdain for mere personalities and the instant elevation of tone that his disdain engenders, have done more even than his gifts of mind and speech to establish him in the first place in the sentiments not only of his own party but of the whole House. If he is not a great leader, he is an irresistible critic, a fine intellect, an engaging, even a fascinating, character, and a great gentleman.

The Wonderful Welshman

Two men could hardly differ more completely in opinions, upbringing, and instinctive ways of looking at things than do Mr. Balfour and Mr. Lloyd-George. The former is an aristocrat, a Scotchman, a member by right of birth of the governing class, a man of wealth who has never had to work for a living, a product, and an exceptionally fine one, of the best education that Great Britain has to offer. The latter is a Welshman, born in humble circumstances, a "man of the people" in every sense, whose life has been a constant and triumphant battle, and who has picked up for himself such knowledge as he possesses of the things that no amount of contact with life can teach. Twenty-odd years ago an obscure lawyer in a small Welsh country town; to-day Chancellor of the Exchequer, the idol of his countrymen, and one of the most powerful, in some ways the most powerful, influence in British public life — the bare record of his career from the village green to Downing Street is enough by itself to arrest one's instantaneous attention and to proclaim a man far removed from the common run.

Though of old yeoman stock, Mr. Lloyd-George's father was for most of his life a schoolmaster, and only reverted to the soil when his health demanded an out-of-door existence. Dying while still a young man, he left his widow and two children almost wholly unprovided for, and Mr. Lloyd-George's earliest recollection is of his home and furniture being sold up. An uncle, who was the shoemaker and unsalaried Baptist preacher in a village in North Wales, took charge of the family, and it was there, in a district saturated with the history and romance of the country, that Lloyd-George grew up, a quick-witted, high-spirited lad, disciplined by severely straitened circumstances, speaking both the Welsh and English tongues, and an eager listener at the informal parliament of neighbors and peasants that foregathered in the cobbler's workshop, there to discuss theology and politics,— they go together in Wales, — the iniquities of landlordism, and the oppres-

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THE MARQUIS OF LANSDOWNE
FROM A PAINTING DONE FOR THE GOVERNMENT OF INDIA, AND NOW IN GOVERNMENT HOUSE, CALCUTTA

siveness of a social system that seemed to care so little for human life and happiness and so much for property and game.

The "Passionate Patriot" of Wales

Those early years have left an ineffaceable mark on the Chancellor of the Exchequer. It was then that he imbibed a spirit of passionate and poetic patriotism for Wales, and all that Wales contains of lonely lake and mist-clad mountain and rushing stream and ancient haunts of chivalry and romance. It was then that there was implanted in him a fiery and abiding sense of compassion for the disinherited, the "under dog," the millions who toil and ineffectively murmur. The iron of poverty entered into his soul, not to corrode it with unavailing bitterness, but to sting it with indignation and revolt. He was a born rebel. He is a

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rebel still. There is perhaps no man in the British Isles to whom the smugness and conventions, the appalling contrasts and inequalities, the buttressed authorities and arrangements of life in Great Britain are more absolutely repugnant. There is no man in whom the religion of humanity is more incarnate.

Lloyd-George's Start in the Law

That admirable man, the shoemaker uncle, set aside the scanty savings of a lifetime to prepare his nephew for the law, and together they quarried out of old dictionaries and grammars and text-books the knowledge that enabled him to pass the necessary examinations. At sixteen he was duly articled to a firm of solicitors; at twenty-one he had qualified as a solicitor himself. The expense had completely drained his exchequer; he had not even the fifteen dollars to buy the robes without which he could not practise in court. But success was not long in coming. A case of a kind peculiarly calculated to appeal to Welsh sentiment — a case involving the right of a Nonconformist to be buried in the graveyard of the local Episcopal church — was brought to him, and his conduct of it made him the hero of the neighborhood. "Should the vicar," he told the village, "refuse to open the gates, then break down the wall which your subscriptions have built, force your way into the churchyard, reopen the grave, and bury the old man by his daughter." The advice was followed to the letter, and its legality was confirmed by the highest court in the realm.

In a few years Lloyd-George had built up one of the largest practices in North Wales. But the law never engrossed him. He joined debating societies; he plunged into the movement against the payment of tithes; he stumped the countryside on behalf of land reform and temperance; and, when the County Councils came into being, he roused the peasantry to shake off "the old feudal yoke of squirearchy," and was himself elected to the Council of Carnarvonshire. A new Wales was born in the stress of that campaign. The spirit of Welsh nationalism and Welsh democracy awoke once more; the old order of things, that permitted Wales to be represented in the Imperial Parliament by landlords and commercial magnates or imported carpet-baggers, who neither spoke the language of the people nor had the wit or knowledge to look after their special interests, was clearly breaking up, and it was as an impassioned advocate of Welsh patriotism and the common Welsh people, peasants and workingmen, that Mr. Lloyd-George in 1890 was elected to the House of Commons.

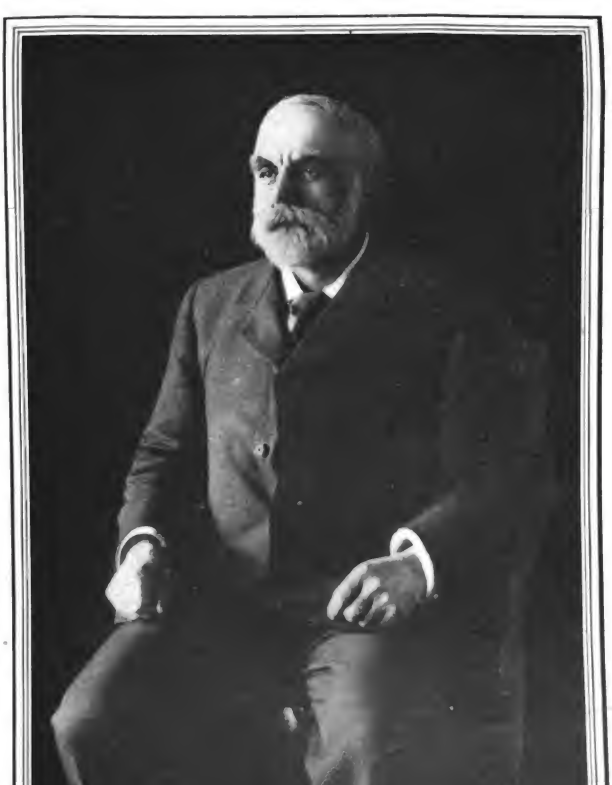
He Has Made the Welsh Effective in Politics

It is too much to say that Lloyd-George has made a nation. But it is not too much to say that he has made that nation for the first time politically effective and politically conscious of itself. He marshalled the Welsh forces in Parliament into a single whole, and led them with a vigor and brilliancy not surpassed by Parnell. He pressed forward Welsh claims and rights as they had never been pressed before and against both the chief English parties in turn; he withstood even Gladstone for the sake of Wales. Could he have had his way, a Welsh party, absolutely independent of any English connections, biassed in favor of the Liberals but by no means annexed to them, would have been evolved. As it was, he passed over from the tributary of Welsh nationalism to the broader stream of British Liberalism, without, however, parting with one jot of his localised patriotism. "Gallant little Wales" has in him the gallantest little champion she has yet produced. On all questions of domestic politics his voice is the voice of the Principality. He is as Welsh as O'Connell was Irish — more so, indeed, because he speaks the native tongue of the people. One would have to go back to the days of Owen Glendower to discover a leader who has won to an equal degree the enthusiasm that Mr. Lloyd-George commands among his warm-hearted and impressionable countrymen.

It took but a few years for Mr. Lloyd-George to stamp himself on the House of Commons as a master of Parliamentary strategy and a daring, brilliant, biting swashbuckler of debate, the only man, indeed, on the Liberal side who could stand up to Joseph Chamberlain and return him blow for blow undismayed. He had from the first the three indispensable qualifications for political success — courage, the incommunicable gift of seizing the occasion and attracting notice, and, lastly, an unwearied assiduity. And to these attributes he added a pervasive and irrepressible humor, passion, sincerity, the legal eye for a weak argument, the legal turn for fresh and luminous exposition, and a wholly Celtic touch of idealism, zealotry, and imagination.

The Boer War was the event that first brought him into really national prominence. He made himself the most intensely hated of all pro-Boers; he was mobbed more than once; it was only by desperate shifts that on one occasion he escaped being killed. But the English are not a resentful people, and they admire courage. When they think to-day of the war and Mr. Lloyd-George's part in it, they think

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RT. HON. JOHN BURNS

THE FIRST WORKINGMAN TO REACH CABINET RANK IN ENGLAND. HE BEGAN LIFE AS A MACHINIST ON SEVENTY-FIVE CENTS A WEEK. TO-DAY HE IS HEAD OF THE LOCAL GOVERNMENT BOARD

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of a man who, however misguided, wrong-headed, and mischievous, had at any rate the supreme political courage to stake his career on his conscience. The ordeal of those exciting years did much to mature his powers, and hardly had the war ended than the Education Bill of 1902 gave him yet ampler scope for pungent attack. As a Welshman and as a Nonconformist it bitterly offended him, and he threw himself upon it with a dash and vehemence that thrilled his countrymen with something of the fervor of a religious revival. He organised the Principality into what was little less than a rebellion against the enforcement of the Act. When the Tariff Reform movement was launched, Mr. Lloyd-George found another opportunity to hand. He shared with Mr. Asquith and Mr. Winston Churchill the distinction of being the most effective and sparkling of all the upholders of Free Trade.

Lloyd-George "the Business Man of the Cabinet"

That was the close of the first stage of Lloyd-George's public career. The second opened in 1906, when, on the return of the Liberals to power, he became president of the Board of Trade. There were many who gasped when the fiery young Welshman, the consummate mob-orator whose name had become a synonym for all that was most tumultuous in politics, was entrusted with the care of British industry and commerce. His appointment was the last appointment "the City" would have thought of. Yet none turned out so supremely well. Among many successful Ministers, he proved the most successful. In two years he raised a comparatively minor office to the highest level of prominence and utility. He averted great industrial conflicts; he passed some bold and beneficent measures; he tackled and solved problems that his predecessors had found insoluble; he showed himself to be beyond comparison the business man of the Cabinet. When it was known that Mr. Lloyd-George had taken up a question, people ceased to worry about it. It grew to be almost an article of faith with the masses and in the world of business, that he could not fail.

From the presidency of the Board of Trade he passed to the Chancellorship of the Exchequer. As such he devised the momentous Budget of 1909, with its heavy super-taxes, the capture of part of the "unearned increment" of land, and its swinging duties on licenses. As such he has made himself the supreme advocate of the "condition of the people" question and of all measures of social reform. As such, too, he has surpassed all his colleagues in the vehemence, almost the virulence, of his attacks upon the House of Lords. No man in Great Britain has anything like his following among the masses, or his power of handling them to the utmost limit of emotion.

The Representative of Newer England

There are at least six Lloyd-Georges. There is the Lloyd-George who lets himself go among his beloved Welsh hills with an exuberance of poetic and half-mystical declamation that makes the ordinary Englishman mutter something about the "Celtic temperament." There is the Lloyd-George, the Cabinet Minister, persuasive, polite, sagacious, pertinent, and conciliatory. There is the Lloyd-George, the administrator, composing disputes partly by his great tact and experience, partly by his almost instantaneous perception of what is essential as well as of what is possible, and partly by the reflex action of his open and winning personality upon those with whom he is dealing. There is the Lloyd-George who holds forth upon Liberalism and social miseries and the "idle rich" with restrained, semi-religious fervor. And there is the Lloyd-George, the often vulgar, the often ranting, but always conquering demagogue, who plays upon vast audiences with the touch of another Cleon, and seems to care as little whether the points he makes have reason, decency, justice on their side, so long as they are effective.

And, finally, there is Lloyd-George the man, the warm-hearted, practical idealist, frank, engaging, and generous, as outspoken, cheery, and approachable to-day as when he was still an unknown novice. There is a tremendous air of life about him. He has something of Mr. Roosevelt's tingling alertness and far more than the ex-President's stock of geniality. Though he always hits his hardest, he is utterly destitute of malice and pettiness. He belongs altogether to the democracy of talent. One simply cannot imagine him "putting on side" or cultivating the English habit of "condescension." No man is so little hampered by formulae, or looks facts straighter in the face, or has so great a capacity for growth. Not a widely read man, not much of a thinker, he makes up for all deficiencies of culture and intellect by the intensity of his feelings and a sound, hard-headed instinct for practicality.

The glow and zest and responsiveness of his nature, his candid, pouncing mind, the wholesome boyish streak that runs through all he says and does, the infectious freshness of his talk and outlook, his whole air of blithe com-

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radeship, combine to make him, if not the greatest, at any rate the most remarkable personality in British politics to-day.

The Career of Lord Lansdowne

If Mr. Lloyd-George may be taken as representative of the newer England,— the England that judges men by what they are and do, and not by the non-essentials of birth or position or wealth,— Lord Lansdowne, the leader of the Conservative party in the House of Lords, may stand equally well for a type of the older and more aristocratic England. Indeed, his whole career is a picture in little of the British system. It is a part of that system that men in ancient lineage and great possessions should look upon office as a birthright, should find the path to public activity and distinction thrown invitingly open to their footsteps, and should gradually have it recognised as something of a political axiom that they simply cannot be got rid of. Lord Lansdowne's record is a proof of how much experience and an early initiation into public life may do for even an average man, and of how important, how almost vital, it is in England to get the right start. There is no country I know of in which it is so difficult for a man to rise by his own exertions. On the other hand, and as a natural corollary, those who are born into a settled position in England, who inherit a title and an estate and the means to support both, have what is perhaps the easiest and most delightful existence to be met with in Europe.

Lord Lansdowne began with the supreme initial advantage of being the son of his father. It is an old and distinguished family that goes back to the Conquest and beyond. Losing his father in boyhood, Lord Landsowne came into the family titles,— there are some fourteen of them,— the family estates, about half a dozen in number, including the treasures of Bowood and Lansdowne House and 150,000 acres of land, and a seat in the House of Lords, on his twenty-first birthday. Three years later he added vastly to his wealth and his social influence by marrying the eldest daughter of the Duke of Abercorn.

With such a start failure is difficult. Lord Lansdowne had only to let it be known that he wanted an office for an office to be given him. In the Under-Secretaryships that were immediately provided for him he did nothing distinguished and nothing foolish. His first real test came when, in his thirty-eighth year, he went to Canada as Governor-General. Little is expected from a Governor-General beyond the capacity to appear to govern. Lord Lansdowne possessed that capacity, and knew how to adorn it. An excellent French scholar, he scored a great hit by addressing the French-Canadians in their native tongue and with a flawless Parisian accent. He put down Louis Riel's rebellion, was the first Governor-General to cross the Rockies on metals, and powerfully forwarded the settlement of the Canadian Fisheries question.

The Boer War Fiasco

From Canada he proceeded to the Viceroyalty of India. He proved an eminently safe, competent, and unexciting ruler of the great dependency. Returning home, he became Secretary for War, and as such had to bear the odium for the catastrophes and bunglings of the Boer War. A dozen years ago all England was clamoring for his Lordship's official head. It was proved by a deadly accumulation of evidence that, though he entered the War Office four years before Mr. Kruger's ultimatum, and had thus ample time to foresee and prepare, he did, if possible, less than nothing; that he was as blind as a mole to the signs of the coming crisis; that warnings the most earnest and emphatic filtered through him as through a sieve; that he disregarded the advice of his professional colleagues; that his policy, in short, was to let the morrow take care of itself, to slide as comfortably through the day's routine as might be, and leave everything to chance.

Such a failure in any other country would have been decisive. But, in strict accordance with the workings of the British system, Lord Lansdowne, having lamentably failed in one office, was immediately given another and better one. He became in 1900 Secretary for Foreign Affairs, and in that office he more than redeemed himself. He made, it is true, not a few mistakes. His handling of the Boxer difficulty was far inferior in humanity, foresight, and practicality to Mr. John Hay's, and he steered Great Britain straight into the Venezuelan mess of 1903 under circumstances that made every Englishman's ears tingle. On the other hand, he contributed effectively to the many influences that were making for an Anglo-French *entente*, and when confronted in 1901 with the alternative of a Russo-Japanese or an Anglo-Japanese alliance, he boldly elected to cut loose from tradition and to execute the most momentous curve in British policy of the past half century.

On Lord Salisbury's death in 1902, Lord Lansdowne succeeded to the leadership of the Conservative party in the House of Lords. As such he has had it in his power to reject any

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measure sent up by the Liberal majority in the House of Commons during the past five years. With one exception, he has used his power with caution and discretion. But the rejection of the Budget in 1909 — a proceeding that Lord Salisbury would never have sanctioned — was a blunder the effects of which will be felt, have indeed already been felt, from top to bottom of the whole British Constitutional system.

In himself as in his career Lord Lansdowne is an excellent type of the great English seigneur. A prudent, polished, naturally dignified man, of cultivated tastes, fond of sport, with a lucid though in no ways a profound mind, of a reserved disposition that nothing has yet been known to ruffle, of a fine instinctive courtesy, always pertinent and pointed in his speeches, magnificently self-possessed, with the saving grace of humor, and altogether contemptuous of the arts of advertising — his right to a foremost place in that "governing class" which is now tottering to its fall is beyond impeachment. While not in the least a great man his abilities are thoroughly respectable, and for more than forty years, in spite of every inducement to a life of easy leisure, they have been placed, with hardly a thought of self, at the service of the State.



MR. ASQUITH, AT THE OPENING OF THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM

Burns' History Proves that the World Moves Fast

Over against Lord Lansdowne, and in sharpest contrast to him, one may put the redoubtable figure of Mr. John Burns. Two decades ago England rang with the terror of his name. To-day moderate men give thanks that so steady and conservative a man should be at the head of the Local Government Board. He used to stand in the public mind for all that was incendiary, visionary, and revolutionary. To-day men look upon him as a firm brake on the runaway coach of Labor. He is the first workingman to reach Cabinet rank in England. For many years he was the idol of his class; he is now regarded by a large section of it with an almost venomous distrust.

The Labor M. P's in the House of Commons, indeed, tilt at no one as they tilt at John Burns. They fling his old speeches in his face; they brand him as a traitor; they fulminate with passionate extravagance against the conduct of his office. And John Burns meets them and handles them without gloves. He loves a fight. Nothing pleases him better than to fall upon some pet project of the Labor men and tear it to pieces. He is at his best when hitting the hardest, and, by a happy instinct for the picturesque, he always seems to reserve his most formidable blows for the members of the party from which he has graduated. He fairly stamps upon them. Confident, ruthless, supremely self-reliant, a master of the pithy phrase, and a born fighter, there are few men in the House or out of it who can hold their own with John Burns in the rough and tumble of debate.

His career has been one of storm and toil. He began life as a machinist on seventy-five cents a week, a fatherless boy with his mother dependent upon him. It must have been the Scotch blood in him that made him so passionate to educate himself. The passion has lasted. There are few men in England with a larger or a more thoroughly digested library on social and economic questions; there is no man in England who has studied the lives of the poor at such close range or with a more understanding sympathy. His little home in Battersea is a book-store from cellar to garret, and its owner has not only read but mastered its contents, and can draw on all he has gathered from it for instantaneous service.

Young Burns and His Red Flag

Even before he was twenty he had made himself known as a stump orator on Clapham

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Common and a pungent letter-writer to the local papers. The economics of poverty, problems of housing, the workings of the poor law, the causes of unemployment, the organisation of industry — he took to such topics as readily as most boys of his age and class take to football and betting. His employers discharged him, not for slackness or inefficiency, but because they did not care to have a bitter, active propagandist of Socialism and discontent on their pay-rolls. Flung into the ranks of the unemployed and boycotted by the ring of engineering masters, Burns threw himself wholly into the work of agitation. In the '80's he made himself known all over London as the leader of the unemployed, "the man with the red flag." He was frequently arrested; he was once actually imprisoned; for all well-to-do people his name became synonymous with anarchy, riots, and spoliation.

A change began to come over John Burns when he was elected to the London Common Council. The agitator turned by degrees into the administrator. He was the only Labor representative on the Council, and his experience, sanity, and good humor quickly made themselves felt. He proved himself an indefatigable Councillor, inspecting and inquiring into everything on his own account, and securing reform after reform in the treatment and wages of the Council's employees, the conditions of its contracts, the provision of parks, drainage works, asylums, public control of the London street-car system, the erection of artisans' dwellings, and so on.

When he entered Parliament in 1892, he found the same sort of work waiting to be done on a far larger scale. He gained the ear of the House at once — first, because he never spoke without having something to say; secondly, because the breezy, vigorous confidence of the man, his sincerity and enthusiasm, made indifference impossible; and thirdly, because on many subjects he probably knew more at first hand than all the rest of the House put together. Everything that concerned the well-being and interests of the working classes found John Burns equipped at all points. A great deal of the social and industrial legislation of the past twenty years bears the mark of his influence, and you would have to search long and deep to come across another M. P. whose career has been so demonstrably useful and constructive.

With his snow-white hair, his large and deeply lined forehead, his great, brown, burning eyes, his square and sturdy figure, his head thrown massively back, his whole bearing suggestive of power and combat, John Burns is a striking figure as he rises to address the House or as he tramps up and down the Terrace outside with free and swinging stride. But to see him at his best you should see him some Saturday afternoon in one of the public parks, among his own people, giving and exchanging salutations, patting a youngster on the head, helping to fish out a ball that has fallen into the pond, showing a boy how to handle a cricket bat, skipping over the ropes with the girls, congratulating the mothers, jesting with the policemen — the very picture of zest, health, and jollity.

Burns the Biggest Product of the Working Classes

The workingmen know him and love him. They recognise in him the biggest man that their class in England has yet produced. And John Burns knows them and loves them in return, and uses both his knowledge and his affection to rebuke, chastise them, and shame them into elevating themselves. Himself a non-smoker and a total abstainer, he never shrinks from rubbing in his conviction that there is little the Government can do for the workingman compared with what the workingman can do for himself. No man has spoken out so strongly against drink and betting. No man has insisted more trenchantly that social and industrial reform must begin with the individual. It is there that he parts company with Keir Hardie and his followers. They are Socialists and look to the State for everything; while John Burns hates nothing so much as the thought of the English workingman becoming a prey to that policy of pauperising coddle which the Labor party holds out as the highest social ideal. John Burns wishes to see the workingman brave, upright, and, above all, independent. From the very first he has had the profoundest contempt for the charity-mongers and the vicarious philanthropists whose plan of spoon-feeding the unemployed ends, as he says, "in the demoralisation of the donors and the degradation of the recipients." Whether he or Keir Hardie really represents the English workingman of to-day is perhaps the greatest of the many anxious questions that the British people are now considering.

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The Adventures of Miss Gregory

by Perceval Gibbon

The Governor of the Gaol

Illustrations by Charles Sarka

A DOOR of his house opened upon the graveled yard of the prison, and Alexander, the son of Nicholas,— Alexander Nicolaievitch,— temporary acting Governor of the Gaol, had no need to go farther than the step to oversee the arrival of the new batch of prisoners as they were herded in under the oil-lamps of the gateway. He had been prepared for them even before the telephone message from the police bureau had warned him that they were to come; for there had been noise in the streets since the morning, and it was a time when those who broke silence in Russia usually broke heads as well.

The lamps in the gateway were bright in the early frost of the evening, and the doorstep upon which the Governor stood was within the circle of their illumination. The prisoners, some thirty of them, collected at a street corner in an indiscriminate charge by the police and soldiers, had a view of him as they were guided into the yard; their restless eyes took him in with the spike-crowned stone walls and all the hard formality of the prison. They saw him as a tall, burly figure in a gray uniform greatcoat, peaked cap, and boots; they had hardly time, perhaps, to note that his beard was as gray as his coat, or that the marks of rank upon his uniform showed that age was coming upon him without promotion. With more than thirty years of service behind him, Alexander Nicolaievitch was still a lieutenant, upon a lieutenant's pay, with no hope even of being confirmed in the post of Governor of the Gaol and so securing a provision for his old age.

From his place on the doorstep, he looked down on the new prisoners with a stolid countenance. The last of them was in, and the warder on duty was closing the big gate behind them with a jar of iron bolts. Most of them were young men of the student and clerk types; but there were also two or three women. The Governor noted that one of these leaned upon the arm of a friend and sobbed quietly, but without ceasing, her free hand covering her face, while the woman who supported her stood patiently at her side, and let her weep without seeking to suppress her. It was this last upon whom the Governor's gaze dwelt finally — a short, sturdy woman, not much younger than himself, who alone, of that nervous, uneasy throng, seemed entirely at her ease. Her smooth gray hair swept back from a strong, cheerful face, and she looked about her with a quiet watchfulness, as if she were preparing to deal firmly with her environment. There was nothing in her of the strained alertness that characterized the others; she was serene, critical, a figure of force.

"The police will send the papers to-morrow." The sergeant who spoke nodded confidentially at the Governor.

"Very well," he answered. It was a frequent irregularity of those unquiet times, when the mechanism of government was adapted at a moment's notice to new and strange uses. "Take them in," he ordered.

"Forward, there!" shouted the sergeant; and the police began to bustle the prisoners toward the door of the prison building, where, for lack of cells to accommodate them, they were to pass the night in the corridor. The crowd of them, that had come quickly enough through

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the streets under guard, seemed to discover a reluctance to pass definitely under lock and key; they shuffled and hung back, and the Governor heard their breathing, suddenly harsh and short.

"Get along, there!" shouted the sergeant, in a spasm of peremptory activity. "Drive them in, men. What are you waiting for? In with you!"

He was a gaunt man with high cheek-bones like a Chinaman, and furry red hair under his cap. He thrust roughly among the silent prisoners, and began to shove them forward by ones and twos, making a strange picture of violence by contrast with their unhappy passivity. His men did their part, and the throng of helpless men and women was set moving toward the open door. The weeping woman broke into a wail.

"Here!" cried the sergeant, reaching toward her. "If you want to squawl, go and squawl inside!"

He had her by the nape of the neck, and his shove nearly threw her on her face. Only the arm of her companion saved her from a fall. The gray-haired woman steadied her, and looked over her shoulder at the sergeant with a face of grim wrath, and spoke half a dozen words in some crisp tongue that the Governor did not understand.

"On with you!" cried the sergeant, and would have laid hands upon them again. But the Governor, without moving, spoke a single word.

"Halt!" he said.

The word fetched the sergeant spinning round on his heel to face the grizzled officer. He stood as if in astonishment at the Governor's motionless figure and stolid face, and then, with a manner of pained resignation, saluted. Alexander Nicolaievitch had not spent more than thirty years with his regiment, to be misunderstood when he gave an order.



"MISS GREGORY, RECOVERING HER FEET, HAD AN INSTANT'S VIEW OF THE GIRL'S FACE"

The gray-haired woman watched the sergeant's collapse, and permitted herself to give the Governor a little approving nod before she led her weeping companion after their fellows. The sergeant stared after them as they passed into the prison, and frowned in an effort of thought. He was to remain on duty in the gaol that night, and it occurred to him that he might find an opportunity to repay the snub that he had received, with interest.

The Governor smiled as the gray-haired woman and her companion passed from sight. He liked the agreeable presumption of the nod she had given him. He had known recruits in the regiment, raw mujiks new from the starved

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lands, who treated the Colonel with that same genial equality till it was knocked out of them. He put her down, in his mind, for some decent woman from a village who had found herself in the crowd when the arrests were made — his mother had been such a one. He was still smiling reminiscently as he turned back into the house and entered the sitting-room, where he had left his wife when the arrival of the prisoners was announced to him.

His wife was seated at the desk which is part of the furniture of every Russian house, and looked up with puckered brows as he came in. She was a stout, gray woman who would have been placid and a little colorless but for the insistent worries that attend a life limited by a lieutenant's pay. When he went out, the pair of them had been at work upon accounts, and she had before her a sheaf of bills and an abacus, the contrivance of red and blue beads on a frame of wires with which the Russian helps out his arithmetic.

"All right?" she asked perfunctorily.

"Yes, all right," he answered, sitting down at the other side of the desk, with his cap on his knees. "Thirty-two prisoners — arrests on the street."

She heard him without attention; her eyes were on the papers before her. They had not been out of debt for twenty years; for even a Russian lieutenant, married and elderly, with no social credit to maintain, must preserve a certain decency of appearance upon a strictly inclastic scale of pay, and juggling with their accounts was one of their chief occupations.

"There's eighty roubles we ought to pay at once," she suggested. "I suppose ——"

Alexander Nicolaievitch shook his head. Varvara, his wife, stared at him a moment or two consideringly.

"Then we pay nothing this month?" she inquired.

"How can we? *You* know what money there is," answered her husband, for it was Varvara who kept the purse. "As Governor here, I am only paid quarterly, and it won't last the quarter."

Varvara drew the abacus toward her with her plump red hands, rough with a life of kitchen work.

"Then," she said, making it ready for a sum in addition,— "then you've no hope — no hope at all — of — of —— "

"Of what? Of being confirmed?" Alexander Nicolaievitch laughed shortly. "Think, Varvara! The chief has five daughters, all married — five sons-in-law to provide for! Why, the thing's as good as settled. I might as well hope to be a general — a minister — as Governor here. No; it'll last a couple of months, and that's something, you know. And then — back to the regiment."

"It'll last," said Varvara, with bitter conviction, "as long as this trouble lasts and there are dangerous men to be put in prison. When it's safe again, they'll send you off."

"It may be that," agreed her husband.

Varvara sighed. The temporary post as Governor of the Gaol represented the nearest approach they had ever made to prosperity. It carried with it a comfortable home, servants, a sufficient salary, and some consideration in the town. It was hard to reach it only to lose it, after precarious years in garrisons, with gold braid and authority to decorate their lives, and the mean, pressing every-day lack of money to render it all empty and tasteless. She glanced at the paper of figures before her.

"Seventy-eight and sixty-six," she murmured, and began to slap the red and blue beads back and forth smartly. Her husband let his cap slide to the floor, and sat back, watching her. There was nothing for him to say; and when he thought of the future, reaching forward through dull days of routine to an old age of black want for them both, he could only shudder and be dumb.

Varvara was still clicking her beads when the red-haired sergeant entered and saluted. He had come to report that the prisoners were duly established and their names taken.

"All right," said the Governor.

The sergeant saluted again, but hesitated. He still wore his injured air, as of a man who does his duty under difficulties.

"There is one," he said, "a woman, who says —— "

"Yes; what is it?" Alexander Nicolaievitch demanded curtly.

"She says she is English," said the sergeant. "There is a student who interprets for her, and she says that she is English, and that to-morrow we — that is, your Excellency — will have to answer for keeping her in prison. She is very threatening."

"Is she?"

"Yes. And she demands to see your Excellency."

"She'll see me presently, when I make my inspection," answered the Governor. "And the woman who was weeping — is she all right?"

The sergeant shifted his feet uneasily. "She is still weeping," he admitted. "They say that she was struck by somebody — out there, in the crowd."

"Somebody will be flogged, if I lay hands on him," said the Governor, eyeing the man gloomily. He had all a soldier's dislike for police

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methods. He nodded a dismissal, and the sergeant went, glad to take himself beyond the reach of further questions.

Varvara looked up from her calculations.

"If this Englishwoman makes trouble," she said, "they'll sacrifice you."

"Of course they will," agreed her husband, and stooped to raise his cap from the floor. It was time to make his visit to the gaol.

The woman who wept had come to rest at the far end of the corridor. Her gray-haired companion had steered her through the throng of prisoners and made her sit down upon her shawl, with her back against the wall. Here she crouched, and let her hand fall away from her face, so that those who were near could see that she was yet a girl, a meager, helpless thing, with one side of her face blackened and swollen as if some one had hit her with a bludgeon. As a matter of fact, it was a gun-butt, and the man who did it had hit her again — on the breast — so that now she could not find strength to stay her weeping. She lay back against the wall, crying helplessly. The prisoner who spoke English frowned at the sight, and spoke to her gray-haired friend.

"She is too feeble for all this," he said, in the clear, staccato tones of the educated Russian. He wore the uniform of a university student. "It is not a time for feeble people — no!"

The gray-haired woman was bending over the girl, with her handkerchief in her hand. She stood upright to reply to him.

"No," she agreed thoughtfully. "Feeble people are safe only in strong countries. That's the real trouble here, my friend. Now, do you think you could get me some water for her? That bruise ought to be bathed."

"I will try," said the student, and backed away through the people behind him.

The gray-haired woman sighed, and put her hands to her head in an endeavor to restore herself to some semblance of neatness. In the course of her travels — and she had traveled much — she had known experiences more alarming than the prospect of a night in prison, but few that had promised more of mere discomfort. The thirty-odd prisoners were settling down now, disposing themselves as best they could to spend the night on the stone floor; and already their breath made the narrow corridor oppressive. Some talked in low tones, and even laughed, and along their ranks there glowed the tips of cigarettes. She disliked the prospect of twelve or more hours without soap and water and oxygen, and she knew there would be weariness in rendering service to the hurt girl. Russia had got upon her nerves; it seemed to her that one could hardly touch its surface without discovering deeps of wrong and cruelty and pain. From her hotel in this dull provincial town of southern Russia she had gone out to the streets, drawn by the crowd below her windows, which seemed to hold out possibilities of interest. That there were also possibilities of danger was a fact Miss Gregory, author of the "Saharan Solitudes," was not likely to take into consideration.

"The most careful man I ever knew," she said once to her brother, when he addressed remonstrances to her on the subject of taking risks out of mere curiosity, "died of chloroform at his dentist's. So what's the use of bothering?"

In her fur cap and short fur-lined coat, she drifted with the crowd — just such a crowd as might gather in an English country town on a holiday evening. It moved aimlessly up and down the chief street; and now and again there was a little shouting, and once, at some distance from her, the cheerful noise of window-smashing. A student here and there attempted a speech, but failed to hold an audience; and a young man in ragged clothes, with a rapt, tormented face like a crazy angel, cleared a circle about him, and began, with tremendous gestures, to teach it a song. When the current of people had borne her past, she could still catch his high, rather hysterical voice, insisting again and again upon a single line of the song, and raving at the sheepish, staring people who would not take it up and sing it. It was very interesting, in its way, after Miss Gregory had got over a certain disappointment at the mildness and good nature of it; she felt she had a right to expect worse things of Russia in a season of general unrest. The student and the singer and the window-smashers gave her an impression of a nucleus, an insufficient leaven, of force and purpose striving in vain to overcome the inertia of an overpowering mass of dull and unappreciative people.

She was close to the corner of the street, and it was in her mind to turn and leave it all, when the surprise came. She was hemmed in among people, and could see only those next to her, so it came with no warning. A loud, harsh voice rasped some brief words that had the sound of an order, and on the heels of it there was a moment of astonished silence. Then the moving crowd halted and swayed and broke, and there were cries and yelps of fear and anger, as blue-uniformed men with weapons came driving through, striking to right and left of them with the flat of short swords and with the butts of rifles. They broke through the alarmed, unready people like a pack of hounds through stiff grass, and men and women went down

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before them under the impact of their rush and their blows. One of them charging along the pavement — a tall, red-headed fellow with the eyes and cheek-bones of a Chinaman — brushed Miss Gregory with his shoulder and sent her reeling against a wall. A girl near her uttered a little squeal of terror, and the soldier, thrusting toward her, heaved up his rifle and smashed her backward with the butt. The packed mass of people behind her kept her from falling to the ground, where she might have been safe from further injury, and he hewed at her again.

Miss Gregory, recovering her feet, had an instant's view of the girl's face, convulsed with pain and blindly uplifted; and then it was blotted from her as the steel-shod butt of the rifle beat it down. She screamed and ran forward; but the tall soldier had pushed on, and was busy a dozen paces away at a point where some students were grouped back to back and giving real trouble at last.

Miss Gregory raised the girl, a gasping sob of pain and terror, and applied herself to doing what little she could to restore and comfort her. There was nowhere to take her, and she could only hold her up against the wall and wait till the street should be cleared. *Then*, she promised herself, there should be a reckoning; people should learn what it cost to inconvenience and imperil the sister of Major-General Sir Howard Gregory of Addington Hall, Kent, the friend of ambassadors and ministers, the aunt of consuls-general. She would have somebody's head on a charger for this — she even noted the phrase for use at a later stage. In a moody magnificence of wrath, she stood apart, upholding the sobbing girl, and saw the thrusting, fleeing crowd dissolve into lonely little tragedies of swift grouping and violent dénouement. The wild-haired singer furnished one feverish incident. He came running down the road with a revolver in his hand, halting and swinging about to shoot at soldiers and policemen. Miss Gregory had a clear view of him as he came abreast of her, and saw, almost with awe, that the torment was gone from his face and it was radiant with glee and the joy of strife. Life had dealt niggardly with him hitherto, but now it was closing in a heaped-up opulence of sensation and action. For several minutes he was victorious and dangerous. The end came when he fired the last of his cartridges at a short, sturdy policeman, who ran at him and dodged spasmodically at the noise of the shot. The singer raised his revolver again, but it clicked uselessly. He dropped it, and as the policeman ran in on him with his short sword swung back for the thrust, he raised both arms heavenward in a sweeping



"THE SERGEANT'S RED HEAD WHACKED BACK AGAINST THE WALL FROM A RESOUNDING BUFFET IN THE FACE"

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gesture of superb surrender, and met the sword-point with his breast.

"The fool!" said Miss Gregory, to reassure herself. But she said it without conviction.

Five minutes later she found she was a prisoner, one of a sorry crowd that were hurriedly marshaled between guards and ordered to march. She wanted to protest, to demand the immediate presence of some superior officer who could put matters right; but to no purpose. The tall, red-haired soldier who had struck down the girl was the only person there who appeared to have authority; and at the sound of her voice he came alongside of her, panting with his exertions, and so plainly willing to murder her that she swallowed her indignation and moved on in silence, with the girl hanging weakly on her arm and never ceasing her sobs.

"To-morrow, then!" said Miss Gregory. "To-morrow we'll have things looked into. And until then — it's always stuff for the book!"

Miss Gregory had in hand a book of travels, the fruit of her later wanderings, for which she had great hopes. It was to be poignant with real humanity, alive with character — a book to set a standard for future generations. The reflection that her book would gain by it could reconcile her to almost any mischance.

The English-speaking student contrived somehow to obtain a bowl of water, and aided her to bathe the girl's bruised and swollen cheek. The poor, flimsy creature had not courage to support the sting of the cold water on her sore skin, and cried aloud as they tried to help her. Thus it was that the Governor of the Gaol, making his visit of inspection, came close behind them and spoke before they had noticed his arrival.

The student rose to his feet; Miss Gregory, on her knees before the injured girl, merely looked up.

"Who is it, and what does he want?" she inquired of the student, and continued calmly to steep her handkerchief in the bowl and lay its wetness on the girl's face.

"It is — what you call — the Governor of this place," explained the student. "He asks what is wrong here."

"Oh, does he!" Miss Gregory gave a terse explanation for translation to the Governor. "And that's not all," she went on, when the student had finished interpreting. "This girl was hit first on the breast — with a gun. She ought to be seen by a doctor at once. I can't open her dress to examine her here, with all these men about. If they mean her to die, she shall die decently. Tell him that, please."

Alexander Nicolaievitch heard this interpreted to him, standing over the group of them massively. Then he put a question.

"He says, can she walk?" explained the student to Miss Gregory.

"Nobody carried her here," was the answer. "Where does he want her to walk to?"

"He says," explained the student,— when this had been translated to the Governor and replied to,— "he says, she shall come to his house and his wife shall see her. And he says — you go, too."

"It's a doctor she wants," retorted Miss Gregory ungraciously; but she rose, and helped the girl to her feet.

Alexander Nicolaievitch looked at her closely, for he was revising his original estimate of her position and origin. He knew, as a piece of general information, that the English were an unaccountable race, not to be judged by ordinary, reasonable standards; but he liked the contemptuous power of her fresh-colored face and the solid responsibility of the whole of her.

The red-haired sergeant was in attendance upon the Governor, and when they reached the spot where he was waiting, half way down the corridor, he stepped aside to let them pass. It may have been sheer accident that caused him, in so doing, to place the heel of his heavy boot upon the hand of a recumbent prisoner; but it crunched sickeningly, as if he had thought it out cleverly, and the prisoner bounded where he lay, and tore his hand away with a yell. The girl on Miss Gregory's arm shivered and shrank close to her. Miss Gregory, with eyes snapping sparks, halted. But there was no need for the words that came to her lips. From behind them there reached forward the long, gray-sleeved arm of Alexander Nicolaievitch, soldier and disciplinarian, and the sergeant's red head whacked back against the wall from a resounding buffet in the face.

The sergeant flamed, a flame that died in less than a second, for he was a drilled man with the fear of authority rooted in his marrow. He blinked dizzily, and then saluted with a mechanical movement. The Governor looked at his fist and then at the sergeant, and Miss Gregory smiled approvingly when she saw the unbroken seriousness of his face. He had struck shrewdly and on the instant; but he had not lost his temper.

Varvara, with the abacus still in her hands, looked up at them over her spectacles as they entered; but it needed little explanation from her husband to make clear to her that the girl needed attention. She gave herself to the matter with a kind of silent, efficient promptness that comes of living long years in garrisons; and in a very few minutes the girl was

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lying on a bed, and Miss Gregory and the Governor's wife were trying to get into communication with each other across her mishandled body. It was fortunate that both knew a little German and neither knew much.

"It is a doctor she wants, then," agreed Varvara thoughtfully, when they had established this means of conversation.

"*Natürlich*," said Miss Gregory. "Of course."

She could not imagine what made Varvara hesitate; together they had uncovered injuries about the girl's body that made the plainest possible demands for skilled help.

"She — she has no money," remarked Varvara. She sighed, and turned away. "I will send for the doctor," she said.

"Oh, if *money* is necessary!" said Miss Gregory. She had plenty about her; she was equipped with pockets, like a man. She produced a couple of twenty-five-rouble notes and held them out.

Varvara looked at the long yellow notes curiously.

"That is too much for the doctor," she said. "Much too much! Five will be enough."

"Then give me change," said Miss Gregory.

"No," said Varvara. "Put that money back in your pocket till the doctor comes. I have not change enough in the house."

Miss Gregory did not quite understand. She restored the money to its pocket, as Varvara left the room, with the feeling that she had been quietly snubbed for some piece of ostentation, and it made her angry and uncomfortable. The sum, after all, was insignificant; and the woman had mentioned money, and hesitated. What was queer was that Varvara did not look in the least like a person who would grudge what she had to give, and Miss Gregory believed herself a judge of types. The true explanation flashed upon her only when the doctor had come, done his work, and was ready to go again, and it was time to pay him.

Varvara's messenger had summoned the first doctor he could find, a shabby little man with tired, red-rimmed eyes. He, too, was not able to muster change for a twenty-five-rouble note. He wanted six roubles for his fee and medicines, and he murmured apologetically as he patted himself all over, as if sounding for wealth concealed about his person, and smiled sadly.

"You can send me the change in the morning," suggested Miss Gregory. It was embarrassing to stand there and hold out the stiff symbol of money in that opulent way.

The doctor looked doubtful at this. He had understood Miss Gregory to be herself a prisoner, which meant that no one could tell from one hour to another what would happen to her.

Varvara sighed again. "I can manage six roubles," she said slowly. "I think I can manage six roubles."

She opened a drawer in a big wardrobe, and produced thence an iron cash-box with a formidable brass lock. She put it down on the foot of the bed while she fumbled for the key, and then wrestled awhile with the box before it would open. It seemed designed to keep a close enough guard on its contents; it resisted even its owner, clanking like a broken-down clock before its machinery surrendered and let Varvara raise the lid.

"I think I can manage it," she murmured, and turned the hoarded treasure out on the counterpane.

The doctor drew near to help her, and Miss Gregory leaned on the rail of the bed and watched them sorting half-roubles and twenty-kopeck pieces apart. The reluctant cash-box had seemed to imply title deeds, negotiable securities, and the like; but the little hoard of small coins was all it sheltered behind its formidable brass lock and steel bands. With the doctor's help, Varvara made up her six roubles, and had sixty kopecks over — about twenty-five cents. She paid the doctor, and proceeded to lock up what was left in that stern safe-deposit that would yield it up only to persuasion.

"Why!" thought Miss Gregory, aghast with enlightenment, as Varvara replaced the box in its drawer and locked the drawer. "Of course! What a pig I am! It's all she has; it's actually all the poor thing has!"

The discovery even made her a little timid when she had to meet Varvara's eyes again, and this was a new experience for Miss Gregory. That redoubted traveler in both the hemispheres was used to look all comers in the face and speak her mind in plain words; but the thought of her twenty-five-rouble notes, and her posture in offering them made her hot all over. She was grateful that Varvara merely concerned herself with bringing her warm water to wash with and making her comfortable.

"When you are ready," she told Miss Gregory, "there will be coffee downstairs."

The doctor had given the injured girl an opiate, so there was nothing to allege as an excuse for refusing the coffee; and, incidentally, she found herself debarred from a project she had entertained of demanding her release from the Governor of the Gaol and promising him complicated trouble if he did not grant it. Everything considered, that line of action no longer appealed to her.

It was a spruce Miss Gregory who presented herself in the little salon below — a Miss Gregory not only restored by soap and water to the

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outward proprieties, but a Miss Gregory with the complaisance and diamond-edged sweetness of a *grande dame* determined to capture the liking of her company. Alexander Nicolaievitch, with his fine, grizzled head showing manners; the fact that sixty kopecks in an infirm cash-box stood between them and nakedness was nothing to the point. And as to Miss Gregory, there ranged behind her a noble perspective of county families of assured social



"IT SEEMED DESIGNED TO KEEP A CLOSE ENOUGH GUARD ON ITS CONTENTS"

an unexpected reverend quality now that it was bare, rose and bowed; Varvara looked up from her tray, with a smile. They were all gentlefolk together, for the time; the morrow, with its looming police-court, was not glanced upon. All their lives the Governor and his wife had been of the class that is saluted and made way for — the class that invented fine prominence, of personality fortified by the unshaken esteem of her bankers. She met the bow of Alexander Nicolaievitch with just the right inclination, and gave Varvara back a smile more cordial than her own.

But, of course, something had to be done. Miss Gregory put the matter to Varvara, for the Governor had no word of any tongue but Russian.

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"Do you think your husband could spare a messenger?" she asked. "You see, I mustn't put you to more trouble than I can help, and a note to the Chief of Police will put everything right."

"I will ask him," said Varvara. "But" — she glanced at a clock ticking upon the wall above Miss Gregory's head — "it is late for the Chief of Police."

It was just upon midnight.

"If only he gets it," said Miss Gregory, "really, he'll do what I want. Really he will, even if it puts him to the trouble of getting out of bed. *Wirklich* — really!"

But the best the Governor could do for her was to send her note off when the gaol guard was relieved in the morning. Till then he had no one who could leave the prison precincts — not even himself. There was a rule that he could not violate; he hoped Miss Gregory would understand.

Miss Gregory understood, of course. She gave him a nod and her best smile, as Varvara put it into halting German for her.

"But does the Chief of Police know you?" asked Varvara.

"I was out when he called at my hotel," answered Miss Gregory. "But he knows me. Oh, yes; he knows me."

She was willing to make the best of things, since she could not obtain her release; and when Miss Gregory chose, as she chose now, she could be a very agreeable companion. Alexander Nicolaievitch sat, perforce, outside the conversation, a massive and silent presence, rather splendid in his simple uniform; but Miss Gregory, as she warmed to conversation with Varvara, stole frequent glances at his good, capable gravity of countenance. After a while Varvara was telling her about the governorship of the gaol — how the temporary post had seemed to offer to them the means of closing their meager lives in security and comfort, and how that prospect had narrowed and faded.

"Still," said Varvara, "a soldier must be prepared for everything — *nicht?*"

Miss Gregory thought of her brother, the major-general at home in the spacious and ample comfort of Addington Hall, from whose sixty windows he could see no land but his own.

"Who gives this post?" she asked. "The Governor of the town, or who?"

"It is the Chief of Police," said Varvara. "But he is not our friend."

"Nor mine," said Miss Gregory thoughtfully. "Still ——"

She wrote the note that was to be despatched in the morning on the official paper that Alexander Nicolaievitch provided for her. She wrote it deliberately, in English. Let the Chief of Police find a translator, or take the consequences! She knew exactly how to touch him in the joints of his official armor. She made no threats, only demands; and offered him, for purposes of identification, the names of an Imperial Chancellor she had known in Paris, and the Minister of the Interior. It was a dignified piece of correspondence, with a sort of implicit ugliness of intention running through its formal phrasing, which she noted with satisfaction as she glanced it through before handing it to Alexander Nicolaievitch for despatch.

"If he comes before I am up," she said to Varvara, "he can wait. He won't object."

Varvara smiled meditatively, and translated to her husband.

"If he comes, he shall be told," said the Governor gravely.

It was not that they doubted Miss Gregory; neither of them was given to the habit of doubt. But they did not understand her lightsome way of dealing with potentates and dignitaries. There was something of pity in Varvara's gentleness as she conducted Miss Gregory to the bed that was prepared for her; she felt sorry to think of her wakening to a morning whose light would find her powerless in the hands of the system that had made her prisoner.

"Even if — if his Excellency does not come," she said, pausing in the doorway, as she went from the room, "you are rich enough to pay a fine."

"He will come," Miss Gregory assured her. "He'll come. You'll see."

She would have liked to think things over for a while in bed, and arrange the day's impressions for storage in her memory toward the book she was to write. The experience would enhance those pages, so rich with things felt and considered. But, once between the sheets, with a night-dress of Varvara's upon her, she found herself unexpectedly weary.

"I can go over it to-morrow, at the hotel," she decided, and resigned herself to sleep.

But twice, ere she lost herself in slumber, she cocked an ear at a faint clicking noise, as of some one beating a tattoo with his nails on the table in the salon below. She had not been long enough in Russia to recognize the sound of the abacus.

She woke to broad daylight filling the window behind a frost-tracery, and to the unobtrusive presence of Varvara with a tray upon which steamed a glass of straw-colored tea. As soon as she opened her eyes, she was aware that her hostess no longer pitied her; her whole manner testified to subdued respect and admiration.

"Oh, thank you," said Miss Gregory, taking the tea. "How pretty it looks, doesn't it, with

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the lemon floating in it? Such a nice color to wake up to!"

"He is there," said Varvara solemnly. "He came at once. I told him he must wait, and he said: 'Certainly, certainly. Do not disturb her upon any account.' And he is waiting — as you said."

"That's right," answered Miss Gregory, sipping her tea comfortably. "But I hope he's not in your way."

"No," said Varvara. "No."

"Then I'll be down in half an hour or so, and talk to him. But how is the poor girl?"



"'YOU GOT MY NOTE?' SHE DEMANDED"

"She suffers," Varvara told her. "The doctor has been, but he cannot do much here."

"That reminds me," said Miss Gregory, "I owe you six roubles. We'll have her removed to a hospital to-day. And now I'll get up."

In the salon, it had fallen to Alexander Nicolaievitch to keep the Chief of Police company and render first aid to that official's agitated dignity. He had seen his reception of Miss Gregory's directions to wait, and had wondered at his nervous compliance; his intelligence was not alert in such affairs.

"But why didn't you send for me at once?" the great man queried. "This may be a very serious affair — and you are to blame."

He was a stout man, bald and black-mustached, and the broad fur collar of his coat rose about his ears as he shrugged his shoulders.

"The lady doesn't agree with you," said Alexander shortly. "Nor do I."

"She blames — me?" asked the Chief eagerly. "She is very angry, eh? But you have made her comfortable, it seems. She will listen to reason. Don't you think she will listen to reason?"

"She speaks no Russian. How can I tell?" replied Alexander Nicolaievitch.

"Well!" The Chief of Police gave him a sour look. "If there is trouble, you will not gain by it, my friend! Such stupidity! Such imbecility! Such incompetence!"

"I am not very competent at police work," agreed the elder man, returning his look. "It's a dirty trade, and I am a soldier. But I am competent to crop the ears of any man who calls me an imbecile."

The Chief of Police was not immediately ready with a reply to this suggestion, and conversation languished till the appearance of Miss Gregory brought them both to their feet, bowing.

She came in, with her hat already on her head. Varvara's spectacles looked over her shoulder. She gave her host a greeting of smiles, and then turned to where the Chief of Police was waiting to bubble over with apologies.

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"You got my note?" she demanded.

"I came upon the instant," he answered eagerly. "Madame, I am shocked — distressed! I am anxious to offer you my sincerest apologies, my most —— "

Miss Gregory interrupted him. "No," she said, "don't trouble! If you are the responsible person, I can't accept apologies, and your explanations will have to be made elsewhere. You understand?"

He did understand, though unwillingly.

"But, Madame," he begged, "it is a mistake — a most horrible mistake — a mistake of subordinates who shall suffer for it. You should have been released instantly. I cannot comprehend why this officer did not do so at once. It shall be looked into, Madame. There shall be an inquiry, and you shall be satisfied."

He was willing to take any way out of the entanglement; his plump, sophisticated face was almost agonized. Behind him, Alexander Nicolaievitch, who did not understand a single word, stood in massive gravity.

"This officer," said Miss Gregory, "has treated me with all possible courtesy and consideration. I am — I am greatly in his debt. That shall be made very clear."

"Oh!" The Chief of Police halted, on a sudden thought. He glanced from one to another of them inquiringly. "That, at least, is satisfactory," he said slowly. "Will Madame permit that I speak to him for a moment? He speaks only Russian."

"As you please," said Miss Gregory stiffly.

Mild, plump Varvara had understood no more than her husband of this talk; she had waited placidly in the background, outside this arena of incomprehensible issues. But when the Chief of Police turned and addressed her husband, she thrust a little forward, to be within reach of his words.

The Chief of Police did not waste strategy on his subordinate.

"I was going to sign your appointment today," he said, "as Governor of the Gaol. You wanted it, eh?"

"Yes," said Alexander Nicolaievitch; and Varvara took a step nearer. "But ——"

"She says she is greatly obliged to you. If you speak to her she may hold her tongue. Will you?"

It was on the old officer's lips to say no — to tell the man that he might lie in the mud he had made. But he looked across at Varvara, and sighed. His day of fine impulsiveness was over; a heroic moment of refusal would have to be paid for by his wife as well as himself. The eyes of husband and wife met with a sort of shamed understanding and surrender to the compulsion of their poverty.

"Tell her, Varvara," he said.

Not the least interesting thing in Miss Gregory's memory of that transaction was the swift recovery of the Chief of Police. He had been crushed, flattened, reduced to limpness and pathos; but, even as he watched her face while Varvara made things clear to her, he showed signs of restoration. And when the explanation was over and Miss Gregory nodded acquiescingly, he was magically re-inflated.

"Ha!" he said strongly. "A dreadful affair; but it is something to see that Madame is none the worse. Still, the fools that arrested Madame — that sergeant, for instance ——"

"Yes," said Miss Gregory. "We can talk about him as we drive to my hotel."

Two minutes later, and the Governor of the Gaol and his wife had their house to themselves. They faced each other across the table in the salon, without speaking. Varvara was the first to move; she went to the desk and opened a drawer.

"What are you looking for?" asked Alexander Nicolaievitch.

"The abacus," she answered, producing it. "Now, sit down and attend to me. We shall be able to pay that eighty roubles, after all. Nine and twenty-seven and sixteen ——"

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Sparks

by John Fleming Wilson

Illustrations by Henry Reuterdahl

THE last passenger had peered into the wireless room and curiously inquired what the news was. A deck steward silently switched off the promenade lights outside, and Bob Lytle took the receiver from his head and lit a cigarette. "The *Nome City* is down off Cape Blanco in a fog," he told me casually, "and the poor devil of a wireless man is asking the heavens whether the moon is shining anywhere on the Pacific. Honolulu joshed him a bit, but since they made the pursers on the Maxon boats learn wireless and fill both jobs, jokes don't get the appreciation they should."

I filched a smoke, and nodded. I had heard of the troubles of the pursers and freight clerks on the tramp sugar-steamers, who not only had to perspire over lading bills and manifests, but were expected to know two codes and how to repair an aërial as well. Lytle glanced at the clock, said, "This is the government's half hour," and rang the "stop bell" to the engineer in charge of the dynamo below. "Static is bad to-night," he vouchsafed.

"What's 'static'?" I demanded crossly. "I'm always hearing about it, and I've never discovered just what it is."

Lytle handed me the receiver. "Put that on," he told me. "Then you'll know as much as I do."

I pulled the hard metallic band over my crown, and instantly the sounds of the thrumming ship ceased. Instead of the throb of the screw and the gentle creaking of the rudder-chains, I heard the soft ζ-ζ-ζ-ζζ of the wireless, the unmistakable bee-like hum that calls across the leagues of the many seas. I caught a fragment of this aërial talk: " . . . boilers inspected and six tubes condemned . . . sails from navy-yard to-morrow at noon with full . . ." Lytle had slid the tuner-handle down, and another far-away buzz, rising out of the void, reported: "Steamer *Hornet* hundred and fifty miles off Arenas — all well." Again the tuner-handle slid round its short arc, and out of the fluid air came the sharp, curt ζ-ζ-ζ-ζ of a tug asking owners for orders about a log raft in tow off Flattery Light. Then — a furious explosion occurred in the upper air. The steady, business-like sending of a dozen operators was overridden by the cracking of a vast, faint artillery. A sharp slither of heard flame shot across the heavens, and Lytle grabbed the receiver as I flung it off. "That's static," he said calmly. "It won't hurt you, but it's unpleasant in the ears."

"What is it?" I demanded again.

"There are some thirty-odd systems of wireless," he remarked, "and all of them together haven't explained static. Sometimes ——" He paused, picked out another cigarette, and fell silent.

I stirred him up. "Sometimes what?" I demanded.

Lytle stared at the pilot-lamp, put the receiver over his head, listened a moment, took it off, and smiled faintly at me. "It's queer," he muttered. "I've been an operator ten years, and on a railroad wire for ten years before that. And I can't explain it!"

"Static?" I inquired.

"Who it was," he responded vaguely. "It must have been that woman."

I kept silent, and he went on: "You see, there are various ways of *receiving*. There's this system here, and then there's that system, and this one, besides my old one, the one I first learned. Look here." He disconnected the little metallic fixture that tied up his aërials, drew a small wire out of his pocket, inserted it between the aërial wires, and dropped some liquid out of a bottle into a little cup into which this new circuit-maker dipped. "Electrolytic," he said briefly. "Now listen."

I drew the receiver over my head once more. The ζ-ζ-ζ-ζ had brightened into a sharper, fainter

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note. It seemed to me to come from infinite distances, clearly, plaintively, with none of the haste and rush I had observed before. Lytle nodded to my unspoken comment. "That way you can hear as far as there is ether," he told me. "And that's the beauty of that system. But it's too delicate for commercial work; one hears too much. I think sometimes that that was the matter with Harry Linn the time — the time, well, the time that static fixed him. He must have got into connection with something besides the ordinary waves. But it was all plain enough; he wasn't alone in hearing it. All of us, Birdie Crow on the *Rose City*, Stevie Patterson on the *Manchuria*, a half dozen of us, cut in and heard it.

"Harry used to work alongside of me in the Postal in San Francisco. Those days we were all boys together. I was fresh from the East, Harry came from Louisiana, and the others of us were everything, from cubs off the Santa Fé to experts who'd left the Associated Press for easier hours and routine work without so much typewriting. Then wireless arrived, and I quit my job, went back to New York, and got a position on one of the first vessels ever equipped. Six months later, out on the Atlantic, I heard Harry Linn; couldn't mistake his jerky, quick, snappy sending; seemed as if I heard his old familiar voice in my ear. So I knew that he was in wireless, too.

"Gradually we got track of each other, and, when a chance came to get back to the Coast, we came together and started in side by side in the little wireless station on Russian Hill in 'Frisco.

"You see, it was almost home to us, we'd worked and lived there so long. And Harry picked up with the same girl he'd traveled with before, a tall, gray-eyed person who worked a commercial wire in a downtown office. Her name was Lucille, and she carried herself pretty high and didn't have much to say to any of us. She was a good operator, too, though somewhat of a stammerer when she got excited. Mixed things up a bit and lost her speed. Ordinarily she was a steady, swinging operator, with a clean, rocking way of sending that sounded slow till you got used to it. Really, she had the oddest finger on the key I ever heard; and some of the boys used to say she sent to the tune of old waltzes. That was the impression it gave you — a sort of long, swaying, dreamy, flowing Morse that the boys used to listen to kind of thoughtfully at times. Harry Linn was in love with her. She had a mother sick abed in a flat out Sunset way; whether she was in love with Harry I'll leave to you.

"Harry had the split trick, left at noon, and came back at six to work with me till midnight. Then a chap named Gunderson took the morning trick. And mostly, when the clock marked twelve and I dragged off the earband and looked around, I'd see Lucille sitting on the bare bench across the room, waiting for Harry, her gray eyes half closed and her hands clasped in her lap. Harry would put on his coat and say, 'Ready, Lucille? Let's go and have a bite of supper, and then I'll put you on your car.'

"She'd nod sleepily, and sometimes she'd say she was really hungry; other times she'd shake her head and tell him she was too tired. It seems she worked nights now and then to make extra money for the sick mother. But she always turned up when Harry was about to quit, and from what he said I know they were to be married sometime. It was quite the regular thing, you understand, for us to see her leaning back against that bench, watching him through her half-shut eyes. We envied Harry, for she was a good, honest girl, and mighty fine-looking as well.

"One night I realized that Lucille hadn't been sitting on that bench for over a week. Harry plodded along till twelve o'clock, put on his coat, and stared out of the window at the bay below us. I remember asking, 'Where's Lucille?'

"Harry merely shook his head. 'I'm going East again,' he said, in a dry voice. 'I'll get my time to-morrow and pull out.' So I knew he and the girl had had a row.

"He disappeared, and I heard nothing more of him till Gunderson said, one night: 'Harry's on the *Mahala*. Was talking to him to-night.'

"Meanwhile I saw nothing of Lucille till, one midnight, I got up, switched off the dynamo, and looked around, to see her sitting on the bench just the same as ever. For a moment it didn't occur to me that months had passed since I'd last seen her there, and I said, 'Evening! Waiting for Harry?'

"She nodded slowly, and walked over to the board with a swaying, tired step. Her face was dead white, and I saw the scarlet of her lips open tremblingly. 'Where *is* Harry?' she asked me gently.

"Gunderson overheard, and blurted out, 'He's operator on the *Mahala*, running from Honolulu to the Coast. Was talking to him last week.'

"'What's his call?' she asked, still gently. Gunderson fussed for the code-book, and dug it out. '*Q2*,' he told her. 'That's it, *Q2*. Everything's workin' good to-night and you ought to be able to raise him. I was talkin' to Diamond Head an hour ago.'

"Lucille nodded slowly round at us, reached

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up a tired hand, and switched in the dynamo. Then she nodded at me and sat down at the key, her long, slender fingers groping across the insulating-plate till they rested on the soft rubber knob we used then. The circuit broke with a crash, and I heard the *crack-crack-crack* as she called with all the power of our 5 KW machine, '*Q2, Q2.*'

"Gunderson and I sat back and let her alone. I see it yet — the woman sitting wearily by the board, the great purple flashes of the current lighting up her slightly bowed head as she flung it out with the old familiar, swaying, flowing Morse that we knew so well.

"Suddenly she stopped, took her fingers from the key, and drew the bright ear-band over her head, letting her hat fall to the floor. In the silence Gunderson and I saw her intent look, her eyes half closed, while she listened across the air for Harry's answer. How long she sat there I don't know. She got no response, for she switched in the dynamo again and called *Q2* — *Q2*, this time with a trace of her old stammer in it. She stopped and listened once more. This time, too, there was no answer, for she turned and said gently: 'He won't answer. He knows it's me. But I must make him understand.' She switched in the current, sat up a little straighter, and the forty thousand volts we carried fairly roared through the condensers and up into the air. I suppose she knew we wouldn't tell. Maybe she was desperate and didn't care. For she told the whole Pacific, in that unmistakable long, flowing, streaming stuff that she could send so fast, the private message she meant for Harry Linn. Gunderson and I sat there like stocks, half blinded by the dazzling splendor of the endless flashes, knowing that we were overhearing the one secret of a woman's life.

"Suddenly the light died into darkness, the sound ceased, and we heard a low sob, the rustle of skirts, and Lucille was gone.

"None of us ever spoke of that message, though I fancy that a hundred men in a hundred little cabins over two thousand miles of sea heard it. But Lucille was one of us, and we just let it go out into the high air. We didn't even try to find out whether Harry caught it. It wasn't a thing you could say anything about, you see. Yet I think we weren't surprised to hear that Lucille was dead. That was the background of all her attempt to talk to Harry — that she was dying and needed him.

"A year later I was on the *Hanalei*, plugging up and down the California coast, working a little 1 KW outfit. Harry Linn had left the *Mahala* and was on the big *Senator*. Several times I heard him, and once we passed the time of day. He said he was going to China. Next month I found he was on the *Peking;* then I lost track of him.

"I fancy that it was about a year afterward that I met him on Market Street, a fat shadow of himself. The boy looked to be all in; but the funny thing of it was, he was horribly fat. He seemed to be in a brown study, and woke up finally to tell me (I saw then that he had been drinking) that he had lost his only chance of being decent. 'I'm a scoundrel,' he told me, 'and I'm in hell; and I deserve it. Yes, I'm getting just what is coming to me. I turned the girl down when she was calling for me, and now she'll never call me again. Never any more'— Then he waddled away, a grotesque figure of misery. I remember thinking the fellow had gone off his chump. I didn't feel specially sorry for him, either, for he had played the cad.

"Two months later I took the wireless room on the *Santa Clara*, with a 3 KW machine and a fine weather radius of any old distance you like. The *Santa Clara* was running from Portland to San Pedro with passengers and freight, and making quick passages, with mighty little time in either port. And who should be back on the *Mahala*, running opposite to us, but Harry Linn.

"We did the usual friendly business, passed each other's messages along, peddled the news to each other, and generally picked up our old relations. But I noticed that Harry was attending to business too strictly. You know, where there's only one operator, he usually works certain hours and sleeps or loafs the rest of the time. Harry was always on the job. You could get *Q2* day or night, any hour or any minute. The other boys noticed this, and we got to talking about the way Harry kept awake. Once he picked up a poor, feeble S. O. S.* from a sinking tramp and handed it on to the Coast, and got commended in the papers. That was too much, and we fell on him; not that we didn't approve of his catching the S. O. S. and passing it on, but we thought he was trying to steal all the credit.

"I know it was a shame, the way we badgered that poor devil. The *Mahala's* run was a long one; it always carried a lot of passengers; and the best a wireless man could make of the job was none too good. But we never allowed the lad an hour's peace. There wasn't a minute that some of us weren't calling *Q2*, and asking some fool question or handing him stuff to pass on with his big machine. And he always cut in, at the first call, with his jerky, snappy, anxious key, a tone in a thousand. When did the man sleep? I don't know. The joke became too serious, and we dropped it.

*A signal of distress: "Save our ship."

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"Then static grew troublesome. You see, it comes in streaks. Usually it's worse during the daylight, and fades off into nothing after midnight. But it comes in days, weeks, months, as well, when it has no business to. And all along the Coast, from Flattery to Loma, static got to be our bugbear and our bane. By degrees all of us learned that there was a distinct zone where we could never be sure of free air; static would break in and spoil the best of sending. Even my big 3 KW couldn't buck it sometimes. Business was almost at a standstill, and the companies were worried, and the experts fumed and fussed and experimented. Then the static changed into the oddest thing that ever made a hundred sleepy wireless operators go crazy with overwork and anxiety. From the usual cracks and explosions and thunderings and streaks of flamy sound, it dropped into a monotonous kind of sending that would tantalize you, and wake you up thoroughly, and drive you to shoving your tuner back and forth in an effort to catch it. I think it sounded more like the work of a beginner trying to manage a big machine than like anything else. Only nobody in the world had an outfit with one tenth the power of that static. It was a tremendous thing. It sounded like huge waves driven by an overpowering, slow force. Half the time we couldn't get any of it, the wave lengths were so terrific, with a million volts back of them. Then it would shorten up, and from Oregon out to Honolulu we'd all sit up and listen, trying to make out what — what — well, what it was trying to say. Of course, it was *nobody*. Merely static electricity, magnetism of the earth, or of the universe, as some of the books tell you. But, I assure you, we all sat in our rooms and tuned up to it and listened, sure that something, some blind operator with all the voltage of the solar system, was driving some message into the air.

"You can see that none of us would have much to say about such a thing. I didn't, personally, care to mention the fact that I sat for hours and tried to tune my little 3 KW machine up to take from a million-kilowatt operator who was really only static and a scientific phenomenon. And I reckon nobody else felt any more talkative. But once in a while some government station would make a vague inquiry about a message 'too faint to hear.' Then one or two of the boys opened out and spoke about it. Finally we all confessed. But I don't recollect that any explanation was offered of this mysterious static.

"Then I was told to go North to take the key on a new boat sailing for my company out of Victoria, and who should I travel with but Harry Linn on the *Mahala*. He seemed glad to see me, and I moved right in with him. He was fatter than ever, whiter in the face, and with a ghastly nervousness that made him a mighty poor companion.

"That night I taxed him with being half mad. He confessed that it was the static that bothered him. 'I heard it every night,' he said, 'and I thought I had a delusion till I found you boys heard it, too. I felt better for a while. But now ——' The man stared at me out of crinkled, feverish eyes.

"'Now what?' I demanded, not liking his odd manner.

"'I've got a new way of receiving,' he said, with sudden eagerness. 'You see, the wavelengths of that — this static are too big for me — for any of our machines. They're prodigious. I've figured it all out, and I've just finished an apparatus that will tune me up to them so that I can take them.'

"'How long do you make 'em?' I asked carelessly, thinking he'd say so many hundred meters.

"'They are *years long*,' the man said, with perfect calmness. 'I've been working for months on this apparatus, and the shop in Los Angeles just finished it yesterday and sent it down to me. It's made after my own plans. Now I think I can take what static has to say.'

"'You don't mean to tell me you believe it is *somebody*?' I demanded.

"Linn smiled a queer, fleshy smile. 'I've been listening to it day and night for months,' he told me, pulling out a pair of light pliers. 'And I've a notion that it's somebody trying to talk to us. I thought once I got my call, but I made nothing out of it.' He bent over and connected up his new fixture, spending half an hour over the work. Then he sat down, with the ear-band over his head, and tuned up. I jumped when he said in a disgusted voice, 'There's that fool Manning on the old tub *Susie E* yelling to know whether the *Comet* has sailed from San Pedro. And he expects me to pass his message on because he's only got a one half KW and can't send over a hundred miles.' Linn rang for the dynamo, and began to repeat Manning's stuff, snapping his key down in his old quick, jerky style. I think the glare of the spark and the sulphur and phosphorus smell from the gap must have put me to sleep, for I remember nothing more till Linn shook me. I opened my eyes and looked up at him from the lounge. He was quivering with excitement. 'Say, Bob,' he was whispering, 'that tuner works! It's my call, too. And I can't take it! See what you can do.'

"I was sure the fellow was insane; but he was so deadly in earnest that I got up and took his

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"SHE TOLD THE WHOLE PACIFIC, IN THAT FLOWING STUFF THAT SHE COULD SEND SO FAST, THE MESSAGE SHE MEANT FOR HARRY LINN"

place at the key. At first I heard nothing but the usual stuff — some poor freight clerk down the Mexican coast asking for information from the wharf about a shipment of coffee machinery. Then the static smothered it, and I caught the familiar sounds that had made me miserable for so many months. But this time it was somewhat different: it was a vague, far-away, huge buzz, with a 'kick-back' like an ordinary railroad instrument. Then the sweat stood out on my forehead. The slow, infinitely heavy and distant waves were calling $Q_2 - Q_2 - Q_2$.

"My face must have showed my amazement, for Linn crawled over to me and whispered

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huskily, 'Get the call, Bob? *Do you get the call?*' He broke into a sob, shaking like a jelly. 'It's calling me, Bob, and I can't take it.'

"I shoved him back on the couch with one hand, and tuned up a little. It came more distinctly, with a slow, rolling, dreamy note: Q_2 — Q_2 — Q_2. Involuntarily I cut in and answered it. By the flashes of the helix spark I saw Linn's big face fixed on me. It was absolutely expressionless. When I cut out the dynamo again, I heard the slow, perfectly vivid, distinct . . . breathing, if you like . . . 'way up in the sky . . . something like a succession of faint, sighing sobs. It repeated the call, Q_2, in Morse, and then went on, with that steady, rhythmic sending that I had always associated with but one person — Lucille:

"'*I've been calling you, Harry, so long, so long, to tell you that I didn't mean what I said, and for you to come back to me. . . . It killed me. . . . I need you, Harry.*'

"I took the band off my head when I had listened this far, and dragged Linn into the seat and jammed the receiver over his head. 'It sounds quite familiar,' I said, trying to be perfectly sane; 'but it's for you, not for me.'

"I sat on the edge of his lounge, and saw his eyes close, his head droop a little. For a full five minutes he sat there, listening to that — that 'static.' It seemed to me that I saw the fat flesh fade from his cheeks. I fancy that mysterious message (or was it a message, after all?) ended when he suddenly threw in the dynamo switch and his blind fingers caught the key. It roared out over my head in his jerky, snappy Morse:

"'*O. K. I'm coming.*

'Q_2.'

"I managed to snap the switch off before he slipped down over the desk. When I had thrust him on the couch, I took the receiver myself and listened. But I heard nothing except a freight clerk on a sugar-boat calling San Luis Obispo. 'Was that static, or something doing?' he pleaded. I cut in. 'That was static, my son,' I told him. 'Go to bed and sleep it off.' From 'way up North I heard Birdie Crow delicately calling: 'Q_2 — Q_2. Why don't you answer your call, Q_2?'

"I glanced over at Harry Linn, whose pallid face was turned to the wall for good. I answered Birdie:

"'*Took and O. K'd message.*

'Q_2.'

"Then I rang down the dynamo; but, before I took the receiver from my ear, I heard some one far up the line say, 'Thank God that static has stopped.' Then the night's business proceeded, while I went to the bridge to explain to the *Mabala's* captain that his wireless operator was dead."

DAIMYO'S GARDENS

BY

WINIFRED WEBB

YOU say that I am sowing rue
Because my dream will not come true,
And this is how I answer you:

Shall I forget the one sweet dawn
I watched across a sweep of lawn
Where herons stood, all white and still,
Beside a slender winding rill;
Forget the little leaves, the glow
That only those in Nippon know;
Regret that hour so near divine
Because the garden was not mine?

O dawn that nevermore shall be,
O dawn I may not hope to see,
You two, alike, belong to me!

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LOPEZ, THE CRIMINAL JAGUAR OF THE NEW YORK ZOO

CRITICAL MOMENTS WITH WILD ANIMALS

(SECOND PAPER)

BY

ELLEN VELVIN, F. Z. S.

AUTHOR OF "BEHIND THE SCENES WITH WILD ANIMALS," "WILD-ANIMAL CELEBRITIES," ETC.

WILD animals have their individual idiosyncrasies, and no two of a kind are ever exactly alike in their behavior. Study four lions, tigers, bears, or elephants, and you will find that each animal has its own way of doing things, its own moods, its own peculiar temperament.

Lions are, I think, peculiarly unlike one another in disposition. I have known sulky, morose lions who did not forget a real or fancied grievance; and I have known hasty, passionate lions who flared up at the least provocation, often without any provocation at all, but whose anger died away as quickly as the flame from a match, and who afterward seemed to have no recollection of having had any grievance. Some lions are dull, slow, phlegmatic, and stupid, too lazy to be roused by any little unusual incident. As an illustration of individual traits in lions, I think the following case is an interesting one.

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Twin Lions of Opposite Disposition

On September 20, 1901, a lioness in Mundy's wild-animal show at Columbia, Tennessee, gave birth to twin cubs, who were named, respectively, Schley and Dewey. The cubs were healthy and vigorous, and grew up to be strong, good specimens. The proprietor, from the time of their birth, made great pets of them both, and continually spoke of them as absolutely "tame." He took me to their cage, one day, to prove to me how quiet and docile these lions were. In the romp that followed between the animals and the proprietor, Dewey, I thought, was occasionally a trifle rough. The proprietor went close to the bars of the cage, and the two full-grown lions put their huge paws through the bars, around his head and shoulders, and drew his face so close to the bars that only those who can really understand what a frightfully risky thing this was, can imagine what my feelings were. The young lions played with his head as if it were a ball; but, although the shoulders of his shirt were torn in the rough game, the man had no fear. He explained that they would never hurt him: he had reared them from cubs. But, as I watched Dewey, it seemed to me that more than once his wild nature leaped out through his eyes and asserted itself in his quickened movements, and that, had the master been inside the cage, Dewey might have seriously injured him.

But Schley was the most gentle, unemotional, and placid lion I have ever seen. Neither then nor later, under provoking circumstances, did I ever see him show any ill temper or surliness. When the helper was cleaning out his cage, one day, he let the long pole that he was using fall, hitting Schley — who was asleep in a corner — full on the nose, a very sensitive part. The man looked a trifle scared; but Schley only opened his eyes with a start, got up slowly, stretched himself, and then went over to the pole and sniffed it. After yawning heavily, he settled himself down in the same spot he was in before, rested his head comfortably on his huge paws, and went to sleep again.

This, in a lion, was remarkable conduct. But Schley has given even more remarkable evidences of his equanimity. When this show was at Johnstown, Pennsylvania, a street procession was given; and at the head of the procession, on the front seat of the proprietor's automobile, sat Schley, then a full-grown lion, with neither a chain nor a rope. He was perfectly free; there was nothing to prevent his getting down if he had wanted to; yet he rode in this manner, calm, dignified, and absolutely uninterested, through streets where more than fifty thousand people were assembled. Naturally, every precaution was taken. Two men, who sat behind him, never took their eyes off the lion, and they had orders, on the slightest sign of his growing restless or attempting to get down, to shoot him at once. Both carried pistols fully loaded.

A Lion that was Invited to Dinner

On another occasion, when the proprietor gave a press dinner, at the end of the meal Schley was allowed to walk into the dining-room, which he did in his usual sedate and placid manner. He looked around, actually got on the table, sniffed the bottles and a cigar, and then quietly got down and walked out again. There were many clever men and brave ones at that dinner, but no man there was ashamed to admit afterward that he felt a little easier in his mind when the late arrival had left the room.

It is generally acknowledged that a very quiet tiger — one that does not growl or snarl — is far more dangerous than one that is perpetually showing signs of ill temper. A snarling tiger gives warning; a quiet one will steal up behind its keeper or trainer, flat on its stomach, and, should the trainer turn round, it will stop dead and appear to be looking off into the distance! There is, for instance,— or was a few years ago, —a celebrated tiger purchased from the King of Oudh for the Zoological Gardens at Belle Vue, Manchester, England, who toward his keepers maintained a very quiet and docile demeanor. And yet, this was the great "Fighting Tiger," who was never happy unless he was fighting, and who always appeared relieved and refreshed after he had had an opportunity of almost killing another of his species.

Lopez, the Jaguar

Jaguars are more noted for their deceit, craftiness, and treachery than all the other treacherous members of the cat tribe. Slyness, stealth, and cunning are written in the quick, keen glances from their wicked eyes, in their soft, lightning-like movements, and, above all, in their moments of deadly quiet. The most deceitful of all his deceitful kind is Lopez, the well-known jaguar in the New York Zoölogical Park, who has been living there now for eight years. A well-grown, finely developed animal, he is noted for his beauty of form and coloring, his grace of movement, and his villainous personality.

From the first moment of his capture his savageness made the attendants watch his every

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movement with a careful eye. He fought wildly, furiously, and continually to get out of his cage, and his wicked face and eyes looked the evil and revenge that he had no means of perpetrating. But a rough sea voyage — and Lopez had a particularly rough one — will generally subdue, for a time, any wild animal, and by the time Lopez arrived at the park, in May, 1903, he was very much quieter. When he got over his fright from the journey and recovered from the effects of seasickness, he appeared to feel well and content.

His disposition seemed to have completely changed, and he gave every one who had anything to do with him the impression that he was a particularly amiable specimen of jaguar. He seemed like some big, genial, good-tempered cat, always ready to have a quiet little game with any one who cared to play with him. He would lie on his back, paw the air playfully, and, when any one passed his cage, would put out one of his soft, strong paws and invite a little skirmish.

He was put for a time into one of the smaller houses, and was then transferred to the Lion House. He had the honor of being one of the very first residents there, for he was installed before the house was entirely finished. He drew himself sleekly and softly out of the little transfer-cage, and slipped into his clean, spacious new home, which he seemed to appreciate highly. To show his appreciation, he rolled luxuriously on his back with his four paws in the air, and turned from side to side, looking around him as if critically examining the cage, all the time purring loudly.

"He certainly is a good-tempered one!" one of the keepers remarked admiringly.

Dr. Hornaday, the Director of the New York



SILVER KING, THE HUGE POLAR BEAR OWNED BY THE NEW YORK ZOÖLOGICAL PARK. HE WEIGHS NEARLY NINE HUNDRED POUNDS AND IS THE LARGEST POLAR BEAR EVER KEPT IN CAPTIVITY

Zoölogical Park, equally impressed by his fineness as a specimen and by his evident happiness and contentment, decided to obtain a companion for Lopez, and after a while a fine young female was purchased from Carl Hagenbeck in Hamburg, and brought to New York to cheer Lopez's solitude.

Lopez is Pleased with His New Neighbor

It is always considered advisable, before putting any strange animals together, to place them

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By permission of the New York Zoölogical Society
Photograph by E. R. Sanborn

A FLASHLIGHT PICTURE OF SILVER KING, TAKEN AT THE MOMENT HE ENTERED HIS CAGE, AFTER HIS LONG SEA VOYAGE. IN TRANSPORTING HIM FROM THE SHIP IT WAS NECESSARY TO GIVE HIM CHLOROFORM TO QUIET HIS RAGE AND STRUGGLES

in close proximity for a time, until they become accustomed to each other and show their like or dislike. So the little new jaguar, in her cramped traveling-cage, was put close to the spacious apartment of Señor Lopez, and the keepers were much interested to see what he would do. He came to the front of his cage, rubbed himself against the bars, purred loudly, and did all that a jaguar could do to show the new arrival that he was pleased and interested in her.

But those who study wild animals are generally very cautious, especially in a case of this kind; and so, in spite of all these favorable indications, Dr. Hornaday decided to keep them apart, but in close proximity, for a few days more. The cage of the newcomer was raised to the level of Lopez's cage, at which he appeared more pleased than ever. He walked in his quick, stealthy way up and down the front of the cage, as if he wished to be as close as possible to her, and after a while he put his paw through and played with her a little. The young jaguar was very quiet, very undemonstrative, but seemed well pleased, and responded to this little playfulness instantly. She appeared to have no fear, no dislike of any kind, but to be anxious to get out of her own narrow little cage and into his comfortable roomy one. She had been in hers for six long weeks, and was beginning to feel stiff and cramped.

When the cages had remained in this position for several days, it was decided, after a consultation, to put the animals in one cage. Not the slightest sign of dislike or annoyance had been shown by either animal, and some of the men thought that unnecessary precautions had been taken.

As soon as the keepers began to be busy about the doors of the cages, both jaguars manifested intense interest and pleasure. Lopez jumped about, to and fro, and up and down his shelf, as if eager for her entrance; and, when the doors were finally opened, the young jaguar walked quietly through, with a little gentle purr, and straight up to Lopez, putting her head softly against him with a caressing little movement.

Lopez's Vicious Attack on the Little Jaguar

But, as the doors of the cage clanged together, in a flash Lopez's whole attitude changed. He drew his breath in with a curious hissing sound, ending with a savage, throaty growl; his eyes blazed fury and hate; his body grew rigid; his very fur quivered; and, before the keepers could do anything, he had sprung at the back of the young jaguar's neck and sunk his long canine teeth into it. The attack was so quick and so totally unexpected that the poor little newcomer had had no time even to attempt to defend herself. She hung there in his mouth, too surprised and terrified even to struggle. Every man present, including Dr. Hornaday, seized whatever weapons were within reach, and tried to make Lopez loosen his hold. He was prodded in the face with hard-wood poles, beaten over the head with iron pipes, struck fearfully heavy blows over the shoulders and on the nose with an iron scraper, even jabbed on the feet with the pitchfork — all without the least effect. With tightly shut eyes, angry, throaty growls, and tightened grip, he held on to the dying jaguar, and, raising himself after being partially stunned by one of the blows, he carried her over to another part of his cage. More than a minute passed before a terrific blow over one eye made him loosen his hold, and the poor little jaguar dropped limply and quietly to the floor, where she died almost instantly.

Consternation prevailed, for, apart from the

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SCHILEY AND DEWEY

TWIN LIONS, BORN IN CAPTIVITY. DEWEY IS SURLY AND TREACHEROUS IN DISPOSITION, AND HAS TO BE CLOSELY WATCHED BY HIS TRAINER. SCHILEY IS SO GENTLE THAT HE HAS BEEN ALLOWED TO RIDE UNCHAINED THROUGH A CITY ON THE FRONT SEAT OF AN AUTOMOBILE

horror and the shock of the scene, the young jaguar had been procured at enormous expense. The men were determined to get the body of the young jaguar out before Lopez again worried it, and in doing this they all ran some terrible risks. Finally, when the body had been rescued and had been carefully examined, it was found that two pieces of the neck vertebrae had been completely crushed, while small pieces of bone had even penetrated the spinal cord. The jaguar's usual mode of killing is to spring at the back of its victim, and by a peculiarly quick movement of its fore paw to twist the victim's head around, thus breaking its neck. Lopez did no twisting or wrenching. He simply buried his teeth in the vertebrae of the neck, crushing it as easily as we should crush an eggshell with our fingers.

And so, for this, Señor Lopez has been sentenced to solitary confinement for life. No more young companions will be provided for him. He has a comfortable, clean house, good and plentiful food, and every care; but he will never again have an opportunity to kill anything. And he betrays his resentment and his evil nature daily. From that time to this, he has never shown the slightest disposition to play, or either to caress or be caressed. Even for his keeper, who has known him for years and feeds him daily, he has nothing but hatred.

About two years ago, while he was climbing to the back of his cage on the shelf, in some way or another his foot slipped — a most unaccountable thing in a jaguar — and he fell heavily. It was evident that he had hurt himself severely, and every care was taken of him. For a time it was feared that he would have cage paralysis; but eventually he partially recovered, although to this day he still limps slightly. This fall seems to have added, if that were possible, to his villainous disposition. No man ventures past his cage without watching his every movement; no man feeds him without taking every precaution to keep out of the way of his treacherous paws.

The Little Bear Who Spoiled His Act

Bears are particularly interesting animals to study, and no two bears are alike in disposition. Most bears are very conceited, and this is the reason, I believe, that they respond so well to training and make such excellent performers when trained. One little bear I knew was taught to climb a ladder, pull a string which let loose an American flag, and then jump to the floor and turn a somersault. But the public did not know that in loosening the flag he also let loose a lump of sugar. In time the proprietor of the show was obliged to cut out

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that act, because the little bear would never wait for his signal. The minute he entered the arena, he would go straight up the ladder, pull the string, and get the sugar; and, since this was arranged as the climax of the entire bear act, he spoiled the whole thing. Punishments had no effect on him — he did not even resent them; he went straight after the sugar. Even after his act was taken away from him he would always willingly do any tricks that necessitated the climbing of a ladder.

Capture of the Great Polar Bear, Silver King

One of the most interesting bears I have ever seen is Silver King, the huge polar bear that was captured by Mr. Paul J. Rainey and presented by him to the New York Zoölogical Park in September, 1910. His capture took place at Kane Basin in July, 1910, and he is, I believe, the first bear that has ever been caught by ropes or lassos, and the largest polar bear ever kept in captivity. He weighs more than eight hundred and eighty pounds. For strength, endurance, and savageness Silver King is not to be equaled. From the moment of his capture to the present time he has always been furious, either in wildest rage and despair, or sunk in sullen, morose resentment against everything and everybody. No coaxing with dainties, no kindness, has any effect on him. Mr. Paul Rainey, with Mr. Harry Whitney and their men, first found him on the ice; they followed him, and, after much trouble and considerable danger, finally lassoed him. In spite of his terrific struggles and enormous strength, they towed him behind their motor-boat to the ship. Here all possible haste was made to arrange the derrick, and, after placing more ropes around him, they hoisted him over the side of the ship and lowered him into the hold. For a few days he was left there without food, while every available man on board was put to work to make a crate that would be strong enough to hold him.

As soon as it was finished, the crate was carefully baited with musk-ox meat and lowered into the hold. Silver King hesitated not one moment. Nearly famished with hunger, he went straight into the trap, almost before it had settled on the floor of the hold. Ravenously he attacked the fresh meat, so tempting at all times to a polar bear, and, while he was satisfying his appetite, his captors had plenty of time to fasten him up and see that he was secure. He seemed a little puzzled and uneasy when he finally left off eating and found himself in such close quarters; but the food and his long-continued struggles had made him weary and sleepy, and for the first few hours of his crate life he slept heavily, only moaning occasionally and tossing from side to side. But when he awoke, and the added strength from his big meal had given him fresh energy, he roared incessantly, struggled and wrestled with his crate,— in much the same way that he even now struggles and wrestles with the iron bars of his cage in the park,— and kept every one on board in a state of anxiety and excitement. There was no let-up with him, no quieting down; he fought with might and main, and showed that he was going to be a very dangerous animal to land.

And so it proved. For, when he arrived at New York, his struggles and rage were such that, in order not to risk human life in transporting him to the park, it was considered advisable to give him a dose of chloroform. But, even then, it was all that a large number of men could do to get him from the traveling-crate safely into the unusually strong cage in the park that had been specially built for him.

The photograph on page 158 was taken by flashlight at the very moment of his entering the cage, and shows him standing in a half-dazed fashion, with the nose pointed to the ground. He is a most beautiful animal, well formed and fully developed, but is still angry and vicious, and the only time he ever shows the slightest sign of calmness or contentment is during a snow-storm. He seems then to think of something, lifts his head and nose in the air, sniffs, and holds out his long black tongue to catch the snowflakes.

This Baby Eats Thirty Pounds of Fish a Day

In delightful contrast to Silver King is the little Atlantic walrus, also caught in Kane Basin at the same time, and presented by Mr. Paul Rainey to the Zoölogical Park. He is yet a baby, only six months old, and for homeliness and comical facial expression he is not to be equaled. For every one but his keeper, George Snyder, he has nothing but hatred; but for him he will go anywhere and do anything. His affection began to show itself by his flopping in his awkward way after his keeper every time he moved. For this Keeper Snyder called him Flip-Flop, and this has been shortened to Flip.

Mr. Snyder was anxious to weigh him, one day. This would have been something of an undertaking under ordinary circumstances, as the weighing-machine was some distance away. But the gate was opened, the keeper went out, saying, "Come on, Flip!" and out came the young walrus, and followed him not only to the scales,

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but on the scales, where, by giving him one or two clams, he was kept long enough to be weighed.

Flip weighed at the time of his capture one hundred and fifty pounds. Since then he has gained enormously, as he has a huge appetite. He eats over thirty pounds of fish daily — three meals a day — in the shape of clams, codfish, and butterfish, from which all the bones are first carefully removed. He always seems to be ravenously hungry, and eats greedily, with many grunts, puffings, and sighs. He is the most absolutely happy and contented "wild animal" I have ever seen in captivity, just as Silver King is the most restless and discontented.

The Elephant that Would Have Whisky

Elephants, too, have their individual peculiarities. In the Barnum and Bailey show there was, a short time ago, an extremely clever performing elephant named Sultan. His chief act was sitting on a stool with uplifted fore paws, on each of which sat a little dog, while a third dog sat on his head. When performing, Sultan was the most gentle and docile of elephants; but downstairs in his stables he had his whims and moods. He greatly disliked to have any stranger come to his stables. One day, when, in order to propitiate him, he had been given a pail of some good warm mash, and I stood watching him, he stopped eating for a moment, looked at me with his tiny eyes, and then, drawing the mash up in his trunk, deliberately threw it all over me.



By permission of the New York Zoölogical Society Photograph by E. R. Sanborn

FLIP-FLOP, THE LITTLE ATLANTIC WALRUS OWNED BY THE NEW YORK ZOÖLOGICAL PARK. ALTHOUGH HE IS ONLY SIX MONTHS OLD, HE EATS THIRTY POUNDS OF FISH A DAY

In one of the large animal shows, it became evident, one evening, that the chief performing elephant was too sick to do his act. This meant that no elephant performance could be given, since he led the others. The trainers gave him a dose of hot whisky and onions — a favorite medicine with elephants. He sucked up a large pailful of this mixture, and evidently wanted more. He was so much better in an hour that he was able to perform as usual. But, after this, he would never give a performance without his dose of hot whisky and onions. No threats or persuasions could induce him to go on without it.

Supplying the elephant with a pailful of whisky twice a day proved to be so expensive that the proprietor finally had to cut his act out altogether. In his quarters, when he was not called upon to go into the arena, the elephant never appeared to think of the whisky.

The Baboon that Drank the Baby's Milk

Baboons are ugly-tempered, vicious, and treacherous animals, and very few show much affection even for those who have cared for them for years. Very little has ever been done in the way of training them; trainers generally fight shy of them.

I knew a large baboon whose education was undertaken by a man who had made a great success in training other wild animals. The animal, frightened and half dazed by a long sea and land journey, arrived at the show in a most miserable condition. He sat in one corner of his cage, looking out from under his cavernous eyebrows in sullen, resentful silence. The trainer began by coaxing and offering the baboon everything in the way of food that he could think of. He could not get him to take even milk. Finally, he put the milk into a bottle, took another bottle himself, and, standing in front of the cage, tipped it up and drank the milk, the baboon watching him in the same sullen silence. He then left the animal for a while, and on his return found the second bottle empty, and the baboon sitting in his usual corner, but looking quite content.

From that time, the animal seemed as much drawn to the trainer as the trainer was to him, and took his bottle of milk daily. In time he took other food, and soon became quite tame, even following the trainer about the show during the hours when the public was not admitted. The trainer's wife had a young baby, and the baboon was greatly interested in it. He would look at it, examine it carefully, and always

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seemed anxious to take hold of it; but this the mother would never allow, and, in fact, she was always uneasy when the animal was about.

One day, when the trainer brought him into their room, the young mother had just prepared the baby's bottle, and laid it down while she picked the child up. The baboon had often watched her feed the baby before, and always seemed intensely interested. On this particular occasion, his master being occupied with something else, the baboon took up the baby's bottle, put the nipple in his mouth, and, by the time the mother came to take it, had drained every drop of the milk.

The mother was also a performer in the show, and found it pretty difficult to keep up her performances, see to a young baby, and also do all her own cooking and housekeeping. It was only natural that she should be annoyed when she realized that she had not only lost the milk, but that she would have to light the stove again and warm some more. In her vexation, she struck the baboon a smart blow on the side of the head. There was a scream of rage, and the next moment the baboon had torn the baby away from her.

Rescue of the Trainer's Baby

The trainer, as it happened, had been preparing a bottle of strong ammonia to have in readiness in case of any accident during his afternoon performance, and he had not yet corked it when the baboon seized his baby. Being a particularly quick-witted man, he promptly put the bottle under the baboon's nose. The fumes nearly suffocated the animal for a moment; he dropped the baby, and, stuffing his hands into his smarting and half-blinded eyes, with another wild scream he flew out of the room and through the building.

Every animal about the place seemed to know instinctively that something had happened. The lions roared, the elephants trumpeted, the hyenas and wolves howled as they alone know how to howl, and from everywhere came men ready to help in an emergency. The trainer soon made known what had happened, but they could not find the baboon anywhere. Every hole and corner in the show that they could think of was searched, and the buildings and grounds outside; but no sign of him was to be found.

The Baby Missing

As the time for the afternoon performance drew near, all the show people were worried and anxious. Special extra men were procured, and stationed in different parts of the building, with orders to keep the most careful watch for the baboon during the performance. But the afternoon drew to a close, and nothing had been seen or heard of the animal. The proprietor felt that it was safer, however, to give notice to the police that a baboon had been lost. It seemed wiser to say nothing to the public, but the precautions for their safety were continued throughout the day and evening. The evening performance was well on its way, when the greatest consternation prevailed among the trainers on hearing from one of the women performers that the baby that had been the cause of the trouble had disappeared. When this news was brought, the young mother was just going through her performance with her three bears, and could not, of course, be told. Her husband, nearly frantic with grief, waited until she had smilingly bowed her farewell to the audience, in response to the chord from the band, and until she had seen her three bears into their several cages behind the runway. Then, trembling from head to foot, but trying to conceal his anxiety, he accompanied her back to their room, wondering how he should break the news to her.

It surprised him somewhat that she did not go up to the baby's crib; but he was still more surprised when, on telling her that the baby was missing, she only laughed! She explained to him that, terrified at the thought of leaving the baby alone, even with locked doors, after her experience of the morning, she had asked a neighbor near by to take care of the child for the evening.

The relief of the trainer can be imagined. He and his wife decided to have some supper before they went for the baby, and, while she was cooking it, the trainer went downstairs to fetch two bottles of beer, which he kept in a little closet. When he opened the door, he was nearly knocked down by a heavy body that flew out. It was the baboon, who had been locked up all day. He must have rushed in there in the morning, when the door had been left open for a few moments, and the trainer had turned the key on him. The alarm was raised, and, after a chase and a struggle, the baboon was bound securely with ropes and put back into his cage, from which he was never again allowed to emerge. The man who had thrown himself on the animal and bound him had his thumb bitten through.

The two dozen bottles of beer in the closet had been smashed to atoms. Either the baboon thought they all contained the dreadful ammonia that had nearly suffocated him, or he broke them out of sheer fury. From that time on, the mere sight of a bottle always threw him into a paroxysm of rage.

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A Vindictive Snake

In Stellingen Park, in Hamburg, where Mr. Carl Hagenbeck has his enormous collection of wild animals, an incident occurred in the summer of 1904 which showed the hatred and malice of a big python. Mr. Hagenbeck, his son Heinrich, and several other men were one day packing up four pythons in order to send them to the St. Louis Exhibition. The snakes measured from twenty to twenty-six feet each. After all was in readiness, Heinrich Hagenbeck opened the door of the cage, when, instantly, without a moment's warning, all four pythons flew at him, with extended jaws. So totally unexpected was the attack that one of the pythons almost succeeded in coiling himself round the young man. Fortunately, he was quick to realize the danger, and, using all his strength, he finally freed himself, with the help of his father and the keepers.

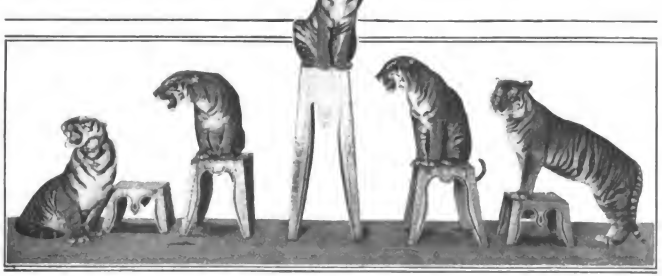
Three of the pythons were quickly covered with sacks; but the biggest one of all, a huge, vindictive, savage reptile, weighing about two hundred pounds, glided to one of the rafters at the top of the cage, and, hanging on by his tail, swung his wicked head backward and forward, doing his very best to catch and bite any who came near him. Finally, by a dexterous throw, one of the men covered his head with a sack, and the rest closed round him and used all their strength to detach him from the rafter.

But the snake was so powerful that the men could not even loosen his hold; they had to send for assistance before they could detach him from the rafter to which he hung. While they were still struggling with him, almost exhausted, the python, with a quick, vindictive twist of his lithe body, actually got his tail round the right leg of Heinrich Hagenbeck, and with lightning rapidity began working his coils up and around his body. Tired and exhausted as the men were, they realized that it was now a matter of life and death, and for a few minutes every man there put forth his whole strength and strained every nerve to loosen that terrible hold. At last, by a supreme effort, the reptile was torn away and the young man was released. It is curious that all these attacks had been directed at Mr. Hagenbeck's son.

A Snake-Charmer's Pet

Miss X——, a snake-charmer well known among show people, firmly believed that one of her snakes was really fond of her. She could do anything with it — fondle it, kiss and caress it. She grew so fond of it that at last she even let it sleep on her bed, to the great disgust of the other performers in the show. She would eat her meals with this horrible thing coiled round her neck; and once, in very warm weather, she took it under her coat into the woods with her, and let it amuse itself by crawling over the ground. She followed it about and kept a most careful watch over it (it was a valuable performer), but it showed no disposition to go off into the woods, as she feared it might, but came back to her and coiled round her as usual. She was warned several times that the reptile was very dangerous, but she grew more and more reckless, and the snake appeared to become more and more attached to her.

And then, one day, without any warning, directly after a performance, when she was caressing it in her own room, the snake suddenly threw back its head, looked at her steadily, and with lightning-like swiftness struck her between the eyes, leaving two tiny punctures. She hastily uncoiled it and thrust it into its box; but she died within half an hour.



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A Life-Long Lock

A Story of the Hareem

by Eleanor Stuart

Illustrations by A. I. Keller

In a pestilential prison
With a life-long lock.—GILBERT'S "MIKADO"

WHEN Sir Willy Greg came into his titles and possessions, he tried his wings carefully, as a bird might who had been suddenly freed from its cage; for, at the death of his uncle, Sir Gregory Greg (widely known in literary circles as Dickery Dock), the cramp and confinement of poverty had ceased for him, and he had found himself delightfully enfranchised — to the extent of eight thousand pounds a year. He had long been considered a rising man, but even the yeast of genius could not raise him very high at thirty-two, so Sir Willy had hitherto merely watched life's pageant from the Treasury Bench, and served his country as a sort of national cash register, translating the currency of her colonies and protectorates into the shilling shibboleth of the British merchant. Not that he was the august principal of Britain's financial activity, but one of his very able assistants.

Greg was seated in the lobby of the Crocus Club a fortnight after Sir Gregory's funeral, honestly trying to mourn, when a servant brought him two visiting-cards engraved in archaic script and bearing names of real interest to the world at large as well as closely connected

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"'WILL YOU GO IN OUR PLACE?'"

with his uncle's own. He was pleased that his uncle's old friend, Sir Erastus Sneyder, should have chosen to call, and still more so that the Comte de Villebasse should have come with him; but he regretted that his present dwelling was a "nouveau" art club, and, as such, certain to be obnoxious to these connoisseurs, who followed the servant into the bright corridor slowly, each limping a little. Sir Erastus was in striking contrast to his French friend, being ruddy and very small, while Villebasse was a gigantic old man with plentiful hair untouched

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by time or the barber's scissors, although his carefully waxed mustache was perfectly white. They were exquisitely dressed, but were evidently men of thought as well as fashion, and none the less imposing figures in the world because they were consciously passing out of it. Villebasse spoke, in his distinct and persuasive fashion.

"Two years previous to your uncle's death," he said, "he called upon our best friend,— Sir Erastus, who now sits with us,— as well as upon me, to lay before us a deep personal sorrow, of which we were uninformed by rumor or our own intimate observation."

"We were spending" — Sir Erastus took up the tale here — "a most ineffable spring season in Paris, and although the fires of our youth were already banked within us for the long night,— if I may so express it,— we had never enjoyed each other or our daily life more. Imagine our surprise when Sir Gregory came into our common salon, and sat speechless at the window, looking out on the blooming horse-chestnuts with a mournful face."

"I think I ought to tell you," Greg said suddenly, "that no very confidential relation existed between Uncle Gregory and me."

"We realize that," Villebasse replied, continuing the narrative blandly. "He — your uncle — spoke first to me, and said that our friendship had been long and unbroken — for we three were at school together, fought together under St. Arnaud in the Crimea, and married sisters. But," he cried impressively, "your uncle said, as he rose from his place at the window: 'One thing you, my more than brothers, never knew about me, and that was my infatuation more than ten years ago for Janet McBride.'"

"He solemnly declared," Sir Erastus interrupted, "that no fancy or affection of his youth or maturity equaled his passion for this accomplished lady, whom he had met when in his sixty-third year; and I assure you without exaggeration that we were thunder-struck — utterly."

"So am I," Sir Willy answered.

It seemed a very odd moment to him, this moment in which he sat opposite two old gentlemen whose conspicuous lives of art and diplomacy were now being trumpeted in magazines as drawing to a close — receiving from their withered lips the tale of the love of his dead uncle, who had, apparently, begun to live just as he had resigned his embassy upon a plea of advancing years.

Villebasse whispered her name again. "Janet McBride," he said, as if the sound had been as thunder to his faithful soul. "She was a successful playwright," he continued, "of good Scotch parentage. Her figure was strong and graceful, and she skimmed the Paris pavements like a low-flying swift. She was memorable long before we ever knew what good cause would be given us to remember her."

Sir Erastus was bent on the narrative, and returned to it with a jerk. "She was en route for Paris for the purposes of her art, and met Sir Gregory on the steamer. I think she fell against him and apologized, and then glided on through conversation to the world's great experience of love. Your uncle hesitated on the brink of marriage, with the involuntary cruelty of a worldly man, although his life with Lady Gregory, who died very young, had become pallid and formless as another man's dream. He hesitated too long. Miss McBride became deeply incensed at his attitude, and married a Turk — if you will believe me! — Mohamet Tarbeah, whose skill as an etcher and whose fortune were both greatly exaggerated at the beginning of this century — say in 1901."

"Since her departure from Vienna to the east shore of the Adriatic, where her husband dwelt," Villebasse continued, "nothing had been heard from her until that day in Paris when Sir Gregory looked out at the horse-chestnut trees. In a remote corner of *Le Temps* he had seen this paragraph:

"'The New Turk party, informed with the modern spirit of its German promoters, still adheres to ancestral custom in the household. Mohamet Tarbeah, remembered in Paris as an etcher of promise, is the most successful grower of perfume in Bosnia. Despite a Scotch wife, he has his quota of helpmeets, and now boasts four — as many as the law allows. He has no son at the present writing.'

"We had," the Count went on to say, "a very hysterical time after reading that. Your dearest uncle destroyed his will, and gave one hundred thousand pounds — his mother's fortune — legally into our keeping, as was explained to you when it was withheld from your inheritance."

"I didn't know why it was withheld," Greg said quickly.

Villebasse would not permit interruptions. "Your uncle said this to us," he cried impressively: "'I wear the uniform of a confidant of kings; there can be no scandal about me. But when that uniform is burned upon my soul-deserted body, go you to Rubota, my two friends, and see if Janet Tarbeah cannot be freed from the life to which I consigned her, the life hareemic. Release her from the hand of a pluralist plutocrat. For I know' — the Frenchman here declared that he might never forget

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"A SHARP SOUND, HALF SOB, HALF EXCLAMATION, CAME FROM THE ROOM"

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Sir Gregory's tragic face as he made this statement — 'for I know that she is forcibly detained in bondage to that infidel. How else might a sweet woman remain in so galling a slavery? I must make her amends.'"

"This interests me enormously," Greg said frankly; "but, do you know, I can't feel as if I ought to know about it — my uncle might not have wanted me to know. It is base to talk over the faults of a dead man who had great virtues — if you grasp my meaning."

Villebasse looked at him with a very friendly eye. "Which of us is without faults? And I grasp your hand as well as your meaning," he cried eagerly, "and every word of this would have been jealously guarded from you but that we are constrained to ask a favor of you."

"I should be glad to return so true a favor as this visit," Greg said honestly; "but what, in the name of peace among the Powers, can I do for you?"

The two old men nodded to each other as if some moment of concerted action had emerged from the ebbing opportunities of life.

"We would go ourselves," they said, "to Rubota, to investigate Janet Tarbeah's position and condition there, but that the first man in Harley Street says that we may live for years, and we may die to-morrow."

"Also," Villebasse added casually, "we sometimes suffer, which is disabling. Will you go in our place?"

Greg eyed them steadily. "No" was at his lips, but his heart urged "yes" upon them, as he looked at two old, sweet faces, aflame with the eagerness of children. "I will go," he answered faintly.

Sir Erastus had brought both maps and letters with him, and he showed these with comments. He acknowledged that he knew nothing of Rubota except that it was in or near Bosnia and that Mohamet Tarbeah lived there.

"Frenchmen go there to buy roses for their essence factories," he said, "which sounds quite Arcadian."

Villebasse gave him a letter to a coal merchant, Victor Pepperdapp, a Norwegian who dwelt at Kränz, the port for Rubota on the Adriatic. "The foreign office says excellent things of this man," he added; "advise with him before you act."



TARBEAH BEN TARBIL

While they dined — for Greg kept them for dinner, with persuasion — they explained the legal steps that had been taken to make them trustees of his uncle's hundred thousand pounds. They told him that European women who marry Turks surrender all rights as European women. Their conversation was facile and fascinating, their information boundless, and their affection for each other delightfully apparent.

He at last said good night, and put his guests into their motor with the care that bespoke him a conscious guardian of precious things. He was moved to ask a sudden question.

"If it be proved," he demanded, "that Mrs. Tarbeah cannot spend this money herself, to whom does it revert?"

"It will then revert to you," Villebasse declared solemnly.

Greg paused, with the motor door open in one hand, to lay the other on Villebasse's arm. "I have never before received so great a compliment," he returned proudly.

Sir Erastus assured him that they knew him better than he could fancy offhand. "We've investigated your record," he declared, with the triumph of the bureaucrat.

Greg gazed fondly at the two old faces seen for the first time that day. So keen, so kindly, so near the greatest mystery were they, that a son's friendship glowed at his

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heart. "I can't imagine you two as ill," he said irrelevantly.

"Medical men declare our hearts in shocking case," they answered. "But," Sir Erastus observed, "we shall do our best to make them last out until your return. Good night!"

II

When Greg awoke next morning, he found that spring had dawned upon a winter world. He put in a respectful request for foreign leave — to which he was amply entitled — and then set off for Thomas Cook & Son, whose wise men he needed to consult as the first precaution of an inexperienced traveler. He was young enough and inexperienced enough to want to do something difficult, and to go to a far, strange country where even the birds sang of the universal truths of springtide and mating in other voices than those of his own land. But his anticipation was stripped of its foreign quality when a somewhat depressed clerk ran Rubota to earth in a book of railway rates with a highly polished finger-nail, telling him to take the Paris to Vienna express, any train at all from Vienna to Trieste, the Austrian-Lloyd steamship *Imperial Francis* to Kränz, and "thence by motor to Rubota," a rhyme that hung in his head for the rest of the day, and to which he added other rhymes involuntarily, such as *iota, Minnesota, antidote*, and *Yarmouth bloater*. He received a charming note from his chief, containing official permission for his departure, and, after completing arrangements with bankers and reckonings with railways, he struggled with luggage for half an hour before setting off to call upon Sir Erastus and his charming guest, the Comte de Villebasse.

The sight of an hospital nurse in the house smote Greg with a sense of the impending finale of a notable life, and it was with filial tenderness that he greeted the two old men playing piquet together in the rare sunlight of the first spring day of the season. But, as a bad odor might arise and pervade the benign landscape of a cultivated country, so his contempt for Janet spread over his every impulse of appreciation for the two old friends who had so suddenly captured his imagination. The joy of releasing her — granting that she could buy her release with his uncle's money — was interrupted for him with the thought that she had once shared a Turk's protection, possibly with women who were not even white. He differed with these dear old men who had set him his strange task, for they evidently reverenced Janet, while his preconception of her was completely hostile. They knew positively nothing of Tarbeah, or the life hareemic, except as set forth in books on India; and as they quoted from them, Sir Erastus put forth a frail hand and seized a very faded volume.

"This," he said to Greg, "is your uncle's best book, the book that made his sobriquet of 'Dickery Dock' famous. It is called the 'Tedium of Courts, and How to Beguile It.' Take it, now, as *bon voyage* from us both."

The picture of them, seated in the sunlight, followed him on his travels, and its colors were as bright, its outlines as clear, when he reached Vienna as when he left London. Greg had heard that Philadelphia and Vienna were the only two cities in civilization that boast an impregnable aristocracy, and he felt the last town's aloofness from any stranger so strongly that he retired to his bed with his uncle's book as solace. He held it in his hand, wondering for the fiftieth time what Tarbeah would be like. "I have never met a Turk," he said aloud. And, as he opened the book at random, he saw this:

"Before I was stationed at Constantinople I met a Hebrew merchant who had achieved success there, and who said this to me — a saying which I now proclaim the corner-stone of any diplomatic prestige I may have enjoyed in that city. 'When I was stationed in the Far East,' this merchant declared (and I noticed that wisdom's words did not displace a large cigar which also issued from his lips), 'the natives used to say, "Show us a truthful woman and we will show you a straight cocoanut tree." But, Dickery Dock, I say to you, Show me a straight Turk and I will show you any other blooming miracle your imagination can devise.'"

"What an outlook!" Greg whispered, as he turned out his light. When he arrived on the steamer, en route to Kränz, he realized, with a start, that what had seemed academic investigation in London was — in Trieste and reality — a very hazardous adventure.

The day he left Trieste was warm, and the white buildings, dwindling in size at the end of the steamer's wake, hinted, in many a flat roof and some conical towers, at the mysterious East, glistening beyond his knowledge for many a sandy or blossoming mile, for many a sacred river's length or the breadth of a scented sea. The little steamer was perfectly appointed, and the passengers on the deck with him were so variously attired as to seem like fellow guests at a costume party. One handsome Albanian, low-browed and broad-shouldered, wore a faultlessly fitting frock-coat of bright yellow camel's-hair, and was the companion of three veiled women, whose dark eyes glowed behind

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the eye-holes in their masks of black satin. To Greg's right, two Czechs were speaking in a language that sounded like a sesquipedalian attempt to confuse each other. And, through the Babel of this ship's differentiated company, Italian stewards threaded their ways with despatch and courtesy.

"Your chair is set, sir," one of these told him, presently.

It was then that Greg realized what a wild-goose chase he had set out upon. He eyed the veiled women with horror; for they were the first he had ever seen, and they suggested a surveillance that he might not evade in the matter of Janet Tarbeah. The worst feature in the situation was that he had no plans. It is unendurable to men of action to be without plans, and Greg was a man of action, albeit his previous activity had been confined to a conservative financial sphere. He hated to feel himself a child of chance. Except for a wretched French newspaper, he would have inherited one hundred thousand pounds more from his Uncle Gregory, and would be at home at the sweet advent of English summer.

He called himself a fool, and looked up sharply, ashamed of having spoken aloud.

An elderly lady, as evidently English as she was gently bred, had placed herself in the chair next his during his vexed abstraction, and now regarded him with maternal kindness. "Would you like to see this absurd newspaper?" she inquired. "It is the *Kränz-L'Aube* (*Daybreak*), and is the organ of the New Turks' party outside Turkey."

He thanked her, and stretched forth a listless hand for the fluttering journal, as courtesy demanded.

"But it is in French!" he cried.

She laughed. "That is Oriental subtlety," she answered. "They publish their official gazettes in French to convince mankind that their behavior is not instigated by the Germans."

"You know them well?" he asked suddenly.

"Generally — yes," she said; "individually — no. They hate me. I am the Occidental agent of the Zenana Mission, and they have not learned to trust me yet."

He saw that her eyes were returning to her letters — of which she had many, neatly bundled together — with an evident desire to read them, so that he made pretense of interest in the *Daybreak*, momentarily relieved from the depression and annoyance that had beset him before the missionary spoke.

He looked at the paper before him, and groaned. He knew French thoroughly, and was disgusted at the mistakes he found in that tongue as employed by the New Turkish editor, whose dull sheet contained faithful reports of the illness of a crowned head long since recovered, and statements of the recovery of a famous bureaucrat who had been dead some days. A few really interesting items as to the perfume trade held him momentarily, before he glanced ruefully through a column of protozoic epigrams announced as Rostand's latest scintillation. He turned to the advertisements in despair, and at the top of the left-hand column read this:

"Mohamet Tarbeah ben Tarbil desires to secure a reader of French for the ladies of his household. No preference as to sex. Apply: Gentlemen — at 42 Euphilstry, Kränz. Females at the salaamlik of Tarbeah ben Tarbil's dwelling in Rubota."

"Chance again — and the same chance: a newspaper item," he thought, as he read the advertisement a second and a third time.

Idly, as a puff of white cloud sometimes scuds across a leaden sky, an idea of applying for the position of French reader to the ladies of Tarbeah's hareem occurred to him. But he had not been long enough in the East to entertain fantastic schemes with respect, and his mind was soon at work again on more obvious and straightforward methods of learning if Janet were a happy matron and able to spend her own money. "What on earth did I come for?" he continued to ask himself.

The steamer arrived at Kränz on the afternoon of the following day; and before her cargo was discharged, and Greg and a posse of French Jews landed on the wide white quay, strange clouds of metallic, coppery pink were veiling the sunset and spreading sensational reflections on the harbor waters and on the white villas of the town. His first thought was to present himself to Pepperdapp and consult with him before showing himself in the town.

When his luggage had been piled on a prehistoric hand-barrow, and removed thence from time to time by competitive porters aspiring for the same gratuity, he passed through a green, oblong in shape, flanked by white houses and ornamented by plaster pots containing palms, as well as low stone benches. This place, he learned, was the Euphilstry, or market-place of Kränz. He at length arrived at a charming stone house, followed by a procession of persons, no two of whom seemed to speak the same tongue. This house was gay with striped awnings and flowers, and the sound of a round bass voice humming to the chords of a well-played guitar.

In another moment Greg's hand was lost in the grip of a giant who feared to put forth his full strength, and he looked above him to a

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mild face, moon-shaped and humorous, gently shy in expression, and decorated with wonderful brown eyes and large, perfect features.

"I am Pepperdapp, Sir Willy," the giant observed, with shy simplicity. "I have had many letters about your visit here, and I am counting on being of some service to you."

He then directed the porters to take the luggage to the Euphilstry Wappen, a hotel near at hand, built of pink stucco of the exact hue of properly prepared tomato soup. He also despatched his European servant thither to engage rooms and prevent any thieving or envious investigation of Greg's boxes. In all of the perplexities of transit and all the indecisions and vexed forecasts through which Greg had passed in the various stages of his transcontinental journey, Pepperdapp had held no place in his musings, had played no part in the drama of disaster he had prefigured to himself ever since he had left Trieste. But, as he faced the great, bland, benignly phlegmatic monster, with his wise, waiting countenance, his reverberating though gentle voice, he felt that here was the man on whom to rely, the very bridge across the river he had tried to traverse many times before coming to its brink.

"I can't ask you to stay with me," the coal merchant declared sorrowfully, "because it would be such poor policy, in view of your errand. You want to seem to be playing a lone hand, you know." He spoke perfect English, with a hint of America in his phrasing rather than in his accent.

"I can't imagine why I started on such a quest," Greg said bitterly. "How am I to find out if a renegade Scotchwoman could spend a legacy if she got it? How am I to learn facts from a lying Turk, or ascertain truth from women I'd be shot if I spoke to — sequestered women of a veiled community?"

"Echo answers 'how'!" Pepperdapp responded imperturbably.

"Do you know Tarbeah?" Greg cried.

The Norwegian nodded without speech.

"Is he a crooked sort, d'you think?"

He again nodded his great head, and with greater emphasis.

Greg gazed at him in depressed silence until Pepperdapp had reconsidered his opinion of Tarbeah and was ready to announce it. "Turks in general," he said, with gentleness but conviction, "are very slippery people — at least, as I have known them; but Tarbeah, from a civilized standpoint, is as unguessable as the sphinx riddle. He is contemptible, and yet has dignity; he is a liar, and yet is frank."

"How are his domestic relations?" Greg demanded eagerly.

Pepperdapp laughed frankly, as an amused child might laugh. "Why don't you ask me about the educational advantages in schools of porpoises?" he cried, "or something easy like that? Tarbeah collects wives, and keeps reporting the same four names to the government, which only permits him that number. That is all any one knows about his domestic relations. No one speaks with a Turk about the ladies of his hareem."

They sat talking together until long after dark, trying to come at some lane that led to truth, or some loophole that gave on fact. Pepperdapp had heard the whole story through the Foreign Office, which bespoke his aid should Greg need it, while reminding him that Great Britain does not interfere with the domestic relations of Moslems outside countries that have English protection or administration.

"That means," Greg said dolefully, "that I'm welcome to help Mrs. Tarbeah, but they can't help me. Perhaps she's dead," he added, "and all this fuss is for nothing."

"I don't even know that," Pepperdapp replied. "I never heard of her until I got a letter from Fraser in the Foreign Office, inclosing a copy of one from Sir Erastus Sneyder. But I find that Tarbeah is well known to have a Scotch wife."

"She had no near relatives," Greg said sadly, "or my present duties would devolve upon them. Urged by the personal charm of two wonderful old men, I am attempting the removal of a happy wife from an exotic environment she has probably learned to love."

Pepperdapp extended his hand in a gesture of violent negation. "I don't believe that," he said earnestly. "The dirt, the calm cruelty, the needless physical suffering in hareems is utterly horrid. The doctors and their nurses tell me that the system's one good feature is that the wives grow to love one another sometimes, and then they are nearly content."

"Only a rather odd type would have tied up to a Turk, anyway," Greg answered uneasily. "It has all been such a chance," he added. "My uncle happened to see in a newspaper that Tarbeah had other wives than this woman, to whom Uncle Gregory was himself attached. I might as well act upon an excerpt from the *Daybreak* which a lady on the steamer gave me to look over. It was an advertisement of this same Tarbeah for a man or woman to read French to his ladies ——"

"What?" Pepperdapp cried. "And you've lost all this time? Can't you see that's no chance? That's Providence! You know French?"

"I know French."

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Pepperdapp pushed him to the window and drew up the awning. With one hand on his shoulder, he pointed with the long forefinger of the other to a white house just visible across the Euphilstry. "That's Tarbeah's place of business," he said, "and you go there at once. Tell him that I won't give you employment, and that you want to be a reader in his house; and that you are willing to help out in the office. Be temptingly cheap; accept his price after great deliberation."

He finished speaking before he pushed Greg to the door in an affectionate dismissal.

"Good luck!" he whispered, as his guest stepped into the street, from which the light was fast receding, until the green of the square and the white of its encompassing houses looked more like darkness and light than the things of vivid color that they had been at his first sight of them.

III

Electric light glared at him suddenly from the open windows of Tarbeah's house just as he gained its entrance, hedged high on either side with pink and blossoming oleanders. An oppressive gust of perfume greeted him as the door was opened, and a tall man, wearing the tarboosh, asked him his errand in villainous French, and, having received his answer, said "Tarbeah ben Tarbil" in a voice of command. Some fellow clerk asked for his card, whereupon Greg lied glibly and declared that he had none. "You just say Mr. Evarts Glidden has called on a matter of business," he replied, with pardonable pride in his new name, as it fell from his lips without a moment's thought behind it. The second clerk departed, while the first pointed a filthy finger toward a chair whose left hind leg was supported by yellow bricks. Greg sat on it with temerity and waited a few moments until he was summoned to Tarbeah's office, wondering if his real name would have suggested the past to the Turk's mind. The room in which he presently stood seemed to him the most unpleasant in the world. Dirty French windows alternated with barred glass doors, excepting one of wood which opened on a court tiled in white, like a modern bath-room. The air from the windows blew overpowering odors of sickly sweetness down his throat. He then observed that the glass doors gave on bins of rose dust and desiccated heliotrope, or vats of gardenia oil and tuberose butter. Electric lights burned dimly, each in its dusty nimbus, like punkah lamps in a sand-storm.

Greg stood and gazed for a moment, while the scene came to his realization slowly, in all its horror of excessive savor. A thought of flowers as God planned them, of all the serried gardens of this countryside of bloom having come to be this sickly-smelling trade, filled him with a sentimental sorrow, like the sight of some lovely lady gone wrong. He was reeling to a chair, when a somewhat thick voice accosted him; and, in the scent-laden murk about him, he at last discerned a man emerging, whose fat form was incased in a ceremonial frock-coat, while on his head he wore the turban. His European shirt of a fine and very filthy fabric was finished at the neck by an Albanian scarf, in which a flamboyant canary diamond gleamed, limpid and lovely, in a dirty platinum setting.

"Mr. Tarbeah?" Greg inquired.

"Tarbeah ben Tarbil," the Turk answered. "And you?"

The insolence of his intonation came to Greg with the force of a blow; but he was a Scot, and only smote, even in return, when he had taken aim.

"I am Mr. Evarts Glidden," he said; "and, failing to obtain employment with Mr. Pepperdapp, I seek a situation with you as reader of French to the ladies of your household."

"You saw my advertisement?"

Greg nodded.

"It is the custom," Tarbeah said, seating himself and kicking off a pair of carpet slippers, "for entertainers to help me in the office when not amusing the ladies; also, to provide the books to be read from. Can you do this?"

"I have been trusted with the routine of one of the most complicated offices in the world," Greg replied meekly. "What wages do you give?"

"Food," Tarbeah answered immediately. He paused, looking long at his visitor, as if trying to read his mind as to wages. "And four guineas a month," he added slowly.

Greg tried to look as if he were afraid to say he wanted more. "Does my employment begin at once?" he demanded.

"Yes. For instance, you could tally those sealed jars, while the other man goes away to eat."

"And when do you want me to go to Rubota?"

"Our empty ox-carts leave for there sometime after midnight."

Greg worked from that instant until a long line of rude wains creaked into the Euphilstry, the only break in his labor of sorting and listing super-sweet packages being a few words with Pepperdapp and the confession of his new name. The Norwegian promised to be at his service, heart and hand, day and night. He

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took his boxes into his house, lest any see another name on them than Evarts Glidden; and then, as Greg seated himself in one of Tarbeah's prehistoric vehicles, he presented him with a book of Pierre Loti's to read to the ladies.

"I'll be very friendly with Tarbeah," he whispered, "and he'll ask me out to dine at Rubota."

The ox-cart creaked away into darkness beyond the gleam of the street lamps, and the French book took on an awful odor under Greg's hand. Sometimes a freshening breeze lifted the load of perfume from him for a brief moment, and, as these intervals lengthened, he lay down in the cart and slept with the soundness that was his happy habit.

IV

He was awakened by his head's hitting the tailboard of the cart sharply. It was day, and the warehouse odors had vanished, while a wonderful spicy flavor was at large with the wandering breezes, making him sit up quickly, with pleased curiosity.

Before them the oxen swung on sullenly, and their half-naked driver plied his cruel prod at each rise in a road that seemed perpendicular, once it was traversed. Brilliant colors flamed in the east, and, as he looked about him, the summit of what seemed a great cliff was passed, and he saw, spread sheer beneath them, an unimaginable prospect from whose midst white towers and the rounded turrets of a mosque raised themselves, pallid and shapely, like ghosts departing at the break of day. The sloping fields were blood-red with blossoming roses ranged in tiers on wide terraces, and perfume-gatherers moved among them thus early, like shadowy bees, shaking the great crimson heads of bloom into wicker baskets. The rosy sunrise matched the land at his feet, and the broad trees sprang up here and there, spreading a needed shadow on the encarmined levels surrounding Rubota in an amphitheatrical sweep. One road plunged to the town, and rose again through sheer steeps of vermilion, threadlike and fine as the scar of a well-healed wound. A boy near at hand, naked except for a sleeveless coat, piped thinly on a slim brazen tube, and preceded Greg down a sheer foot-path, past acres of glowing roses, red and white, to the valley's nethermost depth, where a white stucco house, barred like a prison, stood sharply out against the early light. Greg knocked at a massive door, and a window opened above him, while a shrill French voice told him to wait. In a few moments a little Frenchman stood smiling in the doorway flanked by vistas of stairway and stone hall. He hurried him to a tiny room at the end of many passages, arranged his bath, and gave him a good breakfast. "The ladies expect you at eleven," he said, as he departed with the tray.

Greg had arrived at that state of spiritual development when any course seems more desirable than the asking of questions. He put on his most becoming morning suit, and stepped out on a flat lawn at the back of the house. The windows here were heavily screened with coarse imitation lace behind their iron bars; but there was no glass in them, and he heard laughter and a snatch of mirthless song, and the wholesouled crying of a very young child. He spent the hours before his appointment with the ladies in strolling along the aisles of roses and examining the gardenias budding in hundreds near the wide white house.

The Frenchman sought him at eleven, and they went together to the salaamlik of the advertisement, Greg receiving in distrustful aloofness extravagant praise of his French, and soon ceasing to speak at all as they stepped suddenly into a long, narrow room lighted from an open skylight, and set thick with chairs of elaborate marquetry. The room was draped with carpets and heavy silk, and a table with a glass of water on it was standing beside a wide grating in the far wall, facing a huge, leather-covered chair. Greg sat in this, opening and shutting his book nervously. "The ladies are not yet assembled?" he asked.

The Frenchman waved his hand toward the grating. "They are there," he answered.

The plural wives of Mohamet Tarbeah were clustered behind the bars; and their silks, as soft in fabric as in color, flapped in the draught that poured from the salaamlik through their window on the world. They made Greg think of so many butterflies skewered upon pins, and instantly life took on a new quality for him, and he seemed to lean far out of himself, as a man might lean out of a tower window in an effort to see what country lay about him.

He no longer thought of the absurdity of his position; he remembered nothing but his need to free a woman born to chivalry, and a captive in alien bondage. His relations with his government had never left his mind heretofore; but now he was conscious of nothing but that he must know, and know at once, if Janet Tarbeah were one of the loose-robed, fast-bound women who sat behind bars and listened to an echo of the free world she had left. He bade the ladies good morning, and opened his book.

An idea rushed upon him, and he entertained it.

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"The introduction to this book," he said in French, "is very tragical, very mysterious, and contains a long quotation from an English writer called 'Dickery Dock.' If you cannot understand this quotation, please say so, and I will translate it."

He then pretended to read in English from the book. "My uncle told me," he read, "that he had once wronged the woman he loved. Whereupon she had wronged herself as a retaliation upon him: she married where she could never love. She will never know how he suffered, for she was soon too busy with her own sorrows to care." He paused, impressively as he hoped, and, having received no word from the unsacred but cloistered women gathered behind the bars to follow the turn of his tale, he drank a little water in some embarrassment, and set to reading in good earnest.

He realized that the ladies understood him when their shrill giggling followed a glint of humor in the text as a tiny crack of thunder will sometimes follow a blue-bright lightning-flash. He listened for such giggles as he read on and on, peering into the shadowy space beyond the grating, catching nothing but the flash of a steel crochet-needle on the bright color of a skein of silk. A strong odor of attar of roses came from behind the bars, and once he saw a sallow hand, Orientally alien, as slim as a starved cat, grip at one of the grating bars.

At the end of two hours the Frenchman told him to read no more, whereupon he left the salaamlik for an excellent luncheon on a darkened veranda.

He tried to induce the Frenchman to gossip, but was met with sanctimonious reserve; and he strolled lonely to the gardens, fiery with sun and redolent of a heavenly sweetness which made the perfume of commerce seem a sick dream. Within the house some one was playing a piano horribly, and he saw three veiled women set forth for a drive, huddled together on the back seat of a rickety victoria. The Frenchman then appeared, with a large number of English letters to be put into French, and French letters to be put into English. They had been sent out in Tarbeah's motor — and the mechanic said he was too busy to leave Kränz for the night in Rubota. Greg worked late at these letters, taking an hour off for a superlative dinner; and, when the morning came, he woke to another perfect day, wondering how he could communicate with Janet, and not daring even to ask the Frenchman his name.

When eleven o'clock came, he again took up his place before the grating and opened his book. One of the women wore a dress of vermilion, against which the bars showed in stripes like a devil's grid.

He would pause, from time to time, to try to find some place in the text where he might interpolate a message to Janet; and at last he came upon a description of the northwest African coast, in which he saw an opportunity. "How different are those shores from England's!" he said slowly, translating his thoughts into halting French. "And how clearly I remember the house of my dear friend Dickery Dock — that same house whence he sent his nephew to search the world for the woman he had loved so greatly, and lost in an unhappy moment of hesitation." A sharp sound, half sob, half spoken exclamation, came from the room beyond; and, in his eagerness, Greg rose to see more clearly from which silken folds it came — for the women were like so many bales of stuff to him, with the treasure of a bruised heart hidden away in one of them.

At the end of his reading, a coal-black negro, wearing a gaudy uniform somewhat spotted with food, stood before him suddenly, to ask him, in French, the year of the book's publication — "the book you are reading to my ladies," he added. "I am their servant."

"Tell them," Greg said, "that it was published last month, and dedicated" — he looked at the title-page of the book as if to make sure — "to Sir Gregory Greg."

He then felt like a sportsman who has brought down his bird without the dogs being able to retrieve it.

V

Saints, agog for supreme encouragements, find inspiriting signs in chance words of Holy Writ; physicians, obsessed by a special disease, find its symptoms in every patient; Greg, weary for a word from the Scotchwoman in the fleshly duresse of Tarbeah's hareem, believed that it was vicariously spoken by the negro with the food-spotted tunic.

It was impossible for him to release his mind from the spell of that inquiry. He felt as if some ambassador from the dead had stood before him and proclaimed the loved and lost as still interested in the life of this world, as still a part of it. He paced the level lawn and looked about him at the roses; he smelt them, burdening the summer wind with the lovely savor of June at home; and he looked again at the barred house where his countrywoman was worse than dead, and found his eyes wet with hot tears, his throat suddenly swelled with emotion. "Subject to that filthy Turk," he whispered.

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Late that afternoon, Tarbeah ben Tarbil entered the valley with no less a person than Pepperdapp. Against his announced plan, he had come out for dinner and the night. He was evidently elated at the presence of his guest, the reason for whose coming Greg divined at one admiring glance. Both men treated him as the under dog, Tarbeah setting an example which his guest thought it wise to follow. The three strolled together in the nearer gardens, and then seated themselves in wicker chairs for the solace of cooling drinks. Tarbeah drank a tumblerful of un-iced *crème de menthe*, and became jocular as the last drops disappeared. Greg and Pepperdapp eyed each other in dismay, having had no idea of the horrors of a jocular Oriental. He boasted as well, and sent for a portfolio of his etchings to show them — accurately executed etchings, with a certain hardness about them which amounted to individuality of style. Then he passed on to his trade successes, and told them of various dishonesties he had practised from time to time without detection from less acute competitors. He showed them his farm offices, and Greg saw him open a letter there addressed to Madame Jeanne de Tarbeah. He took a look at it, and then tore it into tiny pieces and threw it in a great bowl filled with other bits of paper. After that the "unspeakable Turk" did not seem an empty diplomatic phrase.

Presently, with insulting ostentation, Tarbeah left Greg out of the conversation, recounting various Parisian adventures with a good deal of chuckling, and Greg felt happy that his opportunity for escape had arrived. He walked up a lane of beeches leading to the house, and came out suddenly on a turfed yard that he had not before seen. It was hedged high with beeches, and great baskets of hay blossom were stored in it, smelling sweetly aromatic in the open air.

A woman was seated with her back to him, cutting out bits of cloth on a rickety table; and, as he looked at her figure and her unveiled head, his heart leaped within him. He saw her foot braced at the side of her low chair, and it was a small European foot, from which she had kicked a worn bronze slipper — a stockingless foot, and a white one rather than a yellow; its toe-nails were not dyed with henna, in the Eastern fashion prevailing in Rubota, and there was a characteristic calloused spot on her little toe, the sure indication of a shoe worn habitually. When he saw that, he said, "Janet McBride," quite softly. She turned on him swiftly, and his heart filled with pity for her; for she was very thin, and her blue eyes had fear in them, while her abundant hair was streaked widely with gray. Hers was not a face of beauty, but the dignity of utter sorrow pervaded it, and there was an appealing hopelessness in the droop of both head and mouth. She stared at him steadily, and as she looked she sobbed once — that strange sound with which a woman greets birth or death; and then she covered her wrecked expression with two thin hands, and crept toward the house, leaving a long scarf of silk on the chair behind her.

Greg realized that he was in the women's garden, much of it usurped for trade and all of it untended. He left in swift silence, fearful of being seen there, and went to his own room, where he sat at the window, wondering what on earth he could do. When the darkness was complete, and all the garden's perfume asweep on night winds under the staring stars, he still sat there. Janet's faded, infinitely lovable face was painted bright on the night's blackness, and the sadness of it came close to his heart. Its look of habitual depression was emphasized in retrospect, with its meaning cruelly clear in his practical mind. Contempt for her had left him at the first glance, and he prayed for her deliverance, thinking of every circumstance that promised escape, although no help seemed at hand. He knew that clandestine flight was the solution of his problem, but he felt himself powerless to bring it about. When he was called to dine, his head still teemed with recurring plans, which matured only to be rejected. He found Pepperdapp calm, but his disgust was becoming apparent.

At dinner, they looked from long windows to a prospect he acknowledged peerless; they ate food that would have been considered excellent in Vienna. But when Greg looked at his fat host, whose Moslem turban — the hallmark of abstinence — was alcoholically awry, when he was forced to consider his criminally high and narrow forehead, he thought of another face, pale like the *figure souffrante* of Arthur Rimbaud's symbolic vision — the very face of Janet sequestered in a bestial seclusion; and analogy smote him its stunning blow. He remembered many old maids helping gayest London to a colorless virtue; he thought of benignly hysteric spinsters rushing cold cash to the blood-warmed districts of cannibal Africa; and he prayed God to cure their blindness — to open their eyes to a horror of hareems and such as Janet, who had ceased to be a maid only to become petrified in the sea of sorrow, a monument to despair.

The angle of her drooping head inflamed him with a viking's rage; the remembered glance of her eyes without hope pierced him like dagger-points. Pushing his chair from the table, he fled, and in the darkness of his room his flooded

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eyes closed in an agony of comprehension, his first understanding of despair.

Pepperdapp came up to him, when dinner was over, and begged him to come downstairs. "I am going to play," he said, "and I play beautifully."

"I have seen her," Greg replied — "that is, what is left of her." He pulled his friend into a recess and told him all that had passed. The Norwegian held a lamp in his great hand and scanned Greg's face kindly under its stream of light.

"I, too, am frantic to help her," he said. "If you can get her out and away, come straight to me, in the Euphilstry. I shall have," he added softly, bending his head till his lips nearly touched the other's ear, "a coal-boat waiting in the harbor till you need it. For, somehow, I feel that you're going to pull this thing off, Greg — when and how, God knows."

"I wish I did," Greg answered earnestly. "Let us go downstairs."

The salaamlik, as they entered it, was softly lighted with many candles in crystal candlestands, and a grand piano was open in one corner, upon which a bowl of yellow roses dispensed an extraordinary fragrance. Tarbeah was abusing his Frenchman fussily, and had progressed in alcoholic intensity; for he now breathed a little short and moved about restlessly in his padded damask chair. Pepperdapp sat at the piano and brushed his subtle fingers over the waiting keys. His was a perfect touch, and tone floated from the instrument without effort, in a succession of shapely phrases and searching modulations. Tarbeah sat far from the grating that separated the castle of Bluebeard from a wide modern room in which three factors in contemporaneous trade listened to Grieg or to Chopin. But Sir Willy purposely faced the long barred window crowded with folds of brilliant silk, which gave out a dense odor of attar of roses. He first knew that the women were collected there from their heavy perfume, which entered the salaamlik like a presence.

Pepperdapp paused for a moment in his music, and opened a great book he had taken from the table beside him. Greg took a lamp to the piano to light the thick pages as he turned them, and he found that the volume was one of Scotch airs. He turned involuntarily to the fly-leaf, and saw, written by his Uncle Gregory, the name of Janet McBride. His face flamed as two huge hands crashed the chords of "They a' were at the weddin'."

Pepperdapp played through the introduction, and, as he softened the tone for the song's beginning, a high, defiant voice sounded from the grating. It was a woman's voice, strong but unsteady, and it sang the words with an unmistakably Scotch accent:

"Tullibardine, McTavish too,
And more brave lads wha' used to woo,
Came empty-hearted and got fu',
So gradely to the weddin'."

They caught sight of Janet Tarbeah as she stood before the grating. Her lips seemed feeling for the words, and at one or two of the lines they moved without speech; but when the refrain came, her voice joined the air with a desperate vigor. Rebellion had gathered in her wild eyes and her drooping look had given place to defiance. She was wrapped up with the two Europeans in a mood of the moment. Tarbeah was overpowered; the authority of his environment, his tradition, was set at naught. Three Northern souls had met together in a racial emanation, the wild tune of a people who were lawless only when not governed by their own laws. As Pepperdapp's expression of the rhythm grew more perfect, Janet danced at the grating, with her veiled sisters for a background, and life flaming again in a face almost burnt out. She threw out her arms and cried, "Take me home!" while her slim shoulders heaved as she leaped for joy of the song they loved.

Tarbeah rose, and looked from one man to the other. Turning, he called Janet a name, in Turkish, which only a Turk could have invented. He spoke it several times, for his utterance was not at its best. Then he lurched toward the piano, seized Greg's lamp, and hurled it at the grating.

She shrieked with a fearful shrillness, and in another instant the room was a swirl of flame and belching smoke; the wall draperies caught with a snapping noise, and fire tore over them with the masterful swiftness of a living thing.

Greg rushed to the grating. "Are you hurt?" he said.

"No," Janet whispered.

"Then you are free, Mrs. Tarbeah. Get the women out of the hareem, for we are going to take you home. This whole place will burn."

As Pepperdapp passed Tarbeah, he struck his head, wilfully, with his great hand. The Turk dropped to the floor, and, Pepperdapp bidding Greg take his feet as he took his shoulders, they carried him out and put him down gently in his own garden, out of the way of the mounting flames.

VI

The sight of fire and roses absorbed them after that. Columns of ascending flame lighted the blossoming acres, their glare checked only

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by the amphitheatrical limitations of the wall about Rubota. Sometimes ill-clad creatures, ex-wives of Tarbeah or relicts of his father, crawled forth from the hareem under the weight of a cherished chair or table; and ever the phantom light of consuming flame spread above the space of roses, as if hell had imposed its reflex upon the very surface of Paradise itself. Fire leaped at every gust of wind, burning its passage through the night sky with the sound of a great beast drinking, while in the zenith a pulsing glow was like some giant's heart, in its strange motion. The gardenias opened for a moment before they blackened and fell on death, scorched on their bushes of withering green, while the lanes between flowering hedges made triumphal entry for more flame, and storehouses of flower-dust joined the blaze with a little puff and an outrush of aroma.

Veiled women came mutely forth from their own quarters, having seen their belongings carried out by those who once were as young as themselves. They blundered abroad, apathetic, unwieldy creatures, blind in light as in darkness, unable to ask help or help themselves. Greg and Pepperdapp stood at the hareem door, alert for one face, eager for one presence.

At last, and without greeting, Janet pushed out the filthy door, and stood before them, her face lighted from without by the grim glare of flames, from within by the clear shining of a great relief. She was leading a little girl.

"This child is mine," she said shortly.

"Is there anything else you'll be taking with you? You are going for good," Greg said.

She shook her head. "Nothing but Zoraida is worth keeping," she answered; and, as the child cried, she raised it in her arms and kissed it over and over again. "Zoraida," she said, "don't cry. I thought we were locked in for life; but we're free! Don't be afraid. Come with mother, and be a European."

Madame Tarbeah dramatized her seven years of suffering, and achieved the most powerful, if not the most popular, play of the year. After long silence and legal severance from Tarbeah and Turkish ways, she confessed her folly in detail to the Comte de Villebasse. Sir Erastus had joined the majority. She had announced her intention of marrying Sir Gregory Greg to half Paris. "And when I saw that could not be," she said, "I pretended to draw back, from love of another. Tarbeah was that other because he was available, if no more."

"You hardly deserve your deliverance," the old man told her.

With the congenital insolence of Orientals, Tarbeah comes to Paris annually; but he is enfeebled and very fat, and his pleasures lead him far from the haunts of important politicians like Sir Willy Greg, whose devotion to Madame Tarbeah is expected to have a matrimonial ending. Zoraida has forgotten hareems and is already vowed to equal suffrage.

THE VISION

BY

WILLIAM STANLEY BRAITHWAITE

YOU are the vision, you are the image of the dream,
The voice among the stars, the silence in the stream;
A breath of the infinite poise, where space and time are spun,
And the circling orbits wheel their planets round the sun.
Beyond the outer margin where nothing calls to God
Leaps the fiery symbol to bloom where your feet have trod;
Here is the earth resurgent with color and bloom of spring,
Glorying the dream and the vision in the song you bring.

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THE STORY OF A POST-OFFICE CLERK

THE EXPERIENCE OF A YOUNG WOMAN IN THE CIVIL SERVICE OF THE UNITED STATES

BY

CHARLES W. ELIOT

FORMER PRESIDENT OF HARVARD UNIVERSITY

THIS is an account of the experience of a farmer's capable daughter in the service of the United States Post-Office. The story was taken down from the young woman's lips; and acceptance of the facts must depend on the narrator's credibility. To be sure, many of the facts are of a public nature, known to many persons; but the reader will perceive that at critical points of the story no corroborating testimony can be obtained. As is usual in personal political negotiations, written records were purposely avoided, and the most interesting conversations were conducted without witnesses. Under these circumstances it was important that the trustworthy character of the narrator should be established by the testimony of many persons who had known her for years; and this testimony was procured amply, and found to be conclusive.

The object of publishing this story is to exhibit in a vivid way the meanness and undemocratic nature of the spoils system, and its absurdity as a method of organizing any service for the people which ought to be businesslike, honest, and competent.

There is nothing dramatic or picturesque in the entire story. There is no tragical climax to it; for the narrator resigned her office and was not dismissed, soon found commercial employment, and is now again a post-office clerk. Most of the people mentioned in it are just ordinary, commonplace American men and women, busy in their own occupations and generally kindly; but tolerant of injustice and waste in government administration, local, state, or national,— indifferent, too, when much important public business is done by political machines and rings, large or small, in secret and for selfish considerations. All the names of persons and places and all the dates in this narrative are the real names and dates, given without disguise. In telling her story and consenting to its publication, the narrator had no motive except the wish and hope to protect other persons, in the future, from such experiences as she was obliged to endure; and the scribe had no motive except to promote civil service reform. The comments that are interwoven with the narrative are his; the narrator made none.

Jessie Roberta Kinney was born in 1884 at Jamesville, a town seven miles south of Syracuse, New York, the youngest of a family of ten children. Her father was Irving Kinney, a farmer, and her mother Sarah Munroe of Cazenovia, New York. Irving Kinney served in the Civil War from 1862 to 1865 in the Ninth New York Heavy Artillery, and now has a pension of eight dollars a month. While on a hot and dusty march he suffered a sunstroke, from the effects of which his family think he never entirely recovered. He is still living, but his health is impaired. Jessie's three brothers and six sisters were, like herself, born and brought up on the Jamesville farm. The farm was chiefly devoted to the production of milk, although far the greater part of the family's food was raised on the farm. The father and mother carried on a wholesale and retail business in milk and dairy products, their market being Syracuse, and the mother being the more active and enterprising partner.

Jessie first went to the district school when she was between six and seven years old. About the middle of the third year of her high-school course she was obliged to leave school because of threatened tuberculosis. She was slight in figure and had a bad cough, and an uncle and a cousin had died of tuberculosis. The

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family physician, Dr. J. H. Paul, advised that Jessie leave school and live on the farm, keeping out of doors as much as possible. In the higher grades of the school she had studied geography and physical geography, the history of the United States and of New York State, arithmetic, and the elements of algebra; and she had followed for two years the school's course in Latin, but not with much satisfaction.

After leaving school she spent six months at home, out of doors about the farm in the daytime, and with her windows wide open at night. Her school days were over; but she had received a better education than most farmers' daughters can get living at home in small towns, and had learned how to apply her mind to the work in hand — the best of acquisitions during school life.

Her cough having disappeared, and self-support being desirable, she accepted, in June, 1901, an offer from Mr. Byron Houghtaling, postmaster at Jamesville, of employment as clerk. This offer came to her as a surprise. Mr. Houghtaling asked her, one day, if she would like post-office work; he said he had been talking the matter over at home, and had there expressed the opinion that "Jess" Kinney would make a good clerk. Mr. Houghtaling, whose business was that of a dealer in live stock, was nominally the postmaster, and enjoyed the revenue of the office, but knew nothing and did nothing about the post-office business. He could not sort the mail, or deliver it, or make the monthly and quarterly reports, and, indeed, had never attempted to do any part of the work of the office. He had had two clerks successively before Jessie Kinney, the first of whom had left the office to be married, and the last had left abruptly, on some disagreement with the postmaster, not waiting to instruct her successor. Jessie was therefore obliged to study the account-books and the blanks, the money-order forms, and the postal laws and regulations, and to learn without any instructor what was to be done and how to do it.

Jamesville was a fourth-class post-office,— that is, an office of the lowest grade as regards amount of business and the postmaster's compensation,— but money-order reports to the Post-Office Department were required every month, and postal reports every quarter. For thirteen months Jessie did almost all the work of the office, which was open regularly from 7 A. M. to 8 P. M., the customary hours for fourth-class offices. She was the only clerk employed, and the postmaster was seldom in the office. Her compensation during her whole stay in the Jamesville office was two dollars a week and her board and lodging in the postmaster's family. As the family lived over the office, the clerk could be summoned from upstairs even when the post-office door was locked; so that she was often obliged to run down on office business during meal-time. In the Jamesville of that day Jessie's compensation was fair for a girl of eighteen, but it could not be called liberal. She learned in the Jamesville office that she liked post-office work, and could do it acceptably. One of her reasons for liking it was that it offered a good deal of variety, and brought one in contact with a large number of persons, whose qualities and interests presented great diversity. Although the methods of the office were prescribed in the government regulations, and the hours of work were much affected by the arrival and departure of trains, yet the regulations and the railroad arrangements were liable to frequent change, so that the work was by no means monotonous, like that of an accountant or bookkeeper.

In the summer of 1902 Miss Kinney heard from a Mr. O'Donnell, who lived about three miles south of Jamesville and traveled for an agricultural machinery company, that an assistant was needed at the Elbridge, New York, post-office. Now, Elbridge had a larger population than Jamesville, for at Elbridge there was the Electrical Manufacturing Company, the business of which involved a large correspondence, and the Amphion Piano Company. It appearing to Miss Kinney that the Elbridge office must be a larger one than the Jamesville, and that the pay of the clerk ought to be higher, she went, on a certain Monday, to see the Elbridge postmaster, Charles E. Cook, a retired farmer about sixty years old, and a Republican in politics. He offered Miss Kinney five dollars a week, out of which she would have to pay two dollars and fifty cents a week for board and lodging. This was a very slight advance on her Jamesville compensation; because at Jamesville she could get her laundry work done at home on the farm, which would not be possible if she lived at Elbridge. Nevertheless, Miss Kinney accepted the offer, and agreed to report at Elbridge on the following Wednesday.

Mr. Cook, like all fourth-class postmasters, was paid by a commission on the value of the stamps canceled in the office, and by small fees on money-orders and special-delivery letters; but out of these receipts he had to pay the salary of the clerk, besides rent, fuel, and lights. At that time the Elbridge office probably paid the postmaster between seven and eight hundred dollars, whereas the Jamesville office only paid the postmaster between six and seven hundred dollars. Mr. Cook did not live in the post-office building, but hired an office in a business

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block on the main street. He had leased his farm, and lived in the village not far from the office. He was not an active politician.

When Miss Kinney went to Elbridge Mr. Cook looked tolerably healthy, but was really far from well, for he had a severe cough. Almost immediately Miss Kinney was "running" the office alone, although the postmaster was not incapable, as was the Jamesville postmaster, of handling the mail. During the first six months Miss Kinney boarded, at two dollars and fifty cents a week, at a house about a block from the office, kept by excellent married people who took only four boarders. Then she went to lodge and board at about the same distance from the office in the family of C. B. Cook, one of the postmaster's two sons, who was a traveling salesman. This arrangement was no more expensive and was more agreeable socially, since Mrs. C. B. Cook was a very kind and friendly person. In July, 1905, after a service of three years, Miss Kinney asked for and received an increase of a dollar a week in her pay. Mr. Cook's health began to fail rapidly about this time, and in the following winter he suffered from a prolonged "cold."

Through Mrs. Cook Miss Kinney became acquainted with many people in the town, and, having an inherited family connection with the Presbyterian Church, she became the teacher of a Sunday-school class of boys between ten and fifteen years of age. She was also elected, in 1908, president of the Philathea Class, an organization of girls and young women for Bible study, and served in this capacity until she left Elbridge. Among her friends were the family of Mr. A. H. Hughes, the leading merchant of the town (he kept a general store for dry-goods, groceries, hardware, and so forth), and his younger brother, Mr. O. L. Hughes, the carrier for the rural free delivery. She was in the habit of visiting at the house of Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Hughes. It is obvious that she could not only perform well the functions of postmaster, but also render excellent social service in the town.

The postmaster, Mr. Cook, relieved Miss Kinney in the office at dinner-time and supper-time; but as his strength failed he did a diminishing amount of office work. He died in midsummer, 1906, having been away from the office altogether for six months. Thus, Miss Kinney, who had herself manifested a tendency to tuberculosis before she was eighteen years old, had been in close contact with a mortal case of tuberculosis for three and a half years. Two or three months before Mr. Cook's death, Miss Kinney had been recommended by Mr. Samuel P. Kyle, Post-Office inspector, for the clerkship in the office at Oriskany Falls, New York, where she would have received eight dollars a week. Mr. Cook, however, wished her to stay in Elbridge, although he did not feel able to give her more than seven dollars a week. She accepted this amount, believing that Mr. Cook was a very sick man, and that he would have great difficulty in getting any competent assistant under the circumstances. Everybody in Elbridge knew that Miss Kinney had been doing all the work of the post-office for six months, and almost all of it for four years, and that she had done it well and acceptably.

When Mr. Cook died, friends asked Miss Kinney if she did not want the appointment to the post-office, and she answered that she did want it, and would put in an application whenever it was proper to do so. Even before Mr. Cook's death, she had been advised to go to the "bosses" on the subject of the succession, since it was supposed that two or three men were going to apply for the office if she did not want it. At this time she had been to Mr. A. H. Hughes, telling him — what everybody knew — that Mr. Cook had but a short time to live, and asking him if he would support an application on her part for the succession. Mr. Hughes promptly stated that he would support her. Miss Kinney also interviewed Mr. J. R. Chamberlain, "Supervisor" for Elbridge, who also promised to support her application to the Post-Office Department.

A Supervisor in the State of New York is a county official, the Board of Supervisors being the governing power of the county. Every town and every ward of a city elects a Supervisor. The jail and the poorhouse are managed by the Board of Supervisors, which also appoints certain county officials who are not elective. In general, the Boards of Supervisors in the State of New York are not considered efficient and trustworthy governing bodies, and it is generally believed that the county jails and poorhouses are not well managed. The representation of the cities on these boards is small in proportion to their population; so that it is the Supervisors from country towns who must be held responsible for the results of the Board's management in each county.

Messrs. Hughes and Chamberlain talked the matter over together and with Republican friends. Mr. Hughes was an influential Republican manager in the town, and Mr. Chamberlain, who was also a Republican, held an elective office. Mr. O. L. Hughes, the free-delivery carrier, was to some degree a political worker, and was much liked in the town; but he did not have so much influence as his brother, who was generally recognized as one of the leading men of the town in business and in politics. On Mr.

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Cook's death, the carrier used all his influence on behalf of Miss Kinney as the proper successor to the office.

When Mr. Cook died, his six "sureties" took charge of the post-office, according to the postal laws and regulations. The regulations prescribe that the sureties, who must be at least two in number, shall take charge of the vacated office, and shall appoint one of their number, or some other person, acting postmaster. Mr. Cook's sureties appointed one of their number, Mr. A. E. Stacey, acting postmaster. Mr. W. S. Hale nominated Mr. Stacey for the place; and the other four sureties, all of whom were strongly in favor of Miss Kinney as postmistress, and who might, under the regulations, have made her acting postmaster, joined in the appointment of Mr. Stacey. They were all Republicans, and had all been more or less active as party managers. Mr. A. H. Hughes, especially, was supposed to have much influence with the Republican voters of the town. The sureties were anxious, for political reasons, to "stay together." They must have known that there was considerable disapproval of Mr. Stacey by many of the townspeople, and that some lack of confidence had been engendered by the successive reductions of force in his chair factory, which once employed one hundred and fifty men, whose number had been reduced to about six. There had also been some public dissatisfaction with his discharge of his duties as Supervisor and as County Treasurer.

The appointment of Mr. Stacey as acting postmaster was unjust to Miss Kinney, disadvantageous to the community, and inexpedient from the point of view of the Post-Office Department considered as a great business establishment, in which capacity and fidelity should always be rewarded. Mr. Stacey was acting postmaster rather more than three months, during which time he and his wife sometimes helped Miss Kinney in the office, or took her place when she was at meals. Meantime, he resisted with the local political managers Miss Kinney's appointment as permanent postmistress. He argued that Elbridge was not her home, that she did not pay taxes there, and that there was nothing in her favor except her previous good service. The rumor spread that Mr. Stacey wanted the office for himself; but this suggestion was not welcomed by the political managers, who felt that he had already had from the town all that he deserved and more.

The appointment of Mr. Stacey as acting postmaster was not welcome to Miss Kinney; but she did not know that he was opposing her appointment as postmistress. He sometimes seemed disposed to help her, told her that other persons were getting out petitions for the place, and advised her to start a petition. When she took this advice and prepared a petition, he was willing that patrons of the office should sign it when they came there for mail; and he also took Miss Kinney's place in the office when she visited voters in the town, asking them to sign the petition in her favor. Accordingly, when her petition had been signed by one hundred and seventy-eight voters, a large majority of all the voters in the town, Miss Kinney gave it to Mr. Stacey to forward to the proper authority. At that time she supposed that Mr. Stacey had no desire for the permanent appointment, and was not unfavorable to her appointment.

One evening at closing time, when Miss Kinney was alone in the office, Mr. Stacey said to her, "You know, Miss Kinney, that all officeholders have to pay to the political fund."

"Yes," she replied; "I know that that has to be done. What amount am I supposed to give?"

Mr. Stacey said, "Well, you are not able to work in politics, and you are not a voter, and we think that the office ought to pay two hundred dollars a year."

Miss Kinney was much surprised at the amount, but said in reply: "Of course, if that amount must be paid, I can pay it as well as any one."

Mr. Stacey answered, "Yes, you can"; and then added: "You need not say anything about it to the other boys."

Miss Kinney knew that Mr. Stacey was not the Republican Committeeman for the County, and immediately felt vaguely that there was something wrong about these suggestions. She got the impression that the payment of this two hundred dollars was a condition of the support of her appointment as postmistress by Mr. Stacey, Hon. Michael E. Driscoll, the Republican Congressman for the district, or by the political "bosses" in general. Immediately after closing the office, she, therefore, hastened to the house of Mr. A. H. Hughes, and reported what had happened. Mr. Hughes was very much surprised at her story and remarked that she need not pay any such amount of money. He added that he would see Mr. J. R. Chamberlain, the County Committeeman, the next day on the subject. Mr. A. H. Hughes went to see Mr. Chamberlain the very next morning, and together they called on Hon. Michael E. Driscoll. After this interview with Mr. Driscoll Miss Kinney received a notice from the Post-Office Department in Washington to the effect that the Department had received no petition from her, and that she must send one if she wished the appointment. Miss Kinney replied, describing the petition that had been signed by

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one hundred and seventy-eight voters, and telling the Department that she had given it to Mr. Stacey, the acting postmaster, for delivery to the Department directly, or to Hon. M. E. Driscoll, the Representative of the district. Thereupon the Department sent a second communication, dated September 25, 1906, saying that no petition had been received from her or about her, and repeating the statement that a petition was necessary in order to secure the appointment. Miss Kinney then asked if she should send her petition direct to the Department, and was told by the Department to do so at once. She therefore procured a second petition in her favor, which was almost identical with the first, name for name, and forwarded it directly to Washington; but the Department did not acknowledge the receipt of this petition.

Meantime, her friends, Messrs. Hughes and Chamberlain, had seen Representative Driscoll at Syracuse three times about the appointment of Miss Kinney, but without result, until, at last, they told Mr. Driscoll that if Miss Kinney's appointment as postmistress did not come at once many votes would be lost to him in Elbridge at the election on November 7, 1906. The Elbridge postmaster was still a political appointment, because all these events occurred before President Roosevelt put the fourth-class post-offices east of the Mississippi and north of the Ohio and Potomac into the classified service. Miss Kinney heard nothing further from Washington, but on November 5, 1906, she received her appointment as postmistress for four years from October 29, 1906. After Miss Kinney's appointment Mr. Stacey spoke of that two hundred dollar suggestion once, saying, "You told the boys about it." On receiving her appointment, Miss Kinney paid the Cook estate one hundred and eighty-six dollars for the post-office equipment, and then had undisturbed possession of the office from November, 1906, to January, 1909. At the election of 1906 and again in 1908 Miss Kinney gave Mr. J. R. Chamberlain, the Republican County Committeeman, twenty-five dollars for the political fund, and received from him a written acknowledgment thereof.

In November, 1906, Miss Kinney engaged Mrs. C. B. McKaig of Elbridge, whose father was postmaster at Hart Lot, New York, as her assistant, at five dollars a week. Mrs. McKaig worked about five hours a day, but could be summoned to the office whenever needed. When Mrs. McKaig had to leave the office on account of illness in her family, two other women were successively employed.

Until January, 1909, the postmaster's receipts on the commission and fee basis amounted to about nine hundred and fifty dollars a year, out of which were paid sixty dollars for rent, about fifteen dollars for fuel, sixteen dollars for lights, and the wages of her assistant; so that the postmistress cleared about six hundred dollars a year.

Before Miss Kinney's appointment as permanent postmistress she had had a room in one house and taken her meals in another. After her appointment she took two rooms at Mrs. McKaig's house, furnished them comfortably, and boarded at the same house as before. Her lodging- and boarding-places in Elbridge were always near the post-office and on the main street. Her stated comings and goings, both in the daytime and after dark, were well known to all the people of the vicinity; but during her whole residence in Elbridge she never experienced the slightest incivility or rudeness, either in the office or on the streets, although the town employed no police or other effective public force. The post-office was robbed three times while she was employed there, the safe being blown open at night by skilful burglars; but for such losses the postmaster is not held responsible by the Department at Washington, if he has provided a proper safe to hold his stamps and his money.

In January, 1909, the Elbridge office became automatically a third-class office, because its gross receipts through the increase of its business reached the sum of nineteen hundred dollars a year. Thereupon Miss Kinney began to receive, as third-class postmistress, a salary of a thousand dollars a year and seventy-five dollars for office expenses. She also received, like all postmasters, the usual three-cent payment for each money-order and the eight-cent payment for each special-delivery letter. The postmaster is at liberty to take the whole of the eight-cent fee himself if he personally delivers the letter, or to take the balance over what he pays a messenger for the delivery. The change in the status of the office was not due to any special exertions made by Miss Kinney; but was the result of the natural growth of the mail business of the town. Mr. Kyle, the Post-Office inspector, learned of the advance of the office to the third class only when he made his annual visit. The improvement in Miss Kinney's pecuniary situation amounted to at least two hundred dollars.

Soon after the change in the Elbridge post-office from the fourth class to the third class, Mrs. McKaig's brother-in-law, a young man who worked for the Electrical Manufacturing Company, called at the post-office at noon, and asked Miss Kinney if she knew that Mr. Clarence A. Stone, an employee at the Amphion

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Piano Company, was trying to get a petition signed in favor of his appointment to the postmastership. Her informant said that Mr. Stone represented to the persons whom he asked to sign his petition that Miss Kinney did not want the office any longer, or that she could not keep it now that it was a third-class office, or that she was to be married; and he inquired if these representations, or any one of them, were correct. Did she wish to keep the post-office?

Miss Kinney at once sought the advice of Mr. A. H. Hughes, who was one of her sureties, her other sureties being John R. Chamberlain, farmer and "Supervisor," W. S. Curtis, dealer in monuments of stone, Fred C. Carpenter, merchant, John Farnham, dealer in live stock, and R. B. Sweet, dealer in blooded horses. Mr. Hughes' advice was that Miss Kinney at once procure signatures to a counter-petition to be sent direct to Washington. Miss Kinney's petition stated that a man was trying to secure the appointment as postmaster at Elbridge, and that the undersigned petitioners wished her to be continued in office till her term expired on October 29, 1910. She secured more signatures to this petition than stood on her original petition asking for the fourth-class appointment—securing them both in the post-office and by going to the houses of persons who she thought would wish to sign it. She was advised, however, by some of her friends that the political managers of the town thought they could settle the case favorably to her without sending the petition to Washington.

In January, 1909, Messrs. A. H. Hughes, John Rhoades, Dr. E. B. Kaple, and Fred Hazeltine, all four of whom were much interested in local Republican politics, and were also in favor of keeping Miss Kinney in the office, called at Mr. Stacey's house to discuss the situation, and to find out what he intended to do in the matter. Mr. Stacey felt that the office was paying too much to a woman, and that it should be given to a man; and he was firm in his opposition to Miss Kinney's continuing in office. Early in the discussion he asked the following question, which in form was safe, but nevertheless contained a suggestion of improper motives on the part of Miss Kinney's supporters: "What reason have you for fighting for this girl?"

These five men, presumably influenced by both personal and political considerations, finally agreed on the following "compromise": they would give Miss Kinney an opportunity to resign at once, so as to avoid the mortification of being dismissed, but the resignation should not take effect until after the election in November, 1909. Under this arrangement Miss Kinney would hold her office nearly ten months more, and would lose it only about a year before the expiration of her four years' term. The arrangement would keep the party managers together without any public exhibition of discord among them, and any popular objection to it could hardly get effectively expressed.

Miss Kinney had been informed that this meeting was to be held, and believed that it would decide her fate. She supposed that the Post-Office Department could turn her out of her office without notice. She tried to communicate with Inspector Kyle; but he was on one of his tours of inspection, and she failed to communicate with him. She stayed at Mr. Hughes' house on the evening of the meeting to learn its decision; and when the compromise was stated to her by Mr. Hughes as an arrangement her friends had assented to, and she had listened to some account of the discussion, she almost immediately decided to resign rather than ask her friends to continue fighting for her, to their embarrassment, both personal and political. She felt that the proposal was unjust; but she was at the end of her resisting resources, and had a vague sense that the political considerations to which her friends had yielded must have a serious import. The next day she wrote her resignation, addressing it to the Postmaster-General, and giving no reason for the step, and handed it to Mr. Stacey, as had been agreed upon the day before. He was to send it to Washington, or give it to Hon. Michael L. Driscoll, the Representative.

Of course, Miss Kinney ought not to have resigned; but her mistake was natural, for she was ill informed concerning her rights under her fourth-class appointment, and, in face of the advice of four local politicians whom she counted among her friends, she felt deserted and did not know where to turn for counsel or support. Moreover, she shared the opinion, common among Americans, that resignation, though unjustly forced, is much to be preferred to out-and-out dismissal. She received no aid or protection from the Post-Office Department, which apparently was not interested to retain a competent, faithful, and experienced employee, and paid no attention to the wishes of the voters of Elbridge. Five local political managers and one Representative in Congress were allowed to treat a good servant of the national government in a shameful manner, the whole thing being done in the dark and the motives of the actors being left to conjecture. It is impossible to imagine any good motive for such unjust and inexpedient action.

Mr. Clarence A. Stone's petition was circulated by him among his fellow workmen at the Amphion factory, and many of those who signed

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it were not legal voters. Many of the townspeople refused to sign his petition. His appointment as postmaster was made on May 6, 1909, to take effect after the election in the following November; but this appointment was not known to Miss Kinney, or, indeed, to anybody except a few of the managers in Elbridge. Miss Kinney remained in the office until the first of December, 1909, in order to teach Mr. Stone the work, and to prevent the people of the town, to whom she felt grateful, from suffering from the new postmaster's inexperience.

Two facts concerning Miss Kinney's experience remain to be mentioned. First, while postmistress she had six sureties for one thousand dollars each. They received no compensation for this favor, except that their box rent was paid by Miss Kinney. Sureties have a right to inspect the accounts of the official for whom they are responsible. They never asked to inspect Miss Kinney's accounts. Secondly, in October, 1909, when the National League of Postmasters of the United States met in Syracuse, New York, Miss Kinney's case was considered, at the instigation of the President of the League, by the Fourth Assistant Postmaster-General De Graw, Chief Inspector James, Inspector Kyle, the Inspector of Money-orders and Registered Letters, the President of the National League, A. K. Hoag, and C. C. Cummings, President of the New York State League of Postmasters. They advised Miss Kinney to withdraw her resignation. Whereupon she immediately wrote to the Department at Washington to withdraw it; but was informed that it was too late, since Mr. Stone had been confirmed by the Senate on the 6th of the preceding May.

Being under the necessity of finding employment as soon as possible, Miss Kinney, in December, 1909, accepted a position as clerk in a shop for leather goods in Syracuse, where she worked for one week at a salary of six dollars; she then went to a confectionery store for two weeks at seven dollars a week, acting as substitute for a sick bookkeeper. Early in February, 1910, Miss Kinney obtained a position as bookkeeper in Keilty's dry-goods store in Syracuse at eight dollars a week for the first four weeks, when her pay was raised to nine dollars a week. She stayed at this place till July 2, 1910, when she became assistant in the post-office at Cape Vincent, New York, on a recommendation to the postmistress, Mrs. Wiggin, from Mr. Kyle, the Post-Office inspector, who had known Miss Kinney all through her post-office career. Cape Vincent is a third-class office, and Miss Kinney receives there twelve dollars a week.

The moral of this story is plain. A young woman, well born, well brought up, intelligent, better educated than nine tenths of American children, and of irreproachable character, demonstrates by five years of service as assistant in two post-offices that she is fully capable of discharging well the duties of a postmaster. By fidelity and intelligence she reaches a good position in the United States Post-Office,— that of postmistress in a third-class office,— only to be deprived of it by the action of local political managers through the administration at Washington. Character and merit in the candidate, the interest of the service, and the wishes of the people to be served, go for nothing. Personal feeling and the supposed interests of party work grievous injustice; and the case demonstrates that the largest business department of the national government is not conducted on sound business principles in regard to its employees, and that a farmer's daughter, working for a living honorably and in every respect successfully, cannot expect from the national government the consideration and support which every intelligent and respectable private employer would surely give her. The case was not an exceptionally hard one. All appointees on political grounds are liable to just such treatment, and, as a matter of fact, at the present moment all the higher appointments under the national government are spoils or patronage positions. The merit system is applied only to subordinate positions. All good citizens, under whatever party names they habitually act, ought to unite on the legislation needed to eradicate from American politics this monstrous patronage system, the unclean source of corruption, inefficiency, and degradation in the government civil service.

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THE NEW YORK POST-OFFICE IN THE MIDDLE DUTCH CHURCH*

MASTERS OF CAPITAL IN AMERICA

WALL STREET

HOW MORGAN BUILT THE "MONEY POWER"

BY

JOHN MOODY AND GEORGE KIBBE TURNER

WALL STREET three quarters of a century ago was the street of the merchants. It still is. The gamblers and the jugglers come and make their stir, and go; in a week they are forgotten. No place on earth appears to be more shifting or more transitory; no place is really more permanent. In half a dozen silent counting-rooms sit the same old merchant firms and institutions that have held the power since the beginning: the Jews, spick and span and polished, in their ornate offices; the Yankees, direct, matter-of-fact, rather careless in their dress, in the same dark old frescoed rooms where they started forty years ago and more. These are the men who year by year, through a sure, continuous growth, have come to control in a larger and larger measure the corporate capital of the nation.

The apparatus of their trade lies around them, about the west end of Wall Street. To the south, on Broad Street, rises the turmoil of the stock market and the sharp cries of the "curb." To the north, on Nassau Street, lie the great insurance companies and the solid blocks of banks. This is the center of the financial interests of the continent. It lies here because the old importing dry-goods firms of New York — from whom almost all of the greatest financial houses are descended — formerly had their business section here.

These dry-goods men, for two decades before the Civil War, were the greatest of the great importing merchants who created old New York. They lay just north of the west end of Wall Street on Broadway, and on the next street east of it — Nassau. They were the ornaments

* This building on Nassau Street, between Liberty and Cedar, was used as the New York post-office until the early 70's. It was destroyed in 1883 to make way for the present Mutual Life Building. It was located in the center of the old dry-goods district. To the right is the store of the dry-goods merchant, F. S. Winston, who was the Mutual's president from 1853 to 1885.

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of the city — socially and physically. In the prosperity of the middle '50's their old boxlike stores blossomed into that notable cast-iron renaissance of classic art which made lower Broadway an avenue of iron temples, embodying all the best the Old World offered, with Yankee improvements. It was a little before this period that they built their first great financial institutions — their life-insurance companies.

The Dry-Goods Merchants' Insurance Companies

The dry-goods men, like all the world of commerce in that day, conducted their businesses under partnerships. The death of partners was one of their greatest business risks. And when the idea of life insurance was imported from England and established in New York in the early '40's, the dry-goods merchants at once patronized and were very soon managing them. They were a commercial instrument, exactly as the earlier fire-insurance companies had been. They insured against business risks. And a great share of their receipts came from this insurance. In 1846, three years after the Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York was formed, 1213 of its policies — two thirds of all the policies in force — were issued to "merchants and traders." The policies of lawyers, who were next in number, were but 194.

No one could then have understood the significance of this new institution. In 1843 there were $1,000,000 of assets in the life-insurance companies of the United States. In 1867 there were $125,000,000, belonging to some 700,000 people. The dry-goods merchants had started a local instrument of commerce; they had developed the greatest single institutions holding trust funds on the continent. For a greater and greater proportion of the life insurance of the country was coming to these companies in the old dry-goods section north of the west end of Wall Street.

The dry-goods men had long been leaders in the financial operations of the period. So much of their business was done on long time credits that they became experts in commercial paper. The insurance companies broadened their experience to another field, the investment as trust funds of a great and growing body of other people's money, laid aside against the time of death. There was little choice in investment at the time. In a new country, in a time before the general introduction of capital invested in machinery, the one principal safe investment was the real-estate mortgage. And into this the management of the insurance companies and of the only other great national institution of trust funds — the savings bank — put the great bulk of their investments.

The Exporters of Bonds and Old Wall Street

Then came the Civil War, and the importing dry-goods merchants established Wall Street for the first time as a national institution, and took permanent charge of it. The war had crippled the dry-goods business badly by cutting off the trade of the prosperous South. The more active and aggressive minds in the business turned from the importing of dry-goods to the exporting of government bonds. And in doing this they made Wall Street, for the first time, a center of national investment.

The United States — a new country, with a population on its soil too short a time to have gathered together great savings — in six years issued over two billion dollars' worth of interest-bearing bonds to pay its war debts. A great part of these necessarily went abroad to find their final purchasers. They were naturally exported through the principal seaport of the country, and handled by the dry-goods men, the class with the greatest foreign connections and the most experience in the operations of commercial finance with Europe.

Wall Street was founded in this period; but not the Wall Street of to-day — the center of the investment of corporate capital. There was no general corporate capital on the continent at that time in any form suited to the impersonal, stable investment of money. Wall Street was a national center in only one sense — for the investment and speculation in government debt; or, what was really the same thing, in gold as measured in the terms of government notes. The day of a general national market for corporate securities was still a great way off.

Through the '60's and the '70's this dealing in national securities focussed more and more in the city of New York, until, at its culmination in the last year of the '70's, it was practically all there. The dry-goods merchants who had taken up bond-exporting as a business were now permanently "private bankers," which meant, and means, nothing more than great merchants of investments. And, together with them in their old section, other men were building up a great domestic trade in government bonds.

The First National Bank of New York

One particular institution that came out of this branch of the trade has remained and grown to one of the instruments that for thirty years have dominated Wall Street. This is the

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First National Bank of New York. And out of this came one of the most remarkable and least known figures in the history of Wall Street — George F. Baker, the second member of the present Morgan-Baker banking combination.

The government, during the Civil War, had put the chief agency for selling its war bonds in the hands of one man, Jay Cooke, a Philadelphia banker. The chief instrument of distribution was the national bank system — which, though it is not now generally realized, was founded primarily for the especial purpose of purchasing and distributing government bonds. The centering of the export trade and the general investment market in western Wall Street drew Cooke there. In 1873 — soon after the United States started its great refunding operations, the replacing its war debt with bonds bearing a lower rate of interest — Jay Cooke failed, and most of the firms that were closely associated with him.

The business went to a logical and lineal successor. Two of Cooke's associates went into the First National Bank, joining George F. Baker, then cashier, and old "Uncle John Thompson," its president and founder. Thompson, a queer, shrewd Yankee character, had been a friend of Salmon P. Chase, Secretary of the Treasury under Lincoln, and had assisted him in framing the National Bank Act. George Baker was the son of a life-long protégé and confidential man of William H. Seward, Lincoln's Secretary of State, and a member of "the firm of Seward, Weed & Greeley," who ruled the party politics of New York State. He himself had started in his teens as a clerk in the State Banking Department in Albany. Fahnestock and Garland, coming from the Cooke house, brought with them the experience and associations of that institution. By the end of the '70's the First National Bank had taken the leadership in the purchase and resale of government bonds out of the hands of the bond exporters.

The First National Bank was an institution like nothing that preceded it, and, for that matter, exactly like no national bank that has followed. In 1877 John Thompson sold out, and the institution went into the hands of Baker, Fahnestock, and Thompson's son. It was, and has been ever since, a silent, closely held private institution, not unlike a firm of private bankers. Its chief business, like theirs, has been the purchase and marketing of corporate securities. It is, in the highest degree known in this country, a "financial" bank.

For forty years it has sat on Broadway, at the western end of Wall Street, closer to the inside movements of the Street than any other banking institution, and least understood of all of them. By 1879, the end of the sale of government bonds, it had grown until it overshadowed every other instrument for distributing this chief public investment. George Baker, a silent, conservative man, was already a big figure in the financial district of New York; in that year he was made a trustee with the old merchants who governed the great Mutual Life. Then came the end of old Wall Street and the beginnings of the Wall Street of to-day; the end of the great sale of public debt; the beginning of the national market of corporate securities; the concentration of modern capital in the financial district of New York.

1879 — the Start of the Merchants in Capital

Millions of words had been spilled, before this time, by the theorists on the laws of corporate capital. It remained for two small groups of merchants to work them out for America. And 1879 was a notable date in their progress. In that year the oil merchants made their first great industrial combination — the preliminary trust agreement of the Standard Oil. In that year the merchants of bonds in New York were compelled to turn their attention from selling government debt to dealing in railroad bonds — in a new, intangible thing, corporate capital.

Corporate capital was made necessary by the creation of great units of machinery; it is invested principally in that machinery. The group of oil merchants had been working out for a decade the best way of managing capital in a new and very remarkable business, the refining and distribution of petroleum. They established their success on a practical working theory: The greatest possible business crime is the waste of capital in the unnecessary duplication of plant. Save plant investment and lay aside ready money.

The Standard Oil men, merchants and traders, created, by combination, a system of plants which did the greatest possible amount of work for the least possible plant investment; they kept great bodies of surplus cash always ready for action. Being established in a healthy position themselves, they fed and grew upon the competition and overextension of others. They obtained crude oil and freight for cost or less than cost of producing it; and, by constantly holding great sums of ready money, they absorbed their competitors as they failed. They were the first big American monopoly, and in 1879 were for the first time agitating the general public by their growth.

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THE NEW YORK FINANCIAL DISTRICT IN

The Waste of Capital in Railroads

In the railroads, loosely held in many hands, in many sections of the country, exactly the opposite process was taking place. Every settlement — from the seaport cities, hopelessly fighting New York for commercial dominance in the Atlantic, to the last clump of shacks upon the plains — fully intended to become a metropolis. The main receipt for this was to bring in as many railroads as possible. Now, what they were doing, from the standpoint of capital, may be shown by a simple example in railroad mathematics.

A double-track railroad costs not more than two thirds as much as two single-track roads. It will do four times as much work. So every dollar of capital invested in a double-track railroad is six times as efficient as a dollar invested in two single-track roads. And the community or country that builds two single railroads, when it should double-track an old one, wastes just five sixths of the capital. The United States was always building the two roads wherever possible — on principle. Free competition was a part of the religion of the Germanic people. They had been taught for centuries that it was not only the source of low prices, but the essential of political freedom. When the two single roads were built, they were commanded by law to compete forever.

So the bond dealers of New York were beginning, in 1879, to deal with a new and very unstable merchandise, in place of the now stable government debt. They had sold railroad bonds already, to their sorrow. They knew that they were still gambles and not investments. The savings banks and national banks had practically none of them; as late as 1875 the three great insurance companies on the edge of Wall Street had less than one per cent of their $125,000,000 of trust funds invested in them.

The Beginning of Railroad Monopoly

There were only some half dozen really large houses that went into the new business, and only one that began to deal on any scale comparable with the dealings in government securities. In 1879 J. Pierpont Morgan, a big, dominant figure, a type of the fighting merchants who had pushed the commerce of England and America for two centuries across the seven seas, appeared immediately as a leader. The government's sale of its last refunding bonds had scarcely been accomplished when he had led a syndicate to sell $25,000,000 of New York Central stock, principally to the Englishmen.

Morgan's business was, and has been, very largely with railroad bonds. But New York Central stock was one of the strongest railroad securities of its day; its dividends were eight per cent, and had been paid continuously for ten years. In five years another railroad had paralleled it from New York to Buffalo, and cut its earnings down almost out of sight. In 1885, when the new road was on the point of expiring, Morgan stepped in again, and

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1911, AS SEEN FROM THE BROOKLYN BRIDGE

bought it for the New York Central by an exchange of securities — beginning, in this transaction, his long career of tying up the railroad machinery of America into a working monopoly.

The '80's were a bad time for the men who were trying to create staple merchandise out of railroad securities. The bond merchants and railroad managers met in Morgan's old brownstone merchant's mansion on Madison Avenue in New York, made monopolistic agreements in a way to evade the law, and broke them going down the front steps. The building of roads and extensions continued. In the late '80's four railroads were being built at the same time from the Mississippi River across the bare plains to Denver. The United States in its interstate commerce law was demanding that railroads compete always to their fullest extent. By 1893 the laws of mathematics had been strained to the snapping-point. The principle of competition in railroads had been destroyed by its own operation. And the control of capital invested in railroads fell at once and permanently into the hands of a practical monopoly — the one small group of individuals strong enough to take it.

One Man and the Control of Railroad Capital

These were the few old bond merchants of New York. The small and miscellaneous capital of America had been well-nigh exhausted; the great source of capital was still in Europe. These firms had held the strongest connections with Europe since the days of the dry-goods trade and the dealings in government bonds. They had dealt most successfully and logically with the capital invested in railroads. They had not been promoters of railroads; they had been combiners of railroad capital into monopoly. One man in particular — Morgan — had won an international reputation for doing this. As a result, in one single movement a great share of American railroad capital turned from a general miscellaneous control and went under the dominance of the fiercest individualist of the period.

Morgan was a born dictator. Men who remember him as a boy just starting in business recall that it was not the wish for money that distinguished him, but an insatiable desire for power. At this time he was not only a leader in the movement for railroad monopoly: he had the strength of the best existing foreign connection in England — the London house of his family; of another powerful branch in Paris; and the connection of the rich Drexels in Philadelphia. The death of his father had recently left him a fortune estimated at the time at $25,000,000. And, more than that, he had the savage courage that has always driven him to play any hazard for the extension of the interests of the capital he represents, and with it of the industries of the country.

Morgan reorganized nearly all of the bankrupt railroads east of the Mississippi, beginning

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with the almost hopeless general wreck in the Southern States. In every case he took, as agent of the bondholders, an absolute control of the voting power of the stock until the road was again able to pay dividends. He was an influence in the management of large roads, especially the New York Central, through his representation of English stock. And in those roads in which other bond houses had assumed the reorganization leadership he held a voice in the control given them by the usual "voting trust." He became the common factor that created monopoly in all the railroads east of the Mississippi.

West of the Mississippi, Morgan was continually solicited to take charge and straighten out the quite general condition of bankruptcy that prevailed there. He did so only in the case of one road — the Northern Pacific, with which his firm had been connected for years. Then into this section which he refused to take came the other great group of monopoly-makers — the oil merchants and their associates in the City Bank*; the ex-clothing firm of Kuhn, Loeb & Company, now becoming the bond house with the greatest financial hold upon German capital; the former coke and steel maker, Henry C. Frick; and, leading all of them, the ex-stock-broker, Edward H. Harriman. In a very few years it was clear that this group, supplementing Morgan, was sooner or later to absorb, with him, the control of the railroads of America.

After 1893 the building of new railroads in the United States stopped at a dead line. From that time on they were in the hands of the merchants of Wall Street, and practically in the hands of the two most expert makers of monopoly — Morgan and the Standard-Oil-City-Bank-Harriman combination. Their business was to combine and improve existing machinery, not to build duplicates. They had been at work at monopoly-making for twenty years. The whole legal machinery of the States and the nation had been leveled against them; but they went on unconcernedly — not because they were supernaturally brilliant men, but because they had economic logic behind them.

Two Receipts for Monopoly

These two main parties, who started in the business of building monopolies in the '70's and '80's, occupied entirely different places in that work. The Standard Oil party and their type were the earliest in the field, the most clear-cut and aggressive in their methods. They were in a position to be so. They were the handlers and investors of their own capital, responsible to nobody.

The Standard Oil trust — like practically all of the industrial "trusts" — had grown out of a small private business belonging to a few men, in this case controlled by one family. As it grew, its owners still held it as they had in the beginning, and everything it absorbed came to them personally. They rolled up masses of ready money on a regular business formula — to invest in property sold for a song under the pressure of competition. The group associated with them had exactly the same plan of business. They bought bankrupt railroad properties, not railroad debts; stocks, not bonds. And, when they bought, they bought for themselves — management, profits, everything they could get.

Morgan was in a different position, and worked on a different theory. He was the investor of other people's money. He represented, very largely, bondholders — that is, not the owners of corporate property, but of its debts. And his first object — the aim he had had from the beginning — was to create sound, merchantable railroad securities.

The Standard-Oil-Harriman method of securing monopoly is personal control by ownership of stock; Morgan's plan, as expressed by him at various times, is to tie up corporations into constantly growing masses — so great that they at the same time permanently wipe out the danger of competition, and escape forever the danger of falling into manipulative hands, because they have become too tremendous for any man to buy control of them. Meanwhile the managing control will remain where it has been placed — in the hands of the house of Morgan, until that house shall prove itself inefficient.

Corporations Too Great to be Bought

Morgan followed out this idea religiously with the railroads in his charge. Every one that emerged from bankruptcy he had tied into a stable monopoly before it left his hands, and generally into aggregations of tremendous size. He had much difficulty with the law in doing this, for the law grew more and more bitter against monopoly. But he always accomplished his purpose.

By 1900 and before, the New York bond merchants had thoroughly accomplished their purpose of making modern capital good, salable merchandise in the form of railroad bonds. These American securities were standard everywhere. Incidentally they had created modern Wall Street — the first national security market in the United States. By this time another class of securities was being created — indus-

* See "The City Bank: The Federation of the Great Merchants," in the May McCLURE'S.

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trial combinations, founded frankly on the principle of monopoly of an industry. These were in much the same position that railroad bonds had been in the '80's; they were gambles, not investments. The chief trouble with them was that they did not have the monopoly they claimed to deliver.

Before this Morgan had become what he is to-day — more of an institution, a general representative of property, than an individual. He had gone into the sale of industrial stocks to some extent. In 1900 the various concerns in the greatest of industrial businesses — steel — threatened a general war of extinction. Competition was again menacing the general interests of property. Morgan stepped in and formed the steel trust on exactly the same lines he had proposed for the railroads, a corporation so great as to overwhelm the possibility of competition, and too great to be bought away from its initial management by any one. The appointment of a majority of its executive board was dictated by him.

There was now, in point of fact, only one other party on the continent that could hope to wrest control of great enterprises from Morgan — the capitalists in the Standard-Oil-City-Bank-Harriman group. These men, as well as Morgan, were extending their control into all kinds of smaller industrial monopolies. Neither of the two parties, when they did this, had any more knowledge of iron or glucose or copper than they had had of railroads when they took them; that is, they had none at all. They were simply masters in the use of capital, or, more specifically, in the building of monopoly. To these two groups of men, specialists in absolutely nothing else — not even the refining of oil or the necessities of government finance out of which they emerged into corporate finance — had come, or was about to come, the control of practically all the general public capital in the United States invested in the great railroad and industrial monopolies.

An Advantage in Financing Tools

It might have been believed that these two parties would, according to their own formula, find it better not to compete in their own field. But both were too aggressive and their methods too antagonistic for this. They came together in their battle for control of the Northern Pacific Railroad on May 9, 1901, and nearly wrecked the financial world in doing so. Partly, no doubt, as a result of that fight, in which he won a nominal victory, Morgan enlarged and tightened his alliances in that and the following year.

As a machine for the creation and extension of monopoly, the Standard-Oil-City-Bank-Harriman combination had been a far more clean-cut and wieldy instrument than Morgan's house. Its properties, as they accumulated, were its own personal effects. It made the accumulation of ready capital a principle; and this capital, running into the tens of millions, backed by tens of millions more of private money, was in control of a handful of men who asked nobody's instructions. And, in addition, they had built up and held the financial power of the strongest combination of banks on the continent. They had the incalculable advantage of tens of millions of dollars of free money always ready for use in building up industries or taking up new ones.

Morgan had made few financial alliances. With the four houses in New York, Philadelphia, London, and Paris, with his large personal fortune, and with the credit of his great English firm unshaken for half a century, he had relied absolutely upon himself. With the growth of the railroads and the coming of the industrial stocks into Wall Street, the public offerings of his house jumped all at once from less than $50,000,000 in 1898 to nearly $200,000,000 in 1899. By 1902, the greatest year of public offerings of securities in the history of Wall Street, they had reached nearly half a billion dollars. Ready capital is needed to carry a stock of goods like this, no matter how quickly a merchant can shift the carrying of it to others. And Morgan reached out into the banking business.

George F. Baker — Expert on America

When Morgan — in his efforts to create a monopoly of railroad transportation in the Northwest for the benefit of his clients, the Northern Pacific bondholders — had sold the stock control of that road to the owners of the Great Northern Railway, he had come into a close relation with men of a type he greatly approved. James J. Hill was the leader of these men; but not less important was George F. Baker, whom Morgan had known practically ever since he had come to New York. They were both shrewd and aggressive men, who believed thoroughly, as he did, in the development of the country. They were men of about his own age and experience and outlook on business affairs.

Baker is a far less known man than Hill. He is as silent as Hill is loquacious — a typical old-time, side-whiskered New York financier, with a genius for keeping his mouth shut. For a quarter of a century he had lent money to Wall Street and sold bonds through his national bank. And his reticence and activities

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GEORGE F. BAKER OF THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK
MORGAN'S CLOSEST ASSOCIATE IN THE "MONEY POWER" OF WALL STREET

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H. P. DAVISON OF J. P. MORGAN & COMPANY
THE YOUNG MAN MOST ACTIVE IN CREATING THE GROUP OF SO-CALLED "MORGAN BANKS"

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had gained for him and his institution the reputation which it still retains in Wall Street — that of a mysterious leadership in stock gambling. This is always the popular view of the methods of large interests in Wall Street. As a matter of fact, their formula for agglomerating money is far more certain and permanent.

Baker's real formula is not unlike that of Hill. He has built up a great fortune by absorbing the profits from the growth of a big new country. It differs from Hill's formula in this: Hill has grown with the growth of the Northwest; Baker with that of the selected and most profitable enterprises of an entire continent. He has had, in his bank, the most extraordinary instrument in America for doing this.

For thirty years, since his great success as a wholesaler of government bonds, Baker has conducted the First National Bank, on the edge of the chief corporate center in America, as a dealer in corporate securities. He buys as little commercial paper as he can. His theory of banking is to buy and sell corporate securities. He believes that the greatest profits of banking are to be made in this way. The remainder of his assets — a very large percentage — are kept always ready, in the form of "call" money, lent upon Wall Street collateral.

For all these thirty years he has watched, day by day, from its financial center, the development of the United States; and probably no man in America has a clearer idea of fundamental values. As one result of this, when the holdings of exceptionally profitable corporation stocks are made public, George Baker's name is found again and again among the largest stock-owners. He buys, and holds for long periods, for the profits of the growth of the country. His purchases are generally based upon the basic properties that underlie enterprises. Anthracite coal, petroleum, and the development of the Northwest have created a great share of the multimillionaires of the country; George Baker, probably alone in the United States, has made a great fortune out of each one of these.

This was the man who was now to become the close associate and partner of J. Pierpont Morgan in his first definite step toward building up the present so-called "money power" in Wall Street. The bank and banking connections that Baker had built up were fully as remarkable as his private fortune.

The Two Great Banking Groups

The great financial bank was a sudden growth following the settlement of national corporate control in Wall Street. In the middle '90's, with the formation of new or greater corporations and the location of all of them in New York, the cash balances and surpluses of railroad and industrial companies in New York made a tremendous aggregate, which at once centered around a few banks. The Standard Oil and other similar affiliations created the greatest of these, the National City Bank. It soon became a financial tool unequaled in the country.

The First National Bank was not far behind. It was, like the City Bank, practically a private enterprise, owned by three or four men. Its business, and the business of its owners, had associated it with a large proportion of the successful and growing corporations of the country. It did the banking of great corporations, and of the great fortunes that had accumulated around them. It was, according to Baker's formula, a wholesale bank. It did not, and does not, want the bother of small accounts or the work of miscellaneous out-of-town banking correspondents. The individual balances kept there average $30,000 apiece.

James J. Hill was a large stockholder in the Chase National Bank, a big institution that for years has secured a greater proportion of its deposits from the reserves of out-of-town national banks than any other bank in New York. Hill was very active in this institution, and millions of its tens of millions of deposits from out-of-town banks came from those along the lines of Hill's railways.

The Liberty National Bank was created and principally owned by the Maxwells, the brokers and capitalists with whom Baker built up the Jersey Central. It was a close ally of the First National; Baker was a large stockholder in it.

In 1901 and 1902 J. P. Morgan, who had been for years a small holder of First National Bank stock, took a considerable block of it and became one of its directors. Baker and the other First National Bank owners took a considerable holding in the Chase Bank, and Baker became a director there. Hill took a considerable holding in the First, and, in addition, Judge W. H. Moore, representing the ownership of the big new Rock Island Railroad system, and an active factor in a number of big industrial combinations, also became a stockholder and a director of the First National.

There stood facing each other on Wall Street now two fairly equal groups of great banks, each practically a single financial instrument. On one side were the City and Hanover National banks and the Farmers' Loan & Trust and the United States Trust companies. Their combined resources in 1902 were $450,000,000. Reinforcing them — particularly the City —

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were the cash resources of the Standard Oil Company, the Union Pacific, Rockefeller and allied railroad interests, the big Consolidated Gas Company of New York, Kuhn, Loeb & Company, and a variety of other smaller enterprises belonging to the members of this group.

With the First Bank were the Chase and Liberty, these three with resources of more than $175,000,000. Behind them were the resources of the Hill roads and its group of multimillionaires; of Morgan's house, railroads, steel corporation, and other great concerns; of the Rock Island and Moore industrials; and of the variety of enterprises in which Baker had become an important factor. In the next year, 1903, H. P. Davison, the active young vice-president of the First National Bank, and Thomas W. Lamont of the Liberty Bank (now both members of J. P. Morgan & Company) were the leaders in the formation of the Bankers' Trust Company. Its stock was distributed among a company of bankers in or affiliated with this group and held by a voting trust composed of Davison, George W. Perkins, a member of J. P. Morgan & Company, and D. G. Reid, a partner with Judge Moore in many of his enterprises and officer of the Liberty Bank. This trust company was successful from its start; it was soon of great size.

The Monopoly of Monopoly-Making

The industries of the country had been concentrated into close control in Wall Street by the general bankruptcy of the principle of competition in 1893; a further and just as natural a step was being taken in these groupings of banks, which were now creating the so-called "money power" in Wall Street. The greater and greater the masses into which the corporations rolled up, the more prosperous and the more certain as investments they became — the more enormous became the sums of money that they laid away, and, on the other hand, that were required for the extension of old monopolies or the formation of new.

Corporation financing had become a thing of almost inconceivable size — as, indeed, it had all over the world. There were single issues of twenty and fifty and a hundred million dollars of railroad securities to be taken or guaranteed by financiers; new corporations with tens and hundreds of millions of capitalization were continually being constructed. And the different groups of men in control of combinations, and of creating new ones, inevitably were drawn together to pool their great resources in the still more enormous reservoirs of money in their groups of banks.

They were forming a new and central organization, the monopoly of creating monopolies. On the one hand, they controlled the greatest and most prosperous corporations; on the other hand, they owned the banks where these corporations must deposit their great balances. And they were the only individuals on earth who had money in such masses that they could satisfy the demands of the new financing. The thing was a kind of endless circle, into which every industry capable of concentration into a great unit seemed destined to be drawn.

Harriman's Plan for One-Man Power

This extraordinary machinery was, in 1905 and 1906, still divided between two groups of men, each tied together somewhat loosely, but yet sufficiently for all their purposes. At this time one man appeared at the front of the movement who quite clearly believed that the power of this corporate and banking instrument could be centered in the hands of one individual — himself. This was Edward H. Harriman. If Morgan had been the great individualist up to that time, a far intenser individualist had now appeared.

Harriman had connected himself with the City Bank alliance, it is true; but before that he had been allied with various other groups of capitalists. He had paid his debts to them by the profits his imagination and ability created for them. When he became strong enough he rose over them, and took his profitable operations with him; and they had them no more. Two old associates who had severed connections with him years before were discussing him after his death.

"In all these years did he ever offer you a share in one of his syndicates?" asked one.

"No," said the other. "Did he you?"

"Never. That was not Ned Harriman."

Harriman, in fact, always "traveled light"; as he rose he carried only Harriman with him.

As chief of the executive committee, he drove the Union Pacific as he pleased. It was a railroad and a bank and a speculative pool all together. By 1906, through its purchases of the Illinois Central, the joint control of the Baltimore & Ohio, and its considerable holding of New York Central stock, he had pushed it across the continent from San Francisco to New York and from Chicago to New Orleans. His steamships ran to Asia. He now planned to start in Asia and continue a railroad around the world. For this purpose he went to Japan and opened negotiations with the Japanese government to run a railroad through Manchuria. Already he was considering entering

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WALL STREET IN 1877

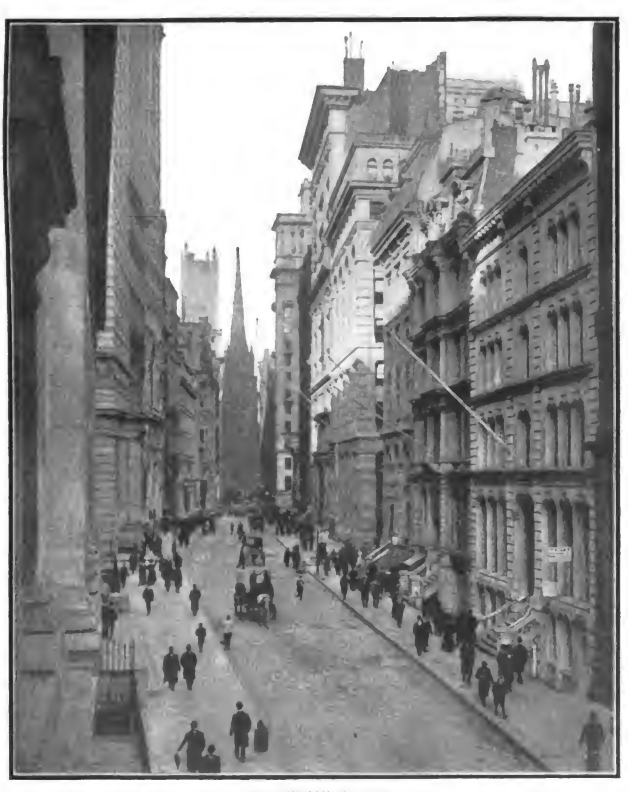
the field of finance and rounding out his personal machine by the creation of an immense financial bank — owned and controlled by himself.

The Trust Company Craze

There were many lesser men and interests that were watching and experimenting in a smaller way with the building of the profitable endless circles created between the great corporation with money to lay by and the financial bank. And, after the centering of corporate finance in Wall Street during the middle '90's, almost every interest back of a great corporation or group of corporations was engaged in the promotion of corporation banking institutions. The common instrument was an institution virtually created during the period — the financial trust company.

The trust company was originally a corporation to execute trusts, with its chief business

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WALL STREET IN 1910

as an executor of the estates of the richer class. With the growth of corporate securities it became a trustee for railroad mortgages and a register and transfer agent for stock. By natural development, it began to receive the deposits of surplus money from wealthy men and from corporations. It became the rich man's and corporations' savings bank.

It was never intended, at first, to do a commercial banking business, subject to the sudden fluctuations of deposits always subject to demand; and none of the restrictions necessary for such banking were required of it. But an obvious loophole was found in the New York law; and the trust company was able to do any kind of banking on earth — a great part of it without proper legal restrictions. The trust company, under proper management, formed a most valuable financial instrument; it formed also exactly the institution that was desired by the more or less speculative groups of financiers.

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The Reckoning in 1907

This business, like many others of that wildly speculative time, was greatly overdone. Trust companies, weakened by competition or financial excesses, were discontinuing or being consolidated. Morgan, as organizer and general court of last resort for Wall Street, was constantly urged to interfere with particularly ticklish ventures and straighten out the general situation.

In 1905, by the accident of a quarrel in the management of the Equitable Life Society, the insurance scandal broke. The opening up of the situation showed the diversion of the trust funds in these concerns from their proper long-time investments into deposits of tens of millions of dollars for building up the trust companies, in which the officers of the insurance companies had great stock-holdings. The State of New York, by special statutes, carried out the best practice of the past and forbade insurance companies to hold these or any other stocks after the expiration of five years. Bonds are the only proper securities for trust funds.

Speculation did not decrease; the unsold issues of corporate securities in Wall Street were tremendous. Then came 1907. In March there was a bad break in the price of corporate securities. Europe grew suspicious in the early summer; at the time when she would naturally lend us the advances to move our crops, she refused her credit. For the next four months, the period when crop-moving puts the worst strain upon the finances of the country, the great banking and corporation interests in New York fought for ready money. They had almost passed the height of the danger in late October, when suddenly the whole structure gave way in the great panic of 1907.

Like every panic in the past, this shook the economic control of America into a firmer and a more compact control. There was but one place that must give way. There were unlimited quantities of corporate securities; their prices must break until they would find purchasers with ready money. The chief strain came immediately on the financial banking center of New York.

The Federation in the Panic

The blow had scarcely fallen before the general federation and combination of banking interests came. Morgan, Baker of the First National, Stillman of the City, were together, and, with the greatest resources in the country, were practically underwriters of the panic. Morgan and the City Bank drew upon Europe; the Standard Oil drew on its money and credit across the world; the tens of millions of the Steel Company were drawn in. And, all day long, Morgan, in his dark old counting-room facing the Stock Exchange, received the telephone appeals of the banks that must have ready money or go down. At night, in his library adjoining the old brownstone mansion on Madison Avenue where the railroad presidents had met twenty years before to make their plans of federation on monopoly, the bankers came together and discussed their plans for federation and mutual support. Morgan, smoking his traditional black cigar, heard them through in silence; made his gruff comments; and at the end, in the early morning, directed the policies they carried out.

The greater number of the New York banks came through, though many of the speculative ones collapsed. Morse, the speculator with a chain of institutions, went to a federal prison; another head of a great institution shot himself; the fairest and most ornate of the new structures in high and costly buildings tottered. From three old-fashioned, dingy structures underneath them — in Morgan's office and the City and First National banks — the same old permanent influences produced the real power of Wall Street that checked the general disaster.

Morgan and the interests about the City Bank had been more or less at variance since the great battle that culminated in the Northern Pacific corner. Morgan had been a stockholder in the City Bank for a decade, and had been represented by a member of his firm upon the board; but he had had little real association with the bank. Now, after 1907, the two interests were brought together in close relations which were not again to be broken. Morgan took a considerable block of stock in the institution. And a general central common interest was cemented between the two great groups of men who now, between them, control practically all of the greatest railroad and industrial enterprises of the country.

Harriman's Great One-Man Bank

There was one insurgent — Harriman. He was undoubtedly hit by the panic, as were the other more speculative of his allies, who were carrying the great load of Union Pacific stock that the party owned. He held his grip, however, as he was abundantly able to do; fortunes of $75,000,000 and $100,000,000 are not wiped out even by great panics. And now, as soon as times were better, he drove straight ahead with his plans for a one-man domination of the railroads and his individual banking power.

Morgan had never liked Harriman. The

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older and until that time more powerful man had never understood him. Morgan had been the acknowledged head of the corporate interests of the continent; he had been accustomed to be consulted. This man Harriman never consulted any one. Again and again he had crossed Morgan's purposes. In 1906, by his method of taking actual ownership of stock control, he had surpassed Morgan as a railroad power, and Morgan very naturally resented his manner and his methods. But Morgan was not the only man who had that sentiment toward Harriman. His dominant methods now set him



THOMAS W. LAMONT OF J. P. MORGAN & COMPANY

clashing with the members of his own group about the City Bank and the Union Pacific.

In the fall of 1908 Harriman went to the Mutual Life Company's administration and bought half of their working control of the Guaranty Trust Company. The insurance company kept the other half. This meant that Harriman would have the practical control of that institution, with its $100,000,000 of assets.

In 1909 Harriman secured an option on a half interest in the control of the stock of the Equitable Life Assurance Society. In 1905 control of this one stock company among the great insurance organizations had been bought by Thomas F. Ryan from young James Hazen Hyde, its owner. Ryan's chief financial operation had culminated in the wreck of the New York City surface street railroads. His acquisition of the Equitable Life was not received with enthusiasm by the permanent interests in Wall Street. He was growing old; he was drawing out of business, and Harriman had been after him since 1905 to get for himself half of Ryan's control of the Equitable Life Society. Ryan finally, in 1909, gave him an option for its purchase.

The Equitable Life Society then had assets of over $450,000,000. It also had control of two great trust companies, the Mercantile and the Equitable. With the Mutual Life, it had control of the great Bank of Commerce—second in assets only to the City Bank of New York. Harriman proposed to form a banking amalgamation that would place in one great financial bank total banking resources of $500,000,000, two thirds more than the total resources of the City Bank. With the support of this institution, the Union Pacific Railroad, almost as much a bank as a railroad company, and what further support the insurance laws would allow from the Equitable Life Association, there would be few things beyond his personal ambition.

The End of Harriman's Ambition

Harriman was playing a very difficult game; it was a question whether he could work it out.

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This plan of a one-man power has its physical limitations. He drove back and forth across the continent in his special trains, ran in and out of directors' meetings, watched the tape and the market, bought oil lands and coal lands and express companies, planned railroads into Mexico and across the world.

A business acquaintance vividly remembers coming into Harriman's office, at about this period, to meet an appointment at four o'clock in the afternoon. He was told to wait; he did so. Man after man went in the closed office and came out again. Five o'clock came, and six, as they still came and went. At last, at nearly seven, Harriman came out, drawing on his coat to go — very white and tired and thin.

"Come with me," he said; "we can talk as we go."

In a few minutes, as they walked, they had finished their business.

"You look sick, Mr. Harriman," said his acquaintance. "What makes you keep this thing up? You certainly don't have to."

"I can't drop it," said Harriman, abruptly. "I'd give twenty-five million dollars to any man who would show me how I could let go."

No doubt this was the mood of a sick and desperately tired man. Harriman probably neither could nor would let go. The strain kept on. He broke down; came back to work again; broke down once more; went to Europe, to receive his death sentence from the doctors. He came home, denied to his interviewers, with a smile, that he was seriously ill, went to his country home, put his affairs in order, and died.



THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK OF NEW YORK

The Completion of the "Money Power"

Harriman was dead. Immediately the concentration of financial power tightened. In three months Morgan and his associates had bought Harriman's stock in the Guaranty Trust Company, and with it the holding of the Mutual Life Company — giving absolute control. He himself had bought Ryan's entire control of the Equitable Life Assurance Society. Not that Morgan needed either for his own financing business. He had banks enough already for his operations, and the insurance company, under the restrictions of the new law, was not an instrument of use to a security merchant. But, as chief representative of the interests of the corporate property of the country, he could not afford to let institutions like this go adrift, to be picked up by irresponsible or reckless manipulators.

Ryan was glad to sell his insurance stock; more than that, he wanted now to leave the Street entirely, and had asked Morgan to buy it. He also went to Morgan and offered him his Morton and Fifth Avenue Trust companies. Morgan took them and tied them to the Guaranty early in 1910. The consolidated company was not the $500,000,000 banking aggregation of Harriman's ambition; but it was the largest trust company on the continent — with banking resources of more than $150,000,000.

In April, 1911, a little over a month ago, the last and most significant step in concentration came about. The National Bank of Commerce — another adjunct of the insurance companies — came up to Morgan for acceptance, as the other institutions had done. He organized a syndicate to take it, and distributed the stock and management between himself and the management and ownership of the First National Bank and the City Bank. The two separate banking groups, brought together by the panic, are cemented together again in the

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active control and ownership of the second largest bank in New York City — an institution with resources of $175,000,000.

To all intents and purposes, they have now formed a central banking interest for the great corporate financing of Wall Street and the country. There is no exact or definite understanding between the various institutions in their group of banks. Each bank will strive individually along its own special lines of securing deposits and daily business. But there is a bond of common ownership, and there will be no longer active competition in their most important function — the financing of the corporations of the country. They will take the securities together and divide them. For all practical purposes, they are one financing machine — the central "money power" of New York.

The Billion and a Half of Banking Assets

Just what is this much-feared and generally attacked money power of Wall Street? It is practically this: a closer and closer central monopoly of general corporate capital invested or to be invested. It is the creation of no man's will, but of a movement going on all over the civilized world.

Thirty years ago there was no safe investment in corporate capital in the United States. Unrestricted competition destroyed and wasted it almost as soon as it was invested. A movement toward concentration and monopoly was inevitable if a supply of money was to be continued for the development of American industry.

The money of the general public was secured by a group of New York security merchants — led by one man — who created monopolies in order to secure salable investments. They have done what they planned to do — made corporate securities the greatest of all investments for money. Because of their power to do this, the capital of the world seeking investment has piled upon their hands.

The second great accumulation of money has come in the treasuries of the great corporations, as these have secured the profit and security of a working monopoly. The management of this money has centered very largely in the hands of the security merchants of New York, who control corporations for their investors; and still more largely in the hands of a group of men who have built up great monopolies from private business, and still hold them. The second group of men, as well as the first, has found its center in New York.

In 1910 a compilation of the cash holdings of the great corporations with headquarters in New York, made from their published reports, showed that these amounted at that time to at least a billion dollars.

Now both the money of the investing public and the savings of the corporations came into the hands of the few men who created, built up, and held the most successful monopolies. They gathered it in the treasuries of their corporations and groups of banks. Their banks, following the general movement of the time, became great, consolidated, and finally came together in the central monopoly of the business of financing popularly known as the "money power."

It is not a definite and perfect monopoly; there is no such single thing in existence. It is, exactly what the monopolies in the general industrial field are — not an absolute control vested in one corporation or one man, but a practical working monopoly arrangement between a small group of men and institutions whose interests are identical. This is a stronger thing than a control by a mere single man or institution; it is the center of a concentration movement that extends throughout modern industry.

The central banking reservoir in New York contains now a billion and a half dollars of banking resources in its various New York banks. Its value to the group in control of it is as a tool to create corporal securities — that is, to extend existing monopolies or create new ones. Its chief use in this process is to furnish the great sums of money which — in the form of loans on collateral security — carry the stocks in trade of the merchants in securities, while these are being distributed to their consumer — the investor.

Machinery of Merchandising Capital

The machinery of the distribution is not greatly different from that of any other business. At the head of it are the great makers of securities — now principally J. P. Morgan & Company and Kuhn, Loeb & Company. These men hold, on the one side, their connection with the management of corporations which makes them its official security-makers; on the other, the connection with the wholesalers of securities in this country and Europe.

The wholesalers have been in the past largely the "private bankers" smaller than Morgan's house. Now institutions like the City and First National banks and the Guaranty Trust Company are taking up the work. In addition, institutions for the investment of trust funds, like the insurance companies and the savings banks, buy securities in wholesale lots.

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The retailers may be institutions; in Europe they are, to a very large extent. In the United States, more usually, they are the private houses that canvass the country for the sale of bonds. Every possible investor is reached in this way, either by mail-order or by traveling solicitors. And the business of some New York houses of this kind runs into tens and even hundreds of millions of dollars a year.

This, with the public stock market, is the general apparatus for the distributing of the securities manufactured in Wall Street. The stock market is continually in the public eye; but the fundamental thing is what comes rarely to public attention — the mercantile business of getting securities to the investor.

At the head of the whole structure stand the group of individuals who control the great corporations of the country; and with them the money that gathers in their treasuries, accumulated from their profits or from the investors of the world. They control the invested railroad and industrial capital of the United States; and in their banks or treasuries of their companies great masses of ready money are always at their hand. Whenever existing industry is extended in any large way, whenever great new enterprises are put afloat, whenever old ones grow weak, they must come to them for resources; for there is no other source of money on the continent sufficiently great to do this work. And so, into the central group at Wall Street, one after another, the enterprises of America drift for financing and ultimate control.

In this central group are now six men in whose hands lies ninety per cent of the actual power of this joint control of corporations and money in the United States — Morgan, Baker of the First National Bank, Stillman of the City Bank, William and John D. Rockefeller, and Jacob H. Schiff of Kuhn, Loeb & Company. With them, not so immediately connected in every-day developments as the others, but with essentially identical interests, is J. Ogden Armour, a director of the National City Bank of New York and the controlling stockholder of the Continental and Commercial National Bank of Chicago, now the second largest bank in the United States.

Morgan

These men are not alone; there are many others near them in their group of banks; they will be succeeded by others when they die. They exercise varying degrees of activity. Some of these men are not directly active at all in the general movement of finance; and, in fact, the every-day business of Wall Street is done largely by their employees. Railroad presidents, bank presidents, heads of industrial trusts, are almost entirely men on salaries, very largely lawyers. Wall Street is principally a region of great hired men. Back of them are the groups of old experts in capital, who control or own the railroad and industrial operations of the country.

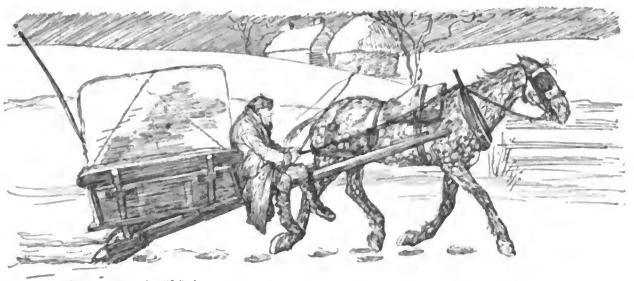
At the center of this, a leader by force of circumstances and temperament, sits one man — J. Pierpont Morgan. Fifty-four years, now, he has been in Wall Street, watching it change with the development of the country. His attitude has altered very little; he is, in all essential characteristics, the merchant prince of seventy-five and two hundred years ago. General democracy is not in his vision; politicians and movements in politics are cheap, claptrap things. He is the arch-representative of property. Art he loves, and yachts, and literature. He is the great merchant-connoisseur. But property is above all; the rights of property are supreme.

It is not his own property he guards, or that of any particular group; but property as a whole. This is his first concern, but his vision is broader than that. He has seen the incalculable resources of a great new continent developed, supplied with machinery, and made into solid, valuable, conservative investments. He works for the development of the country and its industries at large, as well as for more immediate property. The interests of both, to him, seem identical.

This is a curious place, after all the years of agitation for democracy, for the actual power over the daily living made from the great coöperative associations of modern industry to center. Yet it is a perfectly logical place, established by natural economic forces. And it came to Morgan in the straight course of doing his duty, as he saw it, to the top of his strength and ability.

He sits to-day in the dark old glass and mahogany counting-room that he built nearly forty years ago. Across from him is the babble and chatter of the Stock Exchange. To him come the petitions of the nation and the continent, and the islands of the seas around. Heads of railroads and huge industrial plants; representatives of capital; the sturdy Westerners, in active management of the City Bank; the rich Jewish financiers, with keen, Semitic faces — all come to him. He sits and waits — massive, gruff, imperious, a type of the old fighting Anglo-Saxon that has conquered and taken in his strong hands the whole Northern world. They all come to him — and, through him, to the system that he represents so accurately and so well.

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In the Glow of a Peat Fire

by Alexander Irvine

Author of "From the Bottom Up"

Illustrations by Edmund J. Sullivan

[Mr. Irvine has been for years a slum missionary, "lay minister," and Socialist speaker in New York City. He was born in a cabin in Antrim, Ireland. In his youth he was a soldier, sailor, and workingman. The following sketch is, like the stories in Mr. Irvine's book, "From the Bottom Up," autobiographical. EDITOR.]

"IT'S a quare wurrld," my father said, one winter's night, as we sat in the white glow of a peat fire.

"Ay, 'deed, yer just right, Jamie," my mother replied, as she gazed into the smokeless flames.

He took his short black pipe out of his mouth, and, after spitting into the burning sods, added with emphasis: "I wundther if it's quare to everybody?"

"Ochanee," mother said, "it's quare aanyway to us whin we've got naythur mate, money, nor marbles, nor chalk t' make th' ring."

A new method of making shoes had been discovered, and my father hadn't discovered the discovery. So, from the status of a shoemaker with a house on the main street, he became a cobbler and moved into Pogue's Alley, where lived only the poorest of the poor. That winter night the wind shook our old stone cabin to its foundations. There had been one job that day; a pair of McGuckin's (the saloonkeeper's) shoes had been half-soled and heeled, and my sister had taken them home, with orders what to get with the proceeds. The evening meal usually consisted of oatmeal or potatoes, with buttermilk; but as this would be the first meal of that day, the time taken up in cooking was considered, and the grocery order was: "A sixpenny loaf, three ha'pence worth of tea and sugar, and half an ounce of tobacco!"

The last handful of peat had been placed on the fire. The cobbler's bench had been put away for the night, and we gathered — six of us — closely around the heat.

Let me show you around the cottage. It had two rooms. The front room was my father's workshop; it also served as living- and dining-room. It had one window, looking into the alley. At one end was the wide-open hearth; at the other was the table; and over the table a dresser with four shelves on which was arranged the household crockery-ware. The back room was the sleeping-apartment. It was big

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"'I'VE LIVED WID TH' MOTHER OF INVENTION SINCE I WAS TH' SIZE OF A MUSHROOM,' BILLY SAID, BETWEEN HIS PUFFS"

enough for two full-sized beds — one each side of the door. It contained one, and a shake-down. My father and mother and two sisters occupied the bed, and several of us used the shake-down — a mere bundle of rags composed mostly of gunnysacks. There was a little half loft, reached by a home-made step-ladder. One of my older brothers occupied this loft for years. When he left home, I was elevated to the "thatch parlor," and I occupied it for fourteen years.

Our nearest approach to art was the partition that screened my father (when working) from the door. The best pictures we could get from illustrated papers we pasted on the partition. What a God-send one of the modern magazines would have been to us! A poem entitled "The Light of Other Days" was framed between two small panes of glass, bound around the edges with thin upper leather, and hung on the white-washed wall.

The floor was of hard dried mud. There was a mantel-board, containing a few ornaments, yellow with the smoke of generations.

The town clock, in the steeple of the church, struck eight.

"What th' hell's keepin' th' hussy?" the old man said impatiently.

"Ould McGuckin's at a Fenian meetin', an' it's worth a black eye fur his wife t' handle money!" my mother suggested.

"More likely he's sleepin' off a dhrunk!"

"'Deed, no, Jamie; he laves that t' th' craythurs who've made him a fortune."

"Ay, ay, Anna; yer a cute judge o' human nature — a squint out of th' tail o' yer eye at th' bay-window in front of his back wud tell ye betther, if ye had th' wits t' observe!"

Over the fire hung a pot on a chain, and close to the burning turf sat a kettle, singing.

Nothing of that far-off life has left a more pleasant impression than the singing of the kettle. It always sang of hope; it was ever the harbinger of the thing that was most indispensable in that home of want — a cup of tea. Often the tea without milk, sometimes without sugar, but always tea. If it came to a choice between bread and tea, we went without bread!

My mother did not relish the reflection on her judgment, and remained silent. Silence was her keenest weapon. She could exasperate my father more quickly with it than with the most stinging words of her vocabulary.

There was a loud noise at the door.

"Jazus!" my father exclaimed. "It's snowin'!" Some one was kicking the snow off against the door-posts. Then the latch was lifted, and in walked Felix Madden, the bog-man.

"What the blazes are ye in the dark fur?" Felix asked, in a graphaphone voice.

His old fur cap was pulled down over his ears, his head and shoulders were covered with snow.

We were in debt to Felix for a load of black turf, and we all suspected he had called for the price — four shillings. Any one else would have received a sample of my mother's wit; but she arose, brought over near the fire my father's candlestick,— our lighting plant,— and lit the ha'penny tallow dip that was being saved for supper-time.

The bog-man threw his cap and overcoat on the lasts in the corner, and sat down on a stool. Then he took off his brogues and planted his wet feet near the edge of the fire. He had been drinking, and his breath polluted the already overcharged atmosphere.

"Where's yer ould mare, Felix?" my father asked.

"Gone home —th' bitch o' hell!" Felix said. "An' she's got m' load of turf wid 'er, too, bad cess to 'er sowl."

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The town clock struck nine. The curfew bell rang, and then the days of the month were tolled off. Felix removed his coat and socks, pushed his stool aside, and sat on the floor.

In a few minutes he was stretched out on his back, fast asleep.

The peat fire grew smaller. My father kept the turf together with the long tongs. As the wind screamed and howled, and the window-panes were covered with snow, the hunger left us, and we asked one another in low tones where Maggie could be.

"There's a letther in the candle!" mother said.

We looked, and saw the tiny bright spark on the wick, gleaming like a little star. For the moment we forgot the storm, the supper, the absent sister — everything. There was the brilliant and unmistakable token that a letter was now on its way from my oldest brother — the first of our family to venture beyond the town limits, and the first to send the postman to our family.

The letter in the candle gave me an idea. They were few and far apart, in those days. I got a leather paring, and began my first letter. I imagined that by accident I might hit upon a word or a letter, but my mother shook her head and explained.

"Cyan't ye fix up that ould craythur's head a bit?" my father said.

I brought his coat, and mother made a pillow of it, and we arranged the snoring bog-man in a more comfortable position. As we did so, some change rolled out of his pocket .

"Think of that, now!" my father said, as he gathered it up and stuffed it back again. "An ould dhrunken galoot wi' money to burn, while we're starvin'!"

From that moment we were

"I WAS ELEVATED TO THE 'THATCH PARLOR,' AND I OCCUPIED IT FOR FOURTEEN YEARS"

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"AT A DRAUGHT HE EMPTIED THE BOTTLE"

acutely hungry. This new element rendered the situation poignant.

"How d'ye know but th' galoot's wife an' bairns are sittin' at home waitin', as empty as we are?" mother said.

"Wi' a bog full of turf at th' door?"

"They cyan't ate turf, Jamie."

"They kin warm their shins; that's more'n we kin do in a minute or two, begorra!"

He took the tongs and arranged the rapidly diminishing coals closely together.

There were two big holes in the chimney-corner in which my father kept his old pipes, scraps of tobacco, rags, bits of wheat straw to clean the pipe-shanks, etc. His last puff of smoke had gone up the chimney. He searched both holes, without success, for a scrap of the weed.

Then a bright idea struck him. He searched for Madden's pipe. It wasn't in his overcoat. He bent over the prostrate form and felt his clothes.

"Holy Moses, what a breath!" he exclaimed. "A pint of that breath wud make a mule dhrunk!"

"Thry it, Jamie!" my mother said, winking at me.

"Thry it yourself, ye ould — ye're a good dale more of a judge!"

A wild gust of wind came down the chimney and blew the ashes off the hearth. My father ensconced himself in his corner again — the picture of despair.

"I wondther if Billy's gone t' bed?" he said, as if speaking to himself. Billy O'Hare was the chimney-sweep who lived opposite.

"Ye'd need fumigatin' after smokin' *his* tobacco."

"Dhry up!" he interrupted petulantly. "I'd smoke tobacco' scraped out of the breeches pocket of th' ould divil in hell!"

He arose, put on his coat, adjusted his muffler, and made ready to visit the sweep. When he was ready, another idea arrived. He took his boots off, and put on the bog-man's. Then he donned Madden's overcoat and cap.

"That's th' first sign of sense I've seen in ye fur a month of Sundays," my mother said, divining his intention of going in search of Maggie.

"Ye cudn't see it in a month of Easther Sundays, aanyway," he retorted, with a superior toss of his head.

By force of habit, he took a piece of live coal in the tongs to light his pipe. We tittered.

"Th' hell!" he muttered, as he made for the door.

Before he reached it, Maggie walked in, her eyes red and swollen. McGuckin wasn't at home; his wife couldn't pay, and Maggie had waited until she was put out by the irate wife. The story was told in a few sentences. We saw it in her face, anyway; it was all there, every pang of it.

It was but the work of a minute to blurt out the tale of woe. Then she noticed my father in the bog-man's outfit, and burst into laughter, in which we all heartily joined.

The door opened, and a fierce gust of cold, penetrating wind swept through the cottage. We drew our clothes tightly around us.

People who expected visitors to knock before entering provided a knocker. The knocker was a distinct line of social demarcation. We lived below the line. The minister was the only person that ever knocked at our door; all others marched in.

The visitor who entered in the sweep of a blizzard's tail, that winter night, was Billy O'Hare, the chimney-sweep.

"Be th' seven crosses of Arbow, Jamie," he said, "I'm glad yer awake. If ye hadn't been I'd have pulled ye out of bed be th' tail of yer shirt!"

"I was within an ace of makin' a raid on ye half an hour ago," my father said.

The sweep stepped forward and tapped my

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father on the forehead with his forefinger. "Two great minds, Jamie, wurkin' on th' same thought shud projuce b'wildtherin' results. Lend me a chew o' tobacco!"

"Ye've hed larks fur supper — ye're jokin'!" my father said.

"Jokin' be damned! M' tongue's stickin' t' th' roof of m' mouth!"

We laughed — laughed heartily, and the two men stood looking at each other, speechless.

"Ye can do yer switherin' as easy sittin' as standin'," my mother said, and Billy sat down.

The colloquy lasted but a minute. Then Billy inquired about the bog-man. He was told in minutest detail every phase, every word spoken, since Felix Madden "dhrapped in."

The sweep scratched his sooty head and "swithered" over it. Another gust of wind almost blew the dying embers off the hearth. That gave Billy an idea.

"T' be freezin' t' death with a peat-man goin' t' waste is un-Christian, t' say th' laste. Excuse m' insolence in lavin' sich iligant company — I'll be back in th' bat of yer eye, or may the Virgin paralyze me in th' nixt chimney I sweep!"

In a few minutes he returned with half a dozen hard black peats. The fire was rebuilt, and we basked in the warm white glow! The bog-man snored on. Billy inquired about the amount of change. Then he became solicitous about his position on the floor. Each suggestion was a flank movement on the bog-man's loose change.

"Did ye ever hear, Billy," my mother asked, with a twinkle in her eye, "that if ye stud a dhrunk man on his head it wud sober him up?"

"Be th' powers, no!" Billy replied.

"They say," she added, "that it empties him of his contints!"

"Ay, 'deed, there may be somethin' in that. Let's thry ould Felix!"

We were in no particular hurry to "sober up" Felix, but there was an element of excitement in the suggestion, and we — the youngsters — hoped it would be carried out.

"My mouth's watherin' fur a smoke as much as yours, Billy," my father said; "but we'll hev no damned monkey thricks t' raise th' wind."

My little sister began to sniffle and sob — perhaps because my father's abrupt remark to the sweep stifled hope, for the night; perhaps, and more likely, it was a hunger pang that drove away our only solace in such an extremity — sleep.

There were several expedients used by my father in what he called "divartin' th' hunger." Only one of them could be used that night. He had gone through all the horrors of the Irish famine of 1849.

When he said, "Things are purty bad, but they're niver as bad as th' might be," we knew what was coming.

"Ay, 'deed, Jamie, it's you that knows that. Tell the childther about '49."

"Hould yer horses a twinklin'," Billy exclaimed, rising as he spoke.

He took the step-ladder and leaned it against the front side of the house. In another minute he had climbed up and untied a bundle of dried rosemary — one of several bunches of dried herbs tied to the roof as farmers usually hang dried hams. Billy crushed a portion of the herb between his hands, filled his pipe, and began, with beaming face, to smoke it like tobacco.

"Wud ye luk at him!" father exclaimed, in astonishment.

"I've lived wid th' mother of invention since I was th' size of a mushroom," Billy said, between his puffs, "an', begorra, she's betther nor a wife!"

My father followed the sweep's example. The odor filled the cottage — it was like the sweet incense of a censer. The men laughed and joked over the discovery. The sweep indulged himself in some extravagant self-laudatory statements, one of which became a household word with us.

"Jamie," he said, as he removed his pipe and looked seriously at my father, "I see th' finish of this poltroon that discovered tobacco. He'll be a spot of candle-grease whin put ag'in' th' name of William O'Hare, who discovered the rosemary *delection* — I'll hand it down to m' future ancestors as th' O'Hare brand of rosemary leaf tobacco!"

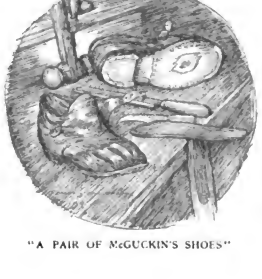
"Wondtherful, wondtherful!" my father said.

"Ay, an' t' think that ye made th' discovery right here in our house!" my mother added.

"Tell us about th' famine," I whined petulantly.

The old man removed his pipe and looked at it inquisitively. "M' head's spinnin' roun' like a peery!" he exclaimed.

"When did ye ate aanything?" the sweep asked — after the manner of a medical man.



"A PAIR OF McGUCKIN'S SHOES"

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"Yestherday."

"Ay, well, it's the mate ye haven't in yer bowels that's makin' ye feel quare."

"What's th' matther wid th' inventor?" my mother asked, as Billy removed his pipe and stared vacantly into the fire.

"I'm seein' things two at a time, b' Jazus," he said anxiously.

"We've got plenty of nothin' but wather," she said. "Maybe ye'd like a good dhrink, Billy?"

Before he could reply, the bog-man raised himself to a half-sitting posture, and yelled with all the power of his lungs; "Whoa! Back, ye dhirty baste, back!"

The yell chilled the blood in our veins. He sat up, looked at the black figure of the sweep, and in a moment he had spread poor Billy on the floor with a terrible smash on the jaw. Before my father could move a hand, Felix followed up his advantage by jumping on top of the sweep. We youngsters set up a howl that aroused the alley. My father and Billy soon overpowered the bog-man. When Billy Baxter responded to our cry of "Murdther!" he found O'Hare sitting on Madden's neck and my father on his legs.

"Where's th' mare?" was the bog-man's first inquiry.

The events of the night were gone over in detail to him. He listened attentively, then thrust his hand into his pocket and brought forth his loose change.

"Hould yer hand out, ye black imp of hell," he said.

The sweep obeyed.

"It's twelve o'clock," Billy ventured, as the bog-man counted the pennies into his hand.

"I don't care a damn if it's thirteen! That's fur whisky, that's fur bread, an' that's fur tay an' sugar. Go on, now, an' don't let the grass grow undther yer flat feet!"

After some minor instructions from my mother the sweep went off on his midnight errand.

"Go home," my father said to Baxter. "I want to spake to this illegitimate murdtherer!"

Baxter retired, swearing.

"Whisht!" my mother said, ten minutes afterward. We listened. The wind was still high, but above its roar we heard a loud banging in the distance.

"It's Billy, dundtherin' at Marget Hurll's dour," my father said.

We crept closer to the fire; the kettle was lowered on the chain, and the old man began his story of the famine. There was a chapter of it that always acted as an antidote — a mitigation, at least — to hunger; for we were always notified of the application before the sermon began, and the application was that we had not yet hungered unto death! A few sentences of the anti-hunger story will suffice:



"'BLISS HIM IN BASKET AN' STORE, AN' TAKE GOOD CARE OF HIS OULD MARE. AMEN'"

"Och, but thim wor awful days! A million men, women, an' childther died of th' hunger; but, begorra, all th' time th' English tuk th' rint, an' they tuk th' crops too, sich as th' wor. Seven childther did th' McWhirthers' hev nixt dour, an' afther starvin' fur four days th' got a poke o' meal an' made porridge, an' whin m' father wint in t' borrow a pot he found four of thim dead — sittin' on the floor aroun' th' pot, wid th' spoons in their han's! Och, ay, 'deed, thim wor awful days!"

We had heard it a dozen times, but it was always new and gave us a sense of gratitude that we had only starved for a day or two at a time and that our hope of life was big.

Old Felix was interested, too. He drew his sleeve across his eyes, and we thought it was to brush away a tear.

"An' ye believe in th' English afther that?" Felix said.

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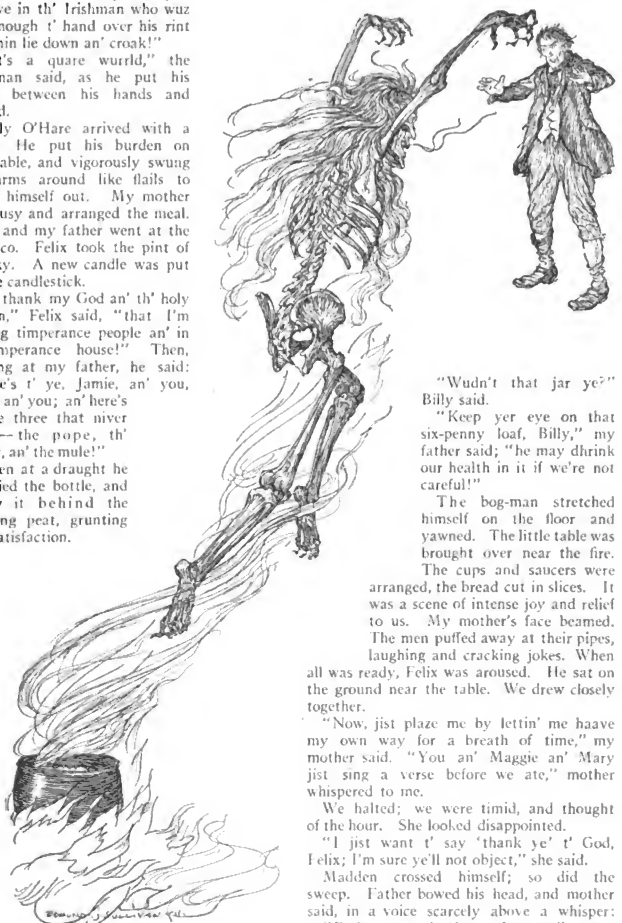
"Ay, 'deed, Felix, jist as you believe in th' Irishman who wuz ass enough t' hand over his rint an' thin lie down an' croak!"

"It's a quare wurrld," the bog-man said, as he put his head between his hands and sighed.

Billy O'Hare arrived with a *bang!* He put his burden on the table, and vigorously swung his arms around like flails to thaw himself out. My mother got busy and arranged the meal. Billy and my father went at the tobacco. Felix took the pint of whisky. A new candle was put in the candlestick.

"I thank my God an' th' holy Virgin," Felix said, "that I'm among timperance people an' in a timperance house!" Then, looking at my father, he said: "Here's t' ye, Jamie, an' you, Billy, an' you; an' here's t' the three that niver bred — the pope, th' priest, an' the mule!"

Then at a draught he emptied the bottle, and threw it behind the burning peat, grunting his satisfaction.



FAMINE

"Wudn't that jar ye?" Billy said.

"Keep yer eye on that six-penny loaf, Billy," my father said; "he may dhrink our health in it if we're not careful!"

The bog-man stretched himself on the floor and yawned. The little table was brought over near the fire. The cups and saucers were arranged, the bread cut in slices. It was a scene of intense joy and relief to us. My mother's face beamed. The men puffed away at their pipes, laughing and cracking jokes. When all was ready, Felix was aroused. He sat on the ground near the table. We drew closely together.

"Now, jist plaze me by lettin' me haave my own way for a breath of time," my mother said. "You an' Maggie an' Mary jist sing a verse before we ate," mother whispered to me.

We halted; we were timid, and thought of the hour. She looked disappointed.

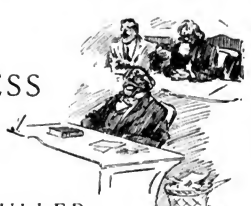
"I jist want t' say 'thank ye' t' God, Felix; I'm sure ye'll not object," she said.

Madden crossed himself; so did the sweep. Father bowed his head, and mother said, in a voice scarcely above a whisper:

"Father, we thank ye fur sending our good friend Felix here th' night. Bliss him in basket an' store, an' take good care of his ould mare. Amen."

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WIT AND HUMOR IN CONGRESS





BY

HUBERT BRUCE FULLER

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ROLLIN KIRBY

MANY a statesman has owed his success in life to the length of his legs and to the solemnity of his countenance. "Don't joke with a crowd; you should remember that the crowd always looks up to the ringmaster and down on the clown. It resents that which amuses. The clown is the cleverer fellow of the two, but he is despised. If you would succeed in life, you must be solemn — solemn as an ass. All the great monuments of earth have been built over solemn asses."

This was the advice of Tom Corwin, the greatest of our legislative humorists. The keenest wit and one of the greatest orators of Congress, he died embittered, convinced that his reputation as a wit had barred his way to greater honors in the field of public life.

The American public is light-hearted. It loves to laugh. Hence the injunction, "Don't try to educate the public; amuse it." And yet, with strange perversity, the public is suspicious of the ability of the man who is habitually witty. The great Chancellor Oxenstiern once said: "You will be surprised with how much stupidity the world is governed." By some perverse reasoning, the multitude conceives that humor is not entirely respectable. Clever stories and buffoonery will always carry a campaign meeting, but it is none the less disastrous for the candidate for high office to be a comedian. The professional funny man is always popular and is always assured of an enthusiastic audience, but in bestowing honors the people turn to his heavy-witted brother who knows nothing of humor.

Tom Corwin was our first legislative comedian. His weapon was satire, brilliant, incisive, effective, but with so keen an edge that it left no sting. He was first elected to Congress in 1831 on the "night-shirt issue." At the beginning of a seemingly hopeless campaign, learning that his opponent habitually wore a night-shirt, he won the support of the old Jacksonian Democracy by ridiculing a man who was too good to sleep in the shirt he wore in the daytime.

The history of the humor employed in the debates of Congress might be ironically called a "History of Civilization in America." A perusal of the *Congressional Record* of fifty, thirty, twenty years ago reminds us from what we have come, how recently we have arrived, and how much of our humor is the buffoonery of pioneers.

Corwin's most celebrated speech was his reply to General Crary, in the House of Representatives, in defense of General Harrison. Never before in the debates of Congress had sarcasm and satire been so effectively blended. And yet, the speech is to-day a rather irksome bit of reading. It was a burlesque on the training-days, which had already fallen into public contempt.

He portrayed with delicate humor and artistic touch the toils, privations, and sanguinary scenes of parade and drill day. "We can see the troops in motion — umbrellas, hoes and axhandles, and other deadly implements of war overshadowing all the field." He described the militia general in all his heroic splendor, his white plume, after the fashion of the great Bourbon —"reading its doleful history in the bereaved necks and bosoms of forty neighboring hen-roosts. Like the great Suwaroff, his epaulettes may be on his shoulders, back, or sides, but still gleaming, gloriously gleaming in the sun. . . . He is mounted on his crop-eared, bushy-tailed mare, the singular obliquities of whose

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hinder limbs is described by that most expressive phrase, 'sickle hams.'" Then followed the description of a general retreat from the field of glory, and the bivouac in a neighboring grocery, where "your general unsheaths his trenchant blade, eighteen inches long, and with energy and remorseless fury slices the watermelons that lie in heaps around him. Others of the sinews of war are not wanting. Whisky, that great leveler of modern times, is here also, and the shells of the watermelons are filled to the brim. As the Scandinavian heroes of old drank wine from the skulls of their slaughtered enemies in Odin's Hall, so now our militia general and his forces, from the skulls of melons thus vanquished in copious drafts of whisky assuage the heroic fire of their souls, after the bloody scenes of a parade day."

This speech, considered light and humorous at that time, we now read with drowsy eyes. Before the days of Tom Corwin there had been little or no attempt at humor in Congress. Speeches then were heavy with classical allusions and prosaic and even stupid quotations from Greek and Latin philosophers. Such humor as there was, was heavy enough. The wit was brutal rather than clever; it wounded, and into the wounds poured the acid of bitter hatred.

The picturesque John Randolph of Roanoke, cynic, political hypochondriac, and eccentric genius, was of all men the most hated and feared. No man in Congress escaped his vitriolic tongue. Speaking of Henry Clay and his alleged bargain for the election of John Quincy Adams to the presidency, Randolph declared: "I was defeated, horse, foot, and dragoons,— cut up and clean broke down by a coalition of Blifil and Black George,— by a combination, unheard of till then, of the Puritan with the Blackleg." This was the prelude to a harmless duel.

Of the Democratic party Randolph once said: "All they want is men with sense enough to lead and fools enough to follow." Of Congressman Gregg, in the course of a debate on the non-importation of English goods, Randolph said, in that incomparable tone of supercilious scorn that made so many enemies: "It is mere waste of time to reason with such persons. They do not deserve anything like serious refutation. The proper arguments for such statesmen are a strait-waistcoat, a dark room, and depletion." His manner, when in the heat of debate, was ferocious, like that of some wild animal about to devour its enemy. No one who merely reads his words, who never heard his penetrating tones or saw his flashing eye, haughty mien, the long arm and outstretched forefinger pointing scornfully at his opponent, can realize the effect that he produced.

Many of Randolph's thrusts were entirely gratuito is. When Goddard of Connecticut had politely alluded to Randolph's superior ability, the Virginian replied, with infinite scorn, that he regretted he could not "return the compliment except at an expense of sincerity and truth, which even the gentleman from Connecticut, I hope, would be unwilling to require." On another occasion he referred to the remarks of a member from Pennsylvania as "the effusions of empty garrulity." Randolph called "Old Ben" Hardin of Kentucky, who made a bitter attack on Clay, "a kitchen-knife whetted on a brickbat."

At that time one method of shutting off debates was to demand the "previous question." During a prolonged debate in which Randolph was holding the floor, Beecher of Ohio annoyed him by repeated calls for the previous question. The Baron of Roanoke turned on his tormentor and convulsed the House and suppressed Beecher by shrieking: "Mr. Speaker, in the Netherlands a man of small capacity, with bits of wood and leather, will in a few minutes construct a toy that with the pressure of the finger and thumb will cry, 'Cuckoo! Cuckoo!' With less of ingenuity and inferior materials, the people of Ohio have made a toy that will, without much pressure, cry, 'Previous question, Mr. Speaker! Previous question!'"

John B. Thompson of Kentucky, who served in both Houses of Congress, was a master of the art of ridicule. His characterization of the contempt in which party platforms are held after elections has lost none of its pertinency in the half century that has passed: "The two or three last platform Presidents we have had, when they got in the car of State and safely seated, all around everywhere you could see, 'Do not stand on the platform when the cars are in motion.'"

Of the presidential ambition that blighted the lives and careers of Clay and Calhoun, and that was later to mock James G. Blaine, Thompson said: "I have scarcely ever seen a public man in this country who had once turned his eyes upon the purple and gazed intently at the White House, that ever afterwards seemed to be a fully sane man. His head reels as if he had the vertigo, and he puts up at auction whatever he thinks, as if being once defeated would help him for the presidency at a succeeding election." In his speech in behalf of the old Know-Nothing party, Thompson in 1856 set the Senate in an uproar. The following sentence attracted the greatest applause, and is still quoted and parodied: "It was said some years ago, land a cargo of Irishmen at the Battery, and as they go up Broadway, before they reach half way to the Astor House they will exclaim, 'Hurrah for Andy McJackson and Martin O'Buren! A

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dollar a day for dachin' and no hangin' for st'alin'.' They all come in Democrats, and they never get out of the notion."

Of all the humorists of our Congress, probably none approached J. Proctor Knott, a member from Kentucky, who combined an inexhaustible fund of humorous allusion with a remarkable eloquence. His humor was spontaneous and bubbling as from a never-failing spring. He delivered his famous Duluth speech in the House January 27, 1871. Duluth was at that time a town almost unknown. Knott's speech made it famous in a day. In a vein of delicious humor tinted with good-natured irony, he pictured the bleak wastes of the Northwest, the boundless resources of that prolific region of sand and pine shrubbery, and the necessity of railroad communication, for the preservation of republican institutions on this continent, with a region that "would not produce enough vegetation in ten years to fatten a grasshopper." He portrayed the warlike inhabitants of Minnesota pondering over a new Declaration of Independence and hatching anew the "damnable doctrine of secession" with the resultant constitutional amendments of reconstruction. "The Sixteenth Amendment, it is of course understood, is to be appropriated to those blushing damsels who are day by day beseeching us to let them vote, hold office, drink cocktails, ride astraddle, and do everything else the men do."



TOM CORWIN
OUR FIRST LEGISLATIVE COMEDIAN

Then he turned the missiles of his humor upon Duluth. "Duluth! The word fell upon my ear with peculiar and indescribable charm, like the gentle murmur of a low fountain stealing forth in the midst of roses or the soft sweet accents of an angel's whisper in the bright, joyous dream of sleeping innocence. Duluth! 'Twas the name for which my soul had panted for years as the hart panteth for the water-brooks." Never before, he declared, had the dulcet syllables of this celestial word ravished his delighted ear. "I was convinced that the greatest calamity that ever befell the benighted nations of the ancient world was in their having passed away without knowledge of the actual existence of Duluth; that their fabled Atlantis was but another name for Duluth; that the golden orchard of the Hesperides was but a poetical synonym for the beer-gardens in the vicinity of Duluth." He condoled with Herodotus, Homer, and a notable list of classical heroes that their deaths had been miserable through ignorance of Duluth. He confessed with subtle touch an embarrassed ignorance of the exact location of the city — "whether it is one of those ethereal creations of intellectual frostwork, more intangible than the rose-tinted clouds of a summer sunset, or one of those airy exhalations of the speculator's brain — flirting in the form of a city." He described the climate as "unquestionably the most salubrious and delightful to be found anywhere on the Lord's earth — a place of untold delights, a terrestrial paradise, fanned by the balmy zephyrs of an eternal spring, clothed in the gorgeous sheen of ever-blooming flowers, and vocal with the silvery melody of nature's choicest songsters." Having thus convulsed the House of Representatives and pacified the supporters of the measure, Knott declared that he would vote against the bill. "Rather perish Duluth! Perish the paragon of cities! Rather let the freezing cyclones of the bleak Northwest bury it forever beneath the eddying sands of the raging St. Croix!"

Thaddeus Stevens, probably the most powerful and most hated man of our legislative history and the Nemesis of Southern reconstruction, possessed the ability to return a sharp answer when occasion demanded quick wit and a ready tongue. On one occasion Stevens and the Speaker became involved in a controversy that ended in Stevens' savagely rolling up some documents that he had been speaking from, and turning his back on the Speaker in the most insolent manner as he passed furiously up the aisle toward the cloak-room.

"Is the gentleman trying to show his contempt for the Speaker?" shouted that dignitary.

"No," thundered back Stevens, turning around and facing the wielder of the gavel; "I am trying to conceal it!"

Charles Sumner, the eminent statesman of the war and ante-bellum days, had no more sense of humor than a dromedary, but there was something excessively humorous about his colossal self-consciousness. His egotism was innocent in

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its simplicity, but inordinately vast. Probably Grant, whom he hated and abused above all public men, came nearest to appreciating the mental make-up of Sumner when he said: "The reason Sumner doesn't believe in the Bible is because he didn't write it himself."

Roscoe Conkling, toward the end of his career in the Senate, quarreled with the newspapers, and frequently, when he arose to speak, every reporter in the press gallery would rush noisily out into the lobby, leaving all the seats vacant. On one such occasion Conkling, flushing at the insult, exclaimed that the only people in the world authorized to use the first person plural "we," in speaking of themselves, were "editors and men with tapeworms."

Samuel S. Cox, representative from Columbus, Ohio, and later from New York City, acquired a national reputation as a humorist. His speeches were grandiloquent, filled with passages of gold-plated elegance, and they won for him the sobriquet "Sunset" Cox, suggesting the high and passionate colors of the evening sky. Cox ruined a promising career by his weakness for joking; yet, when he made a speech that was not funny, he was likely to be judged a failure.

Cox possessed a fund of wit as well as humor. In a single thrust he could discomfit an opponent and confuse an enemy — as when he once silenced William M. Springer of Illinois: "This gentleman, after thinking with his heels and dancing with his head, comes to the conclusion that the bill ought to pass."

Cox it was who, in speaking of the honesty of a fellow Congressman, said: "He went into office with nothing but an umbrella, and he left it with a cane."

On one occasion he referred to a particularly sour-visaged confrère as having only one regret — that there were not more commandments to be obeyed.



JOHN·RANDOLPH OF ROANOKE
"I WAS DEFEATED BY THE HITHERTO UNHEARD-OF COMBINATION OF THE PURITAN WITH THE BLACKLEG"

At the height of his fame, Cox was invited to address a Democratic meeting at Montpelier, Vermont. Recalling the poor showing of the Democrats in this New England State, Cox wired that an engagement of importance precluded his accepting the honor, and then added: "If the Democrats of Vermont insist, I should be glad to address them in the library of my home almost any afternoon after four when they may find it convenient to call."

A mere touch of humor will often relieve the tensest situation in a parliamentary body and change livid fury into ready acquiescence. A notable example of this occurred in the bitter days during and preceding the electoral count of the Hayes-Tilden vote in 1876. In January of that year the Democrats, in a threatening mood, met in convention at Washington to take suitable action upon the impending congressional struggle. In a threatening and defiant speech, Henry Watterson, the well-known Louisville editor, declared that "one hundred thousand Kentuckians are waiting to see that justice is done Tilden." At four o'clock in the morning of March 2, 1876, the House of Representatives, after a turbulent and bitter session of eighteen hours, quite without precedent in our history, announced its readiness to receive the Senate for the final count of the electoral vote. The members were worn and ill-humored with the continued struggle and strain of days, and the Democrats were sullen and dispirited in their defeat. An air of dejection permeated the hall. While the House was waiting for the Senate, suddenly above the hum of conversation a Democratic member called loudly for Watterson to bring on his "hundred thousand." This sally was greeted with a cheer. The hundred thousand did not appear, but in their place slowly filed in the Senate.

One of the most interesting wits of later days was the celebrated "Jerry" Simpson of Kansas, often called "Sockless Jerry" for reasons that the name implies. He served in Congress during the days of the apotheosis of Populism, and with its death Simpson passed into humorous history. He possessed the Lincoln story-telling type of humor, and the originality of his remarks, coupled with a certain breeziness of expression, always assured him an attentive audience whenever he rose to address his colleagues. On one occasion he was giving expression to his Populistic hatred of banks and bankers. "I feel about bankers," said he, "as I do about certain insects, not to be mentioned in society, which in our worst Kansas hotels come forth from secret places to murder sleep. I have considered these

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PROCTOR KNOTT
HE DESCRIBED DULUTH AS "A PLACE OF UNTOLD DELIGHTS, A TERRESTRIAL PARADISE."

insects, Mr. Speaker. They are, I doubt not from the expression of their countenances, and speaking from bug standpoints, reputable, kindly, honest, keeping every engagement. I can believe them to be good fathers, good husbands, good sons. It is not these insects as mere insects I condemn. It's the business they are in. So with the bankers, Mr. Speaker; I'm utterly opposed to the business that they're in."

Congressman John M. Allen of Mississippi, better known as "Private John Allen," was one of the readiest debaters in the history of our Congress. His wit was proverbial, and the cleverness of his humor soon made him a national figure. The character of his wittiness is well illustrated in the story of his first election to Congress. Running against him in the primaries for the nomination was an officer of distinguished service in the Civil War who had much to say of his military record. In a joint debate, the officer opened his speech with the remark: "Fellow citizens, I slept one night in a tent on the mountainside, awaiting the battle on the morrow." Then he dilated at length on the heroic service of his career and his promotions for bravery. When he had finished his speech, Allen rose and said: "Friends and fellow citizens, what General Tucker has told you about sleeping in his tent that night before the battle is true. I know, for I was guarding that tent all night long in the cold and wet. Now, I want to say to all of you who were generals in the war, and slept at night in your guarded tents, vote for him; but all you fellows that guarded the generals' tents in the wet and cold, you vote for Private Allen." They voted for the private, he went to Congress, and the name followed him to Washington.

Of all our Congressmen, Thomas B. Reed, Speaker of the Fifty-first, Fifty-third, and Fifty-fourth Congresses, will perhaps be remembered as our greatest wit. His speeches did not sparkle with entertaining stories and yarns, as did those of Corwin, or Lincoln, or Proctor Knott. His fame is based upon his cleverness in manipulating words. No other man of his age developed such an aptitude for epigrammatic and clever expression. He possessed both the wit and the sarcasm of the English Disraeli. He acquired an imperishable reputation as a wit; but it was



THADDEUS STEVENS
"IS THE GENTLEMAN TRYING TO SHOW HIS CONTEMPT FOR THE SPEAKER?" "NO; I AM TRYING TO CONCEAL IT!"

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in reality not so much wit as a remarkable cleverness of retort that eighteen years of constant practice had developed. Many of his epigrams and caustic comments will be remembered as long as politics survive. Of these one of the most famous was his definition of a statesman as "a successful politician who is dead." He characterized the Senate as "a nice, quiet sort of place where good Representatives go when they die."



ROSCOE CONKLING
"THE ONLY PEOPLE IN THE WORLD AUTHORIZED TO USE THE FIRST PERSON PLURAL ARE EDITORS AND MEN WITH TAPEWORMS"

Reed first gained a reputation as a wit during a debate in 1880 on a contested election case. His speech on this occasion was both clever and able, and he delivered it with his inimitable Yankee drawl and nasal twang. He was constantly subjected to interruption from the other side of the House, and at last Finley of Ohio insisted on a reply to a point that he had raised. In a few well-chosen words Reed discomfited his tormentor, and then added: "Now, having embalmed that fly in the liquid amber of my discourse, I wish to proceed." Wild peals of laughter and enthusiastic applause from both sides of the House greeted this sally. He was seldom interrupted after that during his entire service in the House of Representatives.

On that famous legislative day, January 29, 1890, when Reed as Speaker counted a quorum, party feeling ran high and excitement was at white heat. Members stormed in impotent fury around the locked chamber, dodged under desks, and even kicked down the doors to escape. It was one of the most dramatic parliamentary scenes ever enacted upon any legislative stage. The tension was suddenly relieved by General Spinola of New York, who, pointing to the picture of the Siege of Yorktown hanging on the wall, gravely accused the Speaker of counting the Hessians in the background to complete the quorum. This bit of humor, injected into so tense a situation, softened the bitterness of the Democrats and won the applause of the other side.

One afternoon, when Breckenridge of Kentucky was delivering a speech in his well-known funereal tones, Reed convulsed the House by pretending to weep. Holding his handkerchief to his eyes, he exclaimed aloud to Cannon (afterward Speaker), while the mournful syllables of Breckenridge were still echoing through the hall: "Joe, were you acquainted with the deceased?"

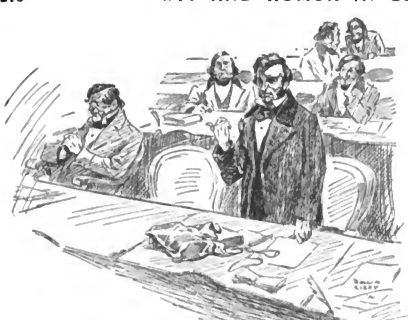
On another occasion, and when Reed was in the chair, the inimitable J. Hamilton Lewis, a faultlessly attired and extremely loquacious member from the Pacific slope, fairly beaming in his immaculate costume, and still gloved, rushed madly down the center aisle of the House, frantically waving a copy of a New York paper. "Mr. Speaker," he shouted, "I rise to a question of personal privilege. I have here a copy of a morning paper in which I am referred to as 'a thing of beauty and a joy forever.'" Instantly Reed retorted: "The point is well taken; it should have been a thing of beauty and a jaw forever."

Another of Reed's retorts, and probably one of the most famous, had rather more serious results. William M. Springer of Illinois, in the course of a discussion when Reed was Speaker, quoted the well-known epigram of Clay: "I would rather be right than be President." *Sotto voce* Reed's inimitable drawl could be heard: "The gentleman need not worry, for he will never be either." This sally clung to Springer until his death, and very likely cost him the speakership at the time Crisp was elected. Ridicule is quite the most powerful political weapon.

It might be added, also, that Reed's reputation for levity hurt him. If he had been less addicted to uttering witticisms his ability to command and his preëminence as a statesman would never have been disputed, and he would have stood a much better chance of succeeding to the presidency when McKinley was elected.

Of the more recent days, Congressman J. Adam Bede of Duluth gained a reputation as a story-teller and wit which was later to rise up and mock his ambitions. Shortly after his first election, in January, 1904, he delivered a speech on the floor of the House which at once established his fame as a humorist. He nominated the Populists "an aimless and useless caterwampus of nincompoopic gabsquirts and rapscallions." "We went out when we saw a Populist," he declared, "and threw salt on his whiskers, and caught him and brought him into the Republican ranks. . . . In Minnesota we have pretty long days, and the sun sits up

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SAMUEL S. COX
REFERRING TO A PARTICULARLY SOUR-VISAGED CONFRÈRE, HE SAID HIS ONLY REGRET WAS THAT THERE WERE NOT MORE COMMANDMENTS TO BE OBEYED

nights to shine for the farmers up there and does help a little bit in the prosperity, I admit; but it is due largely to the Republican policies that help the sunshine. . . . We are going to carry the West in the next election, because we can not help it. The election there will be nothing but a supplementary census."

Two years later he made an extremely clever speech, a few parts of which deserve to be quoted: "I do not know whether it is against the rules of this House to speak well of the Senate or not, but I am going to make that attempt. . . . I would rather leave my political rights in the keeping of a member of either House of Congress from the Rocky Mountains, and representing nothing but the sunset, than to one standing in the shadow of a trust company and representing the unearned increment. . . . How can we expect a United States Senator to maintain an administration family of ten children on a salary of five thousand dollars a year, and then subscribe from ten to one hundred dollars to some purpose every time he turns around? . . . It is up to Texas to say, after we have given her permission, whether she will accept it or not, because she has the right now to divide into five States and come here with ten Senators. I have sometimes wondered how the people of this beautiful capital city would feel to see ten stalwart Texans, with sombreros on their heads, their pants in their boots and their guns in their belts, marching on Washington with the firm determination to blow out the gas." J. Adam Bede has passed from the legislative stage, and it is generally suspected that his reputation as a wit injured his political strength in the eyes of his constituency. During campaigns he was one of the most popular and one of the most effective of stump speakers.

The late Francis W. Cushman of Seattle, whose untimely death in July, 1909, terminated a career full of promise, was one of the cleverest of the legislative humorists of our history. Cushman's humor was spontaneous. His words carried with them an oil of unction which healed the bruise they made. Therein he differed from the real wit. The wit excites anger, which in turn becomes malice; the humorist placates his victim and makes a friend of him. In a speech delivered in the House in 1899, shortly after his advent in Congress, Cushman advised the Democrats, in view of their campaign promises and jeremiads of 1896, to keep still "in six different languages, and pray to a just and merciful God that the American people might forget the promises and prophecies of two years ago. . . . The American people," he declared, "are not so much interested in the amount of money in the country per capita as they are interested in the amount of money per pocketa. . . . I lived out in Nebraska a number of years ago, and I am acquainted with the gentleman whose name is breathed with so much reverence on the other side of the House — William Jennings Bryan. I know him. Yes, Mr. Chairman, I know him as well as though I had been through him with a lantern." The next day Cushman was heralded in the press of the country as another Tom Corwin.

Cushman's wittiest speech was delivered in the first session of the Fifty-seventh Congress; it was an attack on the Rules of the House. This criticism of the rules is of added interest in view of the recent agitation centering about the Cannon organization. Cannon was at that time Speaker. Commenting on the natural course of a piece of legislation presented in the House after its report from the committee, Cushman declared: "That bill is then placed on the 'calendar.' The calendar! That is a misnomer. It ought to be called a cemetery, for therein lie the whitening bones of legislative hopes." Then, asserted Cushman, to secure action on the bill the member "puts his manhood and in-

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dividuality in his pocket and goes trotting down that little pathway of personal humiliation that leads to — where? To the Speaker's room. All glories that clustered around the holy of holies in King Solomon's Temple looked like thirty cents — yes, looked like twenty-nine cents — compared with that jobbing department of this government. We operate here under a set of rules vesting more power in the hands of two or three men than was ever enjoyed by an Oriental despot or a ten-button mandarin. . . . Mr. Chairman, there are people in Washington city to-day who are going down to a theater and paying out fifty cents apiece of lawful money of the United States, of present standard weight and fineness, in order to see — what? In order to see a performance of Lilliputians. Great God! what a sinful waste of money, when they can come up here and watch this House perform six days in the week for nothing! . . . When I contemplate the system now in vogue in this House, under which no man can do anything unless the Speaker and the Committee on Rules are willing that he should — I say, when I contemplate that system, it gives me a pain in my patriotism. I promise you, sir, that at some time in the future I shall deliver in this House a speech on the subject, 'The Rules of This Body,' and I promise you that that speech will be so warm that it will have to be printed on asbestos paper and each one tied to a hand-grenade for safe distribution."

However, despite the popularity that it gave him, Cushman saw the danger of being classed as a professional funny man. He had serious ambitions, and he soon realized that too many jokes and too much humor would be an insuperable bar to the political future he had planned for himself. So in his later years he avoided those exhibitions of wit and humor with which he so ably entertained the House when he first appeared in Washington.

With the death of Cushman the only great humorist passed out of Congress. One of the cleverest and wittiest men in Washington of latter days was so much better known as a brilliant orator that his ability as a humorist was entirely lost sight of. The late Senator Jonathan P. Dolliver of Iowa combined with the eloquence of his speeches a certain facility and happiness of expression that might well have earned him a reputation as a humorist. He is perhaps best known by his peroration on the question of admitting American pork into European markets. "I hope the time will come," he said, "when the American hog, with a curl of contentment in his tail and a smile of pleasure on his face, may travel untrammeled through the markets of the world."



THOMAS B. REED
"JOE, WERE YOU ACQUAINTED WITH THE DECEASED?"

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His Father's Faith

by William Marcus MacMahon

O'CALLAHAN, as befitted the proprietor, sat on the only chair in his South Brooklyn "Studio of Physical Culture," judicially eyeing the antics of a professional feather-weight shadow-sparring in the middle of the room. Locally, the S. P. C. is known as "Con's Boxin' School," and in the past decade has graduated several knuckle-pushers of note.

It was a Sunday morning. Cornelius Aloysius should have been at confession — and I told him so.

"I've a dispensation," said he to me, a well-paying amateur pupil privileged to loaf and listen; "because once I gave an hour a day for t'ree long mont's to promote the blessid religion of our Holy Choorch. 'Twas all on account of me personal belief that in a million years from now every Jew in the whole world will be sayin' 'Hail Mary!'

"Y' see, there was a young Irish-American friend of mine over on the New York Curb as broker's clerk, a nice-lookin', well-fed, good-natured, light-haired feller of about twenty-two — a boy born and brought up in this ward.

"Well, it seems that one day a group of dark-eyed, black-haired gals come by on Broad Street, either sight-seein' or lookin' for some one they knew there, roped in like so many bulls an' bears, wit' perhaps a lamb or two, yellin', 'A half for a quarter!'

"'Who is the little "goose" wit' the *small* nose?' says me hero, out loud, in the Copper Ore crowd.

"'"Tis Max Baum's sister,' a Jew boy replies; 'an' he will half kill ye for that insult!'

"'Twas a compliment, ye kike!' says the Gentile, doin' his best to catch the girl's eye wit'out actually flirtin'. 'An' I *must* have an introduction!'

"'Max'll kill ye dead now!' declared the other. 'Her name is Miriam; she's just out of St. Cecilia's — an' I'll give ye a knockdown to her at our Purim ball, ye Mick!'

"'I take it!' says Vic McKee, speakin' brokers' slang. Then the young Jewess happens to look straight at him, an' he concludes: 'Fer the love of heaven, compare the trade now!'

"An' so it came about that a Goy* eloped to Noo Joysey wit' the lovely Miss Baum. They were made man an' wife before a joostice of the peace, then managed to get a priest's ceremony by a number of intilligent white lies, after which Vic assumed a Jewish name an' proudly stood up under a canopy while two rabbis performed for them. The Mithodist minister was bed-ridden, or our Nooly-Weds would 've made a complete job of it!

"An' back in Noo Yoik the new Mrs. McKee had waitin' for her a rayception committee of four whalin' big bold Jew brothers, furious at her marryin' outside of their faith. There was Max, the broker; Maurice an' Irving, race-track men; an' Anselm, the pool-room owner. Not a one of them weighed under two hundred pounds or taped less than six feet in height, broad-shouldered buckos, quick wit' loud, angry words, an' not backward wit' their fists — not at all what you'd expect Hebrews to be!

"Well, mebbe a year or more after that mixed marriage, I meets McKee on the street, lookin' as worried as the lightest man in a battle royal.

"'That street-fight,' says I, 'which you call a market has been run in by the police?'

"'Never while the Stock Exchange is behind us,' says he, 'an' Frank the sweeper is there to keep the asphalt clean!'

"'Then yer gamblin' on the wrong side of the right stock?' says I.

"'Not since I've been promoted to outside broker for the firm — an' can corral an honest sixteent' now an' then!'

"'Aw, tell an old neighbor,' says I, 'what's ailin' ye?'

"'Ye can do nothin',' says he. 'Four brothers-in-law, every giant one of them a rough-

* *Giaour*, Christian.

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an'-tumble wonder wit' his dukes, have sworn on a book that reads from right to left that me baby boy shall be brung up in the Jewish religion! An' I am *not* a fightin' man.'

"'Come on up to the Studio,' says I, grittin' me teet' in a sudden rage against the chosen people; 'an', be all the sacred saints outside the synagogue, *I'll* do something!'

"I made him stand in the middle of the gym-a-na-si-um, wit' heels together an' hands at his side.

"'Have ye game blood in yer veins?' says I.

"'I dunno!' says he — an' I knocked him down wit' the flat of me hand against his cheek.

"When he jumped up an' made for me wit'out a sound, murder in his heart an' this chair in his hand, I knew that the mayterial was there for a first-class massacre of the Jews if they made a Yid out of me lad's lad.

"So, after side-steppin' for me life an' smoothin' him down, I says: 'Vic, boy, I know nothin' about Jewish custom; just how long have ye for lessons an' trainin'?'

"'Let's see!' says he, countin' on his fingers. 'Oh, wit'in a couple days of t'ree mont's.'

"Well, sir, then began the best series of sparrin' instructions that ever a professor gave, an' the most fait'ful trainin' any one not a professional ever took. We went in for fancy stunts, of course, but more attention was paid to fightin' stuff, particularly the elbow, the shoulder, *and* the knee — especially that neat trick of smashin' an opponent's nose wit' the heel of the left hand. Notice, there's no give to yer extended arm, an', after this blow lands, the beak never looks the same!

"Every day, after the market closed, McKee came here for road-work, wrestlin', rope-skippin', an' bag-punchin', an' I sent a nigger rubber over him, muscle by muscle, like a monkey huntin' a flea. Sure, that boy got the combined trainin' of a race-horse, a pit-dog, an' a game-cock, all for the love of Mary — or it may have been Miriam!

"An' he showed it! 'Twas a wonderful change I made, turnin' near two hundredweight of soft laziness into one hundred an' sixty-five pounds of blond lightnin', wit' the paws of him pickled in vinegar an' tannic acid until to shake his hand sounded like new shoes.

"Then, one fine spring afternoon, he says to me: 'Come along up to the house, Cornelius Aloysius O'Callahan! I'm to argue wit' the worst of the brothers-in-law whether 'tis to be a rabbi or a priest at the man child's christenin'.'

"'I'm wit' ye to the knockout!' says I; 'an' I'll take along a couple rough-necks to clean up the other t'ree.'

"'No need; come alone!' says he.

"An' when I got to his place, there, in the parlor, sat a trio of the ugliest, flat-nosed Micks I ever laid me two eyes on.

"'*Thiggun thu Gaelict*'* says I.

"'Speak Yiddish, Professor!' says McKee. 'Them's Anselm, Irving, an' Maurice Baum wit' an improvement made to their beaks in a little argyment! Friend brothers-in-law, which shall it be?'

"'The briest!' says they, in one voice.

"'Vic, me noble lad,' says I, 'praise be, it takes more than the shape of a nose to change a Hibernian into a Hebrew! Now show me the envied heir that claims ye for a father!'

"'Oh!' says he, 'I expect to be called to the Maternity Hospital to-morrow night. He ain't born yet!'

"An' while I'm staggerin' there, tryin' to grasp the monumintal assurance of that inexperienced father-to-be, in walks Max Baum — a fine figure of a man, as prosperous as a butcher's dog, wit' strong, sloping shoulders on him, an' fists like cobble-stones.

"'A rabbi 'twill be!' says he. 'An' I brung along a pair of brass-knuckles to talk it over in the cellar! Come on, you *bätzimïr!*'

"They went. 'No need of heelin' wit' this metal on the front of your hand,' I whispers to Vic. 'Give it to him bechune the eyes!'

"Well, when I called, 'Time!' I saw me lad's left lash out like a snake, only to coil around the big Jew's neck. Baum side-stepped mighty spry for a heavy-weight amateur, slipped in close, an' sank a hard jolt into the pit of his man's stomach. 'Twould 've knocked the breath out of a truck-horse.

"Half an hour later I got Victor on to his feet, an' we went upstairs. The t'ree imitation Harps were still sittin' in the same chairs, although the tellyphone was ringin' like mad out in the hall. They were not the guys to butt in on anyt'ing, after havin' once been shown their place! So I took down the rayceiver, an' a voice says:

"'Hello, 'lo! 'Tis the McKee residence? Tell him to come right up; mother an' child doin' nicely. No, no; an eight-pound — *girl!*'

"An' I'll always have me suspicions, sir, that the sickness of the Mithodist minister somehow stacked the cards on poor McKee. Sure, I wouldn't put it past a Prothesant!"

* "Do you speak Gaelic?"

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The Case of Richard Meynell

by Mrs. Humphry Ward

XIII

"So I see your name this morning, Stephen, on their list."

Henry Barron held up a page of the *Times* and pointed to its first column.

"I sent it in some time ago."

"And pray what does your parish think of it?"

"They won't support me."

"Thank God!"

Barron rose majestically to his feet, and from the rug surveyed his thin, fair-haired son. Stephen had just ridden over from his tiny vicarage, twelve miles away, to settle some business with his father connected with a family legacy. Since the outbreak of the Reform Movement there had been frequent disputes between the father and son — if aggressive attack on the one side and silent endurance on the other make a dispute. Barron scorned his elder son as a faddist and a dreamer; while Stephen could never remember the time when his father had not seemed to him the living embodiment of prejudice, obstinacy, and caprice. He had always reckoned it, indeed, the crowning proof of Meynell's unworldly optimism that, at the moment of his father's accession to the White House estate, there should have been a passing friendship between him and the Rector. Yet, whenever thoughts of this kind presented themselves explicitly to Stephen, he tried to suppress them. His life, often, was a constant struggle between a genuine and irrepressible dislike of his father, and a sore sense that no Christian priest could permit himself such a feeling.

He made no reply to his father's interjection. But Barron knew very well that his son's self-control was no indication of lack of will — quite the contrary; and the father was conscious of a growing exasperation as he watched the patient compression of the young mouth. He wanted somehow to convict and crush Stephen; and he believed that he held the means thereto in his hand. He had not been sure, before Stephen arrived, whether he should reveal the situation or not. But the temptation was too great. That the son's mind and soul should finally have escaped his father, "like a bird out of the snare of the fowler," was the unforgivable offence. What a gentle, malleable fellow he had seemed in his school and college days! — how amenable to the father's spiritual tyranny! It was Barron's constant excuse to himself for his own rancorous feeling — that Meynell had robbed him of his son.

"You probably think it strange," he resumed harshly, "that I should rejoice in what, of course, is your misfortune — that your people reject you; but there are higher interests than those of personal affection concerned in this business. We who are defending her must think first of the Church!"

"Naturally," said Stephen.

His father looked at him in silence for a moment — at the mild, pliant figure, the downcast eyes.

"There is, however, one thing for which I have cause — we all have cause — to be grateful to Meynell," he said, with emphasis.

Stephen looked up.

"I understand he refused to sanction your engagement to Hester Fox-Wilson."

The young man flushed.

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"It would be better, I think, father, if we are to talk over these matters quietly,— which I understood is the reason you asked me to come here to-day,— that you should avoid a tone towards myself and my affairs which can only make frank conversation difficult or impossible between us."

"I have no desire to be offensive," said Barron, checking himself with difficulty, "and I have only your good in view — though you may not believe it. My reason for approving Meynell in the matter is that he was aware, and you were not aware"— he fell into the slow phrasing he always affected on important occasions —"of facts bearing vitally on your proposal; and that, in the light of them, he acted as any honest man was bound to act."

"What do you mean?" cried Stephen, springing to his feet.

"I mean"— the answer was increasingly deliberate —"that Hester Fox-Wilson — it is very painful to have to go into these things, but it is necessary, I regret to say — is not a Fox-Wilson at all, and has no right whatever to her name!"

Stephen walked up to the speaker.

"Take care, father! This is a question of a *girl* — an unprotected girl! What right have you to say such an abominable thing?"

He stood, panting and white, in front of his father.

"The right of truth," said Barron. "It happens to be true."

"Your grounds?"

"The confession of the woman who nursed her mother — who was *not* Lady Fox-Wilson."

Barron had now assumed the habitual attitude — thumbs in his pockets, legs slightly apart — that Stephen had associated, from his childhood, with the long bullying, secular and religious, that Barron's family owed to Barron's temperament.

In the pause, Stephen's quick breathing could be heard.

"Who was she?"

The son's tone had caught the father's sharpness.

"Well, my dear Stephen, I am not sure that I shall tell you while you look at me in that fashion! Believe me, it is not my fault, but my misfortune, that I happen to be acquainted with this very disagreeable secret. And I have one thing to say: you must give me your promise that you will regard any communication from me as entirely confidential, before I say another word."

Stephen walked away to the window, and came back.

"Very well; I promise."

"Sit down. It is a long story."

The son obeyed mechanically, his frowning eyes fixed upon his father. Barron at once plunged into an account of his interview with Judith Sabin, omitting only those portions of it that connected the story with Meynell. It was evident, presently, that Stephen — to the dawning triumph of his father — listened with an increasingly troubled mind. And, indeed, at the first whisper of the story there had flashed through the young man's memory the vision of Meynell arguing and expostulating on that July afternoon when he, Stephen, had spoken so confidingly, so unsuspectingly, of his love for Hester. He recalled his own amazement, his sense of shock and strangeness — what Meynell said on that occasion seemed to have so little relation to what Meynell habitually was. Meynell, for whom love, in its spiritual aspect, was the salt and significance of life, the foundation of all wisdom — Meynell on that occasion had seemed to make comparatively nothing of love! — to deny its simplest rights — to put it despotically out of count. Stephen, as he had long recognised, had been overborne and silenced by Meynell's personality rather than by Meynell's arguments — by the disabling force mainly of his own devotion to the man who bade him wait and renounce. But, in his heart, he had never quite forgiven, or understood; and for all the subsequent trouble about Hester, all his own jealousy and pain, he had not been able to prevent himself from blaming Meynell. And now — now! If this story were true, he began to understand. Poor child — poor mother! With the marriage of the child must come — he felt the logic of it — the confession of the mother. A woman like Alice Puttenham, a man like Meynell, were not likely to give Hester to her lover without telling that lover what he had a right to know. Small blame to them if they were not prepared to bring about that crisis prematurely, while Hester was still so young! It must be faced, but not, *not* till it must!

Yes, he understood. A rush of warm and pitiful love filled his heart, while his intelligence dismally accepted and endorsed the story his father was telling with that heavy, tragic touch which the son instinctively hated as insincere and theatrical.

"Now, then, perhaps," Barron wound up, "you will realise why it is I feel Meynell has acted considerately, and as any true friend of yours was bound to act. He knew — and you were ignorant. Such a marriage could not have been for your happiness, and he rightly interposed."

"What difference does it make to Hester herself!" cried Stephen hotly, "supposing the thing is true. I admit — it may be true." And, as

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he spoke, a host of small confirmations came thronging into his unwilling mind. "But in any case ——"

He walked up to his father again.

"What have you done about it, father?" he said sharply. "I suppose you went to Meynell at once."

Barron smiled, with a lift of the eyebrows. He knocked off the end of his cigarette, and paused.

"Of course you have seen Meynell?" Stephen repeated,

"No, I haven't."

"I should have thought that was your first duty."

"It was not easy to decide what my duty was," said Barron, with the same emphasis,— "not at all easy."

"What do you mean, father? There seems to be something more behind. If there is, considering my feeling for Hester, it seems to me that, having told me so much, you are bound to tell me *all* you know. Remember — this story concerns the girl I love!"

Passion and pain spoke in the young man's voice. His father looked at him with an involuntary sympathy.

"I know. I am very sorry for you. But it concerns other people also."

"What is known of the father?" said Stephen abruptly.

"Ah, that is the point!" said Barron, making an abstracted face.

"It is a question to which I am surely entitled to have an answer!"

"I am not sure that I can give it you. I can tell you, of course, what the view of Judith Sabin was — what the facts seem to point to. But — in any case, whether I believed Judith Sabin or no, I should not have said a word to you on the subject but for the circumstance that — unfortunately — there are other people in the case."

Whereupon — watching his son carefully — Barron repeated the story that he had already given to Flaxman.

The effect upon Meynell's young disciple and worshipper may be imagined. He grew deadly pale, and then red; choked with indignant scorn; and could scarcely bring himself to listen at all, after he had once gathered the real gist of what his father was saying.

Yet, by this time, the story was much better worth listening to than it had been when Barron had first presented it to Flaxman. By dint of much brooding, and under the influence of an angry obstinacy that must have its prey, Barron had made it a good deal more plausible than it had been to begin with, and would, no doubt, make it more plausible still. He had brought in, by now, a variety of small local observations bearing on the relations between the three figures in the drama — Hester, Alice Puttenham, Meynell — which Stephen must and did often recognise as true and telling. It was true that there was much friction and difference between Hester and the Fox-Wilson family; that Alice Puttenham's position and personality had always teased the curiosity of the neighbourhood; that the terms of Sir Ralph's will were perplexing; and that Meynell was Hester's guardian in a special sense, a fact for which there was no obvious explanation. It was true, also, that there emerged at times a singular likeness in Hester's beauty — a likeness of expression and gesture — to the blunt and powerful aspect of the Rector. . . .

And yet! Did his father believe, for a moment, the preposterous things he was saying? The young man sharpened his wits as far as possible for Hester's and his friend's sake, and came presently to the conclusion that it was one of those violent, intermittent half-beliefs which, in the service of hatred and party spirit, can be just as effective and dangerous as any other. And when the circumstantial argument passed presently into the psychological — even the theological — this became the more evident.

For, in order to explain to himself and others how Meynell could possibly have behaved in a fashion so villainous, Barron had invented a whole psychological sequence. He was prepared to show in detail how the thing had probably evolved — to trace the processes of Meynell's mind. The sin once sinned, what more natural than Meynell's proceeding? Marriage would not have mended the disgrace or averted the practical consequences of the intrigue. He certainly could not have kept his living had the facts been known. On the one hand, his poverty — his brothers to educate, his benefice to be saved. On the other, the natural desire of the Fox-Wilsons and of Alice Puttenham to conceal everything that had occurred. The sophistries of love would come in — repentance, the desire to make a fresh start, to protect the woman he had sacrificed.

And all that might have availed him against sin and temptation, a steadfast Christian faith, was already deserting him, must have been already undermined. What was there to wonder at? What was there incredible in the story? The human heart was corrupt and desperately wicked; and nothing stood between any man, however apparently holy, and moral catastrophe, except the grace of God.

Stephen bore the long, incredible harangue as best he could, for Meynell's sake. He sat with

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his face turned away from his father, his hand closing and unclosing on his knee, his nerves quivering under the exasperation of his father's monstrous premises and still more monstrous deductions. At the end he faced round abruptly.

"I do not wish to offend you, father, but I had better say at once that I do not accept, for a single instant, your arguments or your conclusion. I am positive that the facts, whatever they may be, are *not* what you suppose them to be! I say that, to begin with. But now the question is, what to do? You say there are anonymous letters about. That decides it. It is clear that you must go to Meynell at once! And, if you do not, I must."

Barron's look flashed.

"You gave me your promise," he said imperiously, "before I told you this story, that you would not communicate it without my permission. I withhold the permission."

"Then you must go yourself," said the young man vehemently. "You must!"

"I am not altogether unwilling to go," said Barron slowly. "But I shall choose my own time."

And, as he raised his cold eyes upon his son, it pleased his spirit of intrigue, and of domination through intrigue, that he had already received a letter from Flaxman giving precisely opposite advice, and did not intend to tell Stephen anything about it. Stephen's impulsive candour, however, appealed to him much more than Flaxman's reticence. It would, indeed, be physically and morally impossible for him — anonymous letters or no — to lock the scandal much longer within his own breast. It had become a living and burning thing — like some wild creature straining at a leash.

A little while later Stephen found himself alone. He believed himself to have got an undertaking from his father that Meynell should be communicated with promptly — perhaps that very evening. But the terms of the promise were not very clear, and the young man's mind was full of a seething wrath and unhappiness. If the story were true, so far as Hester and her unacknowledged mother were concerned — and, as we have seen, there was that in his long and intimate knowledge of Hester's situation, which, as he listened, suddenly fused and flashed in a most unwilling conviction — then what dire, what pitiful need, on their part, of protection and of help! If, indeed, any friendly consideration for him, Stephen, had entered into Meynell's conduct, the young man angrily resented the fact.

He paced up and down the library for a time, divided thus between a fierce contempt for Meynell's slanderers and a passionate pity for Hester.

His father had gone to Markborough. Theresa was, he believed, in the garden, giving orders. Presently the clock on the bookcase struck three, and Stephen awoke, with a start, to the engagements of the day.

He was in the act of opening the library door when he suddenly remembered: Maurice!

He blamed himself for not having remembered earlier that Maurice was at home — for not having asked his father about him. He went to look for him, could not find him in any of the sitting-rooms, and finally mounted to the second-floor bedroom that had always been his brother's.

"Maurice!" He knocked. No answer; but there was a hurried movement inside, and something that sounded like the opening of a drawer.

He called again, and tried the door. It was locked. But, after further shuffling inside, as if some one were handling papers, it was thrown open.

"Well, Maurice, I hope I haven't disturbed you in anything very important. I thought I must come and have a look at you. Are you all right?"

"Come in, old fellow," said Maurice, with affected warmth. "I was only writing a few letters. No room for anybody downstairs but the pater and Theresa, so I have to retreat up here."

"And lock yourself in?" said Stephen, laughing. "Any secrets going?" And, as he took a seat on the edge of the bed, while Maurice returned to his chair, he could not prevent himself from looking with a certain keen scrutiny both at the room and his younger brother.

He and Maurice had never been friends. There was a gap of nearly ten years between them, and certain radical and profound differences of temperament. And these differences nature had expressed, with an entire absence of subtlety, in their physique — in the slender fairness and wholesomeness of Stephen as contrasted with the sallowness, the stoop, the thin black hair, the furtive, excitable look of Maurice.

"Getting on well with your new work?" he asked, as he took unwilling note of the half-consumed brandy-and-soda on the table, of the saucer of cigarette ends beside it, and the general untidiness and stuffiness of the room.

"Not bad," said Maurice, resuming his cigarette.

"What is it?"

"An agency; one of these new phonographs — Yankee, of course. I manage the office. A lot of cads — but I make 'em sit up."

And he launched into boasting of his success in the business — the orders he had secured, the

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economies he had brought about in the office. Stephen found himself wondering, meanwhile, what kind of a business it could be that entrusted its affairs to Maurice. But he betrayed no scepticism, and the two talked in more or less brotherly fashion for a few minutes, till Stephen, with a look at his watch, declared that he must find his horse and go.

"I thought you were only coming for the week-end," he said, as he moved towards the door.

"I got seedy — and took a week off. Besides, I found pater in such a stew."

Stephen hesitated.

"About the Rector?"

Maurice nodded.

"Pater is in an awful way about it. I've been trying to cheer him up. Meynell will be turned out, of course."

"Probably," said Stephen gravely. "So shall I."

"What'll you do?"

"Become a preacher somewhere — under Meynell."

The younger brother looked curiously at the elder.

"You believe in him as much as that? Father's dead set against him, and I've no use for him! Never had!"

"That's because you didn't know him," said Stephen briefly. "What did you ever have against him?"

He looked sharply at his brother. The disagreeable idea crossed his mind that his father, whose weakness for Maurice he well knew, might have told the story to the lad.

Maurice laughed, and pulled his scanty moustache as he turned away.

"Oh! I don't know — we never hit it off. My fault, of course. Ta, ta."

As Stephen rode away, he was haunted for a few minutes by some disagreeable reminiscences of a school holiday when Maurice had been discovered drunk in one of the public-houses of the village by the Rector, who had firmly dug him out and walked him home. But this recollection soon passed away under the steady assault of others far more compelling.

He took the bridle-path through Maudeley, and was presently aware, in a clearing of the wood, of the figure of Meynell in front of him.

The Rector was walking in haste, without his dogs. He was, therefore, out on business, which, indeed, was implied by the energy of his whole movement.

He looked round, frowning as Stephen overtook him.

"Is that you, Stephen? Are you going home?"

"Yes. And you?"

Meynell did not immediately reply. The autumn wood, a splendour of gold and orange leaf overhead, of red-brown leaf below, with passages here and there, where the sun struck through the beech trees, of purest lemon-yellow or intensest green, breathed and murmured round them. A light wind sang in the tree-tops, and every now and then the plain broke in, purple through the gold, with its dim colliery chimneys, its wreaths of smoke, and its paler patches that stood for farms and villages.

Meynell walked by the horse in silence for a while, till suddenly, wiping a hot brow, he turned and looked at Stephen.

"I think I shall have to tell you, Stephen, where I am going, and why," he said, eyeing the young man with a deprecating look, almost a look of remorse.

Stephen stared at him in silence.

"Flaxman walked home with me last night — came into the Rectory, and told me that yesterday he saw Meryon and Hester together in Howlett's wood — as you know, a lonely place where nobody goes. It was a great blow to me. I had every reason to believe him safely abroad. All his servants have clearly been instructed to lie. And Hester! — well, I won't trust myself to say what I think of her conduct! I went up this morning to see her — found the whole household in confusion! Nobody knew where Hester was. She had gone out immediately after breakfast, with the maid who is supposed to be always with her. Then, suddenly — about an hour later — one of the boys appeared, having seen the woman at the station — and no Hester. The woman, taken by surprise,— young Fox-Wilson just had a few words with her as the train was moving off,— confessed she was going into Markborough to meet Hester and come back with her. She didn't know where Miss Hester was. She had left her in the village and was to meet her at a shop in Markborough. After that, things began to come out. The butler told tales. The maid is clearly an unprincipled hussy, and has probably been in Meryon's pay all the time."

"Where is Hester? — where are you going to?" cried Stephen, in impatient misery, slipping from his horse, as he spoke, to walk beside the Rector.

"In my belief, she is at Sandford Abbey."

"At Sandford!" cried the young man, under his breath. "Visit that scoundrel in his own house!"

"It appears she has once or twice declared that, in spite of us all, she would go and see his house and his pictures. In my belief, she has done it this morning. It is her last chance.

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We go to Paris to-morrow. However, we shall soon know."

The Rector pushed on at redoubled speed. Stephen kept up with him, his lips twitching.

"Why did you separate us!" he broke out at last, in a low, bitter voice.

And yet he knew why — or suspected! But the inner smart was so great, he could not help the reproach.

"I tried to act for the best," said Meynell, after a moment, his eyes on the ground.

Stephen watched his friend uncertainly. Again and again he was on the point of crying out:

"Tell me the truth about Hester!"— on the point, also, of warning and informing the man beside him. But he had promised his father. He held his tongue with difficulty.

When they reached the spot where Stephen's path diverged from that which led by a small bridge across the famous trout stream to Sandford Abbey, Stephen suddenly halted.

"Why shouldn't I come too? I'll wait at the lodge. She might like to ride home. She can sit anything — with any saddle. I taught her."

"Well — perhaps," said Meynell dubiously. And they went on together.

Presently Sandford Abbey emerged above the road, on a rising ground — a melancholy, dilapidated pile; and they struck into a long and neglected evergreen avenue leading up to it. At the end of the avenue there was an enclosure and a lodge, with some iron gates. A man saw them, and came out to the gate.

"Sir Philip's gone abroad, sir," he said affably, when he saw them. "Shall I take your card?"

"Thank you; I prefer to leave it at the house," said Meynell shortly, motioning to him to open the gate. The man hesitated, then obeyed. The Rector went up the drive, while Stephen turned back a little along the road, letting his horse pasture on its grassy fringe. The lodge-keeper, sulky and puzzled, watched him a few moments, and then went back into the house.

The Rector paused to reconnoitre as he came in sight of the house. It was a strange, desolate, yet most romantic spot. Although, seen from the road and the stream, it seemed to stand on an eminence, it was really at the bottom of a hill that encircled it on three sides; and what with its own dilapidation, its broken fences and gates, the trees that crowded about it, and the large green-grown pond in front of it, it produced a dank and sinister impression. The centre of the building, which had evidently been rebuilt about 1700, to judge from its rose-red brick, its French classical lunettes, its pedimented doors and windows, and its fine *perron*, was clearly the inhabited portion of the building. The two wings of much earlier date, remains of the old Abbey, were falling into ruin. In front of one a garage had evidently been recently made, and a motor was standing at its door. To the left of the approaching spectator was a small deserted church, of the same date as the central portion of the Abbey, with twin busts of William and Mary still inhabiting a niche above the classical entrance, and marking the triumph of the Protestant succession over the crumbling buildings of the earlier faith. The windows of the church were boarded up, and a few tottering tombstones surrounded it.

No sign of human habitation appeared as the Rector walked up to the door. A bright sunshine played on the crumbling brick, the small-paned windows, the touches of gilding in the railings of the *perron;* and on the slimy pond a few ducks moved to and fro, in front of a grass-grown sun-dial. Meynell walked up to the door and rang.

The sound of the bell echoed through the house behind, but, for a while, no one came. One of the lunette windows under the roof opened overhead, and, after another pause, the door was slowly opened a few inches by a man in a slovenly footman's jacket.

"Very sorry, sir, but Sir Philip is not at home."

"When did he leave?"

"The end of last week, sir," said the man, with a jaunty air.

"That, I think, is not so," said Meynell sternly. "I shall not trouble you to take my card."

The youth's expression changed. He stood silent and sheepish, while Meynell considered a moment, on the steps.

Suddenly a sound of voices from a distance became audible through the grudgingly opened door. It appeared to come from the back of the house. The man looked behind him, his mouth twitching with repressed laughter. Meynell ran down the steps and turned to the left, where a door led through a curtain-wall to the garden. Meanwhile the house door was hastily banged behind him.

"Uncle Richard!"

Behind the house, Meynell came upon the persons he sought. In an overgrown formal garden, full of sun, he perceived an old stone bench under an overhanging yew. Upon it sat Hester, bareheaded, the golden masses of her hair shining against the blackness of the tree. Don mounted guard beside her, his nose upon her lap; and on a garden-chair in front of her lounged Philip Meryon, smoking and chatting.

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At sight of Meynell they both sprang to their feet. Don growled at first, and then, as soon as he recognised Meynell, wagged his tail. Philip, with a swaying step, advanced towards the newcomer, cigar in hand.

"How do you do, Richard! It is not often you honour me with a visit."

For a moment Meynell looked from one to the other in silence.

And they, whether they would or no, could not but feel the power of the rugged figure in the short clerical coat and wide-awake, and of the searching look with which he regarded them. Hester nervously began to put on her hat. Philip threw away his cigar, and braced himself angrily.

"Your mother has been anxious about you, Hester," said Meynell, at last. "And I have come to bring you home."

Then, turning to Meryon, he said: "With you, Philip, I will reckon later on. The lies you have instructed your servants to tell are a sufficient indication that you are ashamed of your behaviour. This young lady is under age. Her mother and I, who are her lawful guardians, forbid her acquaintance with you."

"By what authority, I should like to know?" said Philip sneeringly. "Hester is not a child — nor am I."

"All that we will discuss when we meet," said the Rector. "I propose to call upon you after breakfast to-morrow."

"This time you may really find me fled," laughed Philip insolently. But he had turned white.

Meynell made no reply. He went to Hester, and, lifting the girl's silk cape, which had fallen off, he put it round her shoulders. He felt them trembling. But she looked at him fiercely, put him aside, and ran to Meryon.

"Good-bye, Philip, good-bye — it won't be for long!"

And she held out her two hands — pleadingly. Meryon took them, and they stared at each other — while the Rector was conscious of a flash of dismay.

What if there was now more in the business than mere mischief and wantonness? Hester was surprisingly lovely, with this touching, tremulous look, so new and, to the Rector, so intolerable!

"I must ask you to come at once," he said, walking up to her; and the girl, with compressed lips, dropped Meryon's hands and obeyed.

Meryon walked beside them to the garden door, very pale, and breathing quick.

"You can't separate us," he said to Meynell, "though, of course, you'll try. Hester, don't believe anything he tells you — till I confirm it."

"Not I!" she said proudly.

Meynell led her through the door, and then, turning peremptorily, desired Meryon not to follow them. Philip hesitated, and yielded. He stood in the doorway, his hands in his pockets, watching them, a splendid figure, with his melodramatic good looks and vivid colour.

XIV

HESTER and Meynell walked down the avenue side by side. Behind them, the lunette window under the roof opened again, and a woman's face, framed in tousled black hair, looked out, grinned, and disappeared.

Hester carried her head high, a scornful defiance breathing from the flushed cheeks and tightened lips. Meynell made no attempt at conversation till, just as they were nearing the lodge, he said: "We shall find Stephen a little farther on. He was riding, and thought you might like his horse to give you a lift home."

"Oh, a *plot!*" cried Hester, raising her chin still higher, "and Stephen in it too! Well, really, I shouldn't have thought it was worth anybody's while to spy upon my very insignificant proceedings like this. What does it matter to him, or you, or any one else, what I do?"

She turned her beautiful eyes — tragically wide and haughty — upon her companion. There was absurdity in her pose, and yet, as Meynell uncomfortably recognised, a new touch of something passionate and real.

The Rector made no reply, for they were at the turn of the road, and beyond it Stephen and his horse were to be seen waiting.

Stephen came to meet them, the bridle over his arm.

"Hester, wouldn't you like my horse? It is a long way home. I can send for it later."

She looked proudly from one to the other. Her colour had suddenly faded, and from the pallor the firm yet delicate lines of the features emerged with unusual emphasis.

"I think you had better accept," said Meynell gently. As he looked at her, he wondered whether she might not faint on their hands with anger and excitement. But she controlled herself, and, as Stephen brought the brown mare alongside and held out his hand, she put her foot in it, and he swung her to the saddle.

"I don't want both of you," she said passionately. "One warder is enough!"

"Hester!" cried Stephen reproachfully. Then he added, trying to smile: "I am going into Markborough. Any commission?"

Hester disdained to answer. She gathered up the reins and set the horse in motion. Stephen's

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way lay with them for a hundred yards. He tried to make a little indifferent conversation, but neither Meynell nor Hester replied. Where the lane they had been following joined the Markborough road, he paused to take his leave of them; and, as he did so, he saw his two companions brought together, as it were, into a common picture by the overcircling shade of the autumnal trees which hung over the road; and he perceived as he had never done before the strange likeness between them. Perplexity, love, despairing and jealous love; a passionate championship of the beauty which seemed to him outraged and insulted by the common talk and speculation of indifferent and unfriendly mouths; an earnest desire to know the truth, and the whole truth, that he might the better prove his love and defend his friend; and a dismal certainty through it all that Hester had been finally snatched from him — these conflicting feelings very nearly overpowered him. It was all he could do to take a calm farewell of them. Hester's eyes, under their fierce brows, followed him along the road.

Meanwhile she and Meynell turned into a bridle-path through the woods. Hester sat erect, her slender body adjusting itself with unconscious grace to the quiet movements of the horse, which Meynell was leading. Overhead the October day was beginning to darken, and the yellow leaves, shaken by occasional gusts, were drifting mistily down on Hester's hair and dress, and on the glossy flanks of the mare.

At last Meynell looked up. There was intense feeling in his face — a deep and troubled tenderness.

"Hester! — is there no way in which I can convince you that if you go on as you have been doing — deceiving your best friends, and letting this man persuade you into secret meetings — you will bring disgrace on yourself and sorrow on us? A few more escapades like to-day's, and we might not be able to save you from disgrace."

He looked at her searchingly.

"I am going to choose for myself!" said Hester, after a moment, in a low, resolute voice. "I am not going to sacrifice my life to anybody."

"You *will* sacrifice it if you go on flirting with this man — if you will not believe me, who am his kinsman and have no interest whatever in blackening his character, when I tell you that he is a bad man, corrupted by low living and self-indulgence, with whom no girl should trust herself. The action you have taken to-day, your deliberate defiance of us all, make it necessary that I should speak in even plainer terms to you than I have done yet — that I should warn you, as roughly as I can, that by allowing this man to make love to you, perhaps to propose a runaway match to you — how do I know what villainy he may have been proposing? — you are running risks of utter disaster and disgrace."

"Perhaps. That is my affair."

The girl's voice shook with excitement.

"No! — it is not your affair only. No man liveth to himself, and no man dieth to himself! It is the affair of all those who love you — of your family, of your poor Aunt Alice, who cannot sleep for grieving ——"

Hester raised her free hand and angrily pushed back the masses of fair hair that were falling about her face.

"What is the good of talking about love, Uncle Richard?" She spoke with a passionate impatience. "You know very well that *nobody* at home loves me! Why should we all be hypocrites? I have got, I tell you, to look after *myself* — to plan my life for myself! My mother can't help it if she doesn't love me. I don't complain, but I do think it a shame you should say she does when you know — know — *know* — she doesn't! My sisters and brothers just dislike me — that's all there is in that! All my life I've known it — I've felt it. Why, when I was a baby they never played with me — they never made a pet of me — they wouldn't have me in their games. My father positively disliked me. Whenever the nurse brought me downstairs, he used to call to her to take me up again. Oh, how tired I got of the nursery! I hated it. I hated nurse; I hated all the old toys — for I never had any new ones. Do you remember"— she turned on him —"that day when I set fire to all the clean clothes that were airing before the fire?"

"Perfectly!" said the Rector, with an involuntary smile that relaxed the pale gravity of his face.

"I did it because I hadn't been downstairs for three nights. I might have been dead, for all anybody cared. Then I was determined they should care — and I got hold of the matches. I thought the clothes would burn first, and then my starched frock would catch fire, and then — everybody would be sorry for me at last. But, unfortunately, I got frightened, and ran up the passage screaming. Silly little fool! That might have made an end of it — once for all ——"

Meynell interrupted.

"And after it," he said, looking her in the eyes, "when the fuss was over, I remember seeing you in Aunt Alsie's arms. Have you forgotten how she cried over you, and defended you — and begged you off? You were ill from the excitement. She took you off to the cottage and nursed you till you were well again and it had all blown over — as she did again and again

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afterwards. Have you forgotten *that* — when you say that no one loved you?"

He turned upon her with that bright, penetrating look, with its touch of accusing sarcasm, which had so often given him the mastery over erring souls. For Meynell had the pastoral gift almost in perfection — the courage, the ethical self-confidence, and the instinctive tenderness that belong to it. The certitudes of his mind were all ethical; and in this region he might have said, with Newman, that "a thousand difficulties cannot make one doubt."

Hester had often yielded to this power of his in the past, and it was evident that she trembled under it now. To hide it, she turned upon him with fresh anger:

"No, I haven't forgotten it! — and I'm *not* an ungrateful fiend — though, of course, you think it. But Aunt Alsie's like all the others now. She — she's turned against me!" There was a break in the girl's voice that she tried in vain to hide.

"It isn't true, Hester; I think you know it isn't true."

"It *is* true! She has secrets from me — and when I ask her to trust me — then she treats me like a child — and shakes me off as if I were just a stranger. If she holds me at arm's length, I am not going to tell her all *my* affairs!"

The rounded bosom under the little black mantle rose and fell tumultuously, and angry tears shone in the brown eyes. Meynell had raised his head with a sudden movement, and regarded her intently.

"What secrets?"

"I found her, one day, with a picture. She was crying. It — it was some one she had been in love with; I am certain it was — a handsome, dark man. And I begged her to tell me, and she just got up and went away — so then I took my own line!"

Hester furiously dashed away the tears she had not been able to stop.

Meynell's look changed. His voice grew strangely pitiful and soft.

"Dear Hester, if you knew — you couldn't be unkind to Aunt Alice."

"Why shouldn't I know? Why am I treated like a baby?"

"There are some things too bitter to tell," he said gravely — "some griefs we have no right to meddle with. But we can heal them — or make them worse. You" — his kind eyes scourged her again — "have been making everything worse for Aunt Alsie for a long time past."

Hester shrugged her shoulders passionately, as though to repel the charge, but she said nothing. They moved on in silence for a little. In Meynell's mind there reigned a medley of feelings — tragic recollections, moral questionings, which time had never silenced, perplexity as to the present and the future, and with it all the liveliest and sorest pity for the young, childish, violent creature beside him. It was not for those who, with whatever motives, had contributed to bring her to that state and temper to strike any note of harshness.

Presently, as they neared the end of the woody path, he looked up again. He saw her sitting sullenly on the gently moving horse, a vision of beauty at bay. The sight determined him towards frankness.

"Hester! — I have told you that if you go on flirting with Philip Meryon you run the risk of disgrace and misery, because he has no conscience and no scruples, and you are ignorant and inexperienced and have no idea of the fire you are playing with. But I think I had better go further. I am going to say what you force me to say to you — young as you are. My strong belief is that Philip Meryon is either married already, or so entangled that he has no right to ask any decent woman to marry him. I have suspected it a long time. Now you force me to prove it."

Hester turned her head away.

"He told me I wasn't to believe what you said about him!" she said in her most obstinate voice.

"Very well. Then I must set about proving it at once. The reasons that make me believe it are not for your ears." Then his tone changed. "Hester — my child! You can't be in love with that fellow — that false, common fellow! You can't!"

Hester compressed her lips and would not answer. A rush of distress came over Meynell as he thought of her movement towards Philip in the garden. He gently resumed:

"Any day, now, might bring the true lover, Hester! — the man who would comfort you for all the past and show you what joy really means. Be patient, dear Hester — be patient! If you wanted to punish us for not making you happy enough, well, you have done it! But don't plunge us all into despair. And take a little thought for your old guardian, who seems to have the world on his shoulders, and yet can't sleep at nights for worriting about his ward, who won't believe a word he says and sets all his wishes at defiance."

His manner expressed a playful and reproachful affection. Their eyes met. Hester tried hard to maintain her antagonism, and he was well aware that he was but imperfectly able to gauge the conflict of forces in her mind. He resumed his pleading with her — tenderly, urgently. And at last she gave way, at least

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apparently. She allowed him to lay a friendly hand on hers that held the reins, and she said, with a long, bitter breath:

"Oh, I know I'm a little beast!"

"My old-fashioned ideas don't allow me to apply that epithet to young women! But if you'll say 'I want to be friends, Uncle Richard, and I won't deceive you any more,' why, then you'll make an old fellow happy! Will you?"

Slowly she let her cold fingers slip into his warm, protecting palm as he smiled upon her. She yielded to the dignity and charm of Meynell's character, as she had done a thousand times before; but in the proud, unhappy look she bent upon him there were new and disquieting things — prophecies of the coming womanhood, not to be unravelled. Meynell pressed her hand, and put it back upon the reins with a sigh he could not repress.

He began to talk with a forced cheerfulness of their coming journey — of the French *milieu* to which she was going. Hester answered in monosyllables, every now and then, he thought, repressing a sob. And again and again the discouraging thought struck through him, "Has this fellow touched her heart?"— so strong was the impression of an emerging soul and a developing personality.

Suddenly, through the dispersing trees, a light figure came hurriedly towards them. It was Alice Puttenham. She was pale and weary, and when she saw Hester, with Meynell beside her, she gave a little cry. But Meynell, standing behind Hester, put his finger on his lips, and she controlled herself. Hester greeted her without any sign of emotion; and the three went homeward along the misty ways of the park. The sun had been swallowed up by rising fog; all colour had been sucked out of the leaves and the heather, even from the golden glades of fern. Only Hester's hair, and her white dress as she passed along, uplifted, made of her a kind of luminous wraith; and beside her, like the supports of an altar-piece, moved the two pensive figures of Meynell and Alice.

From a covert of thorn in the park, a youth, who had retreated into its shelter on their approach, watched them with malicious eyes. Another man was with him — a sheepish, red-faced person, who peered curiously at the little procession as it passed, about a hundred yards away.

"Quite a family party!" said Maurice Barron, with a laugh.

In the late evening Meynell returned to the Rectory, a wearied man, but with hours of occupation and correspondence still before him. He had left Hester with Alice Puttenham, in a state which Meynell interpreted as at once alarming and hopeful: alarming because it suggested that there might be an element of passion in what had seemed to be a mere escapade dictated by vanity and temper; and hopeful because of the emotion the girl had once or twice betrayed, for the first time in the experience of any one connected with her. When they entered Alice Puttenham's drawing-room, for instance,— for Hester had stipulated that she was not to be taken home,— Alice had thrown her arms round her, and Hester had broken suddenly into crying, a thing unheard of. Meynell, of course, had hastily disappeared.

Since then the parish had taken its toll. Visits to two or three sick people had been paid. The Rector had looked in at the schools, where a children's evening was going on, and had told the story of Aladdin with riotous success; he had taken off his coat to help in putting up decorations for an entertainment in the little Wesleyan meeting-house of corrugated iron; the parish nurse had waylaid him with reports; and he had dashed into the back parlour of an embarrassed small tradesman, in mortal fear of collapse and bankruptcy, with the offer of a loan, sternly conditional upon facing the facts and getting in an auditor. Lady Fox-Wilson, of course, had been seen, and the clamour of her most unattractive offspring allayed as much as possible. And now, emerging from this tangle of personal claims and small interests, in the silence and freedom of the night hours Meynell was free to give himself once more to the intellectual and spiritual passion of the Reform movement. His table was piled with unopened letters; on his desk lay a half-written article and two or three foreign books, the latest products of the Modernist movement abroad. His crowded, belittered room smiled upon him as he shut its door upon the outer world; for within it he lived more truly, more vividly, than anywhere else — and all the more since its threadbare carpet had been trodden by Mary Elsmere.

Yet, as he settled himself by the fire with his pipe and his letters for half an hour's ease before going to his desk, his thoughts were still full of Hester. The incurable optimism, the ready faith where his affections were concerned, which was so strong a note of his character, was busy persuading him that all would be well. At last, between them, they had made an impression on the poor child; and as for Philip, he should be dealt with this time with a proper disregard of either his own or his servants' lying. Hester was now to spend some months with a charming and cultivated French family. Plenty of occupation, plenty of amusement, plenty of appeal to her intelligence. Then, perhaps, travel for a

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couple of years, with Aunt Alice — as much separation as possible, anyway, from the Northleigh family and house. Alice was not rich, but she could manage as much as that, if he advised it, and he would advise it. Then, with her twenty-first year, the crisis must be met and the child must know! Lovers would be a difficulty then, as now; but it would be a cold-blooded lover that would weigh her story against her face.

Yet, comfort himself as he would, dream as he would, Meynell's conscience was always sore for Hester. Had they done right — or hideously wrong? Had not the child been sacrificed to the mother? Were not all their devices a mere trifling with nature — a mere attempt to "bind the courses of Orion," with the inevitable result in Hester's unhappy childhood and perverse youth?

The Rector, as he pulled at his pipe, could still feel the fluttering of her thin hand in his. It seemed to stir in him again all the intolerable pity, the tragic horror, of the past. Poor, poor little girl! But she should be happy yet, "with rings on her fingers," and everything proper!

Then, from this fatherly and tender preoccupation he passed into a more intimate and poignant dreaming. Mary in the moonlight, under the autumn trees, was the vision that held him — varied sometimes by the consciousness of her in that very room, sitting ghostly in the chair beside him, her lovely eyes wandering over its confusion of books and papers. He thought of her exquisite neatness of dress and delicacy of movement, and smiled happily to himself. "She must have wanted to tidy up!" And he dared to dream of a day when she would come and take possession of him — books, body, and soul — and gently order his life. . . .

"Why, you rascals!" he said jealously to the dogs, "she fed you — she stroked and petted you — I know she did. Out with it! She likes dogs — you may thank your lucky stars she does!"

But they only raised their eager heads and turned their loving eyes upon him, prepared to let loose pandemonium as soon as he showed signs of moving.

"Well, you don't expect me to take you out for a walk at ten o'clock at night, do you — idiots!" he hurled at them reprovingly; and, after another moment of bright-eyed interrogation, disappointment descended, and down went their noses on their paws again.

His trust in the tender steadfastness of Mary's character made itself powerfully felt in these solitary moments. She knew that while these strenuous days were on he could allow himself no personal aims. But the knowledge that he was approved by a soul so pure and so devout had both strung up all his powers and calmed the fevers of battle. He loved his cause the more because it was ever more clear to him that she passionately loved it, too. And, sensitive and depressed as he often was,— the penalty of the optimist,— her faith in him had doubled his faith in himself.

There was a singular pleasure, also, in the link his love for her had forged between himself and Elsmere — the dead leader of an earlier generation. "Latitudinarianism is coming in upon us like a flood!" cried the *Church Times*, wringing its hands. "In other words," thought Meynell, "a New Learning is at last penetrating the minds and consciences of men — in the Church no less than out of it." And Elsmere had been one of its martyrs. Meynell thought with emotion of the emaciated form he had last seen in the thronged hall of the New Brotherhood. "*Our* venture is possible — because *you* suffered," he would say to himself, addressing not so much Elsmere as Elsmere's generation, remembering its struggles, its thwarted hopes, and starved lives.

And Elsmere's wife? — that rigid, pathetic figure, who, before he knew her in the flesh, had been to him, through the reports of many friends, a kind of legendary presence — the embodiment of the Old Faith. Meynell only knew that, as far as he was concerned, something had happened — something which he could not define. She was no longer his enemy; and he blessed her humbly in his heart. He thought also, with a curious thankfulness, of her strong and immovable convictions. Each thinking mind, as it were, carries within it its own Pageant of the Universe, and lights the show with its own passion. Not to quench the existing light in any human breast, but to kindle and quicken where no light is; to bring for ever new lamp-bearers into the Lampadephoria of life, and marshal them there in their places, on equal terms with the old, neither excluded nor excluding: this, surely, this was the ideal of Modernism.

Elsmere's widow might never admit his own claim to equal rights within the Christian society. What matter! It seemed to him that in some mysterious way she had now recognised the spiritual necessity laid upon him to fight for that claim; had admitted him, so to speak, to the rights of a belligerent. And that had made all the difference.

He did not know how it had happened. But he was strangely certain that it had happened.

But soon the short interval of rest and dream he had allowed himself was over. He turned to his writing-table.

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What a medley of letters! Here was one from a clergyman in the Midlands:

"We introduced the new liturgy last Sunday, and I cannot describe the emotion, the stirring of all the dead bones, it has brought about. There has been, of course, a secession; but the church at Patten End amply provides for the seceders, and among our own people one seems to realise at last something of what the simplicity and sincerity of the first Christian feeling must have been! No 'allowances' to make for scandalous mistranslations and misquotations — no foolish legends or unedifying tales of barbarous people — no cursing psalms — no old Semitic nonsense about God resting on the seventh day, delivered in the solemn singsong which seems to make it not only nonsense but hypocrisy. . . .

"I have held both a marriage and a funeral this week under the new service-book. I think that all persons accustomed to think of what they are saying felt the strangest delight and relief in the disappearance of the old marriage service. It was like the dropping of a weight to which our shoulders had become so accustomed that we hardly realised it till it was gone. Instead of pompous and futile absurdity — as in the existing exhortation and homily — beautiful and dignified quotation from the unused treasures of the Bible. Instead of the brutal speech, the crudely physical outlook of an earlier day, the just reticence and nobler perceptions of our own, combined with perfectly plain and tender statement as to the founding of the home and the family. Instead of besmirching bits of primitive and ugly legend, like the solemn introduction of Adam's rib, in the prayers, a few new prayers of great beauty. Some day you must tell me who wrote them, for I suppose you know? — (and, by the way, why should we not write as good prayers to-day as in any age of the Christian Church?) Instead of the old 'obey' for the woman, which has had such a definitely debasing effect, as I believe, on the position of women, especially in the working classes — a formula, only slightly altered, but the same for the man and the woman. . . . In short, a seemly, and beautiful, and moving thing, instead of a ceremony which, in spite of its few fine, even majestic elements, had become an offence and a scandal. All the fine elements have been kept and only the scandal amended. Why was it not done long ago?

"Then, as to the burial service. The Corinthian chapter stripped of its arguments which are dead, and confined to its cries of poetry and faith which are immortal, made a new and thrilling impression. I confess I thought I should have broken my heart over the omission of 'I know that my Redeemer liveth'; and yet, now that it is gone, there is a sense of moral exhilaration in having let it go! One knew all the time that whoever wrote the poem of Job neither said what he was made to say in the famous passage, nor meant what he was supposed to mean. One was perfectly aware, from one's Oxford days, as the choir chanted the great words, that they were a flagrant mistranslation of a corrupt and probably interpolated passage. And yet, the glory of Handel's music, the glamour of association, overcame one. But now that it is cut ruthlessly away from those moments in life when man can least afford any make-believe with himself or his fellows — now that music alone declaims and fathers it — there is the strangest relief! One feels, as I have said, the joy that comes from something difficult and righteous *done* — in spite of everything!

"I could go on for hours telling you these very simple and obvious things which must be so familiar to you. To me the amazement of this movement is that it has taken so long to come. We have groaned under the oppression of what we have now thrown off, so long and so hopelessly; the Revision that the High-Churchmen made such a bother about a few years ago came to so little; that now, to see this thing spreading like a great springtide over the face of England is marvellous indeed! And when one knows what it means — no mere liturgical change, no mere lopping off here and changing there, but a transformation of the root ideas of Christianity; a transference of its whole proof and evidence from the outward to the inward field, and therewith the uprush of a certainty and joy unknown to our modern life — one can but bow one's head, as those that hear mysterious voices on the wind.

"For so into the temple of man's spirit, age by age, comes the renewing Master of man's life — and makes His tabernacle with man. 'Lift up your heads, O ye gates, and be ye lift up, ye everlasting doors, and the King of Glory shall come in.'"

Meynell bowed his head upon his hands. The pulse of hope and passion in the letter was almost overpowering. It came, he knew, from an elderly man, broken by many troubles, and tormented by arthritis, yet a true saint and at times a great preacher.

The next letter he opened came from a priest in the diocese of Aix:

"The effect of the various encyclicals and of the ill-advised attempt to make both clergy and

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laity sign the Modernist decrees has had a prodigious effect all over France — precisely in the opposite sense to that desired by Pius X. The spread of the movement is really amazing. Fifteen years ago I remember hearing a French critic say — Edmond Schérer, I think, the successor of Sainte-Beuve: 'The Catholics have not a single intellectual of any eminence — and it is a misfortune for *us*, the Liberals. We have nothing to fight — we seem to be beating the air.'

"Schérer could not have said this to-day. There are Catholics everywhere — in the University, the École Normale, the front ranks of literature. But, with few exceptions, *they are all Modernist;* they have thrown overboard the whole *fatras* of legend and tradition. Christianity has become to them a symbolical and spiritual religion, not only personally important and efficacious, but of enormous significance from the national point of view. But, as you know, *we* do not at present aspire to outward or ceremonial changes. We are quite content to leaven the meal from within; to uphold the absolute right and necessity of the two languages in Christianity — the popular and the scientific, the mythological and the mystical. If the Pope could have his way, Catholicism would soon be at an end — except as a peasant-cult — in the Latin countries. But, thank God, he will not have his way. One hears of a Modernist freemasonry among the Italian clergy — of a secret press — an enthusiasm like that of the Carboneria in the '40's. So the spirit of the Most High blows among the dead clods of the world — and, in a moment, the harvest is there!"

Meynell let the paper drop. He began to write, and he wrote without stopping, with great ease and inspiration, for nearly two hours. Then, as midnight struck, he put down his pen and gazed into the dying fire. He felt as Wordsworth's skater felt on Esthwaite, when, at a sudden pause, the mountains and cliffs seemed to whirl past him in a vast headlong procession. So it was, in Meynell's mind, with thoughts and ideas. Gradually they calmed and slackened, till at last they passed into an abstraction and ecstasy of prayer.

When he rose, the night had grown very cold. He hurriedly put his papers in order before going to bed, and, as he did so, he perceived two unopened letters which had been overlooked.

One was from Hugh Flaxman, communicating the news of the loss of two valuable gold coins from the collection exhibited at the party: "We are all in tribulation. I wonder whether you can remember seeing them when you were talking there with Norham? One was a gold stater of Velia with a head of Athene."

The other letter was addressed in Henry Barron's handwriting. Meynell looked at it in some surprise as he opened it, for there had been no communication between him and the White House for a long time.

"I should be glad if you could make it convenient to see me to-morrow morning. I wish to speak with you on a personal matter of some importance — of which I do not think you should remain in ignorance. Will it suit you if I come at eleven-thirty?"

Meynell stood motionless. But the mind reacted in a flash. He thought:

"*Now* I shall know what she told him in those two hours!"

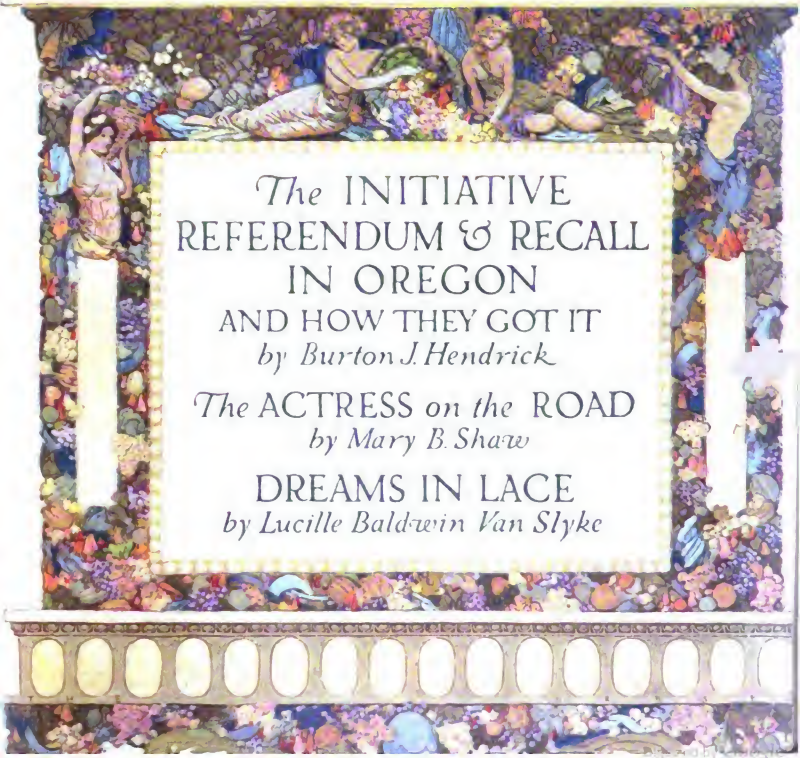
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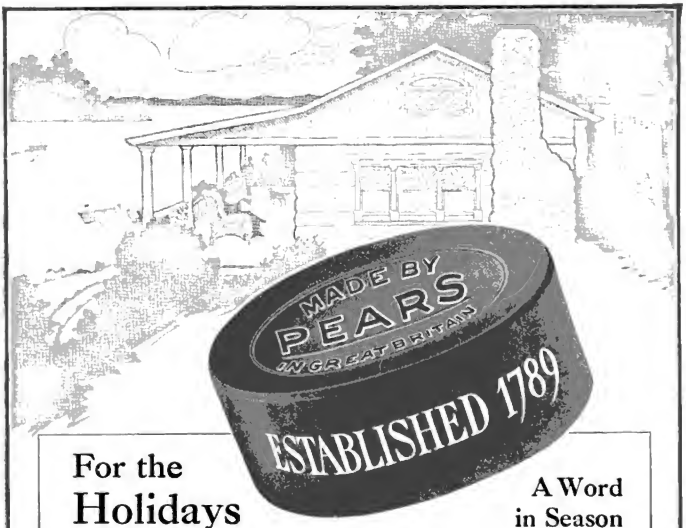
JULY 1911 FIFTEEN CENTS



The INITIATIVE REFERENDUM & RECALL IN OREGON
AND HOW THEY GOT IT
by Burton J. Hendrick

The ACTRESS *on the* ROAD
by Mary B. Shaw

DREAMS IN LACE
by Lucille Baldwin Van Slyke



For the Holidays

A Word in Season

It is well to remember that in going from home, changed conditions of existence are temporarily experienced, which often act unpleasantly upon the skin. This may make what would otherwise be an enjoyable holiday an uncomfortable one.

The best safeguard against skin troubles of this kind is to wash the skin frequently and freely with PEARS' SOAP which protects the skin by its soft, pleasant, emollient action, and at the same time ensures the fullest beauty of complexion of which the skin is capable; that is why it is called the Beauty Soap.

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OF ALL SCENTED SOAPS PEARS' OTTO OF ROSE IS THE BEST.

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UNDER THE WILLIAMSBURG BRIDGE

BY

FLORENCE WILKINSON

I LOVE the massed humanity, each curious wrinkled face
Of this crude helter-skelter market-place
Beneath the huge abutments of the bridge.

In the vast cluttered twilight of the piers
The shiny heaps of horrible fishes lie,
Each with an opaline leer in his flat eye.
How adamant their courage who take and touch
These limp, long monsters of the slimy smutch!

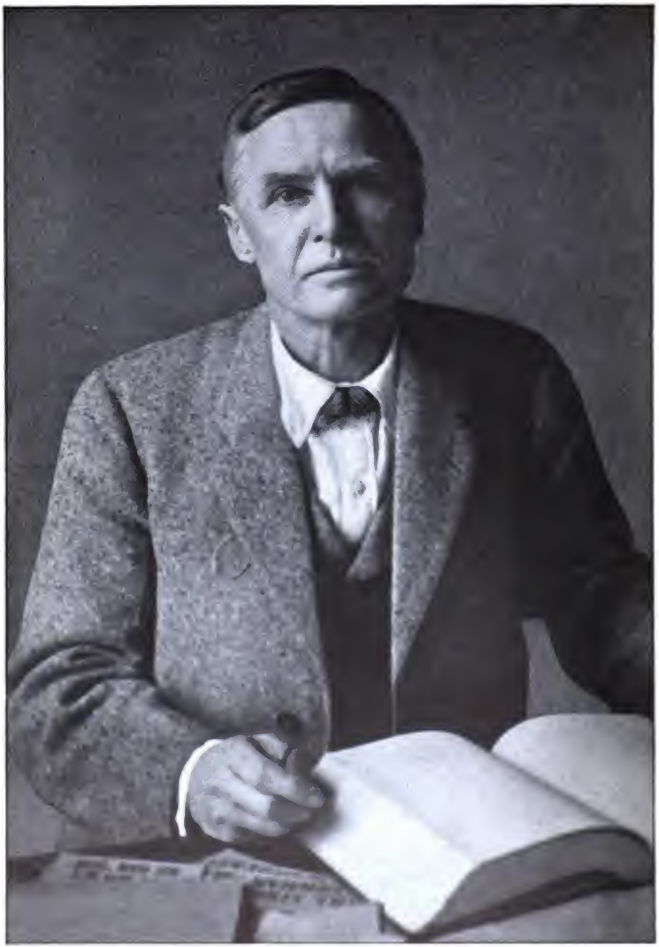
The ancient women have abundant wit,
And like staunch bales they plant their knees and sit.
Frilled femininity — what do they know of it?
They shake their cotton stuffs, and woe, say I,
To him who lingers, lingering not to buy!

There stride two Russians in tall furzy caps;
They wore them on the frozen steppes, perhaps.
Now by the East River in the grotesque dark,
They wear them still, distinguished, passionate, stark,

In this gross nether circle, full of red-rimmed eyes,
Of fins and smutty wings and harpy cries,
Where these two bushy bonneted black kings
Rule the grim realm of startling under-things.

Such epic arms, such Chaldee length of beard,
And the wolf-glare of men in tyranny reared.
Always the colloquial frenzy of these folk
Seems murderous, such the madness of their croak
In the fierce tongue their Slav forefathers spoke.
Absorbed they with the solemn primitive greed
That spurs us all, each soul unto his need.

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WILLIAM S. U'REN, THE LEADER OF THE MOVEMENT FOR POPULAR GOVERNMENT IN OREGON

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McCLURE'S MAGAZINE
VOL. XXXVII JULY, 1911 No. 3

THE INITIATIVE AND REFERENDUM AND HOW OREGON GOT THEM

BY

BURTON J. HENDRICK

AUTHOR OF "GOVERNOR HUGHES AND THE ALBANY GANG," "McADOO AND THE SUBWAY," ETC.

NOTHING is more significant of the popular attitude toward political organizations than the movement, now rapidly spreading all over the United States, for the Initiative, the Referendum, and the Recall. Six Western State legislatures, in the last few months, have adopted constitutional amendments providing for these measures. The more conservative East, which a few years ago was ridiculing them as wild Populistic vagaries, is now beginning to give them respectful attention. How marked is the change in public opinion was evidenced only the other day, when Woodrow Wilson, for several years president of Princeton University, now Governor of New Jersey, and one of our leading academic authorities on politics and government, announced his conversion.

"For twenty years," said Governor Wilson, "I preached to the students of Princeton that the Referendum and Recall was bosh. I have since investigated, and I want to apologize to those students. It is the safeguard of politics. It takes power from the boss and places it in the hands of the people. I want to say with all my power that I favor it."

For the origin of this popular movement in the United States we must go back nearly twenty years, to a series of meetings held in an unpretentious farm-house in Milwaukie, Clackamas County, Oregon. The first inspiration had been given by a Reverend M. V. Rork, an ex-Unitarian clergyman, who came roaring through rural Oregon in the early '90's as the representative of the Farmers' Alliance. Rork was one of those Populistic agitators whom the Eastern newspapers so dearly loved to caricature; his lectures were directed against the railroads, Wall Street, and the existing political parties, and his favorite remedy was the combination of the farmers and the working classes against exploiting "capitalism." He made a business of organizing branches of the Farmers' Alliance, and with great success. In western Oregon, in particular, his progress was the heralding of a new political age.

Milwaukie, a village of perhaps a thousand people, located in one of the most fruitful sections of the beautiful Willamette Valley, about seven miles south of Portland, was the gathering-place of an energetic and intelligent yeomanry. Here the farmers thought and read and closely followed political movements and all important public questions. There was one family, in particular, which for many years had acted as an intellectual stimulus upon the town. Seth and Alfred Luelling were especially favorable specimens of rural Americanism — of the sturdy and honest pioneers who had crossed the plains in ox teams and laid, in Oregon, the foundations of one of America's greatest commonwealths. They were prosperous nurserymen; they owned and cultivated several hundred acres; and, in their own profession, they are known as the creators of the famous "Bing" and "Luelling" cherries. But they were more than fruit-grow-

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ers; they were natural philosophers: though academically uneducated, they had definite ideas on most religious, political, and economic questions. Almost inevitably their ideas were revolutionary. In religion they were spiritualists; Seth Luelling's house, indeed, was the local headquarters of spiritualism long before it became the meeting-place of political malcontents. The very room where the agitation for popular government in Oregon started had been for many years previously the scene of spiritualistic séances. Many of America's leading spiritualists were the Luellings' intimate friends. Elizabeth Cady Stanton had also visited the Luellings' home and had written from there on questions concerning women.

A Group of "Advanced Thinkers"

The Luellings organized the Farmers' Alliance Lodge in Milwaukie, and the Luelling farmhouse became its official headquarters. Here Seth and Alfred gradually drew about them a philosophic group and held weekly meetings for the discussion of current events. All their associates belonged to the class known, in those days, as "advanced thinkers." An "advanced thinker" was usually a man who declaimed vigorously against the extortions of the railroads, who considered that both political parties existed only to serve the interests of corporate wealth, who believed in the free coinage of silver at the ratio of sixteen to one, and in the single tax. His chief idol among public men was usually Henry George; his greatest aversion, Grover Cleveland — Mr. Cleveland was then well launched in his second term. The Luelling group represented certainly all the forces of unrest that were soon to blossom into the Populist party — farmers' alliances, granges, knights of labor, labor-unions, greenbackers, Socialists, and the rest. At one of these Thursday evening meetings one could usually hear irreverently discussed nearly all the most sacred American institutions — the Supreme Court, the United States Senate, the representative system of government, even the Constitution itself. Many tenets then regarded as Socialistic — such as governmental ownership of railroads — likewise found hearty indorsement here. Women participated in the proceedings almost as generally as men; and one of the strongest articles of the Luelling faith — as it afterward became of the Populist party — was woman suffrage. The company frequently interrupted the political arguments with incursions into polite literature; they read and discussed good books; and one of the most entertaining members was a well-known Shakespearian "reciter," John D. Stevens.

William S. U'Ren

Cranky, irresponsible, half baked — all these things, in conservative eyes, the little assemblage certainly was; yet it was alive and stimulating. Out of this, and out of thousands of similar groups then scattered through the West, developed many of the ideas that have now reached the full dignity of practical politics. In the fall of the year 1892 the Luelling lodge admitted an important new member. This was a wanderer with a strange name — William Simon U'Ren.* Mr. U'Ren, like the Luellings, was a spiritualist, and, like most other spiritualists in that part of the country, he naturally gravitated toward the Luelling headquarters. He was then about thirty-two years old — tall, slender, blue-eyed, yellow-haired, not in the best of health, but with an engaging manner, a ready tongue, and a quiet and deliberate interest in public questions. Although a young man, U'Ren had lived in many States and had acquired at first hand much political information. Radicalism he had breathed in as a child. His mother was a hardy Cornish woman; his father — still living and a Socialist at seventy-six — was an Englishman who, as a young man, had become dissatisfied with the political and social system of England, and had sought new ideals in this country. Here, as a blacksmith, he had prospered, but he had failed to find the equality and political morality of which he had dreamed. U'Ren's earliest recollections, as a child, were of fireside discussions of the land system in England; his father is still helping a brother in England to pay rent upon a house which their own grandfather built in the eighteenth century. There seemed something wrong in all this, but U'Ren could not quite understand where the fault lay.

The elder U'Ren had something of a library, in which William read as a boy; but his mother's reading of the Bible gave him his real education. "I was especially fond of the Old Testament leaders," he says, "Moses and the rest; I suppose it's because they were never satisfied with things as they were, but were always kicking." This training he supplemented by the usual course in the public schools of Colorado. Born in Wisconsin in 1859, he "vibrated," to use his own expression, for several years around the West, engaging in several occupations. He was, at various times, a blacksmith in the railroad yards at Denver, a bookkeeper, a shorthand writer, and a lawyer. He frequently took a hand in politics; he knew Colorado intimately, and here he first came into personal contact with political corruption. Going from one State to another — Colorado, Nebraska,

* Accent on the last syllable.

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Kansas, Iowa, California among others — he saw everywhere the same conditions, the same clear and simple system — the assumption of governmental powers by the forces of wealth. All these apparent facts, however, confused his mind. He saw no way out, no remedy. One day, in the mining camp of Tincup, Colorado, a friend handed U'Ren a book that had been recently written by a Californian. It was "Progress and Poverty." U'Ren's mind had already proved a receptive field for many revolutionary ideas; he was already a paper-money man; and in Henry George's work he found, or thought he found, a genuine political purpose in life. U'Ren has never been an agitator of the type frequently met with in the West — never a ranter, never ill-tempered, unreasonable, or dogmatic, but always soft-voiced, insinuating, persuasive, as good at listening as at talking. And now he brought all these gifts to bear in his missionary labors for the single tax. "Now I began to see why we were paying rent on a house our own grandfather had built in England a hundred years ago," he says; and it was this enthusiasm that he brought to the weekly gatherings at the Luelling household.



JOHN H. MITCHELL, WHO FAILED OF REËLECTION TO THE SENATE IN 1897 BECAUSE HE OPPOSED THE INITIATIVE AND REFERENDUM AMENDMENT

Oregon Hears of the Swiss System

He was a valuable acquisition. The reformers had been to a great degree inarticulate and purposeless, and in U'Ren they found their leader. He became a member of the Luelling household, and a partner with Seth Luelling in the nursery

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HARVEY W. SCOTT, THE HORACE GREELEY OF THE PACIFIC COAST. HE FAVORED THE REFERENDUM IN THE EARLY DAYS, ALTHOUGH AFTERWARD HE OPPOSED IT

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business. Hard times soon fell upon U'Ren, the Luellings, and all the rest of their associates. The panic of 1893 virtually ruined the orchard and nursery business, and financial gloom settled down upon Clackamas County. Farm products could not be sold; debts began to accumulate, farms to be mortgaged and foreclosed. U'Ren, who was at the time unmarried, lived in a little cabin on the Luelling estate. The philosophic group still held their weekly meetings, and constantly discussed their troubles. They could see only one cause for them — Wall Street, capitalism, the "money trust," the "railroad trust."

One evening Alfred Luelling brought to the gathering a copy of a new, paper-covered book. It was called "Direct Legislation by the Citizenship, through the Initiative and Referendum," and was written by J. W. Sullivan. Strange words, these — Initiative and Referendum. Several years before this, when he was crossing the ferry from San Francisco to Oakland, some one had handed U'Ren a labor-union circular on the "Initiative"; but hardly any other member of the group had heard of this governmental device. All were greatly interested, however, while Alfred Luelling read a few chapters to them. He could not finish the book at one reading, and after the meeting had adjourned, U'Ren took the volume and retired to his cabin. There, all night long, by the light of a little kerosene lamp, he pored over Sullivan's work. By sunrise he had read and digested every word.

"I forgot, for the time, all about Henry George and the single tax," he says. "All these I now saw to be details. The one important thing was to restore the law-making power where it belonged — into the hands of the people. Once give us that, we could get anything we wanted — single tax, anything."

Sullivan's teachings were radical because they proposed to modify seriously the fundamental principle of American government. The men who framed the federal and the State constitutions unquestionably accepted, as a political maxim, the idea that democracy could work successfully only as long as the people ruled, not directly, but through elected representatives. They had no abiding confidence in an unrestrained democracy. Hamilton and his associates had constantly before them the historic failures — the Greek cities — in which the people exercised directly, in person, the law-making power. In the American Constitution, therefore, they separated as much as possible the law-making and the executive bodies from the people who elected them. Virtually all of the American States had followed the federal example. Oregon, in 1893, had such a representative system. This idea regulated every phase of its public life.

According to the representative idea, the rank and file could serve no useful purpose in making laws. They were a "mob." They were ignorant, capricious, unthinking, and were constantly led astray by their own passions. Could a "mob" vote upon laws — give a simple "yes" or "no" upon proposed measures of legislation? The suggestion, of course, was absurd. The one thing that the people could be trusted to do was, at stated intervals, to select, among the candidates proposed by the several political parties, the men who should make law-making their exclusive business. After selecting these representatives the voters lost all control of them. Such legislators simply ruled by royal ukase for the period for which they were chosen. If they did ill, the people had no recourse; they could not themselves undo their acts; they could not obtain the measures that their real interests demanded. Their only recourse was to wait until their representatives' terms had expired, and then elect a new set, who might go on betraying their trust precisely as had their predecessors. Under a properly regulated representative system such as the fathers of the Republic had foreseen, these things, of course, would never have happened. The men chosen by the people would be supremely wise and supremely good; they would be the State's leading men — its great educators and philanthropists, its honorable leaders in business, finance, professional life, arts and letters — men whose only possible motive in public life would be an unselfish interest in the public welfare.

Representative Institutions in the "Oregon Country"

Oregon had adopted a constitution, in 1859, founded upon this idea. How had it worked in practice?

This beautiful far-Western State apparently offered a fruitful field for such an idyllic experiment. Nature had endowed the soil with almost exhaustless wealth. The "Oregon country" is a lotus-eating land. Roses bloom in December, and crops burst out of the ground with the smallest amount of human labor. Almost tropical in its vegetative exuberance, it has nothing enervating in its climate. The women are robust, animated, alert; the men, tall, ruddy-faced, bright-eyed, are extraordinarily energetic. In its settlement, Oregon drew upon many of the best elements in the American stock. The Western coast was settled largely by New Englanders, many of them sea-

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faring people. There is a tradition that, when the time came to name their leading city, the pioneers tossed a coin to determine whether they should call it Portland or Boston; and Portland, to-day, with its central green, its general atmosphere of quiet respectability, strongly resembles a New England town. The State has always been mainly agricultural. Even now the population is only about seven hundred thousand. Only one third live in the cities — the rest are found on the wheat farms, in the apple orchards and berry fields, on the lonely sheep and cattle ranches. Anglo-Saxondom is the largest element in its population, while its foreign population represents the better European peasant types — Irish, Scotch, Germans, and Scandinavians.

Here, if anywhere, this unmodified representative system, this full flower of Teutonic civilization, ought to bring happiness and justice to the people. A complete analysis, however, shows that in practically every branch of government it had been a humiliating failure. Even among American State governments, Oregon enjoyed a unique distinction for the corruption and inefficiency of its public life. It had a representative government, indeed, but not a government representative of its people. In 1893, when the Luellings, U'Ren, and the Milwaukie group began to reform the State, one could hardly say that popular government, in any real sense, existed at all. There was merely a skeleton — a hollow frame of representative institutions. The power that did select its representatives was made up of the corporations — the street railway, the gas and electric light companies, the banks, the railroads. With these had developed a kind of feudal aristocracy — the "first families of Portland" — which habitually used public powers for private ends.

"Representatives" in Parties and Government

These several extra-constitutional powers had acquired possession of the government by using agencies the existence of which Hamilton and his associates had not foreseen. The fathers never seemed to anticipate, for example, the inevitable development of political parties. They provided that our representatives should be elected, but neglected an even more important detail — that, before being elected, they should be nominated. Under the representative system, the men who make the nominations clearly control the government. In Oregon, as elsewhere, an elaborate machinery had been devised for making these nominations. It was not direct; like the government itself, it was purely "representative." The fact that the people had themselves no immediate choice, but expressed their preferences through representatives chosen by other representatives whom the people themselves sometimes selected, gave them little interest or influence in the proceedings. Thus there grew up a professional class which made a business of working this party machinery.

Oregon's "Wisest" and "Best"

In character the representatives thus selected fell far short of the Hamiltonian ideal. There were thousands of splendid, honest, able, patriotic gentlemen in Oregon — but they were not found, except rarely, in the legislature. Instead, there were briefless lawyers, farmless farmers, business failures, bar-room loafers, Fourth-of-July orators, political thugs. The larger part of these men were ignorant, illiterate, lazy, politically and personally immoral. As soon as the legislature convened, a troop of prostitutes quite regularly encamped at Salem — the law-makers, in some cases, attaching them to the State pay-roll. Drunkenness and debauchery commonly prevailed throughout the whole legislative session. These legislators organized in the interest of the corporations; the latter named the officers and the committees, and directed legislation.

How Switzerland had Driven the "Interests" Out of Politics

With Luelling, U'Ren, and the other members of the Milwaukie group, these conditions had for some time formed the staple of discussion. The reformers made little practical headway, however, until they read and pondered Sullivan's book and other literature of the same kind. Sullivan's volume described how, thirty or forty years before, essentially the same conditions had prevailed in Switzerland. There also, in that pastoral Republic, the "interests" had annexed the government, and had used it to increase their wealth. They were just about the same kind of interests that were exploiting Oregon — the railroads, the banks, the "plutocracy," and the corrupt politicians. There, too, there had been political machines and political bosses; legislatures had been corrupt and bribery had been common. In seeking a way of escape, a small group of Swiss reformers, in the '30's and '40's, began to advocate a general system of popular law-making. For centuries six Swiss cantons — Uri, Glarus, and the double cantons of Appenzell and Unterwalden — have been pure democ-

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racies. Here, once a year, usually on a Sunday in May, the mountaineers gather in the meadow, pass laws by a show of hands, and exercise in person all the functions of government. These *Landsgemeinden*, the direct descendants of the Teutonic folkmoots, had long been an object lesson to the Swiss people. The writings of their celebrated philosopher, Rousseau, always an advocate of legislation directly by the people, had also become a part of the national political consciousness.

The cantons in which the *Landsgemeinde* ruled, however, were small, and the town-meeting idea was obviously impracticable in sections where the population reached into the tens of thousands. The reformers, therefore, originated what was essentially a new scheme. They provided for the retention of their representative chambers, and arranged that these chambers should still have charge of legislation. They simply reserved to the people two powers, one to pass laws themselves, the other to veto any obnoxious law passed by the legislature. The first power they called the Initiative, the second the Referendum. In several cantons all laws, before they became effective, had to be indorsed by a majority of the voters; in others, the acts of the legislature became laws without submission, unless a certain percentage of the freemen petitioned for a popular vote.

Sullivan's book, as well as many others written upon the same subject, claimed for these new measures unqualified success. Practically all the abuses that had prevailed under the former system had disappeared. Public life had become orderly and decent; the cantonal legislatures had ceased their turmoils and become honest and businesslike; bribery and corruption had disappeared; and in all its branches Switzerland, which had been one of the worst governed countries in Europe, had gradually become one of the best. Many great national reforms had been instituted. The State, instead of being owned by the railroads, now controlled these corporations — in recent years the government has actually owned them. Switzerland regulated the liquor traffic by making alcohol a State monopoly. The people had obtained an equitable system of taxation, had voted large appropriations for building highways and for other public purposes. Above all, the Swiss people had developed a new political sense, had a keen interest in public affairs, and kept fruitful watch over their legislatures. Unquestionably, at times they had made mistakes; but that the new system was of immense value, on the whole, seemed to be the judgment of nearly all who had investigated it.

A Movement of the Farmers and Working Classes

The Luelling group now began what developed into a ten years' agitation. They soon founded a definite organization — a "Joint Committee on Direct Legislation." They invited the State Grange, the Oregon Farmers' Alliance, the Portland Federated Trades, the Portland Central Labor Council, and the Oregon Knights of Labor to send delegates to discuss ways and means of getting the Initiative and Referendum. In order to make the meeting representative, they sent a similar invitation to the Portland Chamber of Commerce. All except the latter body accepted. The meeting was held in U'Ren's cabin on the Luelling estate. Although the popular movement in Oregon is now comprehensive, in that representatives of all social classes are supporting it, this preliminary meeting emphasizes distinctly that in the early days it was confined to the farming and the wage-earning class. Among the most active of the delegates were A. I. Mason, then a leader in the Carpenters' Union and afterward a letter-carrier; George M. Orton, a printer; G. G. Kurtz, a cigar-maker; T. E. Kirby, a representative of the Knights of Labor; Nathan Pierce, president of the Oregon Farmers' Alliance; and W. D. Hare, from the State Grange. Nearly all of these men were familiar with the Initiative and Referendum in their own organizations — for years it had been their regular way of making laws. Unquestionably they regarded the reform as the most effective way of redressing their grievances — what they looked upon as the oppression of "capital."

This little band decided to strive for one thing — a convention for the revision of the Constitution, this revision to provide for the Initiative and Referendum. A change that would give legislative power to the voters necessarily required a change in this fundamental instrument.

Many Swiss and New Englanders in Clackamas County

For some time the seat of war was Clackamas County. Here the reformers found conditions favorable to their demands. The county is one of the most beautiful and prosperous in the State, and its people are unusually industrious and intelligent. Fortunately for the proposed reform, a considerable part of its population is German-Swiss. In Milwaukie where the movement started, at least half of the population are Swiss. These settlers brought with them many memories of popular law-making in their fatherland; they could remember the days

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MISS FLORENCE OLSEN, WHO STUMPED FOR THE INITIATIVE AND REFERENDUM AMENDMENT

when, after church on Sundays, they used to assemble on the village green, and, by uplifted hands, pass their own laws and select their own rulers. Another considerable element in the population were New Englanders. With them, also, law-making by the people was not revolutionary or strange; for generations the freemen of the New England towns had met annually in town meetings, laid their own taxes, made their own appropriations, and chosen their own "selectmen." Naturally, these two classes of citizens, the Swiss and the New Englanders, needed little instruction; they eagerly fell into line to educate their less experienced neighbors.

Women Active in the Movement

The movement was a popular one in every sense of the word. In view of present-day discussions of the fitness of women for public affairs, it is interesting to note that, in accomplishing this the most revolutionary governmental change in the last half century, women played a conspicuous part. As a preliminary step, U'Ren and his associates issued a pamphlet discussing the proposed constitutional reforms — a small document that ultimately had a circulation of fifty thousand copies in English and fifteen thousand in German. They had little money, and everybody, men, women, and children, had to help. The printers' unions did the printing; the women did the stitching; the children did their part in the distribution. In the winter of 1894–95 nearly every farmer household in Milwaukie spent its evenings in this work. Several women took to the stump. Mrs. Sophronia Luelling, Seth Luelling's wife, was especially influential as a speaker at meetings of the Alliance and the Grange. A number of young school-teachers traveled over the country, addressing meetings in schoolhouses. Miss Florence Olsen was most active in this work. It had been the custom to hold social gatherings in these school-houses, at which the people turned out in families; the farmers' wives prepared the supper, and the evening was spent in discussing matters affecting their personal welfare. These gatherings brought together just the crowds desired: there were no politicians — there were only the people. Miss Olsen and her associates made a business of attending these functions and discussing the "I and R," the discussions being invariably followed by debate. Both men and women supplemented these discussions by personal appeals. They canvassed the whole country: John D. Stevens traveled on foot all over Clackamas County, carrying the gospel to every farmhouse. All this time Sullivan's book was doing excellent service; thousands of copies were printed and circulated through the State, and each thumbed copy made the round of many farm-houses.

Together with their exhortations the campaigners circulated a petition humbly requesting the sovereign legislature of Oregon to call a constitutional convention. They obtained fifteen thousand signatures, all of voters, out of a total electorate of eighty thousand. They also took pains to pledge as many candidates as possible to vote for such a bill. When the legislature of 1895 convened, U'Ren, who had established his headquarters in the State Capitol, believed that he had pledged votes enough to pass the bill. But the predominant Republican machine energetically opposed it. It is significant of the change in Oregon's public life that the most ferocious enemy of the reform in the session of 1895 was Judge Henry E. McGinn, who is at present one of the leaders in the popular movement. But Mr. McGinn was then merely the Senate leader of the Republican machine.

The Legislature Breaks Its Pledge

U'Ren haunted the legislature day and night, gently buttonholing members in the interest of his proposed convention. Few law-makers understood what he was talking about, but they

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all liked him for his mild manner and his amiable persistence. But he didn't make any headway with the legislature. In fact, many members who had pledged themselves to support the bill ostentatiously voted against it. It was perhaps just as well that they did. At that time U'Ren and his followers demanded a compulsory Referendum — a constitutional change requiring that all laws, before becoming valid, should receive the popular indorsement. Such a plan was impracticable, as the reformers soon decided. When they next appeared in public, therefore, they asked merely for the Referendum in its optional form — a provision that laws passed by the legislature should be submitted when eight per cent of the voters petitioned for such submission. They had also abandoned the idea of a constitutional convention, and merely asked for an amendment to the constitution providing for their reform.

The part that U'Ren played in the next session, that of 1897, clearly demonstrated that he had developed political talents of his own.

Reform Indirectly a Result of Senator Mitchell's Free-Silver Policy

Much political history had been made in these two intervening years. The free-silver issue, which had so completely demoralized and disrupted political parties in the other Western States, had played havoc in Oregon. Indirectly it was the means of giving Oregon its popular laws. For many years Senator John H. Mitchell had been the leading politician in the State. No man in Oregon's history has ever aroused so strong a popular enthusiasm; even to-day, in spite of Mitchell's miserable and disgraceful end, the average Oregonian will defend his memory. The outsider, who has never succumbed to Mitchell's personal influence and knows him only by the facts of his career, cannot quite understand the affection in which he is still held. Mitchell spent his early days as a school-teacher in Pennsylvania, under the name of John M. Hipple, and went to Oregon in 1860. From the first he was successful in politics. He had the personal graces that count for everything in a young community — good looks, amiability, generosity, force, and a certain dash and aggressiveness that passed for intellectual brilliancy. He early associated himself as a lawyer and political adviser with Ben Holliday, a Kentucky stage-driver, who first began building railroads in Oregon. A remark attributed to Mitchell — "Ben Holliday's politics are my politics and what Ben Holliday wants I want" — sums up his system of political morals. Mitchell early formed a law partnership with



MRS. SETH LUELLING, ONE OF THE FOREMOST WORKERS FOR THE OREGON REFORM

Joseph N. Dolph, and in the late '60's took into his office, first as a law student and afterward as a clerk and partner, Mr. Joseph Simon — of whom more will be heard. For many years this law firm was virtually the governmental headquarters of the State — managed Republican politics, ruled the State legislature, and made and unmade United States senators. In the course of thirty years four members of this firm went to the United States Senate. Up to 1892 it not only dominated the State politically, but acted as counsel to the Southern Pacific Railroad. For many years its junior member, Joseph Simon, has been the officially recognized head of the State machine.

Mitchell's third term in the United States Senate was to expire on March 4, 1897. In the campaign of the preceding fall — the Presidential gold-silver campaign of 1896 — his reelection had figured extensively as an issue. Up to the time of McKinley's nomination, Mitchell had been the leading free-silver Republican in Oregon. His speeches on this subject in the Senate had been uncompromising, had received wide publicity, and had unquestionably strengthened his chances of reelection to the Senate. In those days State elections took place in June, and consequently Mitchell adherents to the legislature had been chosen before the national Republican convention had met and before any

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weakening in Mitchell's free-silver advocacy had become known.

Jonathan Bourne, of New Bedford

Mitchell's campaign manager in 1896 was another Republican aggressively in favor of free silver — one of the most remarkable men in the State, Jonathan Bourne, at present senior United States senator from Oregon. All his life Bourne had feasted on excitement and adventure. He was born in New Bedford, in 1855, of wealthy parents. He spent three years at Harvard, but left college to go to sea. The voyage proved to be an exciting and memorable one; Bourne cruised for a time around China, was wrecked off Formosa, and was finally picked up and carried to Portland, Oregon. This was about 1880, and Portland was then a small town with not more than forty thousand people. Bourne liked it, and decided to stay. He read law and was admitted to the bar, but did not practise extensively. It was inevitable that a man with Bourne's activity and interest in life should take a hand in politics, for politics, in those days, furnished the chief entertainment for young men in Oregon. He unquestionably had brains, much masterfulness in handling men, great intensity, and, with it all, remarkable energy and aggressiveness. He was subject to sudden enthusiasms, and, while the spell lasted, was absolutely impenetrable to other interests. But Bourne did not make much headway because of what his enemies called his "destructive" tendencies. He accepted, as a matter of course, the prevailing political morals — that there could be any other way of doing things had not at that time occurred to him. But his fondness for "smashing things," his disinclination to play any game according to established rules, accounted for the distrust in which he was held by the machine leaders.



JONATHAN BOURNE IN 1897, WHEN, WITH U'REN AND OTHERS, HE HELD UP THE OREGON LEGISLATURE AND PREVENTED IT FROM ORGANIZING

Bourne Elects a Mitchell Legislature

In 1896 Bourne had been seized by one of those engrossing enthusiasms to which he was subject. This time it was free silver. He himself had interests in silver-mines; in spite of this, his belief was undoubtedly sincere, and he certainly clung to it more consistently than did many of his associates. Indeed, all through the exciting time of 1896, he thought of nothing else, and talked of nothing else, but the crime of '73. His management of Mitchell's campaign illustrates the methods of electing United States senators that then prevailed in Oregon. Bourne had the handling of Mitchell's campaign fund, and advanced expenses to the Republican candidates for the legislature. In turn, he pledged these candidates to vote for Senator Mitchell. Bourne did not do this in any half-hearted manner; he tied these men up in writing — drawing up documents that had all the external appearance of contracts. Bourne himself was elected to this legislature from Portland, and the agreement made between himself and Mitchell was that he was to be made Speaker of the House.

Mitchell Changes His Free-Silver Views and Drops Bourne

Long before the legislature convened, however, Mitchell had changed his position on the financial issue. He altered his views to correspond with the gold plank in the national platform. Instead of being the great champion of the silver cause in Oregon, he was denounced from one end of the State to the other as a "gold-bug." Mitchell did not attempt to conceal the reason for this turn-about; the federal administration had informed him that no silver man could be elected senator from Oregon. And, in order to carry out the program in full,

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Mitchell also had to turn against Bourne, the man who had made his election absolutely certain. In the presidential campaign Bourne had supported Bryan — a course that, in Mitchell's view, made him unavailable as the Speaker of a Republican Assembly. In fact, Mitchell believed that he would lose several votes if Bourne received this office.

Harvey W. Scott, the Pacific Coast Greeley

There were still further complications. Joseph Simon, who became President of the Senate, was then engaging in one of his periodical feuds against his old law partner, Mitchell. He was working hard for Mitchell's defeat, and ostensibly for the election of a rich Portland banker, ex-Senator Henry W. Corbett. Another power hostile to Mitchell was Harvey W. Scott, the brilliant editor of the Portland *Oregonian*. Scott was an old-fashioned journalist, whose activities were by no means confined to his editorial sanctum. In fact, for many years he had been one of the dictators of the Republican party in Oregon. As a newspaper man, Scott had a hold upon the respect and affection of the farmers in the North Pacific region comparable only to that held, in the 50's and '60's, by Horace Greeley in the North Atlantic and Middle Western States. "What does old man Scott say?" was the first question asked by the average Oregon farmer, as each new issue came up for discussion. Born in Illinois in 1838, Scott had come to Oregon in 1852, traveling over the plains with an ox-team. As a boy he had helped to build a home in the wilderness — felling trees, working in sawmills and in the open fields, spending his evenings over the few books the pioneer household provided — the Bible, Shakespeare, and Milton. He lived these early days at his father's farm near Olympia, on Puget Sound; and at nineteen, after serving two years in a bloody Indian war, he heard of the establishment of an educational institution at Forest Grove, Oregon, under the pretentious title of the Pacific University. That was a long way off, in those days; there were no railroads or stage-coaches; but Scott made a bundle of the few books and clothes he possessed, threw them across his back, and started on a long tramp.

The country was so primitive that he had to swim across the Columbia and the Willamette rivers. When he passed through Portland, the city in which his great journalistic triumphs were afterward to be won, it was a straggling, muddy village. He walked fifty miles a day, ultimately reached the "university," and became its first graduate. This training and the studious habits of a lifetime made Scott an excellent scholar,— a good Latinist, fond of a daily dip into his Horace and Virgil, an expert in philosophy and theology, and well read in history, economics, and English literature. He became editor of the *Oregonian* in 1865, when it was a feeble broadside, and soon made it the one great intellectual newspaper of the Pacific States. Scott's editorial style was keen, stinging, Dana-esque, full of epigrams and pointed quotation, having a literary finish strangely out of keeping with his rude frontier environment. Judged by modern journalistic standards, however, Scott had many limitations. He had little real independence; he was constantly taking a hand in politics; and he judged most public men and public questions from a purely personal standpoint. His usefulness was injured by the consuming ambition of his life — his desire to represent Oregon in the United States Senate. The politicians constantly played upon this ambition, and cajoled Scott many times into supporting unworthy men and unworthy causes. At certain critical times, however, Scott's per-



SETH LUELLING, A FAMOUS OREGON NURSERYMAN AND ORCHARDIST, AT WHOSE FARM-HOUSE THE POPULAR MOVEMENT IN OREGON STARTED

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sonal convictions rose superior to these influences, and one of these occasions was this campaign of 1896. He threw all of his energies into the gold-standard fight, and was the chief power in saving Oregon for a sound currency. This explains his hostility to the reëlection of Mitchell — the man who had so ignominiously eaten his own words on this issue.

Certainly here was a remarkable legislative situation. Mitchell had enough pledged votes to secure reëlection to the Senate. Bourne had been dropped by Mitchell and was now exerting all his energies to accomplish his defeat. Simon, the State boss, was working in the interest of another candidate, and Scott, also powerful politically, would go to almost any extreme to punish Mitchell and retire him to private life.

Who could possibly turn such a situation to any public good? There was one man who saw in it his opportunity — a chance to accomplish a cherished reform. That was William S. U'Ren.

Mitchell Opposed Initiative and Referendum

U'Ren had his own grievance against Senator Mitchell. In the course of the campaign of 1896, U'Ren had sounded Mitchell on the Initiative and Referendum. "Yes," said Mitchell, "that's all right — I think that amendment should be submitted."

U'Ren and his associates, therefore, regarded Mitchell as pledged to their reform. His support, indeed, was almost indispensable. In this same election U'Ren himself was chosen to the legislature from Clackamas County, as a Populist. All the farmers, with their wives and children, turned out, and, although the section had been overwhelmingly Republican for years, carried him into the legislature by a large majority. In the campaign U'Ren supported Bryan and free silver, but he talked of little except the Referendum. Sixteen Populists were elected, all pledged to this amendment; and of these U'Ren at once became the leader. In this capacity, after the election, he called upon Mitchell at his home — to make sure that he was still friendly to the cause.

"Well, Senator," he began, "I congratulate you; you certainly will be reelected."

"Oh, yes," replied Mitchell, "I have three Pops you can't take away from me."

"And I suppose you will help us get the Initiative and Referendum?"

"Hum!" — and Mitchell glanced down on the floor and stroked his patriarchal white beard. "If I were you, I don't think I would introduce that this session."

Mitchell afterward denied that he had intended, by these words, to notify U'Ren that he would not support the amendment; but U'Ren and his associates certainly so understood him. Mitchell's corporation allies, they believed, had forbidden any such revolutionary legislation. Two years before, a majority in the legislature had pledged themselves to the measures, and then had remorselessly broken their pledges. And now once more the farce was to be reënacted.

In order to understand subsequent events, one must clearly understand U'Ren's attitude toward the existing governmental system. If we are to indorse his legislative methods, we shall have to revise considerably our political morals. In discussing that famous session of 1897, U'Ren makes no attempt to conceal the facts and exculpate himself; he simply played the game, he says, according to the prevailing rules, and used such methods as he found ready to his hand.

"Politics," he says, "is war"; and at that time he was engaged not only in a war, but in a revolution. He had absolutely no respect for the existing political institutions; the State of Oregon was owned bodily by property interests and corporations; U'Ren and his followers were rebels — their one aim was to destroy this system and restore the governmental powers to the people. As, in war, the general's business is to grasp every opportunity, with not too scrupulous a regard for the rules that regulate everyday social intercourse, — to employ spies, to lay mines, to deceive, — so in this revolutionary uprising U'Ren believed that any methods were justifiable, provided only they succeeded. "For many years," says U'Ren, "I had seen reformers go in, and, using reform methods, accomplish nothing. I had tried to get the Initiative and Referendum in a respectable way twice — once in 1895 and here again in 1897. Both times our representative legislators had deceived and betrayed us. I now decided to get the reforms by using our enemies' own methods — by fighting the devil with fire."

The present writer makes no attempt to defend U'Ren's attitude; he wishes merely to explain it. The ethics of the procedure each one must settle for himself.

U'Ren Plays Upon the Weaknesses of Politicians

U'Ren clearly understood one important point: that politicians are invariably opportunists, and look upon important public movements only as they affect their immediate personal interest. His experience with the present agitation had taught him that. He now proceeded to play upon this common trait.

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He could get nothing out of Mitchell; if he was to succeed at all, he must work with Bourne, Simon, Scott, and the other anti-Mitchell men. The situation, as he saw it, was simple enough. What did he want most of all from that legislature? The passage of the Initiative and Referendum amendment. What did Bourne, Simon, and the others desire above everything else? The defeat of Mitchell as United States senator. U'Ren's plan, therefore, was to make an offensive and defensive alliance with the anti-Mitchell element. If they would pledge themselves to help along his reform, he and his Populist following would pledge themselves to help defeat Mitchell.

In other words, U'Ren and Jonathan Bourne made a "deal." But it was a "deal" rather difficult to carry out. Mitchell had his votes all pledged; and the remarkable feature of the situation was that Bourne himself had secured these pledges. When the legislative hangers-on first heard of the arrangement, therefore, they simply laughed. As soon as the legislature convened and organized, they said, its first act would be to elect Mitchell United States senator.

Bourne and U'Ren acknowledged that this was entirely true. That was precisely the reason, they added, why the legislature was not going to organize—unless it could organize in their way.

Machinery of Government Stops in Oregon

When the time came for law-making, the Oregon Senate came to order, permanently organized, elected Joseph Simon President, and prepared for business. But in the House matters went more slowly. The body organized temporarily, but got no further. Instead it split into two practically equal parts. One part was composed of Republicans strongly favoring the reëlection of United States Senator Mitchell. This organized as a rump assembly, but had no quorum, and so could do no business. Joseph Simon, as President of the Senate, steadily refused to recognize the body as the lower house. The second part was composed of nine Simon Republicans, five silver Republicans, three Democrats, and thirteen Populists. Jonathan Bourne led the Republican and Democratic insurgents, while William S. U'Ren commanded the Populists. This second group declined to associate with the first. It would not go into the House and help organize; it would not go into caucus to choose a United States senator: its members would not even take their oath of office. They made no secret of their motives. They sent emissaries to the regulars, proposing conditions upon which they would assume their constitutional functions. These were:



U'REN'S CABIN IN MILWAUKIE, OREGON. HERE WAS HELD, IN 1893, THE MEETING OF FARMERS AND WORKINGMEN THAT GAVE OREGON ITS SYSTEM OF POPULAR LAWS

First: That Senator Mitchell should not be returned to Washington, but that some candidate satisfactory to the Simon wing should be chosen.

Second: That Jonathan Bourne should be elected Speaker of the House.

Third: That the Legislature should pass the Initiative and Referendum amendment, a registration law, and other remedial legislation.

Thus all elements in the insurrectionary band were to receive a *quid pro quo*. And they made a solemn compact to hold together. Unless the Mitchell people accepted these terms, there would be no legislative session that year.

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Of course, Mitchell did not capitulate; and there followed probably the most disgraceful episode in the whole history of American legislatures. In Oregon the wheels of government ceased to turn; law-making stopped, no appropriation bills were passed, the ordinary routine of State business came to an end. Forty years of corruption in the legislature had reached a logical outcome in anarchy. In order to reform the State government on a new basis, U'Ren had abolished the old system. For forty days — the length of the session in Oregon — the lawmakers hung around the bar-rooms, or sat listlessly on the Capitol steps, spitting tobacco juice and swapping stories. To provide them with entertainment, Bourne fitted up elaborate personal headquarters in Salem. When he ran for the United States Senate, in 1906, Bourne issued a pamphlet in which he described this establishment in detail:

"Those who were in the Bourne headquarters almost every day say," reads this pamphlet, "that Mr. Bourne rented all the available rooms in the Eldridge block, in Salem, hired two cooks and a waiter, fitted up a kitchen and dining-room, and entertained his friends as he would if they were guests at his own home. Two or three of his closest political friends made his quarters their home while in Salem. Others who had rooms elsewhere were frequent visitors at his headquarters and were often guests at his table. His steward supplied the table with the best the markets afforded, and every visitor who came was royally entertained."

On the whole, the Bourne-U'Ren combination succeeded. Bourne accomplished his main purpose — Mitchell's defeat. He did not obtain the Speakership: nor did anybody else; and on this score Bourne was satisfied. Simon had also defeated Mitchell; and, at the special session called next year to elect a United States senator, Simon himself received the prize. U'Ren did not get his Initiative and Referendum amendment that year, but he did receive the promises of his allies that at the next legislature it would go through.

And they kept their word. When a new legislature convened in 1899, one of its first acts was the passage of the resolution calling for the submission of this amendment. It was adopted by a large majority. Senator Mitchell had learned his lesson. For breaking his pledges to U'Ren two years before he had lost a United States senatorship. He still aspired to reëlection, and he now respected U'Ren's ability and power. Just before the session of 1901 opened, U'Ren called upon him — precisely as, four years before, he had sounded him on the proposed reform.

"You and I have had some troubles, Senator," U'Ren began.

Mitchell raised his hand in gentle deprecation.

"That's right, U'Ren," he said; "we *have* had troubles. But they are all in the past. If we have any more they'll be in the future. My friends will help you to get your Referendum through."

Two years after the legislature had adopted the Referendum amendment, Mitchell was reëlected, for his fourth term, to the United States Senate.

By this time the movement had become respectable. The Populist party was dead; U'Ren himself had failed of election to the Senate in 1898; but the Initiative and Referendum had survived. The Oregon Constitution, however, was rather difficult to amend. The legislature had to pass an amendment at two succeeding sessions before it could be submitted to the people. U'Ren organized a Direct Legislation League, and succeeded in getting into it some of the "leading citizens" of the State — bankers, big merchants, and the like. Even W. D. Fenton, one of the counsel to the Southern Pacific Railroad, contributed fifty cents to the cause. All political parties, except the Prohibitionist, indorsed the innovation in their State conventions and Harvey W. Scott supported it in the *Oregonian*. The amendment, therefore, went smoothly through two different legislatures, and came up for popular indorsement in the election of 1902. There was a feeling, among certain pessimists, that the people would vote it down — constitutional amendments always seemed to fail in Oregon. They did not understand, however, the popular demand for this change. It was the custom in those days for candidates to distribute cards containing their pictures and declaration of principles, and in the election of 1902 one candidate shrewdly printed on his card, in red ink: "Vote for the Initiative and Referendum amendment." This advice made him so popular that virtually all the others followed his example. That the people of Oregon really demanded this law-making power was shown when the ballots were counted.

The amendment had been adopted by a vote of eleven to one, and, in this quiet revolution, political power in Oregon had been transferred from the bosses and the corporations to the citizenship.

IN THE AUGUST NUMBER OF McCLURE'S MR. HENDRICK WILL DESCRIBE THE INITIATIVE AND REFERENDUM IN OPERATION

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Dreams in Lace

by Lucille Baldwin Van Slyke

Author of "The Rug of Her Fathers," "The Tooth of Antar," etc.

Illustrations by Wladyslaw T. Benda

WHEN the early spring wind, languorous and sweet, blew softly through the open window, Leila, the mother of Antar and Nazileh Sewaya, dropped her slender hands in her lap and sighed. The lace-hook, heavy and blunt, slipped from her fingers and the ball of coarse thread rolled unheeded to the floor. Leila closed her tired eyes.

Sounds from the noisy court below her, a polyglot Babel of many women and children, she did not heed; they were ever in her ears. The hoarse, sweet horns of the water-craft in the bay beyond — they, too, were part of her daily life, and she did not think of them. She scarcely heard the familiar chatter of her children, Nazileh's little guttural giggles and the baby's answering chuckle.

Leila, Umn Antar, was listening to a thing very far away — the song of a desert lark in far-off Syria. She heard it distinctly; she leaned back her head, and her lips moved softly:

"Love, love, in vain we count the days of spring.
Lost is all life's pain,
Lost in the songs we sing.
Sunshine and summer rain,
Winter — then spring again!
Still the years — but we die."

Leila shivered as she remembered the words she had once sung to the song of the desert lark.

But the little spring wind, very kind to her, wafted such a gentle wave of sweetness to her weary heart that she smiled through her tears.

She reached out mechanically for the lace-hook, groping without seeing, and somehow her fingers touched one of the smaller tools. She did not use them often in these days; the coarser laces could be made more quickly and sold more readily. But when she felt the little hook in her fingers she did not put it down, but rummaged idly for the finer thread, and soon she was fashioning a tiny flower in lace. Fairylike stitches formed the wee petals, little loops of thread made the stamens; it was like the small sand-lily that blossoms on the plains in the spring, only it grew more swiftly.

Antar, rolling across the floor in his hitchy modè of navigation, gave a crow of delight as his chubby fingers touched the forgotten ball of thread. He promptly set his teeth into it. Nazileh flew at him with loving reproaches.

"Little gray owl," she scolded in Arabic, "is that a food for thee?" She rocked him boisterously until she had wrenched the moist ball from his tenacious fingers, then she carried the rescued thread across the room to her mother.

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"BUT UMN ANTAR COULD NOT SMILE, SHE BENT OVER HER LACE-HOOKS, TURNING THEM MORE SWIFTLY IN HER SLENDER BROWN HANDS"

"See what this one would eat," she said; and then she saw the tiny flower that had blossomed in the woman's fingers.

"*Aie! Aie!*" she cried in extravagant delight, "thad ees mos' nice! Geeve it ad me!"

Umn Antar's hands closed jealously over the bit of lace.

"It is not thine!" she answered sharply.

"But I leeke thad I see," coaxed Nazileh, impudently trying to open the closed fingers. "Eet ees so nice, thad leetle flower o' lace. Please!"

The fingers uncurled slowly. Leila was blushing under her lovely olive-tinted skin.

"Thad not anytheeng," she murmured, somewhat dazed; and suddenly she twitched impetuously at the thread and raveled it away.

"But I leeke thad I haf —" wailed Nazileh. "Do nod break eet!"

"Eet was break long ago." Umn Antar laughed unpleasantly. "Forgeet eet!" And she pushed her little daughter from her roughly, as she caught the coarser thread from her hands. A moment later the big, blunt hook was flying

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to and fro, making crude wheels of lace for Nikola Haddad, the lace importer.

Nazileh pouted, her thick lips pursed naughtily, and her sloe-black eyes snapped with rage.

"Bad woman!" she muttered, and flew back to Antar to kiss him tempestuously. "I weel love thees one," she cried tauntingly to her mother, "and shall not permeet thad he love thee — ah, no!"

Umn Antar laughed indulgently.

"You ees buzz leeke *bisbis*, the leetle sand-fly," she answered, "but you ees nod bite efen so hard as he!"

The little girl forgot her wrath completely.

"*Hisbis!*" she murmured, giggling over the funny new word, "*bisbis!*"

"*Hee¿bee¿!*" mimicked the baby; and then they played at being sand-flies until it was almost dark.

Then Nazileh got up and poked about the big chest fretfully. "Thees *rekef* — eet ees all dry," she whined, pushing contemptuously at the small, flat round loaf she found. "Geeve me money to geet mor'."

Umn Antar shook her head.

"Eat thad!" she ordered sharply, "and feed Antar also!"

All the whimsical laughter and scolding of the afternoon seemed to have died away with the daylight. The once pleasant breeze had grown cold. Leila jerked the window shut when her baby son cuddled fretfully in her skirts. In the light of the smoky lamp she bent more closely over her laces. She was weaving a ribbon-like strip that dangled before Antar's groping fingers. When he caught it at last and was tucking it in his mouth, she pushed him roughly from her toward his sister, who was struggling with a colossal task — "home-workin' reethmedics."

"Put thees babee ad bed," ordered the mother; "he ees make me crazee. Go thou, too; eet ees late." She scolded fretfully all the time Nazileh was tucking the rugs about the struggling baby, and when they were at length quiet she murmured the bedtime benediction mechanically, scarcely stopping to lift her sleep-heavy eyes from her work.

Leila was not only tired — she was hungry; and her greedy babies had left not so much as a crumb. Once she reached out her hand toward the knitted purse in the chest; but she shook her head doubtfully and went on working. She did not stop until the ill-smelling lamp was guttering out.

Nor did the morning dawn more happily.

"*Nawi yamtor* [the world rains]," cried Nazileh pettishly, when Antar had roused her. Umn Antar, sedate and grave, made answer with Oriental resignation:

"Eet ees a custom een thees land of Br-rooklyn. Fret nod; eet weel change notheeng."

She had moved her bench close to the window; already her fingers were tying the preliminary knot into which she would slip the hook. And already Nazileh had discovered that there was no more bread. This time the child did not ask for money. She eyed her mother shrewdly, shrugged her shoulders, and explored the farthermost corners of the chest. She found some wheat kernels and a bit of sugar. Nazileh tied them into a scrap of cloth and tucked them into the baby's whimpering mouth. Then she stood obediently at her mother's side.

"Me — I haf to take those ol' home-workin' reethmedics for thad teecha to mar-rk wr-rong," she sighed.

Umn Antar kissed her suddenly.

"Thou art a good child," she murmured in Arabic, her voice thrilling gratefully. "May Allah make smooth thy path this day!"

"Thad ees whad Allah haf to do een Syree-ah," giggled Nazileh, artfully trying to provoke an answering laugh in the sad-eyed little mother; "but een Ameerca — ah, no! Thad man call White Weeng — he ees make smooth the way — weeth a shovel so beeg!"

She stretched her thin arms in extravagant gesture.

But Umn Antar could not smile. She bent over her lace-hooks, turning them more swiftly in her slender brown fingers. The little girl sighed as she gave Antar a moist farewell. His thick red lips were still busy with the wheat kernels, but his dark eyes threatened sudden tears. Nazileh tickled his neck deftly, provoking a mirthful little chuckle.

"*Aie!*" she cried triumphantly, when Umn Antar glanced briefly at her boy. "Ees he nod a nice, naughty babee — leesten 'ow he ees laugh for thee!"

But when she turned for a last look at the adored baby she saw a tear falling on her mother's laces. She fled abruptly, inexplicable misery flooding her sensitive heart. At the corner a familiar blue coat, disappearing within a doorway, brought a wise look into her black eyes.

"Ah — eet ees thad collec' man thad ees make my mothaire weep," she sighed; "eet ees thad bad, bad day of rent."

Rent was a grim specter that pursued the little family. No sooner did Nazileh begin to gloat over the extraordinary number of coins that jingled in the knitted purse, counting them over with proud accuracy when her mother commanded, than there appeared the "collec' man," who took them all away and left only a scrap of paper in return.

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Breakfastless mornings and supperless evenings preceded and followed the ominous visitor. Nazileh had learned to endure patiently, usually managing to forage some bit or other for the beloved brother. She had long since ceased to question, save with her pleading eyes; but she pondered much.

This particular day she walked home from school very slowly. Her dusky lashes curled heavily into the little shadows of hunger that darkened the bronze-tinted cheeks. Her black hair curled more closely than usual about her delicately veined temples in the moist spring air.

"Nigger wool! Nigger wool!" teased Geraldine Schmidt, the Dutch baker lady's daughter.

Nazileh turned on her fiercely.

"*Bass baqua!*" she hissed belligerently, "or I weel make a feeve ad you." She doubled her fist ominously.

Geraldine, unimpressionably Teutonic as she was, desisted at this dire threat, for she, like all the other children of the neighborhood, had a superstitious terror for this mysterious stretching out of the fingers, called "making fives," with which their Oriental playmates sometimes threatened them. She paused on the curbstone, clutching a fat cake from which one Gargantuan bite was still crumbling in her mouth.

"I was yust a-kiddin'," she apologized. "Don't get a mad on so soon yet. Curls is *schöne;* mein mama makes mit rags on mein baby's hair by Sunday."

Nazileh was eyeing the little cake craftily.

"You ees scare of feeves, Cheraldeen?" she asked adroitly.

Geraldine shivered.

"Eef thad you ees geeve me thad cake," bargained the little Syrian, "maybe I goin' to tol' you a ver' nice char-rm thad ees sometime scare off a feeve."

Geraldine tucked the cake behind her; her stolid lips moved in question. A bargain involving one small cake was cheap indeed when one's mother had windows full of sugary confections of every hue and size.

"Feerst I mus' haf thad cake," persisted Nazileh, her eyes narrowing shrewdly.

Geraldine reached forward the cake. Her dusky-eyed friend clutched it and fled.

"Do nod make tr-rouble, stupeed one," she cried, as she turned the corner, her voice insolent with victory. "Eef thad you do nod make tr-rouble, nobodee goin' to make feeves ad you!"

She scuttled happily up the stairway.

"*Aie!*" she called. "Where ees thad mos' bes' nice babee een Ameerca? Thad mos' bes' nice babee een world chography?"

Antar stretched out his brown hands eagerly. He champed his few teeth into the cake greedily, smearing himself with the sticky pink icing. His sister eyed him wistfully, catching up the crumbs as he dropped them and tucking them into her own mouth.

"Thad ees mos' nice!" she sighed.

"Where didst thou get the foolish thing?" questioned Leila, trying to speak lightly.

Nazileh laughed. She seated herself cross-legged before her mother, half closed her eyes, and began to romance. Bit by bit she built up a wonderful tale of the cake—a tale so artless, so simple, and so effective that Leila's eyes glistened with pride; a tale, moreover, so exciting that the woman forgot for the moment her unhappy knowledge of her little daughter's hunger, and in the joys of creation Nazileh herself forgot the hunger pain.

"An' thees man," she concluded dramatically, "he cry out ver' loud:

"'Oo ees eet thad ees do thees? Whad lofely Ameercan ge-url haf do the ver' bes' reethmedic home-workin's? An' thees correc' workin' on thees blackness of board?' Teecha she say, 'Eet ees Nazileh Sewaya, daughtaire to the lofely Umn Antar, forty-neen of Deex Street.' And thad man"— she leaned forward breathlessly — "whad you s'pose? He say, 'Take thees el'gant cake; presen' eet to thad smart ge-url.' Ah, me — I win eet as a prize for Antar!"

In proof of all of which, she dragged forth from her stocking-top a smudgy, inky sheet, and passed it gravely over for Leila to inspect.

Umn Antar looked at it proudly upside down, vainglorious of the many crosses in red ink and a legend at the top in "teacher's" writing that said: "All wrong — correct after school." She folded the precious document and thrust it into the girdle of her dress.

"Dear heart," she murmured sweetly, "thy father would have been proud of thee!"

"*Aie!*" exulted Nazileh, springing up. "Me — I theenk you see I ees the stuff!"

She scampered about busily, getting Antar ready for his afternoon outing. At the doorway she held up his little hand, trying to have him make the pretty Arabic gesture of farewell.

"Say 'goo' day!'" she admonished. "Thad ees politeness ad a mothaire! Oxcuse, leetle mothaire of my heart. He nod can do — he ees too leetle!"

To Leila, sitting alone at her laces, grief came once more when the sound of their happy voices left her. She rocked herself and moaned.

And thus Umn Fâris, her neighbor, came upon her when she clambered up the stairway to gossip with the little widow who had come from her own village. Umn Fâris was old and sad; yet she found some small measure of peace

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in her adopted land, and she sighed compassionately when she beheld the unhappy Leila.

"All is not grief," she said; "this know I, even though I carry always a burden of past sorrows."

Toil and hunger and the sight of her hungry children Leila had endured staunchly; but this crumb of sympathy completely broke her courage. She wept forth her sorrows to the crumpled old woman.

"Of all who live in this land I am most unhappy," she sobbed, with Oriental extravagance. "Rent and hunger pursue me forever, hast called stupid! Thou canst not do as much!"

Umn Fâris inspected the bit of paper gravely, but she shook her head.

"Neither thou nor I learned such folly in our country," she decided, "yet we learned to earn our bread. It is like all the other foolishness of this strange land. They show a woman-child how to write like a man — who then shall do the woman-child's work? Allah help us, we cannot eat pretty writing! This is a wonder child indeed, Umn Antar; her fingers are swift for play, but they cannot make lace!"



"'THEN WHY DOST THOU LET THY CHILD RUN IDLE IN THE STREETS?'"

and I have nothing with which to fight them but" — she paused and caught up her forgotten work, and her voice broke in a little sob of grim laughter — "lace!"

Umn Fâris scowled; her swarthy forehead wrinkled itself in heavy horizontal lines. "Then why dost thou let thy child run idle in the streets?" she demanded.

Leila stared at the old woman in amazement.

"Nazileh — my pretty one," she faltered,— "ah, she ees too small a one for toil!"

"Too stupid!" taunted Umn Fâris craftily.

Leila's head lifted proudly, and she pulled the tattered "reethmedic" paper from her girdle and waved it before Umn Fâris' dim eyes.

"There, thou voice of slander," she cried, "see what that one can do — that one thou

"It is too hard for her," faltered Leila.

Umn Fâris shrugged her shoulders. "The lot of all women is too hard," she grumbled. "Allah has let us blossom like the flower only to labor like the ox—*schut!* We may idle only when we are too young to care or when we are too old to enjoy.

"Nazileh," she ended sharply, as the children came rollicking through the doorway, "tell thy mother to teach thee sense — to show thee how to make lace."

Nazileh settled the heavy baby on his rug and clapped her hands.

"La, la!" she laughed naughtily. "Me — I leeke thad I make lace so." She flung herself into a monkeyish heap and wriggled her slender fingers in an implike imitation of her mother's

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busy hands, glancing slyly upward for their answering smiles. "Poof — to make lace — thad ees a ceench!"

After Umn Fâris had gone the little girl was very merry. She chattered incessantly as she prepared their supper. For, while she was playing in the street, Abu Asaad, their grandfather, had given her a coin for Antar; and Antar — Nazileh giggled as she reported this delicious impossibility — had said to her in "Ameercan En'leesch," "Geet a hustl' on you, Nazileh; geet my sooper quick!" The baby crowed, as she told this absurd lie, as if he would corroborate the tale; and presently they were all three eating hungrily, stuffing in great mouthfuls with deep sighs of content. When the lamp was lighted, Umn Antar fingered her work uneasily and stared at her little daughter.

"Come by my side," she said doubtfully, thrusting the hook into the child's fingers; "play thou art a wee spider and spin me a web — so."

Nazileh laughed.

"Een school," she prattled, "I seeng I ees a spider:

> "All round an' round an' round
> Eet spun a web so fin'!

Ees thad nod funny? Me — I ees goin' to seeng thad nice song all the days I make thees lace."

But alas for the webs that the little spider spun! She did not laugh and sing about them very long. Every afternoon she sat industriously at her mother's feet, patiently copying the simple patterns that were put before her. The big, dark eyes grew more solemn, the little childish giggle came less frequently; but the slender fingers grew steadily more familiar with the task, and presently the "home-workin' reethmedic" book lay forgotten in the corner, in spite of teacher's constant scolding.

For the "reethmedic" of how many wheels of lace at four cents each a little girl can make in the golden hours from three in the afternoon until bedtime was a far more difficult problem than any in the stupid book.

To her little outside world the child held up her pride as a shield.

"Aw, come on out to play after," pleaded Tommy O'Brien, when school was over.

Nazileh shook her head, a glint of the old-time fun in her eyes.

"Me — whad for I wan' to?" she asked craftily. "Een th' 'ouse of my mothaire I haf a lofely playin'; I ees a leedle spider. Ah, mooch fun ees thad!"

"How?" insisted the literal Geraldine.

"Weeth thread an' a leedle hook," answered Nazileh unwarily, "makin' thad nice lace."

"Ach!" snorted Geraldine," that hain'dt fun! Sooner yet mein mama lets me take mein bruder *bei* air. It hain'dt healthy that I makes lace — lace is working!"

"Eet ees funs, Cheraldeen," persisted Nazileh wearily. "Me — I" — the voice faltered a moment, but then the lie came bravely — "me — I jus'ma-ak thad my mothaire let me do those lace — those nice leedle lace. She say, 'Nazli, go.' Me, I say, 'I leeke thad I stay — eet ees mor' — mor' styleesch to stay een 'ouse; bad sheeldrens run aroun' on street — een 'ouse ees where reech ladees' sheeldrens stay!' And she stalked away, her shoulders mincing proudly; but she could not look back to glory in their defeat, for her dusky eyes were full of tears.

The spring days lengthened sweetly; the wind and sunlight made the children frolic joyously in the streets. Nazileh heard them while she worked, and lifted pleading eyes to her mother. Antar fretted wearily. He was not so hungry in these days, but he longed for the out-door world that was denied him now that his sister was a wage-earner. Rent day was no longer so grim a specter; yet, somehow, Umn Antar's heart was filled with a vague misery that was even harder to endure. The baby's incessant whimpering irritated her, and the sight of Nazileh's bent shoulders reproached her constantly. Unconsciously she missed the sweet, bubbling laughter of the child's idle days. For Nazileh was silent like a drooping bird that cannot sing when it is caged. All the color and light of her lovely, dusky eyes were lost when she bent over the gray whiteness of the lace.

Some days she brooded sullenly, and her swarthy little face lost all its innocent charm in the ugly lines of care.

"Cheraldeen — she goes forth weeth tee-cha," she sighed once, "eento a lofely garden called Prospec' Par'; an' the gard'ner, he ees geeve her a lofely flower leeke thad." Her hands dropped idly. "Me — I weesch thad I go. Me — I 'mos' nevaire haf a lofely flower leeke thad." She sighed plaintively as she stared out of the window. "Mus' I make mor' lace to-day?"

Umn Antar shrugged her shoulders; the whining tones of the childish voice annoyed her.

"Why nod?" she asked. "Do I nod make more?"

Nazileh took up the task again slowly. She was thinking of the lovely flower that Geraldine had flaunted so selfishly; she dreamed of its slender stem, its glorious curving petals and the gleaming yellow stamens. Suddenly she caught her breath with delight and her eyes danced joyously. She remembered another flower, the flower of lace!

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"Me — I weel haf a flower," she whispered, 'mor' nice than thad of Cheraldeen."

In her excitement she finished the medallion carelessly, pulling the stitches too close. She was roused from her pretty fancy by the sharp chiding of her mother.

"Careless one!" scolded Umn Antar. "Look how you do." She snatched the lace away, raveling it apart swiftly. "Who would buy?"

Nazileh jumped to her feet. "I care nod!" she burst out passionately. "Me — I hate lenly, and began twisting it with great disgust. But presently, as she worked, the dream of the flower came back. She dropped the half-finished medallion and caught up a bit of thread; her eyes shifted anxiously from her mother to the thread. She drew a long breath and smiled. She would make the flower herself; her mother was too cross — she dared not ask her.

She worked breathlessly, twisting the hook too fast, tying the knots too loosely. Presently



"ALL THE COLOR AND LIGHT OF HER LOVELY DUSKY EYES WERE LOST WHEN SHE BENT OVER THE LACE"

medal'ons!" She stamped her foot. "I leeke thad they ees all dead! All eat up by" — she ended with a whimsical return of the old-time giggle — "all eat up by thad ol' goat thad deed put hees horn een the rug of my fathaires. Ees thad nod funny?"

Her good humor was quite restored by this nonsensical thought. "Ees thad nod fool-eesch?" she demanded, eager for applause.

But Leila would not laugh; her face darkened angrily. "Lazy child," she muttered, "do not idle."

Nazileh took up the unraveled thread sul-

she threw the intricate tangle of threads to the floor, and sobbed miserably.

"I nod can do!" she wailed. "I hate thees bad, bad lace!"

Umn Antar sighed compassionately.

"Go buy bread," she said soothingly, "an' a leetle *mamoul* for Antar."

Nazileh walked slowly to the shop. She was tired, she was cross, and her feet dragged wearily. But on the journey homeward she skipped gayly, singing a queer little song. A delicious plan had come to her. She would ask Umn Fâris to make the flower of lace. Umn Fâris

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knew all kinds of lace, even though her rheumatic old fingers were too stiff for agile work. She hurried along to the basement doorway where she knew she would find the old woman watching her grandchildren play in the gutter.

"Umn Fâris! Umn Fâris!" she cried, breathless and shy. "Me — I leeke thad I can do a flower o' lace — show me the way to do!"

Umn Fâris trembled with senile glee.

"Oh, ho!" she chuckled, "hast thou a lover, baby one? Art thou making wedding garments so soon, then?"

Nazileh listened, uncomprehending.

"Me — I nod weesch weddin' clothes," she answered impatiently. "Me — I jus' wresch thad I do thad flower o' lace — please to show me the way, Umn Fâris!" She fumbled in her dress. "See, I haf try — but I nod can do — eet ees too hard."

Umn Fâris held the queer tangle close to her dim old eyes.

"Thad ees too coarse thread," she muttered. "Wait —" and she went into the house for finer thread and a little hook.

Nazileh settled herself on the door-sill, breathless with expectancy. The brown, wrinkled fingers moved slowly, tremblingly; the stitches grew unevenly; but the little flower with its five slender petals, its threadlike stamens, and pretty stem was soon complete.

"*Aie!*" sighed Nazileh contentedly. "Me — I lofe the flower'o' lace!"

Umn Fâris put down the hook and stared into her crooked old hands; her mouth worked pitifully. She had quite forgotten the child.

"For my wedding garments," she whispered — "for my wedding garments I made it — a thousand years ago, I think."

Homeward in the golden afterglow of the sunset Nazileh raced, her grimy little hand shut tight over her treasure. She pranced through the doorway with her old-time glee, her breath coming in happy little giggles.

"*Aie!*" she cried, waving her hand at Antar. "Me — I haf the mos' nice bes' lace you evaire see!" She nodded her head wisely. 'You nod goin' to geet thees to eat — oh, no!"

The little room was filled with a curious light; it seemed bathed with the mysterious loveliness of spring. Its ugly corners had faded into gentle shadows; the wonderful afterglow of the sunset clouds shone softly on the bending head of the woman as she stooped to her task. The baby at her feet cooed happily as he waved his hands at the clouds.

Leila lifted her tired eyes.

"Why dost thou laugh?" she asked dully.

Nazileh crept toward her shyly.

"Me — I haf a leetle flower o' lace," she confessed, holding out the crumpled bit.

Umn Antar stared for a moment, uncomprehending. She rubbed her eyes incredulously and stared again. And then she smiled faintly at her whimsical little daughter.

"Come by my side, little pigeon," she said, her deep voice shaking oddly as it slipped into the beloved speech of her people. "What dost thou know of flowers of lace?"

"Me — I nod know anytheeng," sighed Nazileh. "I jus' leeke — eet ees so sweet — I leeke th' flower o' lace — and so dost thou," she ended abruptly in Arabic.

Leila shivered a little.

"I do not know," she replied stupidly. "It is so long ago — that I liked it." She sighed deeply. "It was too far away." Her voice was mournfully sweet. "But I remember how the stars came out at night — and how the desert lark sang in the morning." She murmured like one in a dream who hears not the sound of her own voice.

"What did he sing, that desert lark?" demanded Nazileh eagerly.

"He sang" — Leila's wonderful contralto grew deeper and sweeter. "He sang like this, we used to say:

> "In vain we count the days of spring.
> Lost — lost is all life's pain.
> Lost in the songs we sing ——"

The voice faltered and was still.

Nazileh was at her feet, her elbows resting on her mother's knees and her dark eyes staring through the dusk into her mother's eyes.

"And didst thou make the flowers of lace for the darling desert lark? Didst thou, little mother of my heart?"

"Nazli — don't!" whispered Leila.

"But didst thou?" persisted the child.

Suddenly the woman stooped and caught her to her heart, laughing sweetly and tremulously through her falling tears.

"Dear torment!" she sighed, "I can not tell. Once I thought I made the flowers of lace for Asaad, my lover — for my wedding garments in the spring. But now — why, now I think it was for dreams — for dreams of a little desert lark for thee!"

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A Tale of the Coral Sea

by Randolph Bedford

Decorations by C.B.Falls



THE palm-fronds threshed softly; odors of frangipanni bloom, reek of seaweed and coral trash, and of the Chinaman and the incense of his joss-house mingled and were destroyed and produced again by the fitful land breeze. Nigh to midnight the land breeze became too strong for anything but the frangipanni scent; the palm-fronds threshed through the air saturated with moonlight; the red lamp on the jetty showed as a purple stain.

The last of the pilots of Torres Straits went to bed; the Grand Hotel of Thursday Island closed its bar: but the two barefoot men on the veranda still talked on the topic that had lasted since dusk — the wreck of the *Pandora;* and one man, Pipon, tried to soothe the other, Moresby, who talked without ceasing of the wreck and twenty thousand pounds of pearls.

"Can't we get a launch, Jim?" he asked, for the twentieth time. "A steamer or a launch?"

"I told you no," replied Pipon. "Bear up, old man; y' can have a lugger."

"A lugger and a dead calm? It would be worse than waiting here."

"Well, quiet a bit!"

"Quiet! How can I be? — when I am in a fever to be there!"

He looked south as if trying to make out the coast of Australia, now the ghost of a shadow in the moon haze and sea blur.

"What could you do if you were there Martin? You couldn't do anything."

"I could stand by the wreck; *I* could ——"

"You couldn't do any good. It's lucky Phil Regard is coming to-morrow. He's the British India diver. He'll do all there is to be done."

"My pearls, Tom! The big one and nine ounces of little ones. Oyley was bringing them up. What depth did the *Pandora* sink in?"

"Nobody knows, old man; or how she went. The skipper was a good man — exempt, too. Knew every key and every inch of reef — and there's millions of 'em."

"It was my rotten luck, Tom, to miss the *Pandora* by five minutes, and then pick up the *Maranea* to catch her here, and find, when I did get here, that she'd sunk fifty or a hundred miles south. And there's my pearls — Oyley was taking charge of 'em — and then I missed the ship. Oh, gimme a raft — gimme a kerosene-tin — and I'll start!"

"Not you! Come on; take a fool's advice and sleep. You'll wait for the morning, and then leave it all to Phil Regard. He'll be here to-morrow."

The grass trees rustled softly to the poin-

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ciana as the men went to bed; the breeze strengthened to a wind, and replaced perfume with a taste of salt; from the veranda above a man began to whimper — a man that had seen death and terror and was now dreaming it all over again and shrieking out the story in his recurrent nightmare — the one survivor of the *Pandora*, who had been picked up by a pearling lugger.

"She's going! Two minutes — you can't get the boats out of the chocks. Why didn't they have boat practice? You can't! You can't! Don't scream, women — dear women, don't scream — it's better to drown than — ah, my God, the sharks! the sharks!"

Druce, the pilot of Torres Straits, boarded that slow, comfortable, old-time high-pooped steamer of the tea clipper type, the *Airlie*, at Goode Island, and brought her up in the early dawn to the wharf at Thursday. A big, bearded, brown-eyed man was the first to land; he was a man in a hurry — in a hurry for news, at least. He waited for neither bath nor breakfast, but aroused an irritated postmaster, and begged so for telegrams that the postmaster gave him his mail long before the beginning of office hours. There were many newspapers, and he did not look at them; a dozen letters, all man-directed and official, and he put them in his pocket. A bitter disappointment settled on his face — the letter from the beloved was not there. He found new hope in the telegrams. Alas! They were as the letters; and his heart was heavy then. This diver of the sea, who knew no fear that he could not fight down, fought against this disappointment and could not conquer it.

"I telegraphed her from Darwin, and she hasn't wired a reply. She's thoughtless, not cruel, not cruel — my girl."

He took from his pocket-book a faded photograph — faded not by age but by wear; looked at it, and put it back again.

"God bless her! I'll telegraph again, and in seven days we'll be together — for a month, anyhow. But — she might have made sure of not missing the post; a letter would make me a king to-day."

He returned to duty by taking a telegram from his pockets, and a fierce resentment held him for a moment as he read it:

Pandora sunk; locate wreck; if not impossible recover gold, ship's papers. B. P. provide tug and tender; made splendid terms.

So he would not see her in a week — happiness was to be postponed again. He thought of the long two months of salvage diving in the Flores Sea. Three months since he had seen her, and now there was to be another fortnight of hunger for her!

But hope came to his comfort. "Another year and I'll have made enough to retire on, with this new chance. And then, no separation till dead finish comes!"

So he went to Burns Philip and arranged for the departure of the little steamer, hired diving tenders, and had his diving gear brought from the *Airlie's* hold. It was then that Moresby found him — Moresby of the drowned pearls; and the new commission made Phil Regard almost gay.

"Oyley had 'em," said Moresby. "I gave them to him to mind because I was going on a spree in Brisbane."

"Was he straight, d'ye think?"

"I think so. He put 'em in a little steel box in his trunk,— he had his own pearls in the box,— and his wife had the key on a chain round her neck."

"What was the number of his cabin, and what was he like?"

"A dark, red-mustached chap — cabin number 41-43 B, port side, near the music-room."

"You know the ship?"

"I tell you, I sailed on her from Sydney to Brisbane, and lost my passage at Brisbane through going to the races. I gave the pearls to Oyley when I was going ashore. But you will get 'em again, mate?"

"I don't know. Nobody knows where she foundered. But, if I do?"

"Five hundred pounds."

With the lack of ceremony characteristic of the latitude, every man in the bar joined in the conversation.

"Five hundred pounds!" said Druce, the pilot. "Five hundred pounds for dredgin' fifteen or twenty thousand pounds out o' the Pacific Ocean! Five hundred to find a ton of scrap-iron in eighty thousand square miles o' coral? It's worth that to find the old hulk that hit the rock somewhere, and sank on it, and jewed me out o' pilot fees."

"I thought it wouldn't be hard to find the wreck," said Moresby hesitatingly. "If ——"

"Oh," replied Druce, "if your aunt had whiskers she'd be your uncle. Why, I know ten wrecks about here that no man knows the name of — ships that were never missed. You know, too, don't you, Dan'l?"

An old man, bent and wizened, replied quaveringly: "I've seen below me — when I've been down — old Spanish ships, an' old Dutch ships, an' old Portugees down below; me in twenty fathom water, an' them deep below, me man ——"

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"Twenty fathoms — too much," said the big diver. "I've got a girl at home, and she wants me. Fifteen fathoms is all I care to go."

"Aa-ah," said the old diver, nipping with his strong and crooked fingers the arm and leg muscles of Phil Regard, "I was as strong and straight as ye; but deep divin', an' showin' off above the other min, an' takin' no notice o' the shootin' pains in me legs — callin' it rheumatics, an' all the time 'tis the paralyzer warnin' ye. An' then twenty-eight fathom I went, an' hauled up — I was a cripple."

He laughed as he spoke, but there was in his eye a tear of sorrow for his own dead strength; and, to cover his self-pity, he said, with a feeble attempt at gaiety:

"But 'tis only here I am a cripple! Put me down in fifteen or twenty fathom and give me the pressure on me skin again an' a four-knot tide, an' I'll fly along the floorin' of the sea like a sunbird."

"And you're offering five hundred pounds for the chance of that?" said Druce to Moresby. "Open your heart, Moresby. A mean man makes me spit blood."

"A thousand, then," said Moresby. "I want to be fair, and it's all to nothing."

"It isn't," said Phil Regard. "I've got to go below on another contract, and you think I've only got to open a cabin door and take a key from some poor, dead woman, and open a box. But that means two extra corners to go round, and the more corners the more chances of fouling. It's your pearls to my life. I want a certainty."

"Here y' are, then," said Moresby. "A hundred pounds for opening the cabin door, and I'll take your word for it; and a thousand if you bring back the pearls."

"It's a deal," agreed Phil Regard, and they shook hands on it.

The warning bell of the *Airlie* clanged, and Druce departed to his pilotage. Phil Regard, as yet only half resigned, saw the steamer that should have borne him south disappear down the channel, rounding the Residency, and so away to open sea. Then he resolutely put regrets behind him and went to his tug and tender to prepare for his attempt to find a few thousand tons of foundered metal in an immensity of blue.

The survivor of the *Pandora* had become quiet enough to talk of the horror of the wreck.

"I was steerage steward," he said, "Mister. I can't think! Stay by me, Mister — don't leave me alone."

"Hold on to my coat, if you like. I'll stand by."

"We never had a boat practice — rottin' in the chocks, the boats were. It was about eleven at night — moonlight — quiet; y' could hear the scrapin' of shovels in the stoke-hole on the flat sheets, and the noise came up the ventilators. An' not a ripple. An' there I'm smoking by the rail, waitin' till I can sneak out on the boat deck to sleep — the glory hole bein' so hot. An' then it comes. It was like a kid tearin' brown paper for fun. It seemed to get her amidships — that was because she was drawing a lot more water aft. Only one man came out of the engine-room. The man on the bridge was mad! I was mad! The quiet people in the cabins had the best death. Sharks got all the deck lot. She ran a minute or two, an' I saw the water risin' closer up — an' loosed a raft and went over. It was like hell, Mister, the howls. Her deck blew up amidships. I think she's sound aft. An' the steam jumped out of her funnel as thick as wool, an' down she goes. An' then on the raft I seen white fire cutting the water all over, crisscrossin' it. It was sharks. An' then a yell, an' more crisscrossin' of fire, o' white lightnin', an 'another yell."

"I know! I know!" said Phil Regard soothingly. "Don't think of it! Help me. Tell me where you think she went down."

"I can't help thinkin' of it. Heads o' people in the moonlight, an' then rushin' fire, an' a scream like a horse burnin', an' another head pulled under. Oh — oh! Another head gone."

"Steady! Steady! Take a pull at yourself. Where did she go down?"

"A girl of twenty or so — I heard her singing in the saloon the night before — a song about 'Mine, forever mine,' an' her husband lookin' at her as if he was dyin' for her while she was singin'. He was swimmin' with her when the sharks took him; an' I beat the sea with me 'ands, an' brought the raft close, an' I was bringin' her up to the raft — swish! comes the shark fire, an' she went too. Oh, mate, hell it was!"

The diver's eyes grew moist at that; he thought of his beloved safe at home, and the tragedy touched him nearly. But he said again:

"Where's the *Pandora?*"

"I drifted to an island, an' then I went mad, an' the lugger found me."

"To-day is Wednesday. When did the *Pandora* sink? Now, think — listen! We may pick up somebody yet. Tell me."

"She sunk on Monday night."

"Where?"

"We made twelve knots to Cape Grenville; then we slowed to ten to bring her in at daylight."

"What time at Cape Grenville?"

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The survivor of the *Pandora* wrinkled his brows as if thought were a physical pain, and replied: "Twelve o'clock in the mornin'. Y' can't find her — she's got no masts, on'y hydraulic winchpoles."

Phil Regard, with the dividers in his hand, said inquiringly: "And she struck at eleven in the night?"

"It might have been later. I don't remember."

"We'll go on that. Where were you picked up?"

"The lugger came from Bushy Island." Regard pricked off one hundred and ten miles on the chart.

"Somewhere east of New Castle Bay," he said.

Before noon he had left Thursday Island, taking the direct track with his light-draft tugboat — east between Tuesday and Horn islands; and then, after easting Mount Adolphus Island and thridding the reefs to the south of it, steering south through the turquoise of shallow water and into the sapphire of deep sea, he ran south to Bushy Island, and then east over reefs, and then north again, and then west, and then zigzag. And the next day he drove slowly over a blackness in the coral bed; a monstrous black thing surrounded by lazy sharks and darting brilliant fish that made the sea-green water alive with swaying and flashing color, like the air of a tropical jungle: the *Pandora* — almost on an even keel and sunk in fourteen fathoms.

With a little reluctance, Regard made the preparations necessary for such as dive in dress and helmet, and shaved clean the mustache that had grown since he had dived in Flores Seas. The growing of the mustache had been an innocent vanity for the pleasure of his wife, who objected to his professionally beardless face, just as the new suit was for her benefit and not to be worn until the day of happy meeting, that he might shine all freshly in her eyes. Then, in the warm shadow of the white awning, he stripped, and donned the many woolen undergarments and the canvas dress, with its water-tight red-rubber bands at wrists and ankles.

The tender put on his feet the great brass-toed boots of twenty-eight pounds weight; and when he had climbed to the ladder and placed his feet upon the rungs, they screwed his twenty-eight-pound copper helmet on the collar-ring, and hung thirty-eight pounds of lead upon his breast and thirty-eight pounds of lead at his back. Life-line, piping, corselet, helmet, brass boots, and leaden weight complete, the men at the pump began to turn; the tender screwed the face-glass into the helmet and tapped upon it as a signal; the pumps lifted the pressure of the weights from the diver's chest. The air thudded irritatingly into the copper prison that was the helmet; the sense of confinement, and the close smell of the natural breathing element of man unnaturally compressed, returned to Phil Regard. He thought of the wife in Sydney — the last thought of the divinity before bracing himself to work that had the chance of death in it always, though use had brought danger into contempt; then he opened the valve that he might get way to sink with, and dropped easily and gently into the caresses of the water. The sun's shimmer on the sea dimmed to a great pervading shaft of tawny light that made the sea-green lucent, as the white sand below reflected the rays of the breathing world.

The black corpse of the *Pandora* seemed to rise to him. He closed the valve, and sank as through a cataract of feathers. Avoiding the deck, he dropped to the bottom for a survey of the hull. The current hurried him; he might have to wait until slack water. But the lugger drifted too, and he walked rapidly on his toe-tips around the wreck. There could be no doubt of the impossibility of raising her. From the great gaping hole amidships, that extended from one side of her to the other, swam fish of all colors, playing in those puzzling tunnels. Moving lightly as a feather-weight, as if the laws of gravitation had been repealed, Regard studied the situation.

All about him stretched tangles of seaweed and coral with white walks between the spongy copses and the brakes. A yellow water-snake followed his every movement with curious imitation, and white fish circled around his helmet so that a green hand must have become dizzy. From a rift in the rock wavered the tentacles of a devilfish feeling its way to crime with every cup and sucker; immense shoals of young fish were being driven to the surface by stronger bullies. Yet, with all its clamorous hunger and insolent murder, it was a world of bewildering loveliness.

Upon the ribbed sand the starfish; above, the brilliance of living coral: the great violet bouquet-shaped madrepora, its coral flowers with buff branches and petals of magenta; staghorn corals in brown and yellow and lilac and green; coral valleys of myrtle green, coral ridges of golden brown, all the glorified forms of carbonate of lime — beautiful as the fish, brilliant as the painted finch, and tinted like the Raggiana bird of paradise. Regard stepped on a branch of heliopora coral, and it broke in indigo.

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Brakes of broad-bladed sea-grass grew as in a swampy meadow for the sea-cow; trepang like black cucumbers slumbered on the sand; weed-grown pearl oysters protected themselves with water made turbid by Regard's footfalls; a big blue-spoked stingray faltered by a rock; and prone on the ruffled floor lay a great skate, which is a flattened shark. Everywhere the water swarmed with strange and beautiful forms: the parrot-fish in his livery of black and gray and scarlet; the giant anemone and his galaxy of sea-stars; the peacock blue and green frills and furbelows of the giant clam shells, spotted turquoise and barred black; the grotesque tobacco-pipe fish of golden and azure spotted brown; the placid brown oxray, so blundering that it is often unintentionally malevolent, since if it once takes hold upon air-pipe or life-line it never lets go; yellow-finned and ultramarine-bodied fish; black and electric-blue fish; fish arabesqued in green and salmon and black and gray and orange and blue and yellow; fish of protective fin and tassel and little body; fish with long brown pennants growing from their heads; mad fish with up-turned noses; tasseled, branded, striped, speckled, barred, spotted fish, each painted like a Carpentaria finch.

The weight of ocean pressed the diver softly in his armor of the air; his body felt as if stroked by the silky hands of the caressing sea — kindly even to the little fragile sea flowers. And then from the great tunnel in the hull of the *Pandora* came floating, gorged and lazy, the horrors of the deep.

Used as he was to these cruel cowards, in the light of the story of the bride who had died in the wreck, they held for him a new horror, and for a moment he was afraid. Their gorged habit, their slow, plethoric movements, their dull eyes, forgetting for a moment to be greedy, told the tale. Regard felt almost physically sick. All those eyes looked at him threateningly, contemptuously; the little fish that swam up to his face-glass and gazed at him did not seem to be frightened as quickly as usual by the movement of his hands.

The sharks came nearer, and Regard, lifting the rubber wrist-band, shot air at them in a succession of silver bullets, and the cowards became energetic and fled. A carpet-bag shark, the incarnation of filthy malevolence, hovered above him until Regard turned the escape-valve on his helmet and shot a madness of fear into the horrible thing.

He finished his survey of the hull with difficulty, attended always by the yellow sea-snake, which followed him as if it expected food from this strange monster, accompanying him to within a few fathoms of surface. For an hour Regard rested and fed; then he went to the ladder, and was loaded and imprisoned again, and sank down to the deck of the *Pandora*.

His retinue of enemies left him at the entrance to the saloon; but the small fish, their brilliance seeming to light the half-gloom, swam into the depths and in and out at the port-holes — "like schoolboys playing a game," thought Phil Regard. Even there some little things had begun already to benefit by the fall of greatness; little pearl shells as big as a thumb-nail — born in motion from the spat, floating in the current, and sucked down by the foundering ship — had here spun their byssus to tie them to the saloon stairs, hiding their weakness in this unexpected asylum.

"All this death to make a safe hiding-place for a shell," thought Regard bitterly, as he walked on tiptoe through this silent world where all values of vision were distorted, where a waving shadow seemed to be a fish and a fish of sober hues was as shadow until the hand felt its form.

He thought hard — racking his brains inside his copper prison for the memory of the plan of the ship.

"The ship's papers will be in the captain's safe; I'll get them to-morrow. The specie-room is inside the mail-room; I'll find that." So, with due regard for the safety of air-pipe and life-line against projections and fittings, he left the saloon, its decorations already dimmed by the traveling slime of the sea, and found the mail-room, and beyond it the specie-room intact.

He talked to himself, and the words reverberated to him from the helmet: "I'll bring dynamite and a wire down and blow the specie-room open, rig a winch, and haul out the gold boxes. That'll be to-morrow. And while I'm here I'll do the horrible job — Moresby's pearls."

He went back to the saloon stairs. Above it a great gray shape hung watchfully, patiently, as if it had all eternity to wait in. Regard, with never a quickening of the pulse, fired the silver bullets from his wrist-band, and the gray shape backed and fled. Regard laughed and went on to find Moresby's pearls.

He opened a cabin door. Two fish fled through the porthole, and the body of a woman came at him in the swirl of the water. The dead face struck his helmet. Regard cried out in horror, and backed away. But in a moment he caught his courage and closed the porthole; then he shut the cabin door again and went to the next. He could not distinguish the letter denoting the corridor, nor the number either.

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He opened an inner cabin, and a drowned man came out and struck him. He opened another, and there were in it a dead man and a dead woman trying with her floating skirts to hide a little child from the sea. The man had tried to save another child, and that other child had fixed his teeth in his father's arm, and so had died in cruel fear of the green death that had shipped with them. Horror gripped the diver as with fingers of cold steel.

Yet his duty was to be done, and he did it. He found B corridor, and the first cabin had in it a dead girl with her hands clasped as if she still prayed. He closed the cabin reverently, and came to another in which an old man and an old woman had died in their bed places; and then to an outer cabin opposite the one he had first entered. The light was better there; he saw that this was B 41 at last, and that by a little care he might have saved himself the awfulness that had shaken him.

The lock of B 41 did not yield to the lifting of the handle, so Regard inserted the point of his small ax between the door and the beading and levered it open. Two bodies, those of a man and a woman,— the man's as if he had died standing, the woman's in the lower berth floating up against the wires of the upper berth,— moved queerly in the disturbed liquid — as if they were alive.

"Porthole closed," said Regard to himself, trying not to look at the dead for a moment. "He had the fan going — the lever's on the top speed."

He looked at the body of the man, and shudderingly turned him around in the water.

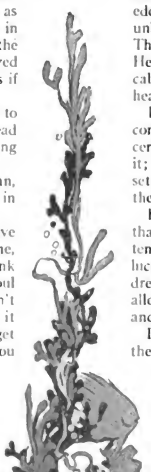
"That'll be the man Moresby gave the pearls to. Oyley was the name, and he looks it. There's the trunk under the berth. And this poor soul has the key round her neck. I can't do it. . . . But I promised. I'll do it to-morrow. . . . No; better now — get it done with. Forgive — whoever you are, forgive me. Young, too, and pretty." With a shaking hand and covering his face, he touched the woman's neck, and there he felt the necklet and the key.

"It's horrible. I'll have to use both hands for the fastening."

As if he were physically afraid of it he looked back at the sinister dead man floating near the porthole; then, swiftly and without looking, he unfastened the necklet and held it up — a necklet and a key. The movement floated the body from its position against the springs of the upper berth; it turned upright, floating by his head — through the little circle of the face-glass its dead eyes looked sorrowfully into his own.

And then — madness! Unbelief! Doubt! Unbelief again! And again madness! clamored through his brain. The air seemed to be withdrawn; the helmet became a mountain of copper; the weights upon his back and breast were each a ton of lead. He looked at the necklet — yes, it was so! He had given it. He released it, and it sank to the ooze upon the sodden carpet. He looked at the bracelet of opal before the mirror, and recognized it, too; and then at the dead woman gazing at him mournfully with eyes that seemed to plead: "Forgive; I have been punished, and repented so; forgive."

Still unbelieving, but stunned, he pushed the dead man through the door and out of the alleyway (evicting it as if its presence in that cabin still outraged propriety); and it floated up, bobbing queerly in the tide eddies. Then he turned back, mad but unbelieving, and reëntered the cabin. There could be no doubt — no doubt! He left her there, and fastened the cabin door behind him. And then his heart broke.



He could not live! With his last conscious instinct, he hacked with uncertain hand at the air-pipe, and missed it; then the weight of all the ocean settled on his heart and he wavered to the floor.

He had a conscientious tender. At that sudden jag upon the life-line the tender hauled carefully, and, by that luck which shames the best judgment, drew Philip Regard safely through the alleyway to the deck of the *Pandora* and up to sunlight.

But they might as well have left him there, for the strong man who had dived never returned to the surface.

"Beats me!" said Druce, looking pityingly at the withered wreck that sat every day, and through all the daylight hours of every day, upon the veranda of Thursday Island hospital. "Can't understand it. A fine, big, strong world-beater of a man paralyzed in fourteen fathoms. It beats me!"

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THE ACTRESS ON THE ROAD

BY

MARY SHAW

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

ONLY people who are endowed with a strong body and robust health should go upon the stage. The life of the actor taxes the mind, the heart, and the body almost to the breaking-point. In no profession does the process of the elimination of the weaker ones operate so unerringly, so mercilessly. As a matter of course, this life is vastly more trying to women than to men. There is a proverb in the profession, born of the great power of endurance of its members: Actresses are seldom sick and never die.

When he is in New York, the actor — and by this term I mean actress also — may live as quiet a life or as gay a one as he chooses; but once on "the road," he must accept the inevitable. "The road," in actors' parlance, is anywhere and everywhere outside of the city of New York. The traveling salesman, the only other nearly perpetual vagabond, when he uses this term means all places except the one in which his business has its headquarters. But the actor knows only one city — all the rest is "road." Philadelphia, Washington, Chicago, Denver, and San Francisco he condescendingly refers to as "week stands," and lumps together smaller cities and towns as "one-night stands" or "one-nighters." If many one-night towns are to be visited in rapid succession, the actor becomes ribald and speaks of them as "blighters" and "water-tanks." It is on such a route as this that the actor's physical endurance is most sorely tried, and the women of the profession are subjected to particular hardships and vexations.

The Peculiar Dangers of the Actress' Profession

It is a curious paradox that the calling of the actress thrusts her into peculiar dangers and at the same time operates to prevent her getting protection against these very perils. It is this way. She must necessarily go upon the street, often unescorted, at unseemly hours. If she be accosted, and appeal to the policeman on the beat, she will too frequently find that, through brutal ignorance and bigotry, he will refuse an actress the protection he would immediately afford another woman. It is better to appeal to almost any man than to a policeman. But, of all protectors, a woman should select the common man. I started out with the idea that the man with the rough face and shabby clothes would be less respectful and courteous than the well-dressed man. In knocking about the country I have had, from time to time, to ask strange men for information, for favors, for help, and sometimes for protection. I have found that by all odds the most sympathetic and helpful and respectful men were the rough-looking ones. If, in a dilemma, I had to choose between the two types, even if it were only a question of which would take the more trouble, I should be sure to go to the common man.

I had an experience when I was with Mrs. Fiske that illustrates this. We were living in a private car, and were about to leave the place in which we had been playing. It is a confusing fact that frequently, after the occupants have left the train to go to the performance, the cars are shifted from one place to another. When the actress is ready to go on board again, she is likely to find that her car has been moved a mile or so up or down the tracks, and it is up to her to find her way to it. If she has plenty of money and can afford to take a cab, she can get the driver to find the car for her. But if she is an ordinary actress, simply one of the "members of the company," and has to look out for herself, this search sometimes becomes a matter not only of great trouble and anxiety, but of positive danger.

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An Adventure on the Levee at Midnight

On the night in question we were playing at Rock Island, and our car had been shunted over, I think, to Davenport. Of course, I did not know of this. I am always slow in getting out of the theater after a performance; and on this particular night I started out late with a young girl who belonged to the company. It was very near midnight when we reached the depot. There we were informed that Mrs. Fiske's car had been transferred to the other side of the river. My first thought was to get a cab, but there was none in sight. The station was practically closed for the night. The only people about were a watchman and one or two freight men, and they could suggest no means of getting a conveyance. There was no place to telephone from. There was a livery stable somewhere, we were told, but we did not like the idea of trailing about the streets looking for it. Presently I asked one of the men just how to get to Davenport, and he gave me the following directions: "You go down the levee there, and keep right along between the piles of lumber, and at the other end there is a big bridge; when you strike it, there off to the right you will see the station quite near."

Very stupidly, I started off on the quest with this young girl; but when we got down on the levee I began to realize that this was not a very desirable place to be at that hour of night. There were enormous piles of lumber rising away above our heads, and separated from one another by very narrow passages, leaving no way of escape if we should happen upon anything disagreeable. There must, of course, be night watchmen somewhere about; but we saw nobody, and we had gone a long distance. We could see the bridge that we had to cross, but it was still far away. I was really frightened, but I took care not to betray it. The young girl with me was terribly frightened, and I could feel her trembling. I realized that I must be the man of the party, and I reassured her, telling her that there was nothing there to harm us and that everything was all right. She kept getting more frightened, however, and asked if I had ever been in anything like this before. I said airily, "Oh, yes," but as a matter of fact I never had.

Appealing to the "Common Man" for Protection

Suddenly we heard a long, low whistle. My companion whispered to me that she had seen a man come out from between the long piles of lumber, and that the whistle had come afterward. She wanted to turn and run. Well, I know now exactly what develops courage in cowardly men. I had to disregard my own feelings and at least pretend to courage. I said that we would go on, and that we absolutely would not run; that was settled. I confess I felt anything but comfortable when I saw this man go out and lean against a lumber pile and when I noticed his slouchy, lanky figure as he stood there with his hat pulled down over his face. But I made straight for him, dragging the shaking girl with me, and walked up to him, saying politely:

"Excuse me, but I think you can help us. We belong to a theatrical company, and our car that we are traveling in has been transferred to Davenport, and we did not know it until just now, when we came out of the theater. We are trying to get down to the bridge. Are we going right?"

In a very gruff voice he answered: "Yes."

I continued: "Can we keep right along? Is it safe?"

He answered, just as gruffly: "I guess it's safe enough."

Then I said: "May I ask a favor of you? Will you kindly stand here until we get to the other end of the levee? We shall feel so much better if we know that there is somebody looking out for us."

Again he answered, "Yes," and we passed on.

Whether he was a watchman or not, or what the whistle meant, we shall never know; but we went on, and as long as I could see him when I glanced back, he was standing there in the same black shadow, never moving. And I really feel convinced that if he had been a tramp, sleeping there, it would have been just the same, after two helpless women had walked straight up to him and asked his protection. His manner was not at all cordial, not at all that of a really good-natured man; he consented to help us out in a sullen fashion, as if he were being forced to do it.

The Actress and the Professional Blackguard

One of the most vicious annoyances to which the actress is subjected, particularly when she is playing one-night stands, is the professional "masher." This fellow, if he happens to be a friend of the hotel manager, is given all sorts of liberties in the hotel, and is allowed to carry on his system of persecution almost unhampered. Being a coward at heart, he makes himself obnoxious to unprotected women only. A girl in a theatrical company learns not to pay the slightest attention to these loungers about hotel corridors, for the most casual glance is apt to be

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"WHEN HE IS IN NEW YORK, THE ACTOR MAY LIVE AS QUIET A LIFE OR AS GAY A ONE AS HE CHOOSES"

construed as encouragement. I remember one most unpleasant case that shows to what lengths this kind of man will go.

An actress had been staying at a hotel during a week's stand, and every time that she had gone up or down in the elevator a man had annoyed her by attempting to attract her attention. Of course it could not have been by accident. For two days this man was in the elevator whenever she went up or down, and she was conscious that he was trying to meet her. One day, as she was going up after dinner, he was there as usual, and she showed by her manner that she was annoyed. When she left the elevator he got out also, as he had done once or twice before. She had to go a long way down the main hall and around a corner to reach her room, which was in a distant corridor where no one would be apt to be in attendance. She realized that there could be no reason for this man's coming down the corridor, except to follow her, as her room was almost at the end. She unlocked her door, and when she opened it and turned to shut it, the man came forward and put his foot in the doorway. He was well dressed and looked like a gentleman. She angrily asked him what he wanted, and he said that he wanted to come in and talk to her. He refused to take his foot from the door. He was very debonair and polite, but she could not move him. He said she need not be so disagreeable — he just wanted to chat with her.

She did not dare leave the door to ring; but finally, when she showed by her manner and speech that she did not intend to allow him to come in, he deliberately used all his strength, pushed the door open, and stood between her and the door. She had to think quickly, so, making a pretense of trying to escape from the room, she got his mind on defending the door, and then suddenly turned and rang for a bell-boy.

This did not disconcert the man at all, but he suddenly disconcerted her with this statement: "I am not going out of the room till I get ready. When I came in here, at your invitation, I had a gold pencil with a diamond in the end of it. I want it returned to me; then I will go out."

This was too much even for the seasoned actress. She saw the situation in a moment. She belonged to a second-rate company. There were a great many women connected with it — chorus girls, dancers, etc. It flashed through her mind that her situation, if he made this

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statement, would be very unpleasant. There would be a great deal of talk about the affair, questions from the proprietor of the hotel, and very probably her story would not be believed; so she decided that she must make the best of the situation. Any one who has ever stopped at a second-class hotel in a small town knows the length of time it takes a bell-boy to answer a ring; and during that time the actress invited the man to sit down, made herself extremely agreeable, and finally made an appointment to dine with him at half past five in the afternoon, so that he went away peaceably.

As soon as he was gone, she wrote a note to a man in the company and asked him to come to her. She was afraid to leave her room. The man was not in, and it was several hours before he came back and received her note. When he came at last it was nearing the time of her appointment with the "masher"; so the actor proposed that they should stand there together, and when the man appeared he would deal with him. But the actress recalled terrible tragedies that had taken place when actors had attempted to protect members of the company, and she would not expose her friend to this danger. Of course she knew that if she put the situation to him in that way he would insist on staying with her and facing the man; so she asked him to take her out first, as she wanted to go to a drug-store, and then come back to the hotel and wait for her in the dining-room. When he left her she simply remained out of doors, and did not return to the hotel until midnight. And as, of course, the actor did not know the man, he could not tell when he came into the dining-room, and so a possible tragedy was averted.



"THE ACTOR'S PHYSICAL ENDURANCE IS SORELY TRIED"

The Most Cowardly Annoyer of the Actress — the Hotel Landlord

Probably the most cowardly annoyer that the actress has to face in small cities is the landlord of the hotel. By reason of his position, he can bestow favors or exact penalties. He can go from one part of the hotel to another without question. This man is usually a power in local politics. He is emboldened by the consciousness of the "pull" he has, and by the fact that the actress is almost always a stranger in a strange land. No one would listen to her plea as against the story of this politician — no local magistrate would uphold an actress against a prominent citizen. A most remarkable case of this kind of persecution happened a few years ago, and was positively revolutionary in its effect.

In a small town in South Carolina a traveling company was playing a musical comedy. The members of the company were chiefly young men and women, stage-struck beginners, for the most part, who had taken this engagement because they wanted to get on the stage. Most of them lived in Boston and had been students at the Conservatory of Music. The two young girls whom my story concerns were very charming girls, just out of pleasant homes; and the young men who figured in the tragedy were each about twenty-five and had been friends of the girls from childhood. One afternoon one of these girls was in her room, and was surprised to see the proprietor, who had welcomed them when they came into the hotel, walking along the roof of a low shed and getting into the window of her friend's room. She knew the room was empty, and when her friend returned she told her about it, and they went downstairs and asked for an explanation. They were told that there had been something the matter with the steam radiator, and as the door was locked the man had to get in that way to investigate. This seemed a reasonable explanation. After this the proprietor took the girl around the lower part of the hotel, and talked with her, showing her different improvements he had been making, and was very pleasant — too pleasant, the seasoned actress would have known; but this young girl took it all for a natural kindliness, especially as she knew that Southerners are often much more genial than Northerners.

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"AS LONG AS I COULD SEE HIM, HE WAS STANDING IN THE SHADOW, NEVER MOVING"

Actors Protect Women of Their Company at the Cost of Their Lives

That evening, after she had finished her supper, the man came and sat down at the table and began to talk with her. Finally he asked her if she would take a little supper with him after the performance; he said that he would have a spread of some kind, and would like to show her some attention. She refused. That night, sometime about midnight, she was in her room, ready to go to bed, when there was a rap at the door. She asked who was there, and the proprietor answered her and said that he wanted to speak to her for a moment. She told him she could not speak to him, as she was not dressed; but he kept asking her to open the door. By this time even her youth and inexperience could not blink the fact that this man was becoming a nuisance. Presently he became angry and aggressive, and demanded to come into his own room, as he designated it. She would not open the door, and in a moment she heard the man getting up on the transom. Then she began to scream. As soon as she called, there was a scurrying of feet, and the man disappeared. By that time an actor farther down the corridor had opened his door. The girl said she thought she heard something at her door, and it had frightened her. He, of course, thought it was a case of nerves. Next morning the two young men and two young women were at the same table, and one of them began to tease the girl about her shrieking; so she very gravely told the true story of her experience, and her friend further confirmed it by telling how she had seen the man creeping along the roof and getting in at the window in the afternoon. Naturally the two young men were extremely indignant, and instantly went out to the main hall, summoned the proprietor, and demanded to know what his conduct meant. The girls heard a row, and

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just as they rushed out they heard the report of a pistol. One young man fell dead in the corridor, and before they were half way down there was another report and the other fell dead. That was the result of their simply telling the story, not even calling for assistance or protection.

The man was, of course, arrested; and although members of the company, who were called at the inquest, testified to the youth and absolute good character of the two young girls, the coroner's jury decided against them because they were chorus girls in an unknown company. They held that the young woman had probably encouraged the man and that he was entirely blameless. This tragedy, when it became known to the theatrical profession of America, created a profound sensation. Every individual member knew well enough that every young girl in the business was exposed to things of this kind; but the awful ending of this affair moved the Actors' Society to engage a very eminent man as counsel to enforce the law of South Carolina to punish this man, and to set before the public the fact that it is possible for an absolutely good girl, traveling about in a theatrical company, to be practically without the protection of the law. The entire profession was asked to aid in this, which they did most nobly; and eventually the hotel proprietor was sentenced for life for the murder of the two young men.

The Shooting of Porter and Barrymore by a Texas Desperado

Many people, of course, have heard of the Curry-Porter case, but few know the real details.

A sensible actor or actress never criticizes food or accommodations in the hearing of the proprietor or servants of a hotel, for it is obviously better to take what is offered with as little objection as possible.

A company playing "Diplomacy," the original company that had played it in New York, had given a performance at Marshall, Texas; and having been obliged to rush to the station to get the train for another town, they had been unable to have a proper dinner. They all went to the lunch-counter, and the leading woman, Ellen Cummings, began to criticize everything on the counter. Finally she decided that she would take a dish of baked beans, tasted it, could not eat it, and pushed it across the counter with some remark about it. A Texas desperado happened to be standing there, and made an insulting remark about her. Mr. Barrymore, who was the leading man of the company, sprang to her defense. It soon developed into a disagreeable fight, and Mr. Barrymore began to take off his coat. This was enough for Curry, and he drew a pistol from his belt. He was a deputy sheriff and carried arms. As he raised his pistol, members of the company shrieked to Mr. Barrymore. Barrymore leaped over the lunch-counter, and ran up three steps to the green baize doors that led into a gambling-room. These doors opened outward, and it was difficult for him to protect himself, but he managed to open the doors, and stood in the doorway and appealed to the men inside to give him a pistol. They hardly moved — simply held up their hands full of cards, and not one of them got up from his chair to help an unarmed and unprotected man. Seeing that he could not get a pistol, and feeling that the whole company were in danger from this drunken, irresponsible creature, Barrymore turned back; and as he turned he received a ball in his right arm. Ben Porter, a very well-known and much-loved actor, one of the most harmless and quiet of men, seeing Barrymore drop and no one making a move to help, rushed forward and threw up his arms, saying, "For God's sake, don't shoot; we are all unarmed!" He received a ball in his stomach, and fell dead.

A month after, when they were ready to try Curry, who was at large during all that period, the company returned to Marshall for the trial. Mr. Barrymore himself described this trial to me. It seems impossible that such a farce could have been perpetrated in a civilized community. Curry was discharged, and the finding of the jury was that it was a case of emotional insanity. Barrymore sat and watched the farcical affair, and, himself hardly recovered from the severe wound he had received, he launched forth in a denunciation of the whole proceeding. Afterward at the hotel he was informed that he had been very foolish to express his opinion of the Texas justice, and that it would be just as well for him to get out of town. The hotel was a low, rambling wooden affair, and had, as most Southern hotels have, a place in front where chairs were placed for lounging. Three or four steps led down into the office of the hotel. About an hour before it was time for his train to start, Mr. Barrymore was sitting with a traveling salesman outside of the hotel, talking about the trial. The salesman thought that Mr. Barrymore had been foolish; he asked him if he had a pistol. Mr. Barrymore laughingly said that he never carried weapons. The man then told him that he had a pistol in his suit-case, and he would go in and bring it down to him. Mr. Barrymore laughed at the idea, and said he did not want it. While this conversation was going

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"'I AM NOT GOING OUT OF THE ROOM TILL I GET READY'"

on, a man advanced out of the shadow, went down the steps and into the office, and the two men heard the following colloquy.

"Where is Mr. Barrymore?"

Then, from the negro porter: "Well, sir, I don't rightly know; he was round here a few minutes ago. I think he is just outside on one of those chairs."

This called Mr. Barrymore's attention to the man, and, glancing in, he saw, to his horror, that it was Curry, the discharged murderer. The desperado, who still wore his belt with numberless weapons sticking in it, retraced his steps, came up to the two men, who were sitting in the deep shadow, so that it was not easy to distinguish them, and said in a loud, aggressive tone: "Is this Mr. Barrymore?" Although Mr. Barrymore had just refused a pistol from the man beside him, he thought now that he would make a bluff of having one. "Yes, I am Mr. Barrymore," he said, rising. Being totally unfamiliar with the customary method of carrying a revolver, he put his hand into his coat with the intention of convincing Curry that he was armed. He assured me that when he saw Curry's hand go down to a terrible-looking pistol in his belt and start to draw it out, he lost his last remnant of sense and of power to act. After what seemed to him an appreciable length of time, Curry handed the weapon to him, saying: "This is the pistol that killed Porter; I thought you might like it for a souvenir."

Barrymore had berated Curry, and this was the greatest revenge that Curry could mete out to him.

The Old Southern Theater and Its Wood Furnace

One usually thinks that a fire is the most awful thing that can happen in a theater; but I am confident that a groundless panic is almost as bad.

My own experience occurred in Nashville, Tennessee. The theater was located in a very old building, but the city had done what it could to protect the place according to the best modern methods. Huge coils of hose with great

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brass nozzles were suspended at various points; there was a silent alarm to the engine-house; and firemen stood on duty, as they do in every theater in the United States, during every performance. On account of the mild climate in the South, the older theaters at that time used wood furnaces. I am not sure that they have reformed their method of heating, but I imagine that some of them still use it. It is very discomfiting to the actor, when he goes into one of these Southern theaters, to encounter the smell of burning wood — a smell that to his nostrils has a fearful significance. Until he becomes used to the theaters of that section, this odor makes him very nervous.

I was playing in "As You Like It" with Madame Modjeska at the time. As I came into the theater on this particular evening, there was an exceptionally strong smell of burning wood, so strong, in fact, that, more or less used to that sort of thing as I was, I went up to the fireman and asked him what caused it. He told me that it was the huge wood logs in the furnace. But it seemed to me that even in the South I had never known this odor to be so strong. I insisted upon a further explanation, until the fireman became impatient; he was perfectly sure that everything was all right.

During the second act an almost impalpable blue haze began to rise between the stage and the audience, and most of the people were coughing. In a Northern or Western theater the audience would have been on the street long before this. We had been saying among ourselves what a curious thing custom was, and how little notice the people in front took of the matter that made us so nervous. Evidently they were accustomed to taking their dramatic entertainment in an atmosphere of burning wood.

Playing "As You Like It" to a Panic-Stricken House

When the curtain rose upon the third act, the draught carried the smoke, that had accumulated on the stage during the wait, out over the footlights; and now even the most seasoned play-goer could hardly fail to realize that something was wrong. As we stood there, rolling out the long, poetical periods of Shakespeare, we became conscious of a fearful uneasiness out



"A SENSIBLE ACTOR OR ACTRESS NEVER CRITICIZES THE FOOD IN THE HEARING OF THE SERVANTS"

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"WE WERE A SORRY-LOOKING COMPANY WHEN WE LEFT THE THEATER"

in front, which was gaining in intensity every moment. Oliver, the brother of Orlando, had come on the stage, and had begun the long speech describing the wounding of Orlando.

Suddenly a rope ladder was thrown down from the top gallery. A second after it struck the floor, that terrible cry, *"Fire!"* rang out. In the fraction of an instant the entire theater was in confusion. I can see, in memory, those faces in the house. An awful rush was made for the door. In a few seconds the first six or eight rows in the orchestra were vacant. Every one seemed to be packed in the aisles. Is it not a strange thing that people never seem to think of going up on the stage and making an exit that way?

At almost the same instant, and while the actors were still going on with their lines, without a single indication by voice or gesture that anything had happened, the coils of hose began to unwind and the brass nozzles to strike the walls and floor with a banging that increased the terror of the audience. A number of firemen rushed across the stage in front of the actors and plunged downstairs. In a few moments more the axmen, armed with their hatchets, dashed past us. But we still played on. Then there was a sound of chopping beneath us. Clouds of smoke that had been confined under the flooring were let loose upon the stage. Still we played the scene. I was sitting with Madame Modjeska. We sat and listened, and never moved. But I remember that I had a fearful moment. Going from theater to theater as we do, it is impossible to keep in mind the plan of the building one chances to be playing in, and I sat there, wondering where the back door was.

One of the most wonderful incidents of that experience now occurred. As the awful mass of smoke, released by the work of the axmen, began to fill the auditorium, and before it wiped it out from view, I saw a class of young girls, who, with their teachers, were occupying the first row of the balcony. They sat perfectly still, their light dresses making them especially noticeable. The sight of them held me spell-

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bound; I forgot everything else. I saw them stand and raise their hands to the teachers, in the manner of children at school when they want to speak. One woman, of a commanding aspect, rose and with extended arms waved them down; and just as the awful smoke filled the auditorium and hid everything from view, I saw those young girls actually sit down again — the only persons, so far as I could judge, who were under any kind of control.

How One Behaves in a Theater Fire

It was useless for us to keep up the farce any longer, and we got up from our positions on the stage. Once released from the traditional spell that held us, we became a part of the general terror and confusion. I have never been able to recall what happened, but afterward I found that, together with the other players, I had been aimlessly rushing about the stage. First I ran out into the street; and then, becoming conscious of my make-up, I rushed back into the theater, where every one was shouting and screaming and in a general panic. Again finding a place of exit, I repeated the performance, rushing into the street and then back again. I am happy to say that, in spite of every appearance of a terrible panic in the house, there were only a few casualties and no deaths. The building, although old-fashioned in construction, had many exits, and the crowd was evidently well managed by the firemen.

When the firemen had succeeded in putting out the fire, and we made our way down the stairs to get our street clothing and go home, a wonderful sight met our gaze. I am sure I never realized before how many things one leaves on the floor. The water that had been poured upon the stage was many inches deep. Every conceivable thing in the matter of make-up was floating about on the miniature sea — shoes, stockings, trousers, hats, coats. To be sure, all this represented a great loss to the actors, not to mention the inconvenience of replenishing at short notice. Yet so strong is the average actor's sense of humor and so volatile his temperament that we all sat down on the stairs and joined in one hilarious yell. As we had no rubber boots to wade about in, we had to wait for the waters to subside. At last we made our way over the wet floors, picked up our bedraggled finery, and did the best we could at getting ready to go home. In most cases we found that the clothes we needed at the moment were the most injured, and, indeed, we were a sorry-looking company when we left the theater.

THE WIDOW

BY

ETHEL TALBOT

IT is all quiet in the house,
 Very quiet and lonely;
Within the walls I hear the mouse —
 Without, the owl's cry only.

The sullen wind against the pane
 Knocks as one seeking harbor;
Only the white feet of the rain
Stir the leaves in the arbor.

His voice no more makes new for me
 All his old tales of daring;
He shall not take the road to sea,
 Nor come from far seafaring.

The rain's white fingers, small and light,
 Tap at the windows — only
Save that, all's quiet here to-night,
 Very quiet and lonely.

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RECLAIMING THE HEATH

HOW DENMARK CONVERTED A DESERT INTO A FARMING COUNTRY

BY

HENRY GODDARD LEACH

INSTRUCTOR IN SCANDINAVIAN AT HARVARD UNIVERSITY; FORMERLY SECRETARY TO THE AMERICAN MINISTER TO DENMARK

AMONG those who made the pilgrimage to Oyster Bay, in the first weeks after ex-President Roosevelt's return to this country, was a distinguished citizen of Denmark, a descendant of the Vikings, himself just arrived on our shores. This visitor was the son of the national hero of the Danes, the nation for whom Mr. Roosevelt expressed his high regard last year in Copenhagen when he remarked that the only thing lacking about the Danish-Americans in America was that there were not enough of them. Frederick Dalgas, like his father, is a man of high ideals, like him possessing the ability to execute them. He had been invited to Oyster Bay to tell the former President how his father, Enrico Mylius Dalgas, saved and remade Denmark by watering the desert and by planting the marshes and moors with trees.

The United States has something to learn from little Denmark. Many problems now puzzling the greater nations were settled long ago by the Danish people. No other country has carried co-operative methods in farming to such a degree of perfection. And the issue of the conservation of public resources, especially of the forests, which became a burning question in the United States only yesterday, was raised in Denmark in the period just after our Civil War. To-day it is more than a national issue in Denmark: it is a part of the conscience of the people; and every man who owns an ell of land is planting and watering and urging the soil to produce its utmost. From being one of the poorest nations in Europe, Denmark has in forty years climbed the ladder of prosperity, until it is now, *per capita*, one of the richest lands of the world. One man was the wizard of this transformation — Captain Dalgas, the father of Frederick Dalgas, Colonel Roosevelt's guest.



CAPTAIN DALGAS
THE MAN WHO REFORESTED DENMARK
From a statue at Aarhus

It was my privilege, during the few days Mr. Dalgas spent in America, to travel with him by rail through some of the Eastern States, typical in certain respects of all territory outlying large cities. With characteristic Danish courtesy, he praised, never condemned, what he saw from the car windows, commenting upon the wealth and prosperity of our great

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nation as evidenced by the smoke of the factory towns through which we passed. Having recently lived in Denmark, and knowing the Danish point of view, I, however, felt sure that the evidences of waste and almost criminal neglect to be seen throughout the stretches of open country between the cities could not escape his eye. We were passing a dry, hard field of coarse grass and weeds, alternating with bare yellow patches and stunted bushes, its only present economic use being the display of huge, hideous bill-boards, when I turned to Mr. Dalgas with the question: "What would you do in Denmark with land like this?"

"That land," Mr. Dalgas replied, "was probably a forest in the days before your ancestors came to America. In Denmark we would turn it back into a forest. We would begin by planting it with spruce."

Approaching the next town, we saw several "vacant lots," full of pits where the earth had been mined for building purposes, which were now being filled with ashes and refuse.

"Splendid land for market-gardening!" Mr. Dalgas exclaimed. "A man with a plow and a little fertilizer could make a comfortable living in my country from a few acres like this."

Immediately we were passing rows of workingmen's houses, whose back yards, toward the track, were full of weeds and clothes-lines and heaps of tin cans. "How do you explain this?" my companion asked. "Don't your people like fruit-trees and flowers?"

Leaving the town, the train mounted a trestle that crossed a great marsh waving with green and golden sedge, its monotony broken only by occasional creeks, until it ended in a purple line of forest on the horizon.

"This wilderness," I said, with some relief, to Mr. Dalgas, "was not caused by the neglect of my countrymen. It is as nature appointed. Is it not beautiful in its desolateness?"

He smiled sympathetically. "But would it be any less beautiful if the marsh were pasture, and hundreds of well-fed cattle were grazing there, and high mounds of fresh-mown hay were waiting beside the waterways?"

When the train reached the woods, and I pointed out to the son of the great forester the first forest we had seen in our journey, I felt the bitterest disappointment. For these woods, once splendid pines, were now a stunted growth interrupted by swamps and clearings of charred stumps. In one place the woods were still smoldering beside the tracks, a blaze probably set by a locomotive. What would our Danish guest think, I asked myself sorrowfully, of a country road in Massachusetts, known to me, where fifty years ago there were ten prosperous farms, but where now nothing is left except two black ruins and one empty barn, swamps and brush, and a road overgrown with weeds — a district abandoned in the rush for richer lands in Kansas. I confessed to Mr. Dalgas the devastation being wrought on the slopes of the White Mountains by the lumberman's ax, and the greater sorrows of the West — the spoliation of whole counties and the millions of dollars lost every year by unchecked forest fires. I also pointed out the hope of returns from the work of Frederick Haynes Newell and the United States Reclamation Service in fertilizing vast stretches of arid land, and of the organization of the forest service under Gifford Pinchot, and his efforts to awaken the national conscience in the cause of Conservation.

Mr. Dalgas gave sympathetic attention to all I said, remarking: "It was far worse with us in Denmark forty years ago; the waste of national resources in Denmark had gone ten times as far as in America. You as a people realize the need of forests, but my father had to begin single-handed and alone."

"Mr. Dalgas," I asked, "will you not tell me about your father and his work for the conservation of Denmark?"

"Willingly," he replied, "as far as we have time." And I heard from the lips of the son the story to which I had listened many times already in Denmark — a tale that is recited to-day by the children in Danish schools.*

The Beaten Soldiers of Denmark Come Back to a Land of Barren Farms

It was a disastrous war that inspired Captain Dalgas to begin his lifelong campaign of pickax and spade for the conservation of Denmark. In 1864 the combined forces of Prussia and Austria wrested from Denmark the rich duchies of Holstein and Slesvig and the southern part of the peninsula of Jutland. The vast inheritance of Danish kings like Cnut the Great, who ruled over England, Norway, and Prussia, had gradually dwindled into a few islands and the desolate moors of North Jutland. The nation felt that this war was the last straw, and the disbanded army returned to their homes listless and hopeless.

It was then that Dalgas stepped to the front. The soldiers of Jutland, trudging over the black and barren heath, home to their untilled farms,

* The sketch contained in the following pages is not an exact record of the conversation with Mr. Dalgas. It is for the greater part based upon information acquired by the writer in Denmark from the official reports of the Danish Heath Society and the publications of the Danish Bureau of Statistics.

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encountered a thickset figure in riding-boots, stalking across the moors, carrying a spade. On nearer approach it proved to be a young Danish captain of engineers, Enrico Mylius Dalgas by name, already a veteran of two wars against Germany. When his late comrades in arms had returned his greeting with the discouraged complaint, "It is a bad, bad day for Denmark!" Captain Dalgas replied: "It is. But what has been lost without can be won within!" and he pointed earnestly toward the desolate heath, which stretched to the horizon as unbroken as a desert. "In your time and in mine," he said, "we can turn that waste into forest and farms, and win back more than we ever lost to the Prussians."

The enthusiasm of the young engineer seemed at first to be wasted on disbelieving ears. For who had ever heard that the moors of Jutland could be of use to any one except to the hunter, the wandering gypsy, and the thief? "The heath, like the poor," said the Danish clergyman, "you have always with you." And the peasants believed, as surely as they did the gospel, in the old Danish adage that said: "Nothing but heather can grow on the heath."



A TWENTY-ONE-YEAR-OLD PLANTATION OF TIMBER ON A DANISH FARM

The Peasants Reduced to Living on Frogs and Bran

And who could blame them? These men had lived, as their grandfathers had before them, on the borders of the vast moorland that stretched black and dismal into the distance. They had, indeed, seen attempts to cultivate the wilderness; they had seen rows of trees planted in the heath, only to yellow and die. Here and there, it is true, along the sandy roads that crossed the moor, the hunter came upon a tiny cottage with a clearing in which the owner had planted potatoes. He thatched his roof with dried heather, burned the turf for fuel, and found nourishment for a few lean sheep on the moor. For the rest, he tramped the heath with his gun, in search of hare and grouse; and when these slender means failed to keep hunger from the door, he turned highwayman, making the heath a dangerous country for a traveler at night. Indeed, wandering camps of gypsies seemed to be the only communities that could maintain a satisfactory existence on the moor.

And worse than its own uselessness was the positive menace of the heath to the agriculture of all Jutland; for the continual west winds from the North Sea gathered force as they swept over the open expanses of moorland, and, reaching the farms, blighted and withered everything they touched. The heath was so sensitive to the sun that on summer days its sands became as hot as the Sahara; and yet on summer nights the mercury dropped so rapidly that there was not a week of July or August without frost; and these violent fluctuations in temperature were communicated by the wind to the surrounding farms. So impoverished were the farmers in some districts that they used money for only four purposes: for the taxes, for salt, for fuel, and for wooden shoes — having no wood out of which to carve their own shoes! Often the meat of an entire family for a year consisted of

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ONE OF THE LONELY FARMS CHARACTERISTIC

one lean pig, slaughtered and salted at Christmas. Sometimes their diet was reduced to frogs and bran. In a certain township there was at one period only one wagon. When the owner wanted to plow, he took the wheels from the wagon, and used them for the plow. At last the wagon became so old that in summer, when he went to dinner and when he went to bed, he placed the wheels in water to keep them from falling apart. In 1864 the portions of Jutland that were under the plow were poor in the extreme, and one fifth of the area of the peninsula was unproductive soil. Instead of the unsympathetic heath, there should have been forests to shield the corn-fields from the blast, to soak up the rains like sponges, and to maintain brooks and springs to water the farm-lands. But the forests of Jutland measured only two and two fifths per cent of the total area of that land — only two and two fifths per cent, against the thirty per cent still covered by forests in the United States.

The Lost Forests of Jutland

It had not always been thus in Denmark. The gradually undulating lines of the heath were

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OF THE DANISH HEATH OF FORTY YEARS AGO

broken here and there by huge round mounds,—covered, like all else, with the somber mantle of the moor,— within which were found chambers made of giant stone, containing skeletons of men of the remote Stone Age, buried with farming implements, oxen, and sheep, proving that here, five thousand years ago, had lived a population that subsisted on green fields and fertile farms. Tradition says that Jutland was once a land rich in forests of oak. Indeed, we know that no longer than two centuries ago there were oak forests in some districts now covered by moor. In those regions more recently desolated, occasional clumps of scrub oak and forest flowers like the anemone were found far out on the wild heath, marking the grave of a forgotten oak forest. In such a district stood the ancient church of Gjellerup, the oldest granite village church still standing in Denmark. When this edifice was built, about 1140, Gjellerup was a prosperous farming center; but forty years ago only a few mean dwellings nestled to the church for protection against the blast of the wilderness. Across the bleak moorland, miles away, the inhabitants of the tiny village of Taulund could see the church tower of Gjellerup. And the

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Taulund mother, surrounded by her children, pointing to a telltale clump of diminutive oak in the heather, told them, in the words of the folk-tale she had learned from her grandmother: "Where there is heath now, once there were woods, and a squirrel could jump from oak to oak from a flagstaff at Taulund as far as the church tower of Gjellerup."

But year after year, century after century, the oak had been cut with an eye only to immediate gain, while fire aided the ax, the soil soured, heather grew over the rotting stumps, and the land degenerated into a dry heath or a stagnant bog, by the same process as that which is going on to-day in the deforested lands of the United States.

How a Forest Changes into a Heath

One who has seen that strange wilderness in Ocean County, New Jersey, called "the Plains," can form some idea of the general appearance of the Danish heath. On the Plains natural growth is stunted; only dwarfs flourish. The trees that cover the coarse, gravelly sand — the pitch pine, the scrub oak, and the laurel — creep prostrate on the ground like vines, rarely rising higher than a man's knee; and in the memory of the inhabitants of the surrounding country the Plains have always been thus. The peculiar dwarfing of all growth is explained on the theory that at some time in the past this area has been cut and burned over so thoroughly that the tree-growing properties of the forest floor have been eaten out of the soil. Nearly every year a fire sweeps over some portion of the Plains, and one can not traverse them without passing a charred area or scenting a scorched odor. The lonely aspect of the Plains, with the sandy cart-path winding its way around the knolls into the distance, suggests the Danish heath with its cover of low heather bushes and its barrows of the long dead. Here the resemblance ceases. The Danish heath had advanced further by centuries on its way to becoming a desert. Trees no longer grew there, excepting where traces of scrub oak still persisted on the site of a more recent forest. The Plains mark a half-way process in America between the forest and the heath. We are perpetuating in America the same follies that the Danes were committing before America was discovered. By unscientific cutting we are ruining 2,750,000 acres of good timber-land every year, and allowing nearly fifty million dollars' worth to be consumed annually by forest fires. Conservative estimates have placed the exhaustion of our lumber supply at thirty-three years, allowing for the present rate of destruction, while the more radical set nine years as the limit.

The Danes Abandon the Heath to the Heather

From the heath, it is only fair to say, the Danes did obtain a certain melancholy satisfaction. When the heather was in bloom, the long, undulating stretch of purple was a thing of beauty that appealed to the artist, while the monotonous howl of the wind had its charm for the poet. The imagination of the peasants peopled the heath with trolls and strange creatures. From as long ago as the eighth century the old English epic "Beowulf" describes how the great monster Grendel came every night, stalking over the moors to the king's hall, from which he took at every visit a sleeping warrior for his prey. A whole literature of story and song has been written in Danish about the heath; but its greatest singer lived in the first half of the last century, just before the coming of Dalgas — Steen Steensen Blicher, a country parson who spent his days stalking the moor with his gun and dog, and his nights in gypsy encampments or in the equally lonely and uninviting turf cottages of the heath-dwellers, where he gathered the materials for his short stories and poems.

The triumph of the heath found its last praise in the works of Blicher. Its doom was approaching. Even before Blicher's time, men had dreamed of reclaiming the moorland. In the eighteenth century the government brought in a thousand German colonists to try their hand, but they failed utterly. At last a variety of tree was discovered which seemed to grow on the raw heath,— the red spruce,—and soon after 1800 the Danish government established three plantations of these trees; but, in the course of years, after the spruces reached the height of a few feet, they stopped growing altogether, and, where they were exposed to the wind, they died. In short, the attempt was abandoned, the government refused to contribute another cent to the project, and the peasant was allowed to shake his head and repeat: "Nothing but heather can grow on the heath."

The Coming of Captain Dalgas

But the heath had yet to reckon with Dalgas. In 1864, after the war with Germany, he was a man of thirty-six years. Dalgas had been in charge of the construction of highways across the moor, and, being of a scientific as well as a practical turn of mind, a geologist and a botanist, he utilized his abundant opportunities to study the nature of the heath. Alone in the wilderness, he dreamed great dreams. By practical experiments he had convinced himself of the possibility of making trees grow on the heath, and of turning it into plow- and pasture-land. And in putting

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CAPTAIN DALGAS (IN THE CENTER) ON ONE OF THE FARMS THAT HAVE BEEN RECLAIMED FROM THE DENMARK HEATH

these vast tracts of waste land under cultivation he saw the salvation of Denmark. Dalgas had convinced himself, but he had now to persuade others. He tried first to interest the government in this lost cause. He wrote to the Copenhagen newspapers and endeavored to secure an appropriation. The suggestion was met with indifference and scorn. When the question was brought up in Parliament, it was said: "We have already wasted too much money on planting trees to dry out on the heath, and now, after the war, we have no funds for foolish experiments."

Failing to secure government aid, Dalgas placed his cause directly in the hands of the people. He began by appealing to the wealthier landowners to make the attempt on the ground of patriotism, taking them to the abandoned plantations and showing them how with better care they might have succeeded, and demonstrating the value of forests in nursing the farmlands that they protect. A few friends became so inspired by his enthusiasm that in 1866, two years after the war, a hundred landowners banded together and formed the Danish Heath Society (*Det Danske Hedeselskab*). The purpose of this association was, in its own words, "to render the Danish moor productive." The founders were actuated entirely by patriotism, and the members have never asked for a dividend. From its foundation until the present time the Danish Heath Society has been the most influential private organization in Denmark.

"Running Water is the Heather's Death"

Captain Dalgas was chosen managing director of the society. His great purpose was to plant the heath with trees and to create forests in Jutland. To do this he found that he must teach the peasants the value of the woods, and then convince them that trees *could* be made to grow on the heath. But first of all he had to win their confidence. He saw that he must meet them on common ground and appeal to something with which they were all familiar. Now, there was one thing that every peasant understood — the value of water; they knew that wherever a rivulet ran through the heath, the heather along its course died out and gave place to fresh grass. There was, in fact, an old Danish adage that said: "Running water is the heather's death." From this saying Captain Dalgas took his cue. For the time he gave up planting trees, and turned his experience as an engineer into digging canals and ditches. He pumped water from distant rivers and let it run over the heath. He brought fertilizers to the peasants to spread over their new-made lands. A farmer found that he could keep two cows where before he had none, and plant peas and beets and rye where before the soil had yielded only a few potatoes. The poor heath-dweller blessed Captain Dalgas. He had won his affection and his trust.

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By that time the Society was ready to demonstrate the possibility of trees and forests. It began by purchasing a strip of land near the city of Viborg, the ancient capital of Jutland, a cathedral town set on the hills in the midst of a district once green with oak forests, but where now the west wind howled across the wilderness up to the city gates. In the Society's first plantation Captain Dalgas tried the red spruce, which previous experiments had shown could at least be kept alive on the heath.

How Dalgas Made the Fir-Tree the Nurse of the Spruce

The process of planting developed by Dalgas is to-day somewhat as follows: The heather is first burned off the moor. Being quite dry, it burns readily. The land is then plowed. If the soil has considerable nurture, one plowing is enough; otherwise it is allowed to rest a year, and is turned again, and sometimes a third year. The plants are then set out in rows. When the heather thrusts up its head again between the struggling spruces, it is plowed out at once. In some moors where the soil is very rich the trees can be planted immediately, without burning or plowing, and where there is easy access to natural fertilizers the moor is first turned into farmland and cultivated a few years before the trees are planted. When this can be done their growth is much more rapid.

Dalgas' first attempts to grow red spruce on the heath were not successful enough to arouse much confidence. Where the heath was very young, especially in the vicinity of dwarf oak, it grew very well, and also when the heath had first been converted into farm-lands. The wilder heath, however, allowed the trees to advance a little; but they soon became stunted, yellowed, and died. In order to be sure of some results, Colonel Dalgas in 1868 tried the experiment of interspersing the spruce with another tree, a small hardy mountain fir from the Alps that will grow almost anywhere. This tree grew and remained green even on the dry heath; and although it was a dwarf species, almost a shrub, and had little economic value, it softened the climate of the surrounding country and covered the melancholy brown waste with green.

And then came a startling discovery. It was observed that wherever the fir was planted among the spruce, the spruce took heart and raised its head as never before. The roots of the fir quickened the roots of the spruce. Dalgas called the fir the "spruce's nurse," and the two trees grew up side by side. When the farmers of Jutland beheld this sight, they began to lose their confidence in the unconquerableness of the heath, while Dalgas pointed to his miniature forest and said: "See, the heath is clothed again in green!"

Dalgas Becomes the Missionary of the Heath

Then Captain Dalgas put on his high boots and went from one end of the land to the other, preaching and teaching the new gospel of forestry, addressing mass meetings at the country inns, urging the farmers everywhere to plant trees, illustrating by experiments and helping them with his own hands to set out trees. There is an analogy between Enrico Dalgas, the preacher of forestry in Denmark in 1870, and Gifford Pinchot, the preacher of forestry in the United States in 1900. Pinchot went into the West and defended the forests before meetings of lumbermen, cattlemen, and miners; and audiences that had come to jeer turned away convinced by his eloquence and apt illustrations. Dalgas appealed boldly to the skeptical Danish farmers as only a plain man of the people could, and he was full of pithy saws and trite sayings which stuck in their minds. He pointed to the map of Denmark, and compared the area of the lost provinces with the area of the heath. "What has been lost without," he said, "must be won within." Again, he compared Denmark to a lamb that has been shorn smooth of its wool. "You can make the land grow wool again," he said. "Denmark has been clipped by our ancestors until it is flatter and barer than a shorn lamb,"— and Dalgas passed his hand caressingly over the face of the map,— "but *the land shall become woolly!*" And the men went from the lecture laughing and saying one to another: "The land shall become woolly."

Whenever Dalgas came to a high school in the country he stopped to address the pupils. A Danish high school is a kind of agricultural college peculiar to Denmark, where farmers' sons and daughters are taught history and mathematics and chemistry and the science of farming. Among the students of these high schools Dalgas found his most responsive listeners. Mr. Frederick Dalgas, in conversation with the writer, said of Captain Dalgas: "My father often said that nothing contributed so much to the success of his cause as the efforts of the graduates of these high schools, who had faced the question with unprejudiced eyes and taken it up with youthful enthusiasm. When these boys and girls went home they planted trees and hedges, and they are planting them to-day."

What an example for us in the United States!

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KING FREDERICK VIII AND QUEEN LOUISE, ON A VISIT TO THE HEATH IN 1908, LISTENING TO A LECTURE ON CONSERVATION. A FORESTER IS ADDRESSING THE PEOPLE FROM THE TOP OF A MOUND WHICH OVERLOOKS A DISTRICT COVERED WITH NEW FOREST. THE KING IS IN UNIFORM, STANDING. THE QUEEN IS SITTING

In what surer way can the principles of conservation become a part of our lives than by teaching them to the children in the schools? It is not enough for us to have a few foresters in the far West to tell us what we ought to do.

"The people loved my father," continued Mr. Dalgas. "They welcomed him everywhere, and remembered everything he told them. We brothers, too, enjoyed unusual privileges, for everybody knew that we were the sons of Captain Dalgas, and every house was open to us."

Making the Land "Woolly"

As time went on, new members joined the Heath Society; rich landowners contributed liberally to the work; and at last even the government came to realize the significance of the movement, and allowed the Society an annual fund, which has been increased from year to year. By these means the Society was enabled to purchase heath; to establish plantations in other parts of Jutland; to publish a journal of heath culture; to print pamphlets and directions, which it distributed widely, endeavoring to reach every farm in Denmark; and to send out foresters and teachers over all the country to instruct the peasants in the science of forestry, until now the Society maintains more than five hundred demonstration stations. When a private individual wishes to reclaim a piece of moor, he sends to the nearest station for a demonstrator, who comes and directs the work free of charge. Not only does the Society provide free instruction, but it delivers young trees to the planter on his farm at one half the market price. And, in addition to creating forests, it teaches the farmer the value of planting hedges about his plow-lands to protect the fields against the wind, a movement that has increased to such proportions that at the present time the Heath Society is distributing between fifteen and twenty million plants annually for hedges alone.

But there came a time when the enthusiasm for forest-growing received a rude check. It was the old question of the spruce and the fir. When Captain Dalgas saw that the fir encouraged the spruce, and called it "the spruce's nurse," he naturally supposed that the spruce would continue to grow until it lifted itself high above the stunted mountain tree and towered into a stately forest. But, strangely enough, the spruce did not grow higher than the fir; it simply kept pace with it. The hardier tree nourished and at the same time suppressed the spruce, and the farmers of Jutland said derisively to Dalgas: "See, your nurse never lets her child get out of the cradle!" Again they said: "What have you accomplished? You say you have improved the fertility of our farms, and you

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DANISH CONVICTS RETURNING FROM A DAY'S WORK ON THE HEATH. THE CONVICTS ARE RECLAIMING THEY HAVE TO BREAK THROUGH A LAYER OF HARD PAN A FEW INCHES BENEATH THE SOIL.

have only made a green heath where before we had a brown one. But you have not grown a real forest — a forest that will yield timber."

Only about ten years ago the scientists of the Heath Society found the solution of this difficulty. It was Captain Dalgas' son, Christian Dalgas, who made the discovery that if the fir trees were cut down when still young, the spruce that they had fostered would shoot up, as out of a rich forest floor, to their full height. After this discovery the mountain fir was planted with the spruce, alternately or one to every two or three spruce trees, in order to give the spruce a start, to create a forest soil for it; and after a few years it was cut down and used for fence-palings and for making tar.

Another complaint that the foresters had to meet was the slowness of returns. "We can not afford to plant the moor," said the farmer. "It will take a century for the woods to grow before they can be cut for lumber, and then we will be in our graves. It is all outlay and no return." This argument, indeed, deterred private initiative on the part of poor farmers; but the Heath Society and the wealthy landowners felt that they could afford to plant and wait, for the sake of their country, and regarded the patriotic venture as a sort of insurance for the nation.

Within the last ten years, however, the first forests planted by the Society have begun to yield a financial return. Forests planted thirty years ago have paid for the original outlay by the removal and sale of the mountain fir, and stand now, splendid groves of spruce, which can be scientifically cut from time to time at considerable profit.*

To-day Denmark is obeying Dalgas' behest: "The land shall become woolly."

The experience of the farmers of Denmark should encourage the American farmer to set out hedges to protect his crops against the wind, and to plant wood-lots to take the place of those destroyed in the past. In this country we are still diminishing our forests much faster even than Denmark is increasing hers — by using each year three times the annual growth of our

* The following is a typical instance of the cost and return on forest-planting in Jutland under rather unfavorable conditions. The statement covers thirty years, and applies to a *tonde* of land, an area of about one and a third acres.

DATE		COST	RETURN
1877	Burning the heath, plowing single furrows in the raw heath at a distance of 5 feet 2 inches apart	$7.43	
1878	Planting alternate red spruce and mountain fir in these furrows, 3 feet 1 inch apart, in all 1,850 spruce, 1,850 fir	1.65	
	Purchase of these 3,700 plants, at $1.38 per thousand	5.09	
	A little additional planting	.63	
1890	Removal of four large sods from around 1,850 spruces, at $1.10 per thousand	1.68	
1896	Cutting down the firs that had crowded the spruces	.83	
	Total cost per *tonde*	$17.01	
1900	The branches of the firs were cut and sold for fuel, the sale meeting the cost of the cutting.		
1904	Second cutting of all the fir trunks large enough for fence-pales, which impeded the spruces.		
1907	Third cutting like the preceding, the sale of the two netting, per *tonde*		$18.00

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THE OLDEST PART OF THE HEATH, WHICH IS OF GLACIER FORMATION. IN ORDER TO PLANT TREES, THE CONVICTS HAVE PROVED EXCELLENT FORESTERS, AND ALMOST NEVER ABUSE THEIR LIBERTY

timber. We have now sixty-five million acres of skinned and burned-over timber-land which must be planted before it can again yield merchantable lumber. Yet only here and there in the United States have we begun to set out trees on a large scale. The Pennsylvania Railroad, foreseeing the rapid extinction of timber available for railroad-ties, and finding no metal substitute with the necessary elasticity of the wood, in 1902 prudently began to set out black locust and red oak upon farms along its right of way. The railroad's forester planted thirteen thousand trees the first year, and increased the number set out each year until in 1909 one million new trees were planted.

The Danes Bind Themselves to Maintain "Perpetual Forests"

In America we complain that we have no means of preserving our forests, because four fifths of the woodland is privately owned, while the ancient forest reserves of other countries, such as France and Germany, belong to the government, which can afford to protect them. In Denmark, however, the woods are for the most part private property; yet the Danes are able to defend their trees from the ax and the flame. This is, in part, due to the advanced education of the Danish people in forestry, and also to wise laws and regulations.

When a Danish farmer receives aid from the Heath Society or the State in creating a forest on his property, he insures its protection from deforestation by a process, peculiar perhaps to Denmark, known as *fredslysning*, or "proclaiming of security." If a property-holder wishes to set aside a piece of land as a forest, he summons the magistrates, and in their presence proclaims it *fredslystne*, by which act he binds himself and all future owners of the land to maintain a first-class forest upon this piece of earth until the end of time. In the future, when the tract changes hands, the deeds call for so many acres of forest and so many acres of plow-land. In this way, while not actually held by the State, the forests become the perpetual property of the people.

Denmark, like the United States, has old forests to preserve as well as new ones to create. On the island of Sjaelland, on which Copenhagen, the capital of Denmark, is situated, there are old beech forests, *fredslystne*, which have somehow escaped the waste and neglect that destroyed the woods of Jutland. These ancient groves have been the subject of a care and veneration amounting almost to a religion since the conservation movement began, and are now among the most beautiful woods in the world, attracting, every summer, hundreds of tourists from foreign lands. The smooth white trunks of the beeches are a constant temptation to lovers' knives, and the broad avenues between the trees, stretching away to distant grass-glades where deer are feeding, furnish an open-air art school

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for young Danish painters. It is commonly said that the Danish people love their beech woods more than anything else in the world. They sensibly use the natural woods as public parks and playgrounds, an open-air gymnasium that is far more attractive than the mechanical lines of "laid-out" parks. The typical Danish family spends Sundays and holidays, weather permitting, in a neighboring beech wood, sometimes walking or riding many miles to reach it, the entire family setting out with lunch-baskets in the morning to spend the day. On Sundays, in the summer months, the suburban railroads frequently carry one fifth of the entire population of Copenhagen to the forests.

In the United States there is no adequate protection against the forest fires that annually destroy fifty million dollars' worth of our timber. Until recently even the government reserves were locked up and left to burn, and not yet are the rangers in the national forests numerous enough to insure safety, one man sometimes having the responsibility of protecting a hundred thousand acres. Private forests are, as a rule, far worse off; they are practically defenseless. It is estimated that one acre in every ten privately held is burned over annually. In 1907, however, the State of New Jersey, realizing for the first time the folly of letting the woods disappear into smoke, took the initiative by appointing Mr. T. P. Price—a friend of Pinchot, a man who had given many years of his experience and enthusiasm gratuitously to the cause of conservation — to the newly created office of State Fire Warden, allowing him to organize a service, with a warden in each township. The first year of the fire service saved the people of New Jersey a quarter of a million dollars in private forests, at a cost of only thirty-six hundred dollars to the State.

The "Forest-Rider" and His "Forest-Runners"

In Denmark they realize that the way to stop forest fires is to prevent them from starting. So carefully are the woods guarded by forest rangers that fires are virtually unknown. Although the woods are private property, the owners have the privilege only of shooting deer and other game in season, and of cutting a reasonable amount of timber, for which they are bound to maintain the forest and a forester with his staff, and submit to occasional inspection from a government forester who goes the rounds. Indeed, one cannot travel far in a Danish beech forest without meeting a lonely horseman in immaculate linen and neat boots of tan. He is the overseer of the forest, called in Danish the *skov-rider*, literally the "forest-rider." A little later, in an opening, the visitor sees a picturesque dwelling of whitewashed brick interlaced with black beams of oak, with a sloping roof of thatch. It is one of those foresters' lodges about which a cycle of romances has been written in the Danish language. In other parts of the forest the traveler comes upon the humble cottages of the *skov-lobere*, that is, the "forest-runners," the men who are obliged to use their legs in the woods, instead of riding about on horseback, like the overseer. A "rider" has under him a "runner" and his family in every few hundred acres of the forest. In every wood one can hear the sound of the "runner's" ax and the crash of huge trees, denoting scientific cutting of the forest, which benefits more than it harms.

Forest-planting is not the only activity of the Danish Heath Society. The organization also encourages farmers who desire quick returns to convert the heath directly into plow-lands. To do this a large amount of fertilizing is required, and to prepare the soil so that it can support grain and vegetables it is almost necessary to have marl, a yellow clay containing rich deposits of lime, which is found in many parts of Jutland. The heath is first burned, as in preparing to plant trees, but with greater care, in order not to destroy the mold. The moor is then allowed to lie idle for a year or two, after which it is again gone over more carefully with a finer plow. It is then left to lie for two years more, when it is spread with marl, as well as with natural or commercial manure. It is first cheaply sown with oats or clover, then allowed to lie several years with grass, then sown again. In the early years the farmer must be content to plant such hardy seed as potatoes and rye. The marl, that precious clay which spells death to the heather and creates a soil in which the grain can live, is furnished by the Heath Society, whose experts are constantly searching Denmark for deposits. By 1870 they had discovered 52 marl pits; by 1902 there were 1,474 in operation. The Society transports the marl directly to the farmer on his farm by laying temporary rails over the heath from the nearest railroad station, and delivers it at less than cost. In 1890 the Society delivered one million pounds of marl; in 1900 it transported fifty million pounds; in 1910 it expected to deliver one hundred million pounds of marl to the farmers of Jutland. This method of reclaiming the heath is especially popular with the peasant who has a few acres of land from which he derives no profit, the quick returns of agriculture being more alluring to him than the prospect of waiting thirty years for his timber to grow.

Captain Dalgas discovered yet another use

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A WOOD AUCTION ON WHAT WAS TWENTY-ONE YEARS AGO A DESOLATE HEATH

for the bad lands. He found that he could transform them into pastures. We have already heard how he began to irrigate the dry lands by following the maxim, "Running water is the heather's death." Wherever there was a river or a brook, he dammed its channel and conducted its waters by canals and dikes over the moor. When the heather plant dies the fresh grasses spring into new life, and sometimes good pasture-land can be created in this way without even re-seeding. In other cases new grass is planted.

Turning a Pestilent Bog into Pasture-Land

There are, besides the dry heath, stretches of sour bog and swamp in Jutland, and these, too, the Danish scientists are turning into the finest of grass-plots for grazing and for hay. By a series of experiments it was demonstrated that the marsh should first be drained as deeply as possible, then exposed to repeated purifying by the rains until the humic acid that saturates the soil is all washed away. The following year it is drained again and limed, and the next year covered with that wonderful revivifier, marl, and, if possible, a layer of clay is added to protect the soil from the frost of Northern summer nights. Commercial fertilizers are also applied, the plot is re-seeded, and a year or two later it is harrowed and seeded again.

South of the town of Herning, in the heart of the reclaimed district, was such a bog. The people of Herning looked out upon a wilderness. The stagnant breath of the fen increased the mortality of the town, and on summer nights the clammy frost-mists that were generated in the bog blew over their fragrant gardens and orchards, chilling and killing the buds and the early fruit.

Captain Dalgas, from the church of Herning, had often observed this oozing stagnation, and secretly planned to conquer it. In 1891 the Heath Society bought the bog and set to work. It drained the bog, marled it, and covered it with clay. In three years it yielded hay. After four years it was harrowed, finished, and declared a meadow. A rich green pasturage covers the site of the ancient swamp; a portion of the land has been converted into a recreation park for the city of Herning; and that formerly unhealthful town has become almost a health resort, its population doubled and tripled, meriting its popular designation — the "Star on the Heath." What is more, the bog has proved an investment paying ten per cent.*

Canal-building and irrigation is perhaps the only department of the conservation program in which the United States can compare favorably

*Amount paid per acre for the land $10
Cost of draining, fertilizing, seeding during five years, per acre 70
Average annual profit from hay and grazing since 1896, per acre 8

In other words, the meadow is yielding the Society eight per cent on the capital invested, or, deducting the amount paid for the totally unproductive soil, more than ten per cent on the improvements.

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with Denmark. With our far greater resources, the United States Reclamation Service between 1903 and 1909 turned 424,000 acres of Western wilderness into farms. Ten million acres of sage-brush and other arid lands have already been reclaimed in the United States, while plans are maturing to place fifty million more under the plow. Irrigated districts on the Columbia River have risen in value from $160 an acre in 1903 to $2,200 an acre in 1907.

In draining swamps, the opposite of watering deserts, we are far behind the Danes. On the New Jersey coast, it is true, we have built summer cities on the former site of marshes; but they have not contributed to agriculture. We have not even dug out of our bogs the peat that is used in Denmark as an economical substitute for coal. We have still awaiting drainage such vast propositions as the swamps of Louisiana. It is estimated that by drainage we can readily turn eighty million acres of swamps and submerged lands in the United States into homesteads for thirty million men, women, and children.

Captain Dalgas is dead, but his work lives after him. His son Christian has made his father's cause his own life's work, and the *Hedesagen*, as the heath movement is called in Denmark, is being pressed more earnestly every year, one might safely say every week.

When the last statistics were gathered in 1907, they revealed the following general results of the forest movement:

	1860	1907
Acres of forest in Jutland . .	157,000	476,000
Percentage of Jutland covered by forest	2.4	7.2

That is to say, the forests of Jutland have more than tripled in extent since the Heath Society was organized. It must be remembered, at the same time, that the planting of trees is only one of the several ways in which the heath has been reclaimed. In 1860 the unproductive area of Jutland was 2,860 square miles. In 1907 it was only 1,428 square miles, showing that in the first forty years of the Heath Society's work more than one half the waste soil of Jutland has been reduced to cultivation.

Even the Convicts Become Foresters

One of the greatest wonders achieved by the Heath Society is the reclaiming of the most ancient moor of all, the heath which is not the result of man's folly, but was formed when the glaciers receded from Denmark in the Age of Ice. This heath conceals a layer of hard pan a few inches under the soil, and it is necessary to break through a compact crust of gravel and small stones to get the roots of the trees into the ground. For this work the government has given the Society the labor of convicts who are serving terms of penal servitude. The convicts are turned out in gangs on the moor, along the lines marked for the rows of trees. Each convict is set to work, with a pick-ax and a shovel, to dig a hole for his tree; and it takes him hours to break through the hard pan. In this way the men who formerly infested the heath as beggars and thieves are now working to reclaim it. They appreciate the liberty, and take measures among themselves to prevent any one of their number from attempting to escape. The work in the open air improves their cheerfulness and health, and the fact that they are helping the cause of the people develops in them the spark of patriotism.

These convicts have proved such excellent "foresters" that they are now being given a still harder proposition — the problem of dealing with the shifting sand-dunes along the sea-shore and the fjords. One who has seen the dead trunks of a forest on the Atlantic coast at Cape Henlopen or Avalon, destroyed by moving sand-hills, can form but a slight idea of the havoc created by the gales of the North Sea and the sands along the western shores of Jutland. Bays are formed in a night, bridges swept away, the coast-line changed, while the flight of sand far inland annihilates all attempts at cultivation. It is no easy task, but the convicts are now holding the sands in place with hardy pine, and behind the sheltering tree-wall they are bolting down the uncertain soil with firm pastures.

It is a new Denmark that greets the traveler to-day. These forty years have doubled and tripled the wealth of the Danish nation. Railroads and highways are cutting the heath; new buildings and towns are rising everywhere. Tree-planting gives work for the destitute; the moor is peopled with families; the valuation of certain townships has risen one thousand and five hundred per cent. And it is not the reclaimed land only that has been improved by the planting of forests, for the woods have softened the climate and the fertility of the whole peninsula of Jutland. Forty years ago it was a common saying that when a farmer got rid of a piece of land he "sold it for a glass of port." Acres that once changed hands in this way for a drink are now hard to buy for gold and bonds. An excellent indication of the economic revival in Denmark is the building of churches. It is said that not since the reign of Valdemar the Great in the twelfth century have so many new churches been built in Denmark as during the reign of the late Christian IX. In these

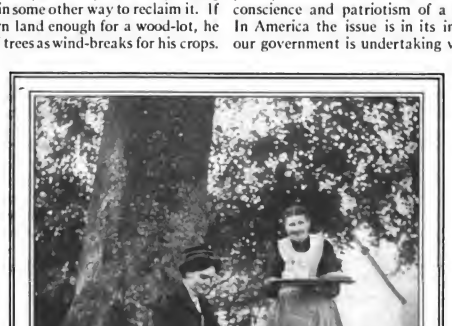
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churches they are singing a new patriotic song, which has for its refrain the words:

> The woods are growing on the heath,
> And men are growing too!

The greater work of the Heath Society is passing out of the control of the Society into the hands of the people. The undertakings that were at first confined to the Society and rich landholders have been taken up more and more by the farmers with small estates. It is safe to say that every farmer in Jutland to-day who owns a piece of unproductive land is planting trees or trying in some other way to reclaim it. If he does not own land enough for a wood-lot, he sets out rows of trees as wind-breaks for his crops.

The experience of Denmark comes to the United States both as a warning and as a message of hope. The Danish heath of forty years ago is a suggestion of the desolation that will result in the United States if the reckless waste of our national resources continues in the future as it has in the past. At the same time, the last forty years of Denmark's persistent efforts show us the possibilities of conservation. Denmark had advanced further by centuries on the road to desolation. The movement began with one voice crying in the wilderness. To-day the principles of conservation are inbred in the conscience and patriotism of a united people. In America the issue is in its infancy. While our government is undertaking vast projects in



A DANISH COLLEGE GIRL DRINKING COFFEE IN THE BEECH FOREST OUTSIDE THE LODGE OF A SUB-FORESTER, OR "FOREST-RUNNER." THE WOMAN BRINGING THE COFFEE IS THE "RUNNER'S" WIFE

Denmark a Warning and a Hope for America

The Danish people are much interested in the recent popular awakening in the United States to the cause of our forests. They have sympathetically watched our progress in forestry since the appointment of Mr. Gifford Pinchot as United States Forester in 1898, and were disappointed when he retired from that office. Mr. Pinchot's recent visit to Denmark attracted great attention. Another bond of union between the two lands is a Danish-American plantation in Jutland, for which funds are being raised this year by men of Danish birth in America.

the West, conservation has not yet taken hold of the conscience of private interests and the individual citizen. While scientific forestry is being practised in seventy per cent of our national forests, less than three per cent of woods privately owned are properly cared for. Denmark has shown us what education can accomplish; as in Denmark, our school children can be taught a proper reverence for the tree and the products of the soil. When every American farmer has his wood-lot, every garden its hedge, when every grove is unmolested by the skinner and the incendiary, every sand-plot is being watered, every swamp drained — then we will accomplish on a far larger scale the wonders performed in Denmark to-day.

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The Measure of Margaret Coppered

by Kathleen Norris

Author of "The Last Carolan," etc.

Illustrations by F. Graham Cootes

DUNCAN COPPERED felt that his father's second marriage was a great mistake. He never said so; that would not have been Duncan's way. But he had a little way of discreetly compressing his lips, when the second Mrs. Coppered was mentioned, eyeing his irreproachable boots, and raising his handsome brows, that was felt to be significant. People who knew and admired Duncan — and to know him was to admire him — realized that he would never give more definite indications of filial disapproval than these. His exquisite sense of what was due his father's wife from him would not permit it. But all the more did the silent sympathy of his friends go out to him.

To Harriet Culver he said the one thing that these friends, comparing notes, considered indicative of his real feeling. Harriet, who met him on the Common one cold afternoon, reproached him, during the course of a slow ride, for his non-appearance at various dinners and teas.

"Well, I've been rather bowled over, don't you know? I've been getting my bearings," said Duncan simply.

"Of course you have!" said Harriet, with an expectant thrill.

"I'd gotten to count on monopolizing the governor," pursued Duncan presently, with a rueful smile. "I shall feel no end in the way for a while, I'm afraid. Of course, I didn't think Dad would always keep" — his serious eyes met Harriet's — "always keep my mother's place empty; but this came rather suddenly, just the same."

"Had your father written you?" said Harriet, confused between fear of saying the wrong thing and dread of a long silence.

"Oh, yes!" Duncan attempted an indifferent tone. "He had written me in August about meeting Miss Charteris and her little brother in Rome, you know, and how much he liked her. Her brother was an invalid, and died shortly after; and then Dad met her again in Paris, quite alone, and they were married immediately."

He fell silent. Presently Harriet said daringly: "She's — clever; she's gifted, isn't she?"

"I think you were very bold to say that, dear!" said Mrs. Van Winkle, when Harriet repeated this conversation, some hours later, in the family circle.

"Oh, Aunt Minnie, I *had* to — to see what he'd say."

"And what *did* he say?" asked Harriet's mother.

"He looked at me gravely, you know, until I was ashamed of myself," the girl confessed, "and then he said: 'Why, Hat, you must know that Mrs. Coppered was a professional actress?'"

"And a very obscure little actress, at that," finished Mrs. Culver, nodding.

"Pacific Coast stock companies, or something like that," said Harriet. "Well, and then, after a minute, he said, so sadly, 'That's what hurts, although I hate myself for letting it make a difference.'"

"Duncan said that?" Mrs. Van Winkle was incredulous.

"Poor boy! With one aunt Mrs. Vincent-Hunter and the other an English duchess! The Coppereds have always been among Boston's best families. It's terrible," said Mrs. Culver.

"Well, I think it is," the girl agreed warmly. "Judge Clyde-Potter's grandson, and brought up with the very nicest people, and sensitive as he is — I think it's just too bad it should be Duncan!"

"There's no doubt she was an actress, I suppose, Emily?"

"Well," said Harriet's mother, "it's not denied." She shrugged eloquently.

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"Shall you call, mother?"

"Oh, I shall have to once, I suppose. The Coppereds, you know. Every one will call on her for Carey's sake," said Mrs. Culver, sighing.

Every one duly called on Mrs. Carey Coppered, when she returned to Boston; and although she made her mourning an excuse for declining all formal engagements, she sent out cards for an "at home" on a Friday in January. She was a thin, graceful woman, with the blue-black Irish eyes that are set in with a sooty finger, and an unexpectedly rich, deep voice. Her quiet, almost diffident manner was obviously accentuated just now by her recent sorrow; but this did not conceal from her husband's friends the fact that the second Mrs. Coppered was not of their world. Everything charming she might be, but to the manner born she was not. They would not meet her on her own ground, she could not meet them on theirs. In her own home she listened like a puzzled, silenced child to the gay chatter that went on about her.

Duncan stood with his father, at his stepmother's side, on her afternoon at home, prompting her when names or faces confused her, treating her with a little air of gracious intimacy eminently becoming and charming under the circumstances. His tact stood between her and more than one blunder, and it was to be noticed that she relied upon him even more than upon his father. Carey Coppered, indeed, hitherto staid and serious, was quite transformed by his joy and pride in her, and would not have seen a thousand blunders on her part. The consensus of opinion, among his friends, was that Carey was "really a little absurd, don't you know?" and that Mrs. Carey was "quite deliciously odd," and that Duncan was "too wonderful — poor, dear boy!"

Mrs. Coppered would have agreed that her stepson was wonderful, but with quite a literal meaning. She found him a real cause for wonder — this poised, handsome, crippled boy of nineteen, with his tailor, and his tutor, and his groom, and the heavy social responsibilities that bored him so heartily. With the honesty of a naturally brilliant mind cultivated by hard experience and much solitary reading, she was quite ready to admit that her marriage had placed her in a new and confusing environment; she wanted only to adapt herself, to learn the strange laws by which it was controlled. And she would naturally have turned quite simply to Duncan for help.

But Duncan very gently, very coldly, repelled her. He was representative of his generation. Things were not *learned* by the best people; they were instinctively *known*. The girls that Duncan knew — the very children in their nurseries — never hesitated over the wording of a note of thanks, never innocently omitted the tipping of a servant, never asked their maid's advice as to suitable frocks and gloves for certain occasions. All these things, and a thousand more, his stepmother did, to his cold embarrassment and annoyance.

The result was unfortunate in two ways. Mrs. Coppered shrank under the unexpressed disapproval into more than her native timidity, rightly thinking his attitude represented that of all her new world; and Carey, who worshiped his young wife, perceived at last that Duncan was not championing his stepmother, and for the first time in his life showed a genuine displeasure with his son.

This was exquisitely painful to Margaret Coppered. She knew what father and son had been to each other before her coming; she knew, far better than Carey, that the boy's adoration of his father was the one vital passion of his life. Mrs. Ayers, the housekeeper, sometimes made her heartsick with innocent revelations.

"From the day his mother died, Mrs. Coppered my dear, when poor little Master Duncan wasn't but three weeks old, I don't believe he and his father were separated an hour when they could be together! Mr. Coppered would take that little owl-faced baby downstairs with him when he came in before dinner, and 'way into the night they'd be in the library together, the baby laughing and crowing, or asleep on a pillow on the sofa. Why, the boy wasn't four when he let the nurse go, and carried the child off for a month's fishing in Canada! And when we first knew that the hip was bad, Mr. Coppered gave up his business, and for five years in Europe he never let Master Duncan out of his sight. The games and the books — I should say the child had a million lead soldiers! The first thing in the morning it'd be, 'Is Dad awake, Paul?' and he running into the room; and at noon, coming back from his ride, 'Is Dad home?' Wonderful to him his father's always been."

"That's why I'm afraid he'll never like me," Margaret was quite simple enough to say wistfully, in response. "He never laughs out or chatters, as Mr. Coppered says he used to do."

And after such a conversation she would be especially considerate of Duncan — find some excuse for going upstairs when she heard the click of his crutch in the hall, so that he might find his father alone in the library, or excuse herself from a theater trip so that they might be together.

"Oh, I'm so glad the Poindexters want us!" she said one night, over her letters.

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"Why?" said Carey, amused by her ardor. "We can't go."

"I know it. But they're such nice people, Carey. Duncan will be so pleased to have them want me!"

Her husband laughed out suddenly, but a frown followed the laugh.

"You're very patient with the boy, Margaret. I — well, I've not been very patient lately, I'm afraid. He manages to exasperate me so, with these grandiose airs, that he doesn't seem the same boy at all!"

Mrs. Coppered came over to take the arm of his chair and put her white fingers on the little furrow between his eyes.

"It breaks my heart when you hurt him, Carey! He broods over it so. And, after all, he's only doing what they all — all the people he knows would do!"

"I thought better things of him," said his father.

"If you go to Yucatan in February, Carey," Margaret said, "he and I'll be here alone, and then we'll get on much smoother, you'll see."

"I don't know," he said. "I hate to go this year; I hate to leave you."

But he went, nevertheless, for the annual visit to his rubber plantation; and Margaret and Duncan were left alone in the big house for six weeks. Duncan took especial pains to be considerate of his stepmother in his father's absence, and showed her that he felt her comfort to be his first care. He came and went like a polite, unresponsive shadow, spending silent evenings with her in the library, or acting as an irreproachable and unapproachable escort when escort was needed. Margaret, watching him, began to despair of ever gaining his friendship.

Late one wintry afternoon the boy came in from a concert, and was passing the open door of his stepmother's room when she called him. He found her standing by one of the big windows, a very girlish figure in her trim walking-suit and long furs. The face she turned to him, under her wide hat, was rosy from contact with the nipping spring air.

"Duncan," she said, "I've had such a nice invitation from Mrs. Gregory."

Duncan's face brightened.

"Mrs. Jim?" said he.

"No, indeed!" exulted Margaret gaily. "Mrs. Clement."

"Oh, I say!" said Duncan, smiling too. For if young Mrs. Jim Gregory's friendship was good, old Mrs. Clement's was much better. For the first time, he sat down informally in Margaret's room and laid aside his crutch.

"She's going to take General and Mrs. Wetherbee up to Snowhill for three or four days," pursued Margaret, "and the Jim Gregorys and Mr. Fred Gregory and me. Won't your father be pleased? Now, Duncan, what clothes do I need?"

"Oh, the best you've got," said Duncan, instantly interested; and, until it was time to dress for dinner, the two were deep in absorbed consultation.

Duncan was whistling as he went upstairs to dress, and his stepmother was apparently in high spirits. But twenty minutes later, when he found her in the library, there was a complete change. Her eyes were worried, her whole manner distressed, and her voice sharp. She looked up from a telegram as he came in.

"I've just had a wire from an old friend in New York," said she, "and I want you to telephone the answer for me, will you, Duncan? I've not a moment to spare. I shall have to leave for New York at the earliest possible minute. After you've telephoned the wire, will you find out about the trains from South Station? And get my ticket and reservation, will you? Or send Paul for them — whatever's quickest."

Duncan hardly recognized her. Her hesitation was gone, her diffidence gone. She did not even look at him as she spoke; his scowl passed entirely unnoticed. He stood coldly disapproving.

"I don't really see how you can go," he began. "Mrs. Gregory ——"

"Yes, I know!" she agreed hastily. "I telephoned. She hadn't come in yet, so I had to make it a message — simply that Mrs. Coppered couldn't manage it to-morrow. She'll be very angry, of course, Duncan, would it save any time to have Paul take this right to the telegraph station ——"

"Surely," Duncan interrupted in turn, "you're not going to rush off ——"

"Oh, surely — surely — surely — I am!" she answered, fretted by his tone. "Don't tease me, dear boy! I've quite enough to worry over! I — I"— she pushed her hair childishly off her face —"I wish devoutly that your father was here. He always knows, in a second, what's to be done! But — but fly with this telegram, won't you?" she broke off suddenly.

Duncan went. The performance of his errand was not reassuring. The telegram was directed to Philip Penrose, at the Colonial Theater, and read:

> Will be with you this evening. Depend on me. Heartsick at news. MARGARET.

When he went upstairs again, he rapped at his stepmother's door. Hatted, and with a fur coat over her arm, she opened it.

"Are you taking Fanny?" said Duncan icily.

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"HE FOUND HER STANDING BY ONE OF THE BIG WINDOWS, A VERY GIRLISH FIGURE IN HER WALKING-SUIT AND FURS"

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Fanny, the maid, middle-aged, loyal, could be trusted with the honor of the Copperеds.

"Heavens, no!" said Mrs. Coppered vigorously.

"Then I hope you will not object to my escort," said the boy, flushing.

If he meant it for reproach it missed its mark. Mrs. Coppered's surprised look became doubtful, finally changed to relief.

"Why, that's very sweet of you, Duncan," she said graciously, "especially as I can't tell you what I'm going for, my dear, for it may not occur. But I think, of all people in the world, you're the one to go with me!"

Duncan eyed her severely.

"At the same time," he said, "I can't for one moment pretend ——"

"Exactly; so that it's all the nicer of you to volunteer to come along!" she said briskly. "You'll have to hurry, Duncan. And ask Paul to come up for my trunk, will you? We leave the house in half an hour!"

Mrs. Coppered advised her stepson to supply himself with magazines on the train.

"For I shall have to read," she said, "and perhaps you won't be able to sleep."

And read she did, with hardly a look or a word for him. She turned and re-turned the pages of a little paper-covered book, moving her lips and knitting her brows over it as she read.

Duncan, miserably apprehensive that they would meet some acquaintance and have to give an explanation of their mad journey, satisfied himself that there was no such immediate danger, and, assuming a forbidding expression, sat erect in his seat. But he finally fell into an uneasy sleep, not rousing himself until the train drew into the Forty-second Street station late in the evening. His stepmother had made a rough pillow of his overcoat and put it between his shoulder and the window-frame; but he did not comment upon it as he slipped it on and followed her through the roaring, chilly station to a taxicab.

"The Colonial Theater, as fast as you can!" said she, as they jumped in. She was obviously nervous, biting her lips and humming under her breath as she watched the brilliantly lighted streets they threaded so slowly. Almost before it stopped she was out of the cab, at the entrance of a Broadway theater. Duncan, alert and suspicious, read the name "Colonial" in flaming letters, and learned from a larger sign that Miss Eleanor Forsythe and an all-star cast were appearing therein in a revival of Reade's "Masks and Faces."

In the foyer Mrs. Coppered asked authoritatively for the manager. It was after ten o'clock, the curtain had risen on the last act, and a general opinion prevailed that Mr. Wyatt had gone home. But Mrs. Coppered's distinguished air, her magnificent furs, her beauty, all had their effect, and presently Duncan followed her into the hot, untidy little office where the manager was to be found.

He was a pleasant, weary-looking man, who wheeled about from his desk as they came in, and signed the page to place chairs.

"Mr. Wyatt," said Mrs. Coppered, with her pleasantest smile, "can you give us five minutes?"

"I can give you as many as you like, madam," said the manager patiently, but with a most unpromising air.

"Only five!" she reassured him, as they sat down. Then, with an absolutely businesslike air, she continued: "Mr. Wyatt, you have Mr. and Mrs. Penrose in your company, I think, both very old friends of mine. She's playing Mabel Vane,— Mary Archer is the name she uses,— and he's Triplet. Isn't that so?"

The manager nodded, eyeing her curiously.

"Mr. Wyatt, you've heard of their trouble, of course? The accident this morning to their little boy?"

"Ah, yes — yes," said Wyatt. "Of course. Hurt by a fall, poor little fellow. Very serious. Yes, poor things! Did you want to see ——"

"You know that one of your big surgeons here — I've forgotten the name! — is to operate on little Phil to-morrow?" asked Mrs. Coppered.

"So Penrose said," assented the manager slowly, watching her as if a little surprised at her insistence.

"Mr. Wyatt," said Mrs. Coppered,— and Duncan noticed that she had turned a little pale,— "Mrs. Penrose wired me news of all this only a few hours ago. She is half frantic at the idea that she must go on to-morrow afternoon and evening; yet the understudy is ill, and she felt it was too short notice to ask you to make a change now. But it occurred to me to come to see you about it. I want to ask you a favor. I want you to let me play Mrs. Penrose's part to-morrow afternoon and to-morrow night. I've played Mabel Vane a hundred times; it's a part I know very well," she went on quickly. "I — I am not in the least afraid that I can't take it. And then she can be with the little boy through the operation and afterward — he's only five, you know, at the unreasonable age when all children want their mothers! Can't that be arranged, Mr. Wyatt?"

Duncan, holding a horrified breath, fixed his eyes, as she did, on the manager's face. He was relieved at the inflexible smile he saw there.

"My dear lady," said Wyatt kindly, "that is — absolutely — *out* of the question! Any-

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"SHE TURNED AND RE-TURNED THE PAGES OF A LITTLE PAPER-COVERED BOOK"

thing in reason I will be delighted to do for Penrose and Miss Archer — but you must surely realize that I can't do that!"

"But wait!" said Mrs. Coppered eagerly, not at all discouraged. "Don't say no yet! I *am* an actress, Mr. Wyatt, or was one. I know the part thoroughly. And the circumstances — the circumstances are unusual, aren't they?"

While she was speaking the manager was steadily shaking his head.

"I have no doubt you could play the part," said he, "but I can't upset my whole company by substituting now. To-morrow is going to be a big night. The house is completely sold out to the Masons — their convention week, you know. As it happens, there couldn't be a more inconvenient time. No, I can't consider it!"

Mrs. Coppered smiled at him. She had a very winning smile.

"It would mean a rehearsal; I suppose *that* would be inconvenient, to begin with," she said.

"Exactly," said Wyatt. "Friday night. I can't ask my people to rehearse to-morrow."

"But suppose you put it to them and they were all willing?" pursued the lady.

"My dear lady, I tell you it's absolutely —" He made a goaded gesture. Then, making fierce little dashes and dots on his blotter with his pencil, and eyeing each one ferociously as he made it, he added irritably, but in a quieter tone: "You're an actress, eh? Where'd you get your experience?"

"With various stock companies on the Pacific Coast," she answered readily. "My name was Margaret Charteris. I don't suppose you ever heard it?"

"As it happens, I *have*," he returned, surprised into interest. "You knew Joe Pitcher, of course. He spoke of you. I remember the name very well."

"Professor Pitcher!" she exclaimed radiantly. "Of course I knew him — dear old man! Where is he — still there?"

"Still there," he assented absently. "You married, I think?"

"I am Mrs. Coppered now — Mrs. Carey Coppered," she said. The man gave her a suddenly awakened glance.

"Surely," he said thoughtfully. They looked steadily at each other, and Duncan saw

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the color come into Margaret's face. There was a little silence.

Then the manager flung down his pencil, wheeled about in his chair, and rubbed his hands briskly together.

"Well!" he said. "And you think you can take Miss Archer's place, Mrs. Coppered?"

"If you will let me."

"Why," he said,— and Duncan would not have believed that the somewhat heavy face could wear a look so pleasant,— "you are doing so much, Mrs. Coppered, in stepping into the gap this way, that I'll do my share if I can! Perhaps I can't arrange it, but we can try. I'll call a rehearsal and speak to Miss Forsythe to-night. If you know the part, it's just possible that by going over it now we can get out of a rehearsal to-morrow. She wants to be with the little boy, eh?" he added musingly. "Yes, I suppose it might make a big difference, his not being terrified by strangers." And then, turning toward Margaret, he said warmly and a little awkwardly: "This is a remarkably kind thing for you to do, Mrs. Coppered."

"Oh, I would do more than that for Mary Penrose," said she, with a little difficulty. "She knows it. She wired me as a mad last hope to-day, and we came as fast as we could, Mr. Coppered and I." And she introduced Duncan very simply: "My stepson, Mr. Wyatt."

Duncan, fuming, could be silent no longer.

"I hope my — Mrs. Coppered is not serious in offering to do this," said he, very white, and in a slightly shaking voice. "I assure you that my father — that every one! — would think it a most extraordinary thing to do!"

Mrs. Coppered laid her hand lightly on his arm.

"Yes, I know, Duncan!" said she quickly, soothingly. "I know how you feel! But ——"

Duncan slightly repudiated the touch.

"I can't think how you can consider it!" he said passionately, but in a low voice. "A thing like this always gets out! You know — you know how your having been on the stage is regarded by our friends! It is simply insane ——"

He had said a little more than he meant, in his high feeling, and Margaret's face had grown white.

"I asked you *only* for your escort, Duncan," she said gently, but with blazing eyes. There was open hostility in the look they exchanged.

"I can't see what good my escort does," said the boy childishly, "when you won't listen to what you know is true!"

"Nevertheless, I still want it," she answered evenly. And after a moment Duncan, true to his training, and already a little ashamed of his ineffectual outburst,— for to waste a display of emotion was, in his code, a lamentable breach of etiquette,— shrugged his shoulders.

"Still want to stay with it?" said Mr. Wyatt, giving her a shrewd, friendly look.

"Certainly," she said promptly; but she was breathing fast.

"Then we might go and talk things over," he said; and a moment later they were crossing the theater to the stage door. The final curtain had fallen only a moment before, but the lights were up, the orchestra half way through a swift waltz, and the audience, buttoning coats and struggling with gloves, was pouring up the aisles. Duncan, through all his anger and apprehension, felt a little thrill of superiority over these departing playgoers as he and his stepmother were admitted behind the scenes. He was young, and the imagined romance of green-rooms and footlights appealed to him.

The company, suddenly summoned, appeared in various stages of street and stage attire. Peg, a handsome young woman with brilliant color and golden hair, still wore her brocaded gown and patches, and wore, in addition, a slightly affronted look at this unprecedented proceeding. The other members of the cast, yawning, slightly curious, were grouped about in the great, draughty space between the wings that it cost Duncan some little effort to realize was the stage.

From this group, as Margaret followed the stage manager into the circle of light, a little woman suddenly detached herself, and, running across the stage and breaking into sobs as she ran, she was in Margaret's arms in a second.

"Oh, Meg, Meg, Meg!" she cried, laughing and crying at the same time. "I knew you'd come! I knew you'd manage it somehow! I've been praying so — I've been watching the clock! Oh, Meg," she went on pitifully, fumbling blindly for a handkerchief, "he's been suffering so, and I had to leave him! They thought he was asleep, but when I tried to loosen his little hand he woke up!"

"Mary — Mary!" said Mrs. Coppered soothingly, patting the bowed shoulder. No one else moved; a breathless attention held the group. "Of course I came," she went on, with a little triumphant laugh, "and I think everything's *all* right!"

"Yes, I know," said Mrs. Penrose, with a convulsive effort at self-control. She caught Margaret's soft big muff, and drew it across her eyes. "I'm ru-ru-ruining your fur, Margaret!" she said, laughing through tears, "but — but seeing you this way, and realizing that I could go — go — go to him now ——"

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"FOR A MOMENT DUNCAN THOUGHT THAT SOME ONE ELSE WAS FILLING HIS STEPMOTHER'S PLACE"

"Mary, you must *not* cry this way," said Mrs. Coppered seriously. "You don't want little Phil to see you with red eyes, do you? Mr. Wyatt and I have been talking it over," she went on, "but it remains to be seen, dear, if all the members of the company are willing to go to the trouble." Her apologetic look went around the listening circle. "It inconveniences every one, you know, and it would mean a rehearsal to-night — this minute, in fact, when every one's tired and cold." Her voice was soothing, very low. But the gentle tones carried their message to every one there. The mortal cleverness of such an appeal struck Duncan sharply, as an onlooker.

The warm-hearted star, Eleanor Forsythe, whose photographs Duncan had seen hundreds of times, was the first to respond with a half-indignant protest that *she* wasn't too tired and cold to do that much for the dear kiddy, and other volunteers rapidly followed suit. Ten minutes later the still tearful little mother was actually in a cab whirling through the dark streets toward the hospital where the child lay, and a rehearsal was in full swing upon the stage of the Colonial. Only the few actors actually necessary to the scenes in which Mabel figures need have remained; but a general spirit of sympathetic generosity kept almost the entire cast. Mr. Penrose, as Triplet, had the brunt of the dialogue to carry; and he and Margaret, who had quite unaffectedly laid aside her furs and entered seriously into the work of the evening, remained after all the others had lingered away, one by one.

Duncan watched from one of the stage boxes, his vague, romantic ideas of life behind the footlights rather dashed before the three hours of hard work were over. This was not very thrilling; this had no especial romantic charm. The draughts, the dust, the wide, icy space of the stage, the droning voices, the crisp interruptions, the stupid "business," endlessly repeated, all seemed equally disenchanting. The stage-hands had set the stage for the next day's opening curtain, and had long ago departed. Duncan was cold, tired, headachy. He began to realize the edge of a sharp appetite, too; he and Margaret had barely touched their dinner, back at home those ages ago.

He could have forgiven her, he told himself bitterly, if this plunge into her old life had had some little glory in it. If, for instance, Mrs. Gregory had asked her to play Lady Macbeth or Lady Teazle in amateur theatricals at home, why, one could excuse her for yielding to the old lure. But this, this secondary part, these commonplace, friendly actors, this tiring night experience, this eager deference on her part to every one, this pitiful anxiety to please, where she should, as Mrs. Carey Coppered, have been proudly commanding and dictatorial — it was all exasperating and disappointing to the last degree; it was, he told himself savagely, only what one might have expected!

Presently, when Duncan was numb in every limb, Margaret began to button herself into

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her outer wraps, and, escorted by Penrose, they went to supper. Duncan hesitated at the door of the café.

"This is an awful place, isn't it?" he objected. "You can't be going in here!"

"One must eat, Duncan!" Mrs. Coppered said blithely, leading the way. "And all the nice places are closed at this hour!" Duncan sullenly followed; but, in the flood of reminiscences upon which she and Penrose instantly embarked, his voice was not missed. Mollified in spite of himself by delicious food and strong coffee, he watched them, the man's face bright through its fatigue, his stepmother glowing and brilliant.

"I'll see this through for dad's sake," said Duncan grimly to himself; "but, when he finds out about it, she'll have to admit I kicked the whole time!"

At four o'clock they reached the Penroses' hotel, where rooms were secured for Duncan and Margaret. The boy, dropping with sleep, heard her cheerfully ask at the desk to be called at seven o'clock.

"I've a cloak to buy," she explained, in answer to his glance of protest, "and a hairdresser to see, and a hat to find — they may be difficult to get, too! And I must run out and have just a glimpse of little Phil, and get to the theater by noon; there's just a little more going over that second act to do! But don't *you* get up."

"I would prefer to," said Duncan, with dignity, taking his key.

But he did not wake until afternoon, when the thin winter sunlight was falling in a dazzling oblong on the floor of his room; and even then he felt a little tired and stiff. He reached for his watch — almost one o'clock! Duncan's heart stood still. Had *she* overslept?

He sat up a little dazed, and, doing so, saw a note on the little table by his bed. It was from Margaret, and ran:

DEAR DUNCAN:

If you don't wake by one they're to call you, for I want you to see Mabel's entrance. I've managed my hat and cloak, and seen the child — he's quiet and not in pain, thank God. Have your breakfast, and then come to the box-office; I'll leave a seat for you there. Or come behind and see me, if you will, for I am terribly nervous and would like it. So glad you're getting your sleep. MARGARET.

P. S. Don't worry about the nerves; I *always* am nervous.

Duncan looked at the note for three silent minutes, sitting on the edge of his bed.

"I'm sorry. She — she wanted me. I wish I'd waked!" he said slowly, aloud.

And ten minutes later, during a hurried dressing, he read the note again, and said, aloud again:

"'Have breakfast'! I wonder if she had *hers*?"

He entered the theater so late, for all his hurry, that the first act was over and the second well begun, and was barely in his seat before the now familiar opening words of Mabel Vane's part fell clearly on the silence of the darkened house.

For a moment Duncan thought, with a great pang of relief, that some one else was filling his stepmother's place; but he recognized her in another minute, in spite of rouge and powder and the piquant dress she wore. His heart stirred with something like pride. She was beautiful in her flowered hat and the caped coat that showed a foam of lacy frills at the throat; and she was sure of herself, he realized in a moment, and of her audience. She made a fresh and appealing figure of the plucky little country bride, and the old lines fell with delicious naturalness from her lips.

Duncan's heart hardly beat until the fall of the curtain; tears came to his eyes; and when Margaret shared the applause of the house with the gracious Peg, he found himself shaking with a violent nervous reaction.

He was still deeply stirred when he went behind the scenes after the play. His stepmother presently came up from her dressing-room, dressed in street clothes, and anxious to hurry to the hospital and have news of the little boy.

Duncan called a taxicab, for which she thanked him absently and with worried eyes; and presently, with her and with the child's father, he found himself speeding toward the hospital. It was a silent trip. Margaret kept her ungloved fingers upon Penrose's hand, and said only a cheerful word of encouragement now and then.

Duncan waited in the cab, when they went into the big building. She was gone almost half an hour. Darkness came, and a sharp rain began to fall.

He was half drowsy when she suddenly ran down the long steps and jumped in beside him. Her face was radiant, in spite of the signs of tears about her eyes.

"He took the ether like a little soldier!" she said, as the motor-car slowly wheeled up the wet street. "Mary held his hand all the while. Everything went splendidly, and he came out of it at about four. Mary sang him off to sleep, sitting beside him, and she's still there — he hasn't stirred! Dr. Thorpe is *more* than well satisfied; he said the little fellow had

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nerves of iron! And the other doctor isn't even going to come in again! And Thorpe says it is *largely* because he could have his mother!"

But the exhilaration did not last. Presently she leaned her head back against the seat, and Duncan saw how marked was the pallor of her face, now that the rouge was gone. There was fatigue in the droop of her mouth, and in the deep lines etched under her eyes.

"It's after six, Duncan," she said, without opening her eyes, "so I can't sleep, as I hoped! We'll have to dine, and then go straight to the theater!"

"You're tired," said the boy abruptly. She opened her eyes at the tone, and forced a smile.

"No — or, yes, I am, a little. My head's been aching. I wish to-night was over." Suddenly she sighed. "It's been a strain, hasn't it?" she said. "I knew it would be, but I didn't realize how hard! I just wanted to do something for them, you know, and this was all I could think of. And I've been wishing your father had been here; I don't know what he will say. I don't stop to think — when it's the people I love — " she said artlessly. "I dread — " she began again, but left the sentence unfinished, after all, and looked out of the window. "I suspect you're tired, too!" she went on brightly, after a moment. "I sha'n't forget what a comfort it's been to have you with me through this queer experience, Duncan. I know what it has cost you, my dear."

"Comfort!" echoed Duncan. He tried to laugh, but the laugh broke itself off gruffly. He found himself catching her hand, putting his free arm boyishly about her shoulders. "I'm not fit to speak to you, Margaret!" he said huskily. "You're — you're the best woman I ever knew! I want you to know I'm sorry — sorry for it all — everything! And as for dad, why, he'll think what I think — that you're the only person in the world who'd do all this for another woman's kid!"

Mrs. Coppered had tried to laugh, too, as she faced him. But the tears came too quickly. She put her wet face against his rough overcoat and for a moment gave herself up to the luxury of tears.

"Carey," said his wife, on a certain brilliant Sunday morning a month later, when he had been at home nearly a month. She put her head in at the library door. "Carey, will you do me a favor?"

He looked up to smile at her, in her gray gown and flowered hat, and she came in to take the seat opposite him at the broad table.

"I will. Where are you going?"

"Duncan and I are going to church, and you're to meet us at the Gregorys' for lunch," she reminded him.

"Yes'm. And what do you two kids want? What's the favor?"

"Oh!" She became serious. "You remember what I told you of our New York trip a month ago, Carey? The Penroses, you know?"

"I do."

"Well, Carey, I've discovered that it has been worrying Duncan ever since you got home, because he thinks I'm keeping it from you."

"Thinks you haven't told me, eh?"

"Yes. Don't laugh that way, Carey! Yes. And he asked me in the sweetest little way, a day or two ago, if I wouldn't tell you all about it."

"What did you do — box his young ears?"

"No." Margaret's eyes laughed, but she shook her head reprovingly. "I thought it was so *dear* of him to feel that way, yet never give you even a hint, that I — — "

"Well?" smiled her husband, as she paused.

"Well," hesitated Mrs. Coppered. And then in a little burst she added: "I said, 'Duncan, if you ask me to I *will* tell him!'"

"And what do you think you gain by *that*, Sapphira?" said Carey, much amused.

"Why, don't you see? Don't you see it means *everything* to him to have stood by me in this, and now to clear it all up between us! Don't you see that it makes him one of us, in a way? He's done his adored father a real service — — "

"And his adored mother, too?"

His tone brought the happy tears to her eyes.

"And the favor?" he said presently.

"Oh! Well, you see, I'm supposed to be 'fessing up the whole horrible business, Carey, and in a day or two I want you to thank him, just in some general way,— you'll know how! — for looking out for me so well while you were away. Will you?"

"I will," he promised slowly.

"He's coming downstairs — so good-by!" said she. She came around the table to kiss him, and, suddenly smitten with a sense of youth and well-being and the glory of the spring morning, she added a little wistfully:

"I wonder what I've done to be so happy, Carey — I wonder what I've ever done to be so loved?"

"I wonder!" said Carey, smiling.

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WHEN I WAS A CHILD

BY

YOSHIO MARKINO

AUTHOR OF "A JAPANESE ARTIST IN LONDON," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED WITH DRAWINGS BY THE AUTHOR

[Yoshio Markino is a Japanese artist living in London, who has risen to prominence after a long struggle against loneliness and starvation. Belonging to a very old Samurai family, he came to the United States while yet a boy, and in San Francisco scrubbed floors and cleaned windows to get money for his art-school fees. After he reached London, he lived for years from hand to mouth, undergoing every privation in order to pursue his studies. Although his progress was at first slow, and although his powers were often paralyzed by hunger, he obstinately refused to give up the career he had chosen for himself. He could entertain the thought of suicide, but not of defeat. Markino's first success came at last in 1907, when a collection of his drawings was published in a book, "The Color of London." Three days after the publication of his book he was called upon to pay the price of his long struggle, and was taken to the hospital, where he underwent a severe surgical operation. Since his recovery he has published a second volume, "The Color of Rome," and has exhibited in many London galleries. Since the publication of his last book, "A Japanese Artist in London," Mr. Markino has consented to write a series of articles for McCLURE'S MAGAZINE on his boyhood in Japan. THE EDITOR.]

MY own home village in Japan is Koromo. It is such a small mountainous village in Mikawa, and although the view is so beautiful no pilgrims ever stop their feet at Koromo. Japan is so rich with charming landscapes, and my home village is not counted by the nation. However, if it were in England or in America it would gain a great name by its beauty. I myself am very proud of it, especially because it is my own home.

Koromo is situated on the northwest part of Mikawa County. Mikawa means "three rivers"; hence the county has three rivers. One of the rivers, Yahagi, is running round a valley. Its curb is just like a bow, and my home village is outside of the bow. On the north, some ten miles away, the Mount Sanage spreads its skirt, and the very edge comes right to the village. On the east, beyond the river Yahagi, many mountains near and far are making a well-designed screen. On the south and west the slopes go down to the sea, some twenty miles off.

I was born on the Christmas day of 1874.

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My boy name was Heiji. I have one sister and brother. They are thirteen years and nine years older than myself. My father was wandering all over the country during the Civil War, and I was born just when Japan opened the country and was restored to peace.

It is general rule in Japan that youngest child is spoilt by the parents, and I was not an exception from this. Of course my sister and brother loved me so much, too. But as soon as I was grown up enough I realized my position. I began to respect my sister and brother and try to be as nice as possible to them. Surely that gave some sweet euphony in my family, and we were the specimen for the children in our village. Indeed, I often overheard some parents telling their quarrelsome children, "Be as nice as Mr. Markino's children." I myself don't remember about my babyhood, but I cannot forget what my mother and nurse used to tell me later on: that one day, when I began to crawl about, I went over a fly-paper, and my hands and face all together stuck to the paper. It was so seriously dangerous, as I could not breathe. A doctor was sent for to rescue me, and all my hair was cut and shaved.

Since I was four I remember many incidents so vividly even now. For instance, my nurse used to teach me how to make paper animals. I learnt several lessons in a week, and also I used to draw some flowers and birds. All my families were very proud of me.

I think my parents were so careful about my home education. Whenever I was naughty they never smacked me, but they always brought a looking-glass in front of my crying face. I hated to see my own face so ugly with the tear-marks, and I immediately began to laugh. Very often when I wanted to cry a little longer I used to scream, "Oh, don't show me the glass for a few moments!"

I was never scolded severely. They always told me: "You are a very nice boy, but just at this moment some evil is trying to dwell in you. How pity the evil is making you a bad boy and giving some trouble to your dear parents!" And I began to feel so sorry for them, and I used to cling to their necks and say: "The evil is gone long time ago. I am your favorite boy."

When I was a child I was more like a girl. The servant of the village grammar school had a quarrel with his wife. One said I was a boy and the other said a girl. They asked my nurse which was right.

I entered into the grammar school when I was five years and seven months old. Some months before that I began studying to write and read the Japanese alphabet. I was so anxious to attend to the school. My father wanted me to wait until I became six, but my patience was broken, and I was so spoilt. My brother took me to the school with him. He was a quite advanced student then. I went into his class-room. There I was so spoilt by all his friends and even by all teachers. My father had been very generous to all the villagers, so wherever I went I was treated as "the honorable little Master Heiji." But the time for lessons had come and I was taken to my own class-room. There I began to feel miserable immediately. All my classmates were too young to spoil me, and I did not like to be under school rules.

It was only a few days before I entered into the school I saw a famous Japanese play, "Sendai Hagi," played by some amateurs in the village. There was a little Samurai boy who said, "When one is born as a Samurai he must not say 'hungry,' even when he starves to death." This boy was supposed to be about same age with me, so that impressed into my little heart so deeply.

Now, being in the school for a day, I repented that I entered into it, but, recollecting that Samurai boy at the play, I never uttered a single complaint. My family, nurses, and neighbors asked me if I liked the school. I concealed my tears and said yes. This was the very first lesson of *bushido* in my life.

It was my greatest comfort to confess to my mother before bed everything (good and bad all) what I had done during the day. Without this confession I could not sleep even if I was dead tired. I often stained the school desks and walls with inks, or sometimes I made my classmates cry. When I confessed these things to my mother, she used to take me to the school next day, and she sincerely apologized to the teachers and school-boys.

My father treated me even tenderer than my mother. This is the greatest difference from English or American families. But it is true. It was several years after the feudal system had died out, and Japan had already begun to be democratic, and perhaps my father was one of the most democratic Samurai. Nevertheless his inner heart was a purest chivalry. I think his idea was not to make Samurais into laborers, but surely he expected all laborers to become Samurais.

He always said, "Children ought not to know too much about the money matters." So, when I wanted some books, papers, etc., I used to go to shops with his servants. I picked up all what I wanted in the shops, and after I left the shops the servants used to pay. In

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that way I did not know the values of anything until I became fifteen or sixteen.

If I dropped coins or anything on the ground I never tried to pick them up, because my father told me only the beggars would act such shameful manners.

In my village, which is so far away from Tokio, Kioto, or any large town, the villagers used to be very superstitious, and there were many dreadful traditions about ghosts and foxes. I was so frightened of ghosts and foxes. My parents demanded my nurse not to tell me any ghost stories, but she often told me many ghost or fox stories, and these stories went into my childish brain so deeply. When I was taken near by some grave-ground in night, I always so tightly stuck to the other people's hands, and if I heard foxes' voice I used to run to home as quick as possible, and I hated those Buddhist temples because they all have grave-grounds.

The views of those temples from distance in nights was such a melancholy thing to me, and even the tolling of the temple bells in the evening filled me with dread. I did hate death, and I was so extremely sad for those who died. Now I always envy those Christian children. They are taught to have faith in the future life, and if their relatives die they believe the deceased are happy in heaven. To me it was contrary. When I was a child I used to imagine that if we die we have to go through a long, dark passage quite alone. I am sure that imaginative fear injured my poor little childish brain a great deal.

My sister married when I was six years old; but she used to live in my home for more than half of the time, and looked after me, as my mother was so weak. The next year she had a baby, who died after a few weeks. That was a great shock to me. I used to hide myself in a bamboo bush and cry.

In the grammar school my first lesson was a Primer Reader. It had some phrases like these: "The virtue of suppleness is to be bent without being broken"; and "The virtue of strength is to stand straight against any blow." Fancy! such was the lesson for five or six year old children! Of course, none of them could understand that. Only they tried to recite to pass the examination. But I was such a curio-comic child and I wanted to know the real meaning. I asked my father. He tried to explain it by many means every day. I think I caught the real idea at last. Indeed, ever since, it has been the foundation-stone of my moral. If the school children had a quarrel, I always took the part of the weak. I felt it was my duty to wipe the tears of the victim and strike the winner. This was much encouraged by my father. And I always loved the tenderness and dreaded savage roughness.

We had a lantern fête called Tenno Matsuri. My mother and father bought me several beautiful lanterns and lit them and tied them on a bamboo tree. I was so delighted and carried them to a temple ground with all my families. Some rough boys came and struck my lanterns with sticks and tore them into pieces. I was not allowed to cry, so came home quite silent; then I cried so bitterly in my room. I remember my parents were talking about that subject. My father said to my mother: "Such is this savage world. If we bring up our child quite tenderly, he will suffer a great deal sooner or later, because he must meet with the rough world in this life. We have an old proverb: 'When lions get babies, they always throw their babies into a steep valley, and they bring up only those babies which climb the cliff themselves! Perhaps we should better to be lions.'"

Whereupon my mother begged him to ignore that proverb and make their child's life quite gentle as long as they could protect him from the wild world. I knew they were talking all this, thinking I was too young to understand them. But in fact I remember every word of them, even now. Only I could not understand if the world was really so savage. After some twenty-five years, when I was in a hard time, I recollected that once again as a fresh word.

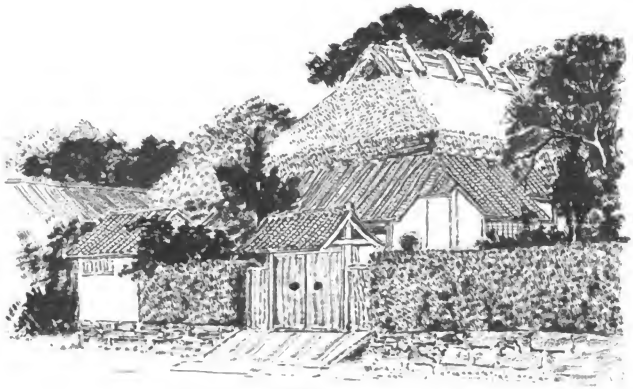
I don't know exactly from when I began to be fond of cats, but, so far as I remember, I loved cats from very early time. I used to take a cat into bed to sleep together, and I could not live without it. So if the cat was lost while I was in the school or anywhere away from home, it was a great job for the servants to find out another before I came home. Otherwise I would be so miserable. Even now I do love cats so much. The other day a psychological professor told me I must have some special magnetism for cats, for, however unhappy I am, if I touch my hand to cat I immediately feel so comfortable and happy.

When I was a child, people used to say I have no common sense, because I often did most extraordinary things.

My father was so generous to the villagers. They often had a flood from the river Yahagi, and he used to rescue all poor people. This was very well during the feudal system, when he had a revenue, but after the great change of New Japan he still continued in the same way and soon became quite poor.

But evidently he had most honorable life. I being his favorite child, all those flattering

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THE HOUSE IN WHICH I WAS BORN

villagers called me "our honorable little Master Heiji" and entirely spoilt me. Whatever I wanted to do was done so. That was the reason why I lost my common sense.

Once I overheard my mother complaining that those servants, gardeners, and other workmen were spending too much matches for their smoking and that the matches were always too short. It just happened that a fête day came, and fifty sens were given to me to spend. I said to myself: "Very well, then. I shall spend this money most useful way." I bought matches for fifty sens' worth, and let the shopman carry a large bundle of match-boxes to my home. Matches were very cheap in Japan; I think there were several hundred boxes for fifty sens.

Everybody was so amazed. My mother said: "I wish the shopman had a little sense and did not sell so many matches to a child." Some neighbors whispered: "Hark, what the mother said. She blames the shopman and forgets her own child has no sense!"

At the grammar school I used to believe all what I was taught. But very often I made an awful misunderstanding. For instance, our Reader said: "The human nature is just like the water. If you put the water into a square vessel the water will become square; and if you put it into a round vessel it will have a round shape. Boys and girls, therefore, you must choose your friends."

No sooner than the school hour was over, I ran to my neighbor who had a newly born baby. I told the mother: "Don't put your baby in a hard, flat bed; her figure will become flat."

After that I was the central figure in the village to be laughed at.

However, sometimes my sense was right enough to receive lessons which are so valuable even now. Let me write down a few.

"Once upon a time there was a mother lark who had some baby larks in her nest. The nest was built in an oats field. It was the harvest-time, but the baby larks were not grown up enough to fly. While the mother lark was gone for the day's work to search for food, the farmer came with his son and said: 'Lo, the oats are ready to be reaped; I must ask my neighbors to help us to gather them in.'

"When the mother lark came back, the baby larks told her all what the farmer had said. The mother lark said: 'Nay, do not worry; the farmer shall never be able to reap the oats.'

"The next day the farmer came with his son again and said: 'Our neighbors were too busy to help us, so to-morrow I shall ask my relative to help us.' The baby larks told this to their mother. The mother lark laughed and said: 'The foolish farmer is still relying upon other peoples, so we need not be afraid,' and she went off for her day's work again.

"The next day the baby birds told their mother that this time the farmer said nobody would help him, therefore to-morrow he himself would reap the oats with his son.

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"The mother lark said: 'Now the time has come for us to fly off. If one decides to do things himself, he will do so without failure.'"

In my babyish mind, this story impressed me so much.

At that time I often had a long walk with my brother. We both often got so tired. My brother would sit down on the grass and say, "Oh, only if a riksha would come!" I said, "No, no. Don't rely upon the other. Let us persevere our poor weary feet and walk. Even if we step one step each time we are one step nearer to our home each time, and sooner or later we shall enjoy our bed." To confess the truth, I am no cleverer than any ordinary person. Only this valuable lesson carried me all through for last thirty years. I am not at all to the goal yet, but I am intending to be truthful to this lesson for all my life.

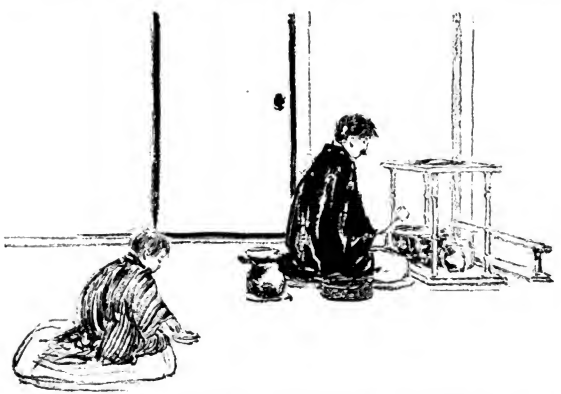
Another page of the Reader said: "Even tigers leave their beautiful skin after their death." This impressed my little brain so much, too. I thought, "If I live only for eating and sleeping I am not worth as much as those beasts; I must show the world I am more superior than tigers." This was the very beginning of my ambition. Here in this short space I regret I could not quote all chapters of my Reader, which encouraged my ambition so much.

I was such an untidy boy and I used to treat my books so badly. One book could not last for six months' term. My father always bought me the same book twice or three times. One day my school-teacher, seeing my book in such a bad condition, said to me I ought to be more careful for my books, otherwise he would punish me. My father heard it, and he was very cross with the teacher. He said to him, "Book is only to read and understand the meaning of its contents. If one can take every word into his heart, what does it matter to tear the books into pieces? Look at most of those children! They keep their books very neat indeed, but they only recite the books for the purpose of their examination. My child is quite different. He practises every word for his daily life. I hope you will leave him alone, for I am quite willing to buy a hundred books for him."

The teacher was much ashamed and came to me to apologize. Fancy, a thirty-years-old teacher was to apologize before a seven-year-old boy! I was so sorry for him, and I tried to be as humble as possible to him.

I was such a spoilt child. It is a general rule that most children have rather trying time by oppressive treatment of the grown-up persons. But in my case it was entirely the other way round. And consequently my daily warnings were on the other way. Even when I was so little, I always tried not to become the center of jealousy and enviousness. When I was about eight years old it happened that the Mikado had an "honorable go-round," and passed Okasaki, the principal town of our country and about ten miles from my village.

The government selected about twenty chil-



I WAS SO PLEASED AND SO PROUD TO HAVE SUCH GROWN-UP PERSON AS A FRIEND

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AT THE LANTERN FESTIVAL

dren from all the schools in the county, and I was one of them. I had to recite a page of the Japanese history. I still remember so well the part which I recited. It was my most favorite part, so let me translate it here:

"Some eighteen hundred years ago a cruel Emperor called Yuriyaku killed almost all the royal family. Only two orphan baby princes escaped their death, and were hid in a farmer's cottage in a far-away country. Some seven years passed, and that loyal subject who stole away the baby princes died. So nobody but the princes themselves knew they were the members of the royal family. One evening the Mayor visited that cottage, and the owner of the cottage demanded the young princes to wait on his 'most honorable guest.'

"All the people in the drawing-room were so gay after *sake*. The two princes, Oké and Woké, alone were left in the kitchen. The elder prince, Oké, broke the silence first: 'How long should we pass such a humble life?' They embraced each other and wept for a long while. Finally the younger prince replied: 'That is just what I was thinking now. Let us announce that we are the princes. If the Emperor Yurivaku is cruel enough to assassinate us, let him do so. I would rather die as a prince than live as a farmer.' So they both ventured into the drawing-room, and had a dance, and by their own dance and song they expressed their personalities. The Mayor, the farmer, and all the others were so surprised, and they bowed down quite flat on the floor and paid their utmost respectness. But they were so frightened of the cruel Emperor. They came to the conclusion that one of them should go to the capital and find out everything. Just that time the cruel Emperor died, and the government was searching if there was a royal person who could inherit the crown," etc., etc.

I recited with my full sympathy. In a big hall, all the ministers and officers were dead silent. I won the book prize then. That day was the greatest fête day of my village temple.

When I came back from Okasaki to my home, I found out a picture book on my desk. I thought a servant bought it for me. So I threw that book into the garden and I said: "I am a child no more; I don't want such a babyish book now!"

My mother came to me and said: "Well said, my dear Heiji. You are quite right, and I was wrong. You see, I am always thinking of you as my dear little baby. Yesterday was the first time I missed you on our fête day. I went to the temple without you, and I was so lonely. I was thinking about you all the time, and when I saw that book in a shop, I thought you might like to have it, so I bought it for you. But you are quite right. You don't need such a book, do you?"

Oh, how rude and how savage I had been to my most worshipful mother! I was almost broken down. I have never felt myself so guilty as this. I picked up the book most carefully and pressed it to my breast, and I sobbed all day.

I always say nothing could be more pleasant than to sacrifice own self for one whom we love most. When I was quite a child I liked to spin the tops, fly the kites, and all those games

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more than other children. But just when I was going out to play, I was often called back by my mother to do something for her. How happy and sweet I felt to give up my own pleasure for the sake of my most beloved mother! I felt something so noble in my heart. But I was not always quite safe from some temptation. I was not allowed to go out on the midday of the summer. But some farmers' children often persuaded me to go for fishing. Then I used to imitate as if I was sleeping, and when my mother or nurse really began to sleep I escaped from the house and joined to those farmer boys. However, not a single time I kept it secret, but always confessed that to my mother. She never got angry, only she begged me not to do that, for she feared that her beloved child might get ill some day.

I was so fond of gardening ever since I was five or six years old. In a large garden at my home I had a special ground for my own flowers. I was so proud that all my flowers were growing so well. Once, while I was cultivating my ground with my little rake, my mother called me, and I was so excited and ran up to her immediately; then I fell down at her foot, and the rake stuck into my cheek. It went through into my mouth.

All my family was so sad for me. As I was taught not to cry for anything like that, I tried to be silent, but my big tears flowed down my cheeks.

Then my father was so proud of me and called me a real Samurai. Even now I have three marks on my right cheek, and whenever I look into the glass I recollect that accident so vividly.

My brother had his garden, too. Here I have most regretful story to tell the readers. Once he and I had a walk in some oat field. Just for fun I pulled off several oats. My brother was so indignant to give damage to that poor farmer, and forced me to apologize to the farmer. He said: "You may pull off all my flowers if you like, but not oats which belong to a poor farmer."

I was in a temper and said: "My father would be willing to pay him the damage I have done. Why have you insulted me like that?" And I ran up to his garden and pulled off all his flowers.

My brother sighed and said: "It cannot be helped, for I said you could do so; but, Heiji, why are you so naughty to-day?"

My parents said nothing to me, only said to my brother: "You are nine years older than Heiji; you ought to govern your young brother. Let us see that."

No sooner than I saw my brother's face quite gentle I felt so sad and cried. Whole of the season my poor brother had no flowers. I asked my brother to take all my flowers, but he would not. I could not dare to go to the garden until the next season came.

My nature when child was extremely girlish. Boy friends were rather too rough for me. For instance, if those boys flied kites, they always had a knife on the string and tried to cut the other's string to break the kite. Girls were so gentle, and they only enjoyed themselves to watch the kites fly. They suited my taste better. So I always played with the sisters of my boy friends. As long as those girls were accompanied by their brothers my father did not object; but once I was playing with only three or four girls without one single boy. My father told me I should not play with girls only. I was quite sad. Now I see I was quite English style from my childhood.

But sometimes I was quite masculine. When I was eight or nine years old there was a rumor in my village that some monster was living in a little lake called Kami Shoji. That monster was groaning every minute — I think it was some strange water-fowl. I stole out one of my father's swords and was going to that lake, saying I would kill that monster.

All the village children shouted out, "Here is the brave little Master Heiji!" and I felt as if I was a great hero. But my brother soon found me out, and called me back to home, and told me not to be so foolishly persuaded by those wild children.

I was so spoilt and I myself thought I was the bravest boy. But, in fact, I was a very timid one, and I was frightened by little things so easily. One day I intended to visit my boy friend Sentaro Okurnura in a neighboring village. On the way I saw a big brown dog was sitting on the road and watching me coming. I was so afraid of him. I walked so quietly and timidly along to the dog, and no sooner than I passed the dog I ran away as quick as possible. When I looked back, I saw the dog was chasing after me. I really thought I was going to be eaten by that dog. So I shouted, "Take away that wild animal from me!" Somebody came and got hold of the dog. It was a daughter of Takezo (my father's servant). I was so pleased with her kindness, and when I went home I told that to my father. He said he would give a pair of *tabi* (Japanese stockings) to her. I told my father that could not be enough for her; we must give her a suit of dresses. And my father did so!

I quite remember one summer, when I was nine years old, I was attacked by a severe malaria fever, and I was quite flat in the bed.

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My brother used to come to my bed to please me with all he could. One day he brought me a thick volume of the Universal Geography which he had just bought to study. I was ever so interested with all these illustrations of different foreign customs and views. Then I saw the map. I found out my worshipful country was only such a small island. I was so surprised. I decided to visit all over the world some day in my life. Of course it was only a childish idea at the time, but I have never been away from this idea. As I was growing up, my idea has grown up too, and to-day I have really brought out that idea. About this I shall write more later on.

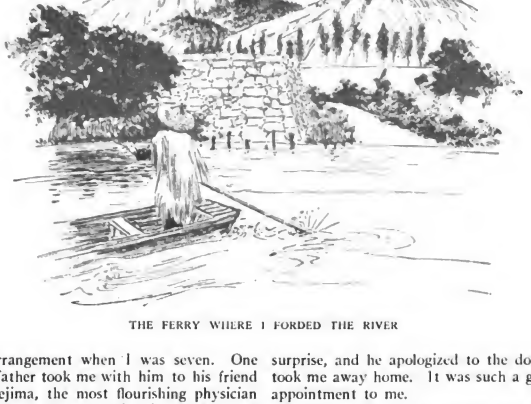
I began my lessons on tea ceremony and flower arrangement when I was seven. One day my father took me with him to his friend Dr. Takejima, the most flourishing physician in my village. He was quite rich, and he had such a nice villa. We all had *cha no ye* (a formal tea ceremony). He praised me very much because I had performed the ceremony in quite right way. He gave me some nice paper on which I wrote my own poetry. He was more amazed. They had some discussion on the ancient Chinese philosophy. I gave several answers which he took into his heart quite deeply. He called me "friend" and asked me to come to see him again. I was so pleased and so proud to have such grown-up person as a friend. Next day I told to all my schoolmates that I was a friend of Dr. Takejima.

After a few days I went to his door, and a maid came out and asked me, "Do you want doctor?" I said, "Yes." She said, "Is anybody in your family ill?"

I was so indignant, and said quite severely: "No; nobody is ill. I have come to see my dear friend Dr. Takejima to have a chat." She could not believe me. Fancy! Doctor was about thirty years and I was eight or nine. The maid rather hesitated. So I shouted, "Go to your master and say his friend Mr. Markino wants to see him!"

Doctor came out and said: "Oh, my dear young Mr. Markino, will you come into my tea-room?"

I was so contented, and spent couple hours with him. But before I wanted to leave my brother came and found me out there, to his surprise, and he apologized to the doctor and took me away home. It was such a great disappointment to me.



THE FERRY WHERE I FORDED THE RIVER

Next day some elder schoolmates who knew the incident asked me, "Are you still a dear friend of doctor?" I was so sad, and cried. My mother soothed me, saying: "You need not feel sorry at all about that. It's only about the different ages that you could not be the doctor's friend. By the time you reach to his age you shall have far wiser and nobler friends." Strange to say, my mother's prophecy has come true. Indeed, now I have "far wiser and nobler friends" in London. How happy I would be if my mother was still alive to see all my worshipful friends! When I think of it, it gives my heart much pain.

At this time my father was invited to a daimyo of Terabe, about three miles from my

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home, to lecture the ancient Chinese classics, and he used to come home on every Saturday afternoon. I was counting all the week-days until the Saturdays came. Soon after the luncheon on Saturday I used to meet him on his way back. That daimyo's village was on the other side of the river Yahagi. So I had to run along the very sandy bank. I could not run fast enough on the sand with my *getas* (Japanese wooden shoes), so I always carried my *getas* in my hand and ran quite barefoot. One winter Saturday I ran to the ferry of Yahagi; but my father was not yet there. I had no patience to wait on this side. I wanted to cross the river, but had no money to pay to the boatman. The water seemed quite shallow — not above my waist. So I decided to ford the river. I took off my kimono and carried it on my head, and jumped into the water. It was quite ice-cold. I thought my feet were cut off. While I was struggling amid the river, one of my father's pupils appeared on the bank of the other side. He was so astonished with my pluck, and shouted: "My dear honorable little master! Whatever are you doing there?" I said I wanted to meet my father as soon as possible. He was kind enough to order the boatman to pick me up.

When the boatman took me ashore, he was so angry with the boatman and reproached him because he had done nothing but watch the helpless "little master" crossing the river, especially on such a cold day. While they were in such a trouble, my father came at last. I was so happy. My father begged his pupil not to be too hard on the boatman, because my father thought it was his own fault that he had not given me the money for the public ferry.

THE CALL

BY

KATHARINE TYNAN

THE unforgotten voices call at twilight,
In the gray dawning, in the quiet night hours:
Voices of mountains and of waters falling,
Voices of wood-doves in the tender valleys,
Voices of flowery meadows, golden corn-fields —
Yea, all the lonely bog-lands have their voices.

Voices of church-bells over the green country,
Memories of home, of youth. O unforgotten!
When all the world's asleep the voices call me,
Come home, acushla, home! Why did you leave us?
The little voices hurt my heart to weeping;
There are small fingers plucking at my heart-strings.

Let me alone, be still, I will not hear you!
Why would I come to find the old places lonely?
They are all gone, the loving, the true-hearted;
Beautiful country of the dead, I come not.
Why would I meet the cold eyes of the stranger?
All the nests of my heart are cold and empty.

I will not come for all your soft compelling,
Little fingers plucking me by the heart-strings,
In the gray dawning, in the quiet night hours.
Because the dead, the darling dead, return not,
And all the nests of my heart are cold and lonely.
They will not give me peace at dawn and twilight.

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The Case of Richard Meynell

by Mrs. Humphry Ward

XV

"THE Rector will be back, sir, directly. I was to tell you so, pertickler. They had 'im out to a man in the row who's been drinkin' days, and was goin' on shockin'—his wife was afraid to stop in the house. But he won't be long, sir."

And Ann, very stiff and on her dignity, relieved one of the two arm-chairs of its habitual burden of books, gave it a dusting with her apron, and offered it to the visitor. It was evident that she regarded his presence with entire disfavour, but was prepared to treat him with prudence, for the master's sake. Her devotion to Meynell had made her shrewd; she perfectly understood who were his enemies and who his friends.

Barron, with a sharp sense of annoyance that he should be kept waiting merely because a drunken miner happened to be beating his wife, coldly accepted her civilities, and took up a copy of the *Times* that was lying on the table. But, when Ann had retired, he dropped the newspaper and began with a rather ugly curiosity to examine the room. He walked round the walls, looking at the books, raising his eyebrows at the rows of paper-bound German volumes and peering closely into the titles of the English ones. Then his attention was caught by a wall-map in which a number of small flags attached to pins were sticking. It was an outline map of England, apparently sketched by Meynell himself, as the notes and letterings were in his handwriting. It was labelled "Branches of the Reform League." All over England the little flags bristled, thicker here and thinner there, but on the whole making a goodly show. Barron's face lengthened as he pondered the map.

Then he passed by the laden writing-table. On it lay an open copy of the *Modernist*, with a half-written "leader" of Meynell's between the sheets. Beside it was a copy of Thomas à Kempis, and Father Tyrrell's posthumous book, in which a great soul, like a breaking wave, had foamed itself away; a volume of Sanday, another of Harnack, into the open cover of which the Rector had apparently just pinned an extract from a Church paper. Barron involuntarily stooped to read it. It ran:

"This is no time for giving up the Athanasian Creed. The moment when the sewage of Continental unbelief is pouring into England is not the moment for banishing to a museum a screen that was erected to guard the sanctuary."

Beneath it, in Meynell's writing:

"A gem not to be lost! The muddle of the metaphor, the corruption of the style, everything is symbolic. In a preceding paragraph the writer makes an attack on Harnack, who is described as 'notorious for opposing' the doctrines of the virgin birth and the resurrection. That history has a right to its say on so-called historical events never seems to have occurred to this gentleman; still less that there is a mystical and sacred element in all truth, all the advancing knowledge of mankind, including historical knowledge, and that therefore his responsibility, his moral and spiritual risk even, in disbelieving Harnack, is probably infinitely greater than Harnack's in dealing historically with the birth stories."

Barron raised himself with a flushed cheek

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and a stiffened mouth. Meynell's note had removed his last scruples. It was necessary to deal drastically with a clergyman who could write such things.

A step outside. The sleeping dogs on the doorstep sprang up and noisily greeted their master. Meynell shut them out, to their great disgust, and came hurriedly towards the study.

Barron, as he saw him in the doorway, drew back with an exclamation. The Rector's dress and hair were dishevelled and awry, and his face — pale, drawn, and damp with perspiration — showed that he had just come through a personal struggle.

"Sorry to have kept you waiting, Mr. Barron. But that fellow Pinches — you remember? the new blacksmith — has been drinking for nearly a week, and went quite mad this morning. We just prevented him from killing his wife, but it was a tough business. I'll go and wash, and change my coat, if you will allow me."

So he went away, and Barron had a few more minutes in which to meditate on the room and its owner. When at last Meynell came back, and settled himself in the chair opposite to his visitor, with a quiet "Now I am quite at your service," Barron found himself overtaken with a curious and unwelcome hesitation. The signs — a slightly strained look, a quickened breathing — that Meynell still bore upon him of a physical wrestle, combined perhaps with a moral victory, suddenly seemed, even in Barron's own eyes, to dwarf what he had to say — to make a poor, mean thing out of his story. And Meynell's shining eyes, divided between close attention to the man before him and some recent and disturbing recollections in which Barron had no share, reinforced the impression.

But he recaptured himself quickly. After all, it was at once a charitable and a high-judicial part that he had come to play. He gathered his dignity about him, resenting the momentary disturbance of it.

"I am come to-day, Mr. Meynell, on a very unpleasant errand."

The formal "Mr." marked the complete breach in their once friendly relations. Meynell made a slight inclination.

"Then I hope you will tell it me as quickly as may be. Does it concern yourself or me? Maurice, I hope, is doing well?"

Barron winced. It seemed to him an offence on the Rector's part that Meynell's tone should subtly though quite innocently remind him of days when he had been thankful to accept a strong man's help in dealing with the escapades of a vicious lad.

"He is doing excellently, thank you — except that his health is not all I could wish. My business to-day," he continued slowly, "concerns a woman, formerly of this village, whom I happened by a strange accident to see just after her return to it ——"

"You are speaking of Judith Sabin?" interrupted Meynell.

"I am. You were, of course, aware that I had seen her?"

"Naturally — from the inquest. Well?"

The quiet interrogative tone seemed to Barron an impertinence. With a suddenly heightened colour, he struck straight — violently — for the heart of the thing.

"She told me a lamentable story — and she was led to tell it me by seeing, and identifying, yourself — as you were standing with a lady in the road outside the cottage."

"Identifying me?" repeated Meynell, with a slight accent of astonishment. "That, I think, is hardly possible; for Judith Sabin had never seen me."

"You were not perhaps aware of it — but she had seen you."

Meynell shook his head.

"She was mistaken — or you are. However, that doesn't matter. I gather you wish to consult me about something that Judith Sabin communicated to you?"

"I do; but the story she told me turns very closely on her identification of yourself — and therefore it does matter," said Barron, with emphasis.

A puzzled look passed again over Meynell's face; but he said nothing. His expectant attitude demanded the story.

Barron told it — once more. He repeated Judith Sabin's narrative in the straightened, rearranged form he had now given to it — postponing, however, any further mention of Meynell's relation to it till a last dramatic moment.

He did not find his task so easy on this occasion. There was something in the personality of the man sitting opposite to him that seemed to make a narrative that had passed muster elsewhere sound here a mere vulgar impertinence, the wanton intrusion of a common man on things sacredly and justly covered from sight.

He laboured through it, however, while Meynell sat with bent head, looking at the floor, making no sign whatever. And at last the speaker arrived at the incident of the Grenoble visitor.

"I naturally find this a very disagreeable task," he said, pausing a moment. However, he got no help from Meynell, who was dumb;

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and he presently resumed: "Judith Sabin saw the gentleman who came distinctly. She felt perfectly certain in her own mind as to his relation to Miss Puttenham and the child — and she was certain also, when she saw you and Miss Puttenham standing in the road, while I was with her, that ——"

Meynell looked up, slightly frowning, awaiting the conclusion of the sentence:

"—— that she saw — the same man again!"

Barron's naturally ruddy colour had faded a little; his eyes blinked. He drew his coat forward over his knee, and put it back again nervously.

Meynell's face was at first blank, or bewildered. Then a light of understanding shot through it. He fell back in his chair, with an odd smile.

"So *that* — is what you have in your mind?"

Barron coughed a little. He was angrily conscious of an anxiety and misgiving he had not expected. He made all the greater effort to recover what seemed to him the proper tone.

"It is all most sad — most lamentable. But I had, you perceive, the positive statement of a woman who should have known the facts first hand, if any one did. Owing to her physical state, it was impossible to cross-examine her, and her sudden death made it impossible to refer her to you. I had to consider what I should do ——"

"Why should you have done anything," said Meynell drily, raising his eyes, "but forget as quickly as possible a story you had no means of verifying and which bore its absurdity on the face of it?"

Barron allowed himself a slight and melancholy smile.

"I admit, of course, at once, that I could not verify it. As to its *prima facie* absurdity, I desire to say nothing offensive to you, but there have been many curious circumstances connected with your relation to the Fox-Wilson family that have given rise before now to gossip in this neighbourhood. I could not but perceive that the story told me threw light upon them — the remarkable language of Sir Ralph's will, the position of Miss Hester in the Fox-Wilson family, your relation to her and to — to Miss Puttenham."

Meynell's composure became a matter of some difficulty, but he maintained it.

"What was there abnormal or suspicious — in any of these circumstances?" he asked, his eyes fixed intently on his visitor.

"I see no purpose to be gained by going into them on this occasion," said Barron, with all the dignity he could bring to bear. "For the unfortunate thing is — the thing which obliged me, whether I would or no,— and you will see from the dates that I have hesitated a long time,— to bring Judith Sabin's statement to your notice, is that she seems to have talked to some one else in the neighbourhood, before she died, besides myself. Her son declares that she saw no one; I have questioned him — of course, without revealing my object. But she must have done so. And whoever it was has begun to write anonymous letters — repeating the story, in full detail, *with* the identification — that I have just given you."

"Anonymous letters?" repeated Meynell, raising himself sharply. "To whom?"

"Dawes the colliery manager received the first."

"To whom did he communicate it?"

"To myself; and, by his wish, and in the spirit of entire friendliness to you, I consulted your friend and supporter Mr. Flaxman."

Meynell raised his eyebrows.

"Flaxman? You thought yourself justified?"

"It was surely better to take so difficult a matter to a friend of yours rather than to an enemy."

Meynell smiled — but not agreeably.

"Any one else?"

"I have heard this morning, on my way here, that Miss Nairn has received a copy."

"Miss Nairn? That means the village."

"She is a gossipping woman," said Barron.

Meynell pondered. He got up and began to pace the room — coming presently to an abrupt pause in front of his visitor.

"This story, then, is now all over the village — will soon be all over the diocese. Now — what was your object in yourself bringing it to me?"

"I thought it right to inform you — to give you warning — perhaps also to suggest to you that a retreat from your present position ——"

"I see; you thought it a means of bringing pressure to bear upon me? You propose, in short, that I should throw up the sponge and resign my living?"

"Unless, of course, you can vindicate yourself publicly."

Barron, to his annoyance, could not keep his hand which held a glove from shaking a little. The wrestle between their personalities was rapidly growing in intensity.

"Unless I bring an action, you mean — against any one spreading the story? No, I shall not bring an action — I shall *not* bring an action!" Meynell repeated, with emphasis.

"In that case — I suggest — it might be better to meet the wishes of your Bishop, and so avoid further publicity."

"By resigning my living?"

"Precisely. The scandal would then drop

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of itself. For Miss Puttenham's sake alone, you must, I think, desire to stop its development."

Meynell flushed hotly. He took another turn up the room — while Barron sat silent, looking straight before him, his hands resting on the knob of his stick.

"I shall not take action," Meynell resumed, "and I shall not dream of retreating from my position here. Judith Sabin's story is untrue. She did not see me at Grenoble, and I am not the father of Hester Fox-Wilson. As to anything else, I am not at liberty to discuss other people's affairs, and I shall not answer any questions whatever on the subject."

The two men surveyed each other.

"Your Bishop could surely demand your confidence," said Barron coldly.

"If he does, it will be for me to consider."

A silence. Barron looked round for his stick. Meynell stood motionless, his hands in his baggy pockets, his eyes on Barron. Lightings of thought and will seemed to pass through the face. As Barron rose, he began to speak:

"I have no doubt you think yourself justified in taking the line you clearly do take in this matter. I can hardly imagine that you really believe the story you say you got from Judith Sabin — which you took to Flaxman, and have, I suppose, discussed with Dawes. I am convinced — forgive me if I speak plainly — that you can not and do not believe anything so preposterous — or, at any rate, you would not believe it in other circumstances. As it is, you take it up as a weapon. You think, no doubt, that everything is fair in controversy as in war. Of course, the thing has been done again and again. If you cannot defeat a man in fair fight, the next best thing is to blacken his character. We see that everywhere — in politics, in the Church, in private life. This story *may* serve you; I don't think it will ultimately, but it may serve you for a time. All I can say is, I would rather be the man to suffer from it than the man to gain from it!"

Barron took up his hat. "I can not be surprised that you receive me in this manner," he said, with all the steadiness he could muster. "But as you can not deal with this very serious report in the ordinary way, either by process of law or by frank explanation to your friends ——"

"My 'friends'!" interjected Meynell.

"—— let me urge you at least to explain matters to your diocesan. You cannot distrust either the Bishop's discretion or his good will. If he were satisfied, we, no doubt, should be the same."

Meynell shook his head.

"Not if I know anything of the *odium theologicum!* Besides, the Miss Nairns of this world pay small attention to bishops. By the way — I forgot to ask. You can tell me nothing on the subject of the writer of the anonymous letters? You have not identified him?"

"Not in the least. We are all at sea ——"

"You don't happen to have one about you?"

Barron hesitated and fumbled, and at last produced from his breast pocket the letter to Dawes, which he had again borrowed from its owner that morning. Meynell put it into a drawer of his writing-table without looking at it.

The two men moved towards the door.

"As to any appeal to you on behalf of a delicate and helpless lady," said Meynell, betraying emotion for the first time, "that, I suppose, is useless. But when one remembers her deeds of kindness in this village, her quiet and irreproachable life amongst us all these years, one would have thought that any one bearing the Christian name would have come to me, as the Rector of this village, on one errand only — to consult how best to protect her from the spread of a cruel and preposterous story! You, I gather, propose to make use of it in the interests of your own Church party."

Barron straightened himself, resenting at once what seemed to him the intrusion of the pastoral note.

"I am heartily sorry for her," he said coldly. "Naturally, it is the women who suffer in these things. But of course you are right — though you put the matter from your own point of view — in assuming that I regard this as no ordinary scandal. I am not at liberty to treat it as such. The honour concerned is the honour of the Church. To show the intimate connection of creed and life may be a painful — it is also an imperative — duty!"

He threw back his head with a passion that, as Meynell clearly recognised, was not without its touch of dignity.

Meynell stepped back.

"We have talked enough, I think. You will, of course, take the course that seems to you best, and I shall take mine. I bid you good day."

From the study window Meynell watched the disappearing figure of his adversary. The day was wet, and the funereal garden outside was dank with rain. The half-dead trees had shed such leaves as they had been able to put forth, and behind them was a ragged sky of scudding cloud.

In Meynell's soul there was a dull sense of catastrophe. In Barron's presence he had borne

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himself as a wronged man should; but he knew very well that a sinister thing had happened, and that for him, perhaps, to-morrow might never be as yesterday.

What was passing in the village at that moment? His quick visualising power showed him the groups in the various bar parlours, discussing the Scandal, dividing it up into succulent morsels, serving it up with every variety of personal comment, idle or malicious — amplifying, exaggerating, completing. He saw the neat and plausible spinster from whose cruel hands he had rescued a little dumb, wild-eyed child, reduced by ill-treatment to skin and bone — he saw her gloating over the anonymous letter, putting two and two maliciously together, whispering here, denouncing there. He seemed to be actually present in the most disreputable public house of the village, a house he had all but succeeded in closing at the preceding licensing sessions. How natural, human, inevitable, would be the coarse, venomous talk — the inferences, the gibes!

There would be good men and true, of course, — his personal friends in the village, the members of his Parish Council,— who would suffer and stand firm. The postponed meeting of the Council, for the acceptance of the new liturgy, was to be held the day after his return from Paris. To them he would speak — so far as he could; yes, to them he would speak! Then he thought of the diocese — the Movement. Charges of this kind spread with extraordinary rapidity. Whoever was writing the anonymous letters had probably not confined himself to two or three. Meynell prepared himself for the discovery of a much wider diffusion.

He moved back to his writing-table, and took the letter from the drawer. Its ingenuity, its knowledge of local circumstance, astonished him as he read. He had expected something of a vulgarer and rougher type. The handwriting was clearly disguised, and there was a certain amount of intermittent bad spelling which might very easily be a disguise also. But whoever wrote it was acquainted with the Fox-Wilson family, with their habits and his own, as well as with the terms of Sir Ralph's will, so far as — mainly, he believed, through the careless talk of the elder Fox-Wilson girls — it had become a source of gossip in the village. The writer of it could not be far away. Was it a man or a woman? Meynell examined the handwriting carefully. He had a vague impression that he had seen something like it before, but could not remember where or in what connection.

He put it back in his drawer, and as he did so his eyes fell upon his half-written article for the *Modernist*, and on the piles of correspondence beside it. A sense of bitter helplessness overcame him, a pang not for himself so much as for his cause. He realised the inevitable effect of the story in the diocese, weighted as it would be with all the colourable and suspicious circumstances that could undoubtedly be adduced in support of it; its effect, also, beyond the diocese, through the Movement of which he was the life and guiding spirit — through England, where his name was rapidly becoming a battle-cry.

And what could he do to meet it? Almost nothing! The story, indeed, as a whole could be sharply and categorically denied, because it involved a fundamental falsehood. He was not the father of Hester Fox-Wilson.

But simple denial was all that was open to him. He could neither explain, nor could he challenge enquiry. His mouth was shut. He had made no formal vow of secrecy to any one. He was free to confide in whom he would. But all that was tender, pitiful, chivalrous in his soul stood up and promised for him now, as he stood looking out into the October rain, that for no personal — yes, and for no public — advantage would he trifle with what he had regarded for eighteen years as a trust laid upon him by the dying words of a man he had loved, and enforced more and more sharply with time by the constant appeal of a woman's life — its dumb pain, the paradox of its frail strength, its shrinking courage. That life had depended upon him during the worst crisis of its fate as its spiritual guide. He had towards Alice Puttenham the feeling of the "director," as the saints have understood it; and towards her story something of the responsibility of a priest towards a confession. To reveal it in his own interests was simply impossible. If the Movement rejected him, it must reject him.

"Not so will I fight for thee, my God! — not so!" he said to himself, in great anguish of mind.

It was true, indeed, that at some future time Alice Puttenham's poor secret must be told — to a specified person, with her consent, and by the express direction of the honest, blundering man, her brother-in-law, whose life, sorely against his will, had been burdened with it. But the indiscriminate admission of the truth after the lapse of years would, he believed, simply bring back the old despair and paralyse what had always been a frail vitality. And as to Hester, the sudden divulgence of it might easily upset the unstable balance of mind and nerve and drive her at once into some madness. He *must* protect them, if he could.

Could he? He pondered it.

At any moment one of these letters might

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reach Alice. What if this had already happened? Supposing it had, he might not be able to prevent her from doing what would place the part played towards her by himself in its true light. She would probably insist upon his taking legal action and allowing her to make her statement in court.

The thought of this was so painful to him — not only for her sake — that he promptly put it from him. He should assume that she knew nothing; though as a practical man he was well aware that she could not long remain ignorant — certainly not if she continued to live in Upcote. It was a question probably of days or hours. Her presence in the cottage, when once the village was in full possession of the slander, would be a perpetual provocation. One way or another, the truth must penetrate to her.

An idea occurred to him. Paris! So far he had insisted on himself going with Hester to Paris, because of his haunting feeling of responsibility towards the girl, and his resolve to see with his own eyes the household in which he was placing her. But suppose he made excuses? The burden of work upon him was excuse enough for any man. Suppose he sent Alice in his stead, and so contrived as to keep her in or near Paris for a while? Then Edith Fox-Wilson would, of course, have the forwarding of her sister's correspondence, and might, it seemed to him, take the responsibility of intercepting whatever might inform or alarm her.

Not much prospect of doing so indefinitely! That he plainly saw. But to gain time was an immense thing — to prevent her from at once taking quixotic steps. He knew that in health and nerve she had never been the same since the episode of Judith's return and death. She seemed suddenly to have faded and drooped, as if poisoned by some constant terror.

He stood lost in thought a little longer by his writing-table. Then his hand felt slowly for a parcel in brown paper that lay there.

He drew it towards him and undid the wrappings. Inside it was a little volume of recent poems of which he had spoken to Mary Elsmere on their moonlit walk through the park. He had promised to lend her his copy, and he meant to have left it at the cottage that afternoon. Now he lingeringly removed the brown paper and, walking to the book-case, he replaced the volume.

He sat down to write to Alice Puttenham, and to scribble a note to Lady Fox-Wilson asking her to see him as soon as possible. He had scarcely finished the two letters when a step outside made itself heard. He looked up and saw Hugh Flaxman.

"Come in!" said the Rector, opening the front door himself. "You are very welcome."

Flaxman grasped — and pressed — the proffered hand, looking at Meynell the while with hesitating interrogation. He guessed from the Rector's face that the errand on which he came had been anticipated.

Meynell led him into the study and shut the door.

"I have just had Barron here," he said, turning abruptly, after he had pushed a chair towards his guest. "He told me he had shown one of these precious documents to you." He held up the anonymous letter.

Flaxman took it, glanced it over in silence, and returned it.

"I can only forgive him for doing it when I reflect that I may thereby — perhaps — be enabled to be of some little use to you. Barron knows what I think of him, and of the business."

"Oh! for him it is a weapon — like any other. Though, to do him justice, he might not have used it but for the other mysterious person in the case — the writer of these letters. You know"— he straightened himself vehemently — "that I can say nothing — except that the story is untrue?"

"And of course I shall ask you nothing. I have spent twenty-four hours in arguing with myself as to whether I should come to you at all. Finally I decided you might blame me if I did not. You may not be aware of the letter to my sister-in-law?"

Meynell's start was evident.

"To Mrs. Elsmere?"

"She brought it to us on Friday, before the party. It was, I think, identical with this letter" — he pointed to the Dawes envelope —"except for a few references to the part Mrs. Elsmere had played in helping the families of those poor fellows who were killed in the cage accident."

"And Miss Elsmere?" said Meynell, in a tone that wavered in spite of himself. He sat with his head bent and his eyes on the floor.

"Knows, of course, nothing whatever about it," said Flaxman hastily. "Now will you give us your orders? A strong denial of the truth of the story and a refusal to discuss it at all — with any one. That, I think, is what you wish?"

Meynell assented.

"In the village I shall deal with it at the Reform meeting on Thursday night." Then he rose. "Are you going to Forked Pond?"

"I was on my way there."

"I will go with you. If Mrs. Elsmere is free, I should like to have some conversation with her."

They started together through a dripping world on which the skies had but just ceased to

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rain. On his way through the park, Meynell took off his hat and walked bare-headed through the mist, evidently feeling it a physical relief to let the chill, moist air beat freely on brow and temples. Flaxman could not help watching him occasionally — the forehead with its deep vertical furrow, the rugged face, stamped and lined everywhere by travail of mind and body, and the nobility of the large grizzled head. In the voluminous cloak — of antiquity against which Ann protested in vain — which was his favourite garb on wet days, he might have been a friar of the early time, bound on a preaching tour. The spiritual, evangelic note in the personality became — so Flaxman thought — ever more conspicuous. And yet he walked to-day in very evident trouble — without, however, allowing to this trouble any spoken expression whatever.

As they neared the Forkèd Pond enclosure, Meynell suddenly paused.

"I had forgotten; I must go first to Sandford — where, indeed, I am expected."

"Sandford? I trust there is no fresh anxiety?"

"There *is* anxiety," said Meynell briefly.

Flaxman expressed an unfeigned sympathy.

"What is Miss Hester doing to-day?"

"Packing, I hope. She goes to-morrow."

"And you — are going to interview this fellow?" asked Flaxman reluctantly.

"I have done it already — and must now do it again. This time I am going to threaten."

"With anything to go upon?"

"Yes; I hope at last to be able to get some grip on him, though no doubt my chances are not improved since yesterday," said Meynell, with a grim shadow of a smile, "supposing that anybody from Upcote has been gossipping at Sandford. It does not exactly add to one's moral influence to be regarded as a Pharisaical humbug."

"I wish I could take the business off your shoulders!" said Flaxman heartily.

Meynell gave him a slight, grateful look. They walked on briskly to the highroad, Flaxman accompanying his friend so far. There they parted, and Hugh returned slowly to the cottage by the water, Meynell promising to join him there within an hour.

XVI

In the little drawing-room at Forkèd Pond Catherine and Mary Elsmere were sitting at work. Mary was embroidering a curtain in a flowing Venetian pattern — with a handful of withered leaves lying beside her to which she occasionally matched her silks. Catherine was knitting. Outside the rain was howling through the trees; the windows streamed with it. But within the bright wood fire threw a pleasant glow over the simple room and the figures of the two ladies. Mary's trim jacket and skirt of prune-coloured serge, with its white blouse fitting daintily to throat and wrist, seemed by its neatness to emphasise the rebellious masses and the rare colour of her hair. She knew that her hair was beautiful, and it gave her a pleasure she could not help; though she belonged to that type of Englishwoman, not yet nearly so uncommon as modern newspapers and books would have us believe, who think as little as they can of personal adornment and their own appearance, in the interests of some hidden ideal that "haunts them like a passion"— of which even the most innocent vanity seems to make them unworthy.

In these feelings and instincts she was, of course, her mother's daughter. Catherine Elsmere's black dress of some plain woollen stuff could not have been plainer, and she wore the straight collar and cuffs and — on her nearly white hair — the simple cap of her widowhood. But the spiritual beauty that had always been hers was hers still. One might guess that she, too, knew it; that in her efforts to save persons in sin or suffering she must have known what it was worth to her — what the gift of lovely line and presence is worth to any human being. But, if she had been made to feel this,— passingly, involuntarily,— she had certainly shrunk from feeling it.

Mary put her embroidery away, made up the fire, and sat down on a stool at her mother's feet.

"Darling, how many socks have you knitted since we came here? Enough to stock a shop?"

"On the contrary, I have been very idle," laughed Catherine, putting her knitting away. "How long is it? Four months?" she sighed.

"It *has* done you good? Yes, it has!" Mary looked at her closely.

"Then why don't you let me go back to my work? — tyrant!" said Catherine, stroking the red-gold hair.

"Because the doctor said 'March'— and you sha'n't be allowed to put your feet in London a day earlier," said Mary, laying her head on Catherine's knee. "You needn't grumble. Next week you'll have your fells and your becks — as much Westmoreland as ever you want, Only ten days more here." And this time it was Mary who sighed, deeply, unconsciously.

The face above her changed — unseen by Mary.

"You've liked being here?"

"Yes — very much."

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"It's a dear little house — and the woods are beautiful."

"Yes. And — I've made a new friend."

"You like Miss Puttenham so much?"

"More than anybody I have seen for years," said Mary, raising herself and speaking with energy. "But — oh, dear! I wish I could do something for her!"

Catherine moved uneasily.

"Do what?"

"Comfort her — help her — make her tell me what's the matter."

"You think she's unhappy?"

Mary propped her chin on her hand and looked into the fire.

"I wonder whether she's ever had any real joy! A week's — a day's — happiness — in her life?"

She said it musingly but intensely. Catherine did not know how to answer her. All the day long and a good part of the night she had been debating with herself what to do — towards Mary. Mary was no longer a child; she was a woman of nearly six-and-twenty, strong in character, and accustomed of late to go with her mother into many of the dark places of London life. The betrayal — which could not be hidden from her — of a young servant-girl in their employ the year before, and the fierce tenderness with which Mary had thrown herself into the saving of the girl and her child, had brought about — Catherine knew it — a great deepening and overshadowing of her youth. Catherine had in some ways regretted it bitterly; for she belonged to that older generation which believed — and were amply justified in believing — that it is well for the young to be ignorant, so long as they can be ignorant, of the ugly and tragic things of sex. It was not that her Mary seemed to her in the smallest degree besmirched by the experience she had passed through, that any bloom had been shaken from the flower. Far from it. It was rather that some touch of careless joy was gone for ever from her child's life; and how that may hurt a mother only those know who have wept in secret hours over the first ebbing of youth in a young face.

So that she received Mary's outburst in silence. It touched and shook her. But she said to herself that she could have no right to reveal Alice Puttenham's secret, even to Mary. That cruel tongues should at that moment be making free with it burnt like a constant smart in Catherine's mind. Was the poor thing herself aware of it? Could it be kept from her? If not, Mary must know — would know — sooner or later. "But for me to tell her," thought Catherine firmly, "would not be right — or just. Besides, I know nothing — directly."

As to the other and profounder difficulty involved, Catherine wavered perpetually between two poles of feeling. Owing to a mysterious experience of her own of which she had not yet spoken to Mary, her resistance to Meynell's influence with Mary had strangely broken down. Her inner will had given way. She saw with painful clearness what was coming; she was blind to none of the signs of advancing love; and she felt herself powerless. An intimation had been given her — so it seemed to her — to which she submitted. Her submission cost her tears often, at night when there was no one to see. And yet it had brought her also a strange happiness — like all such yieldings of soul.

But if she had yielded, if there was in her a reluctant practical certainty that Mary would some day be Meynell's wife, then her conscience — which was that of a woman who had passionately loved her husband — began to ask, "Ought she not to be standing by him in this trouble? If we keep it all from her, and he suffers and perhaps breaks down, when she might have sustained him, will she not reproach us? Should I not have bitterly reproached any one who had kept me from helping Robert in such a case?"

A state of mind, it will be seen, into which there entered not a trace of ordinary calculations. It did not occur to her that Mary might be injured in the world's eyes by publicly linking herself with a man under a cloud. Catherine, whose temptation to "scruple" in the religious sense was constant and tormenting, who recoiled in horror from what to others were the merest venial offences, in this connection asked one thing only. Where Barron had argued that an unbeliever must necessarily have a carnal mind, Catherine had simply assured herself at once by an unfailing instinct that the mind was noble and the temper pure. In those matters she was not to be deceived; she knew.

That being so, and if her own passionate objections to the marriage were to be put aside, then she could only judge for Mary as she would judge for herself. *Not* to love, *not* to comfort — could there be, for love, any greater wound, any greater privation? She shrank, in a kind of terror, from inflicting it on Mary — Mary, unconscious and unknowing. . . .

The soft chatter of the fire, the plashing of the rain, filled the room with the atmosphere of reverie. Catherine's thoughts passed from her obligations towards Mary to grapple anxiously with those she might be under towards Meynell himself. The mere possession of the anonymous letter — and Flaxman had not given her leave to destroy it — weighed upon her conscience. It seemed to her that she ought not to

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possess it; and she had been only half convinced by Flaxman's arguments for delay. She was rapidly coming to the belief that it should have been handed instantly to the Rector.

A step outside.

"Uncle Hugh!" said Mary, springing up. "He must stay to lunch. But — is there anything to eat?" And she vanished into the kitchen, while Catherine admitted her brother-in-law.

"Meynell is to join me here in an hour or so," he said, as he followed her into the little sitting-room. Catherine closed the door, and looked at him anxiously. He lowered his voice.

"Barron called on him this morning — had only just gone when I arrived. Meynell has seen the letter to Dawes. I informed him of the letter to you, and I think he would like to have some talk with you."

Catherine's face showed her relief.

"Oh, I am glad — I am *glad* he knows!" she said, with emphasis. "We were wrong to delay."

"He told me nothing — and I asked nothing. But, of course, what the situation implies is unfortunately clear enough! No need to talk of it. He won't and he can't vindicate himself, except by a simple denial. At any ordinary time that would be enough. But now, with all the hot feeling there is on the other subject, and the natural desire to discredit him —" Flaxman shrugged his shoulders despondently. "Rose's maid — you know the dear old thing she is — came to her last night in utter distress about the talk in the village. There was a journalist here, a reporter from one of the papers that have been opposing Meynell most actively ——"

"They are quite right to oppose him," interrupted Catherine quickly. Her face had stiffened.

"Perfectly! But you see the temptation?"

Catherine admitted it. She stood by the window, looking out into the rain. And as she did so she became aware of a figure, the slight figure of a woman, walking fast towards the cottage along the narrow grass causeway that ran between the two ponds. On either side of the woman the autumn trees swayed and bent under the rising storm, and every now and then a mist of scudding leaves almost effaced her. She seemed to be breathlessly struggling with the wind as she sped onwards, and in her whole aspect there was an indescribable forlornness and terror.

Catherine peered into the rain.

"Hugh!" She turned swiftly to her brother-in-law. "There is some one coming to see me. Will you go?"— she pointed to the garden door on the farther side of the drawing-room —"and will you take Mary? Go round to the back. You know the old summer house at the end of the wood walk. We have often sheltered there from rain. Or there's the keeper's cottage a little farther on. I know Mary wanted to go there this afternoon. Please, dear Hugh!"

He looked at her in astonishment. Then through the large French window he too saw the advancing form. In an instant he had disappeared by the garden door. Catherine went into the hall, opened the door of the kitchen, and beckoned to Mary, who was standing there with their little maid. "Don't come back just yet, darling!" she said in her ear. "Get your things on and go with Uncle Hugh. I want to be alone."

Mary stepped back bewildered, and Catherine shut her in. Then she went back to the hall just as a bell rang faintly.

"Is Mrs. Elsmere ——"

Then, as the visitor saw Catherine herself standing in the open doorway, she said with broken breath:

"Can I come in? Can I see you?"

Catherine drew her in.

"Dear Miss Puttenham, how tired you are — and how wet! Let me take the cloak off."

And as she drew off the soaked waterproof Catherine felt the trembling of the slight frame beneath.

"Come and sit by the fire," she said tenderly.

Alice sank into the chair that was offered her — her eyes fixed on Catherine. Every feature in the delicate oval face was pinched and drawn. The struggle with wild weather had drained the lips and the cheeks of colour, and her brown hair under the serge cap fell limply about her small ears and neck. She was an image not so much of grief as of some unendurable distress.

Catherine began to chafe her hands; but Alice stopped her.

"I am not cold — oh, no, I'm not cold. Dear Mrs. Elsmere! — you must think it so strange of me to come to you in this way. But I am in trouble — such great trouble — and I don't know what to do. Then I thought I'd come to you. You — you always seem to me so kind. You won't despise — or repulse me — I know you won't!"

Her voice sank to a whisper. Catherine took the two icy hands in her warm grasp.

"Tell me if there is anything I can do to help you."

"I — I want to tell you. You may be angry — because I've been Mary's friend — when I'd no right. I'm not what you think. I — I have a secret — or — I had. And now it's

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discovered — and I don't know what I shall do — it's so awful — so awful!"

Her head dropped on the chair behind her, and her eyes closed. Catherine, kneeling beside her, bent forward and kissed her.

"Won't you tell me?" she said gently.

Alice was silent a moment. Then she suddenly opened her eyes — and spoke in a whisper:

"I — I was never married. But Hester Fox-Wilson's — my child!"

The tears came streaming from her eyes. They stood in Catherine's.

"You poor thing!" said Catherine brokenly; and, raising one of the cold hands, she pressed it to her lips.

But Alice raised herself.

"You knew!" she said. "You knew!" And her eyes, full of fear, stared into Catherine's. Then, as Catherine did not speak immediately, she went on, with growing agitation: "You've heard — what everybody's saying? Oh, I don't know how I can face it! I often thought it would come — sometime. And ever since that woman — since Judith — came home — it's been a nightmare. For I felt certain she'd come home because she was angry with us — and that she'd said something — before she died. Then nothing happened — and I've tried to think — lately — it was all right. But last night ——"

She paused for self-control. Catherine was alarmed by her state — by its anguish, its excitement. It required an effort of her whole being before the sufferer could recover voice and breath, before she hurried on, holding Catherine's hands and looking piteously into her face:

"Last night a woman came to see me — an old servant of mine who's nursed me sometimes, when I've been ill. She loves me — she's good to me. And she came to tell me what people were saying in the village — how there were letters going round about me — and Hester; how everybody knew — and they were talking in the public houses. She thought I ought to know. She cried — and wanted me to deny it. And of course I denied it,— I was fierce to her, — but it's true."

She paused a moment, her pale lips moving soundlessly, unconsciously.

"I — I'll tell you about that presently. But the awful thing was — she said people were saying — that the Rector — that Mr. Meynell — was Hester's father — and Judith Sabin had told Mr. Barron so before her death. And they declared the Bishop would make him resign — and give up his living. It would be such a scandal, she said — it might even break up the League. And it would ruin Mr. Meynell, so people thought. Of course there were many people who were angry — who didn't believe a word. But this woman who told me was astonished that so many *did* believe. . . . So then I thought all night — what I should do. And this morning I went to Edith, my sister, and told her. And she went into hysterics and said she always knew I should bring disgrace on them in the end — and her life had been a burden to her for eighteen years — oh, that she says to me so often! But the strange thing was, she wanted to make me promise I would say nothing — not a word. We were to go abroad, and the thing would die away; and then ——"

She withdrew her hands from Catherine's, and, rising to her feet, she pressed the damp hair back from her face and began to pace the room — unconsciously, still talking:

"I asked her what was to happen about Richard — about the Rector. I said he must bring an action and I would give evidence — it must all come out. And then she fell upon me, and said I was an ungrateful wretch. My sin had spoilt her life — and Ralph's. They had done all they could — and now the publicity — if I insisted — would disgrace them all, and ruin the girls' chances of marrying, and I don't know what besides. But if I held my tongue it would be forgotten — and nobody out of Upcote need ever hear of it. People would never believe such a thing of Richard Meynell. Of course he would deny it — and of course his word would be taken. But to bring out the whole story in a law-court ——"

She paused beside Catherine, wringing her hands, gathering up, as it were, her whole strength to pour it — slowly, deliberately — into the words that followed:

"But I — will run no risk of ruining Richard Meynell! As for me — what does it matter what happens to me? And darling Hester! We could keep it from her — we would! She and I could live abroad. And I don't see how it could disgrace Edith and the girls — people would only say she and Ralph had been very good to me. But Richard Meynell! With these trials coming on — and all the excitement about him — people will be wild to believe it! They won't care how absurd it is, they'll want to *crush* him! And he — he'll *never* say a word for himself — to explain — never! Because he couldn't without telling all my story. And that — do you suppose Richard Meynell would ever do *that?* — to any poor human soul that had trusted him?"

The colour had rushed back into her cheeks. She held herself erect, transfigured by the emotion that possessed her. Catherine looked at her in doubt — trouble — amazement. And then her pure sense divined something — dimly

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— of what the full history of this soul had been — and her heart melted. She put out her hands and drew the speaker down again into the seat beside her.

"I think you'll have to let him decide that for you. He's a strong man — and a wise man. He'll judge what's right. And I ought to warn you that he'll be here probably — very soon. He wanted to see me."

Alice opened her startled eyes.

"About this? To see you? I don't understand."

"I had one of these letters — these wicked letters —" said Catherine reluctantly.

Alice shrank and trembled. "It's terrible!" Her voice was scarcely to be heard. "Who is it hates me so? — or Richard?"

There was silence a moment. And, in the pause, the stress and tumult of nature without, the beating of the wind and the plashing of the rain, seemed to be rushing headlong through the little room. But neither Catherine nor Alice was aware of it, except in so far as it played obscurely on Alice's tortured nerves, fevering and goading them the more. Catherine's gaze was bent on her companion; her mind was full of projects of help, which were also prayers — a moment in that ceaseless dialogue with a Greater than itself which makes the life of the Christian. And it was as if by some secret influence that her prayers made themselves felt by Alice; for presently she turned, in order that she might look straight into the face beside her.

"I'd like to tell you —" she said faintly — "oh, I'd like to tell you!"

"Tell me anything you will."

"It was when I was so young — just eighteen — like Hester. Oh, but you don't know about Neville — no one does now. People seem all to have forgotten him. But he came into his property here, the Abbey,— the old Abbey,— just when I was growing up. I saw him here first — but only once or twice. Then we met in Scotland. I was staying at a house near his shooting. And we fell in love. Oh, I knew he was married! — I can never say that I didn't know even at the beginning. But his wife was so cruel to him — he was very unhappy. She couldn't understand him — or make allowances for him. She despised him, and wouldn't live with him. He was miserable — and so was I. My father and mother were dead; I had to live with Ralph and Edith — and they always made me feel that I was in their way. It wasn't their fault! — I *was* in the way. And then Neville came. He was so handsome, and so clever — so winning and dear — he could do everything. I was staying with some old cousins in Ross-shire, who used to ask me now and then. There were no young people in the house. My cousins were quite kind to me, but I spent a great deal of time alone; and Neville and I got into a way of meeting — in lonely places — on the moors. No one found out. He taught me everything I ever knew, almost. He gave me books — and read to me. He was sorry for me. And at last — he loved me! And we never looked ahead. Then — in one week — everything happened together. I had to go home. He talked of going to Sandford, and implored me still to meet him. And I thought how Ralph and Edith would watch us, and spy upon us, and I implored him never to go to Sandford when I was at Upcote. We must meet at other places. And he agreed. Then the day came for me to go south. I traveled by myself — and he drove twenty miles to a junction station and joined me. Then we traveled all day together."

Her voice failed her. She pressed her thin hands together under the onset of memory and that old conquered anguish which, in spite of all the life that had been lived since, still smouldered amid the roots of being.

"I may tell you?" she said at last, with a piteous look.

Catherine bent over her.

"Anything that will help you. Only remember I don't ask or expect you to say anything."

"I ought," said Alice miserably —"I ought — because of Mary."

Catherine was silent. She only pressed the hand she held. Alice resumed:

"It was a day that decided all my life. We were so wretched. We thought we could never meet again — it seemed as though we were both — with every station we passed — coming nearer to something like death — something worse than death. Then, before we got to Euston, I couldn't bear it. I — I gave way. We sent a telegram from Euston to Edith that I was going to stay with a school friend in Cornwall — and that night we crossed to Paris."

She covered her face with her hands a moment; then went on more calmly:

"You'll guess all the rest. I was a fortnight with him in Paris. Then I went home. In a few weeks Edith guessed — and so did Judith Sabin, who was Edith's maid. Edith made me tell her everything. She and Ralph were nearly beside themselves. They were very strict in those days; Ralph was a great Evangelical and used to speak at the May meetings. All his party looked up to him so — and consulted him. It was a fearful blow to him. But Edith thought of what to do — and she made him agree. We went abroad, she and I — with Judith. It was given out that Edith was delicate and must

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have a year away. We stopped about in little mountain places — and Hester was born at Grenoble. And then, for the last and only time, they let Neville come to see me."

Her voice sank. She could go on only in a whisper:

"Three weeks later he was drowned on the Donegal coast. It was called an accident — but it wasn't. He had hoped and hoped to get a divorce — and make amends. And when Lady Flood's — his wife's — final letter came, he just took his boat out in a storm, and never came back ——"

The story lost itself in a long, sobbing sigh that came from the depths of life. When she spoke again it was with more strength:

"But he had written the night before to Richard — Richard Meynell. You know he was the Rector's uncle, though he was only seven years older? I had never seen Richard then. But I had often heard of him from Neville. Neville had taken a great fancy to him a year or two before, when Richard was still at college and Neville was in the Guards. They used to talk of religion and philosophy. Neville was a great reader always — and they became great friends. So on his last night he wrote to Richard, telling him everything, and asking him to be kind to me — and Hester. And Richard — who had just been appointed to the living here — came out to the Riviera, and brought me the letter — and the little book that was in his pocket — when they found him. So you see ——"

She spoke with fluttering colour and voice, as if to find words at all were a matter of infinite difficulty.

"—— you see, that was how Richard came to take an interest in us — in Hester and me; how he came to be the friend, too, of Ralph and Edith. Poor Ralph! Ralph was often hard to me, but he meant kindly — he would never have got through at all but for Richard. If Richard was away for a week he used to fret. That was eighteen years ago. And I, too, should never have had any peace — any comfort in life again — but for Richard. He found somebody to live with me abroad for those first years, and then, when I came back to Upcote, he made Ralph and Edith consent to my living in that little house by myself — with my chaperon. He would have preferred — indeed, he urged it — that I should go on living abroad. But there was Hester! And I knew by that time that none of them had the least bit of love for her. She was a burden to them all. I couldn't leave her to them — I *couldn't!* Oh, they were terrible, those years!" And again she caught Catherine's hands and held them tight. "You see, I was so young — still in the twenties — and nobody suspected anything. Nobody in the world knew anything — except Judith Sabin, who was in America, and *she* never knew who Hester's father was — and my own people — and Richard! Richard taught me how to bear it — oh, not in words — for he never preached to me — but by his life. I couldn't have lived at all — but for him. And now you see — you see — how I am paying him back!"

And again, as the rush of emotion came upon her, she threw herself into a wild pleading, as if the grey-haired woman beside her were thwarting and opposing her.

"How can I let my story — my wretched story — ruin his life — and all his work? I can't — I can't! I came to you because you won't look at it as Edith does. You'll think of what's right — right to others. Last night I thought one must die of — misery. I suppose people would call it shame. It seemed to me I heard what they were all saying in the village — how they were gloating over it — after all these years. It seemed to strip one of all self-respect — all decency. And to-day I don't care about that! I care only that Richard shouldn't suffer because of what he did for me — and because of me. Oh, do help me, do advise me! Your look — your manner — have often made me want to come and tell you" — her voice was broken now with stifled sobs — "like a child — a child. Dear Mrs. Elsmere! — what ought I to do?"

And she raised imploring eyes to the face beside her, so finely worn with living and with human service.

"You must think first of Hester," said Catherine, with gentle steadiness, putting her arm round the bent shoulders. "I am sure the Rector would tell you that. She is your first, your most sacred duty."

Alice Puttenham shivered as if something in Catherine's tender voice reproached her.

"Oh, I know — my poor Hester! My life has set hers all wrong. Wouldn't it have been better to face it all from the beginning — to tell the truth — wouldn't it?" She asked it piteously.

"It might have been. But the other way was chosen — and now to undo it — publicly — affects not you only — but Hester. It mayn't be possible — it mayn't be right."

"I must! — I must!" said Alice impetuously; and, rising to her feet, she began to pace the room again with wild steps, her hands behind her, her slender form drawn tensely to its height.

At that moment Catherine became aware of some one standing in the porch just beyond the drawing-room of the tiny cottage.

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"This may be Mr. Meynell." She rose to admit him.

Alice stood expectant. Her outward agitation disappeared. Some murmured conversation passed between the two persons in the little hall. Then Catherine came in again, followed by Meynell, who closed the door and stood looking sadly at the pale woman confronting him.

"So they haven't spared even you?" he said at last, in a voice bitterly subdued. "But don't be too unhappy. It wants courage and wisdom on our part; but it will all pass away."

He quietly pushed a chair towards Alice, and then took off his dripping cloak, carried it into the passage outside, and returned.

"Don't go, Mrs. Elsmere," he said, as he perceived Catherine's uncertainty. "Stay and help us, if you will."

Catherine submitted. She took her accustomed seat by the fire; Alice, or the ghost of Alice, sat opposite to her in Mary's chair, surrounded by Mary's embroidery things; and Meynell was between them.

He looked from one to the other, and there was something in his aspect that restrained Alice's agitation and answered at once to some high expectation in Catherine.

"I know, Mrs. Elsmere, that you have received one of the anonymous letters that are being circulated in this neighbourhood, and I presume also — from what I see — that Miss Puttenham has given you her confidence. We must think calmly what is best to do. Now — the first person who must be in all our minds — is Hester."

He bent forward, looking into Alice's face — without visible emotion — rather, with the air of peremptory common sense that had so often helped her through the difficulties of her life.

She sat drooping, her head on her hand, making no sign.

"Let us remember these facts," he resumed. "Hester is in a critical state of life and mind. She imagines herself to be in love with my cousin Philip Meryon, a worthless man without an ounce of conscience where women are concerned, who, in my strong belief, is already married under the ambiguities of Scotch law; though his wife — if she is his wife — left him some years ago, detests him, and has never been acknowledged. I have convinced him at last — this morning — that I mean to bring this home to him. But that does not dispose of the thing — finally. Hester is in danger — in danger from herself. She is at war with her family — with the world. She believes nobody loves her,— that she is and always has been a pariah at home,— and, with her temperament, she is in a mood for desperate things. Tell her now that she is illegitimate — let your sister Edith go talking to her about 'disgrace'— and there is no saying what will happen. She will say, and think, that she has no responsibilities — and may do what she pleases. This man — this villain — has been lending her some of these modern books that preach 'freedom' in sex matters. There is no saying what she might do. We might have a tragedy that none of us could prevent."

Alice lifted her head.

"I could go away with her," she said imploringly. "I could watch over her day and night. But let me put this thing straight now publicly. Indeed — indeed, it is time!"

"You mean, you want me to bring an action. In that case, you would have to return to give evidence."

"Yes — for a short time. But that could be managed. She should never see the English papers — I could promise that."

"And what is to prevent Philip Meryon telling her? At present he is entirely ignorant of her parentage. I have convinced myself of that this morning. He has no dealings with the people here, nor they with him. What has been happening here has not reached him. And he is off to-night. We must, of course, always take the risk of his knowing, and of his telling her. A libel action would convert that risk into a certainty. Would it not simply forward whatever designs he may have on her — for I do not believe for a moment he will abandon them; it will be a duel, rather, between him and us — would it not actually forward his designs — to tell her?"

Alice did not reply. She sat wringing her delicate hands in a silent desperation; while Catherine opposite was lost in the bewilderment of the situation — the insistence of the woman, the refusal of the man.

"My advice is this," continued Meynell, still addressing Alice; "that you should take her to Paris to-morrow in my stead, and should stay near her for some months. Lady Fox-Wilson, whom I have just seen — she overtook me driving on the Markborough road half an hour ago, and we had some conversation — talks of taking a house at Tours for a year — an excellent thing for them all. We don't want her on the spot any longer — we don't want any of them!" said the Rector, dismissing the Fox-Wilson family with an emphatic gesture that probably represented what he had gone through in the interview with Edith.

"In that way the thing will soon die down. There will be nobody here — nobody within reach — for the scoundrel who is writing these letters to attack — except, of course, myself — and I shall know how to deal with it. He will probably tire of the amusement. Other people will be ashamed of having read the letters and

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believed them. I even dare to hope that Mr. Barron — in time — may be ashamed."

Alice looked at him in tremulous despair.

"Nobody to attack!" she said. "Nobody to attack! And you, Richard — *you?*"

A dry smile flickered on his face.

"Leave that to me; I assure you, you may leave it to me."

"Richard!" said Alice imploringly. "Just think! I know what you say is very important — very true. But for me personally —" she looked round the room with wandering eyes; then found a sudden passionate gesture, pressing back the hair from her brow with both hands — "for me personally — to tell the truth, to face the truth, would be relief — infinite relief! It would kill the fear in which I have lived all these years — kill it for ever. It would be better for all of us if we had told the truth — from the beginning. And as for Hester — she must know — you say yourself she must know before long — when she is of age — when she marries ——"

Meynell's face took an unconscious hardness.

"Forgive me! The matter must be left to me. The only person who could reasonably take legal action would be myself — and I shall not take it. I beg you, be advised by me." He bent forward again. "My dear friend!"— and now he spoke with emotion —"in your generous consideration for me, you do not know what you are proposing — what an action in the courts would mean, especially at this moment. Think of the party spirit that would be brought into it — the venom, the prejudice, the base insinuations. No!— believe me, that is out of the question — for your sake — and Hester's."

"And your work! — your influence!"

"If they suffer — they must suffer. But do not imagine that I shall not defend myself — and you — you above all — from calumny and lies. Of course I shall — in my own way."

There was silence — a dismal silence. At the end of it Meynell stretched out his hand to Alice, with a smile. She placed her own in it, slowly, with a look that filled Catherine's eyes once more with tears.

"Trust me!" said Meynell, as he pressed the hand. "Indeed, you may." Then he turned to Catherine Elsmere.

"I think Mrs. Elsmere is with me — that she approves?"

"With one reservation." The words came gravely, after a moment's doubt.

His eyes asked her to be frank.

"I think it would be possible — I think it would be just — if Miss Puttenham were to empower you to go to your Bishop. He, too, has rights!" said Catherine, her clear skin reddening.

Meynell paused; then spoke with hesitation.

"Yes, that I possibly might do — if you permit me?" He turned again to Alice.

"Go to him — go to him at once!" she said, with a sob she could not repress.

Another silence. Then Meynell walked to the window and looked at the weather.

"It is not raining so fast," he said in his cheerful voice. "Oughtn't you to be going home — getting ready and arranging with Hester? It's an awful business, going abroad."

Alice rose silently. Catherine went into the kitchen to fetch the waterproof that had been drying.

Alice and Meynell were left alone.

She looked up.

"It is so hard to be hated!" she said passionately —"to see you hated. It seems to burn one's heart — the coarse and horrible things that are being said ——"

He frowned and fidgetted — till the thought within forced its way:

"Christ was hated. Yet directly the least touch of it comes to us we rebel — we cry out against God."

"It is because we are so weak — we are not Christ!" She covered her face with her hands.

"No; but we are his followers — if the Life that was in him is in us too —' *Life that in me has rest — as I — undying Life — have power in Thee!*'" He fell, murmuring, into lines that had evidently been in his thoughts, smiling upon her.

Then Catherine returned. Alice was warmly wrapped up, and Catherine took her to the door, leaving Meynell in the sitting-room.

"We will come and help you this evening — Mary and I," she said tenderly, as they stood together in the little passage.

"Mary?" Alice looked at her in a trembling uncertainty.

"Mary — of course."

Alice thought a moment, and then said with a low intensity, a force to which Catherine had no clue: "I want you — to tell her. Will you?"

Catherine kissed her cheek in silence, and they parted.

Catherine went slowly back to the little sitting-room. Meynell was standing abstracted before the fire, his hands clasped in front of him, his head bent. Catherine approached him — drawing quick breath.

"Mr. Meynell — what shall I do — what do you wish me to do or say — with regard to my daughter?"

He turned — pale with amazement.

And so began what one may call — perhaps — the most romantic action of a noble life!

TO BE CONTINUED

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The Wolf

by M. Gauss

Author of "Before the Railroad," etc.

Illustrations by Howard Giles

"THE wolf," said the preacher, "is a lover of lonely places; whether he be the brute of our prairies and cañons, or that other which trails the poor of the big towns in the loneliness of the crowd." He had finished the first part of his Thanksgiving sermon, and was preparing for his appeal in behalf of the poor.

In one of the pews a rich man sat up and began to listen intently. He was a good man, and so old that he had no business except benevolence. On his silky white head were dancing red, blue, and golden lights, for the sunshine of the outer world filtered through a priceless window that was sacred to the memory of his only daughter; so it was, no doubt, with all the light of this world for him and for the plain old woman at his side.

Old women, unlike old men, cannot be occupied solely with benevolence. This woman looked at the window, which showed Jesus raising the daughter of Jairus; put her large plain handkerchief to her eyes; and finally turned, to see a young girl at the other end of the pew. The benevolent old man had given orders to the ushers that there should always be strangers in his pew.

This was a slender girl with a great many puffs and curls; for it was a season or two ago, when false hair was so much worn — before the newspapers said that it was made of the queues of dead Chinese criminals. At this coiffure she poked now and then with a small hand that was pretty in spite of its thinness and its load of cheap rings. She wore a natty black skirt, a smart shirtwaist of black cotton-back satin, and very small Oxford ties that showed embroidered stockings. When the ushers let in a breath of the fresh autumn air, she shivered and her lips became bluish; then a sudden draught flattened her shirtwaist sleeves against her arms, revealing that she wore no winter underclothing beneath. A glance at her then might have caused a shrewd person to reflect.

But, as it chanced, nobody was looking. The old woman had decided that, after all, the stranger did not greatly resemble her daughter, and her eyes were straying over the neighboring pews, dwelling on the faces of the young girls. The old gentleman was absorbed in what the preacher had to say about organized charity.

The strange young girl heard none of this sermon. She had come here to keep warm, to see and smell the costly chrysanthemums, to hear the soprano, and especially to look at the hats and gowns. For this was usually called "Millionaires' Church," though its name, on the books of the denomination, was "Trinity."

By and by the service was finished. The girl cowered a minute or two over some heat-pipes in the vestibule, and then went out.

By this time it was one o'clock. In this seaside town evening began when the salt wind rose. The sun was pleasant now, but in a couple of hours the weather would be raw and chilly. The girl went down the prosperous avenue and

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through the park, keeping to the sunny side; then she turned into a somewhat grimy street and approached her lodging-house. She had lived here for several weeks, ever since she had stopped boarding at the Christian Home for Working-Girls.

It was an old house, once the home of a well-known citizen. Step by step it had come down in the world until it now displayed frankly the yellow sign: "Furnished Rooms for Light Housekeeping." Inside it was rather dark, and it had a peculiar odor compounded of gasolene, perfume, fried meat and cabbage, disinfectants and tobacco. It swarmed with clairvoyants, lady peddlers, and people who were out of work; and there was a landlady with blondined hair, who moved about its halls in a very dirty red kimono.

The girl climbed two flights of stairs, let herself into her own room, and began to pack her worldly all into a suit-case. There was nothing of value. The clothes that she wore were by far her best — bought four months before, when she left her home in Kansas City, Missouri, to come West. She had made the hat herself out of a worn-out satin skirt, a piece of plaid silk, and a "wing." She could have made pretty hats for other people, for she knew her trade well; but it chanced that none of the millinery houses in this Western city stood in need of another trimmer.

She ate what she could of the food that remained in her cupboard, put a few soda crackers and macaroons into a corner of her suit-case, and sat down to count the silver that was left in her black leather purse.

It was a pretty, stylish purse, with the initial *M* on it in silver. She and her father had united their resources to present it to her mother on the last birthday that she had spent on earth. There was still a card inside on which was written: "*With love from Daddy and Lucile.*" And in one pocket was a little foreign-missionary envelop with twenty cents inside and a name penciled on it in a familiar hand. Lucile cried over the writing a little, washing the powder away in a circle about her eyes.

It was almost exactly a year since her mother had died, and about four months since her father had married again. He had married a widow who kept boarders. Lucile disliked her exceedingly, and so she had come away by herself.

She had been a working-girl since she was fifteen, but she had always lived at home. When she returned from the store on a winter's evening, she had been sure of finding some favorite dish for supper. "When a girl works all day," her mother would remark, as she dished out the oyster stew, "she needs comfort in her home." Her mother would tuck her into bed at night, and before Lucile was up in the morning would tiptoe in and turn on the heat, letting her lie still until there was just time to get to the store in comfort. Her stockings had always been mended, her shirtwaists kept crisp and fresh, ironed by willing hands. And she had taken all these things for granted, and had never known how much they meant, and never guessed that she was perhaps very selfish and spoiled!

Being weak and sad, she cried a little now over the past. Then she had to wait in her room until the redness left her eyes.

She could hear the sea wind now. She put her hand inside her satin waist, forgetting that she had sold her watch long before. But she knew that it must be late in the afternoon. Picking up her suit-case, she carried the key of her room to the landlady — then went out into the street.

She thought that she would walk about for a while to keep warm, and would try to think of something that she could do. If there was no other way, she would go out to the Christian Home and ask them to shelter her again until she could find some kind of work.

The business part of the city was in holiday quiet — no carriages, no shoppers. Only the wax ladies in the shop windows smiled agreeably into the street. Some Salvation Army people, singing on a street corner, held out the hat to her beseechingly. She clutched her purse and hurried on.

By and by she got into a crooked street where there were Chinese chop-houses and evil-looking people of both races. She became frightened and retraced her steps to a public building of some sort, where there was a bit of lawn. Here she set down her heavy suit-case and shook the numbness from the arm that had carried it. The sun was setting, and the city was growing gray with ocean fog. People were beginning to go home from family reunions. Motor-cars flew about, filled with little children and ladies wearing beautiful furs and chrysanthemums.

She walked four or five blocks, and came out near the Christian Home for Working-Girls. She did not like to go in there, and went around the block before she felt convinced that she must.

Inside the building, she passed a large, draughty parlor in which some girls she knew were entertaining callers. She avoided their eyes and hurried down the familiar hall to the office.

There — with a faint smile at the lady superintendent — she took a chair to wait. Her limbs trembled; her hands — which were very unsteady — were clasped firmly in her lap.

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The superintendent was engaged with the old gentleman of Trinity Church. It was very important business; for the old gentleman had ten thousand dollars to give away. It was a sacred fund, for it had been his daughter's in her own right, and he could think of no better place to bestow it than on a home for working-girls.

He did not recognize Lucile. Trinity Church — being commonly called "Millionaires' Church"— was always crowded with milliners and shop-girls; and Lucile looked, no doubt, like many another stranger who had sat in his pew.

By and by he went out with the superintendent; and Lucile rose and strolled into the little room where she used to pay her board every Monday morning when she stayed here. Her eyes were met by a placard that she had forgotten: "Prompt Weekly Settlements Expected." They had a charitable fund at the Home, but they were very careful not to make it easy and pleasant for a girl to depend upon this. They felt that if they were not, some girls would "take advantage." A girl who was receiving charity must be made to realize her position, so that she would make every effort to support herself.

Lucile walked to the window and looked out. She remembered now a placard she had read in one of the "free" rooms. "This room is furnished by the Excelsior Woman's Club," it read. "You are a recipient of the kindness of these ladies. Show that you appreciate what is done for you by taking proper care of the furniture. Do not stick pins in the walls. Do not strike matches except on the sandpaper." There were more rules, which Lucile did not recall.

Of course the people who gave the money to the Home were not responsible for the placards. It had merely chanced that the salaried woman they had put in charge had a vicious temper which tainted her every action. But Lucile did not reflect; to her, the spirit of that superintendent was the spirit of the Home.

Evidently the old gentleman had gone, for the superintendent was in the hall, talking to one of the girls who lived at the Home and waited on the table in part payment for board.

"I am surprised that *you* should disregard the rules and make such trouble!" The superintendent's voice reached Lucile, shrill and distinct. "It would astonish me less if you were a *boarder*. I should think *you* would appreciate what we are doing for you."

Now the woman passed the open door and went into the library. She was thin-faced and sharp-featured, with blue eyes that looked as if they had been washed out by angry tears.

All at once Lucile knew that she would far rather sleep in the street than here. She picked up her suit-case and went out — down the hall, past the parlor, where they were now turning on the lights, through the large front entry — into the avenue.

She walked toward the heart of the town, a number of blocks, through the thick gray evening. At last the Union Railway Station loomed before her. The sight was an inspiration. No one would notice, she hoped, that she was a vagrant using the place to get free shelter for a night; she would go in there and wait until morning. Perhaps then she could find something to do.

Putting her suit-case down as a rest for her feet, she made herself as comfortable as she could on one of the benches perforated with the name of the railway company.

There was a constant influx of people, a constant bawling of trains. Finally the caller stopped near her seat and shouted, in his loud, measured voice: "All a-board the At-chison, To-peka, and San-ta Fe, for Los Ang'les — Noo Mexico points — To-peka — and *Kan*sas Cit-y!"

Lucile was suddenly very homesick. She could almost see the place where the familiar yellow car ran down the incline to Ninth and Walnut; and the corner itself; and the department-stores beyond; and then the millinery house for which she used to work. She imagined that all would be right for her if only she had the money to return to Kansas City. She felt, even, as if time and death could be annulled, and she could somehow return to live in the old way, in the same old flat, with the same faces around the supper-table in the evenings.

It was now entirely dark. Every little while she walked over to look at a clock — until it was half past eight. She consumed a little time in eating the crackers left from her dinner. Then a woman near her vacated one of the free rocking-chairs, and Lucile took possession.

A train had just arrived from a town down the coast, and a girl entered the station and sat on a bench very near the rocking-chair. The small, sharpened features of this other girl had once been rather pretty; but she was now twenty-five, which is middle age for a factory girl. She had on a pink chambray dress, soiled around the hem, and over it a coat of plaid stuff, which had grown limp and dirty-looking, after the fashion of cheap cotton-and-wool fabrics. Her slippers were run down at the heels, and in one stocking was a large hole. She wore puffs, like Lucile's except that they were of a cheaper quality and in a poorer state of preservation, and a huge black moire hat decorated with a draggled bunch of baby blue, once a two-dollar

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"A TRAIN HAD JUST ARRIVED, AND A GIRL IN A PINK CHAMBRAY DRESS AND PLAID COAT ENTERED THE STATION"

"willow" plume. There was a look of want about her, a sort of wolfishness that frightened Lucile. Before curling up in her rocker to get a little sleep, the milliner put her purse out of the factory girl's sight, inside her black satin shirtwaist.

Lucile dreamed presently that she was at home again, riding down the incline to Ninth and Walnut. But she felt, in her sleep, that the morning was bitterly cold, and after a while she awoke to find herself cramped and chilly.

She got up and looked at the clock; it was ten minutes of two. Then she went out where the gates lead to the railroad tracks and walked up and down to restore her circulation.

When she returned, a stout and well-clad woman was in the act of sailing across the floor toward the empty rocker. Seeing Lucile, she quickened her pace, and plumped into the chair before Lucile could reach it. Lucile sat down beside the factory girl with the blue plume.

"*My!*" exclaimed the factory girl. "Wouldn't that jar-r-r you?" The stout lady turned and stared deliberately. "It jars the day-*po*, anyhow!" proceeded the girl. Her eyes were large and black, and they seemed to make the fat woman very uncomfortable.

Receiving no reply from the enemy, the girl resorted to really plain English. "Say!" she remarked, addressing Lucile, "I seen a fat hawg, one time, settin' in a rockin'-chair."

Another stare from the stout lady was answered by a loud, shrill laugh. "She kep' her eye on that rocker," the factory girl informed Lucile; "and the minute you got up to see the clock, she made a break for it."

These tactics did not regain the rocking-chair; but it warmed Lucile a little that the other girl should take her part. "The poor," a wise man once said, "is separated from his neighbor." Lucile had long been separated from all human beings. She felt a sudden need for companionship, and took away the suit-case, which she had placed between herself and the other girl.

"Say!" resumed the factory girl, "do you know any jobs a person could get in this town? It's awful tough getting work this year; more girls is out of a job than I ever see before. I wasted my money to-day goin' down the coast after a place I was told of — it turned out to be nothing for a decent girl. I bummed around that town all day, but didn't find anything. I was only out my fare, though; I had the luck to fall in with a gen'leman friend, and got treated to Thanksgivin' dinner in a cah-*fay*." Her glance suddenly took in the stylish figure of the milliner — with both sympathy and respect. "You look as if you was awful tired. Are you?

"Broke?" she resumed, as Lucile nodded.

"Not quite," answered Lucile, feeling for her purse.

"Neyther am I. I had a good job — chocolate-dipper in a candy fact'ry — and I saved up some money. I lost that place because the forelady was jealous of me — we had the same gen'leman friend.

"Say! Why don't ye put up yer suit-case? You can sort of lay on it."

"So can you!" said Lucile gladly. And after a little she fell asleep.

In her sleep the black leather purse in her shirtwaist was dislodged. It slid into her lap, — a pretty thing with the silver initial uppermost, — then fell to the floor. She was half aroused; but, being quite heavy with sleep, she

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thought that it was only a railroad folder on which she had pillowed her cheek. She saw — drowsily — the black-eyed girl pick it up and thrust it behind her.

It was a couple of hours later that Lucile started and woke. The other girl was sleeping still, her small, sharp face resting on her arm. Lucile could see the fine hair-lines — of weariness, of laughter and defiance, and kindly lines, too — around the mouth. She left the factory girl's side, softly, and went to look at the clock.

Quite suddenly she remembered her purse, and clutched the front of her waist. Then, thrusting in her hand, she felt across her breast and in the space at the belt where the gathers came.

Loosening the belt a very little, she explored that, and thrust her hands up into her sleeves. In vain. Now she tried the inside of the shirtwaist once more — and was so rough, in her distress, that she tore a little slit near the under arm-seam.

There was a shuffling step behind her.

"Here's yer purse," said the factory girl. "You dropped it. If I hadn't ha' picked it up you'd never saw it again."

They went together over to the door leading from the women's waiting-room into the city. The air of the waiting-room was close and foul. Children were crying. A black-eyed family jabbered in Italian. The smell of coffee drifted across the place from the depot lunch-counter.

The door was opened and a whiff of morning air came in. Lucile shrank a little, her lips blue.

"I suppose you'll buy a paper and go off hunting a job — like me," said the factory girl. "I know a place to get breakfast, not more than a block away."

"I don't want any!" protested Lucile; for her head ached, and instead of the keen appetite of the day before she felt only a slight nausea.

"That's all the more reason you should have some coffee!" insisted the other girl. They stood out in the chill now, and she laid her hand on Lucile's arm. "Say!" she said, "I ain't as near broke as you are. I'm just going to lend you a dollar — I *am!*"

Lucile drew back. "Oh, I couldn't, I wouldn't take it!" she protested; but the tears came into her eyes. She was not used to the impulsive generosity of the poor.

The factory girl had looked into the little purse with the silver initial. "I'm going to treat you to coffee, anyhow!" she insisted. "You just gotta come."

And Lucile went with her.

"There!" the black-eyed girl exclaimed in triumph, as they finished the hot — if bitter — concoction, and the roll with a bit of very bad butter. "There! I see you needed coffee.



"BEFORE CURLING UP IN HER ROCKER TO GET A LITTLE SLEEP, LUCILE PUT HER PURSE INSIDE HER BLACK SATIN SHIRTWAIST"

"Oh, *that's* all right! I'm mighty glad I could have yer company at my breakfast."

They stood in the street at a junction of trolley lines. Newsboys were crying the morning papers with the "want ads."

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"One can always apply to one of the Christian Homes," said Lucile meditatively.

The other girl's face hardened. The black eyes flashed.

"Not for mine!" she snapped. "Before I'd take their charity I'd just rent a room and turn on the gas — and lay down. I had a friend done that; her husband was mean to her." She broke off suddenly, and squeezed Lucile's hands. "I hope to God we both get a job to-day!

"Psho'! I ain't done nothing for you, to speak of! The minute I see you, I says to myself, 'There's a girl I wish I had for a friend.'

"Now you let me hear from you. I'll write you to general delivery, when I get settled in a job. I ain't got no room now — I may stop with a friend to-night. If I had a room you'd be welcome to stay in it. You could write to 'Miss Annie Post ——'

"No, I may be out of town; I'll write to you.

"If I get me a job to-day — unless I have to go right at it — I'm going out to Gloriosa Beach on the trolley. I love that beach — just to sit and look at the sea! Some Sunday afternoon you and me'll take a ride out there together. Sha'n't we?

"Well, I sure wish you luck. A gen'leman friend told me he noticed he had luck every time he put his socks on wrong side out, so I done that yesterday morning. I've tried it before, and it always works — it was what got me my job at the candy fact'ry. Want to go back to the day-*po* and turn yours?

"No? Well, some folks don't take no stock in signs, but I do. Anyhow, God knows I wish you luck!" Her eyes shone.

So they parted. And Lucile, looking back, thought what beautiful eyes they were. She turned into a street of warehouses, bought a morning paper, and saw her new friend no more.

The want ads gave but two possible openings: a saleswoman was wanted at a little uptown notion store; and a place away out on one of the beaches advertised for "hotel help."

The sun was piercing the city smoke as Lucile walked uptown, and rolling it off the world in bluish waves. Working-people were stepping along briskly. There were clerks and mechanics. There were imposing and authoritative old gentlemen who chose to walk downtown, these brisk mornings, for their health — men of position and family, who had not yet shaken off the atmosphere of the holiday, with its grand dinner, and all the children and grandchildren at home.

In the street, also, were stenographers, milliners, and the ill-paid sales-girls with their modish shirtwaists and cheap, shabby skirts. Lucile had nothing in common with these busy people; she felt herself alone in the city street.

A few blocks farther on, she began to pass pretty young high-school girls who had never known care, and the school-teachers, with their neat, serviceable clothes, and their little air of authority, as if the whole city were under their supervision.

It was a long way to the notion store. After an hour or so Lucile came into plain streets where everything was very quiet. Laborers' wives were out sweeping the pavements; babies were toddling around; from the school buildings came a hum of voices and the sound of singing.

Lucile lost her way. Then she was so tired that she went into the trodden yard in front of a school building, set her suit-case down, and rested on a bench, laying her head — which ached again — against the trunk of a little tree. She sat there till the first primary class was dismissed. When the children came marching down the brick walk, she knew that it was half past eleven.

She rose — for she had got her bearings again — and toiled on. When she could no longer carry her suit-case, she rested a few moments on the steps of one of the queer little houses. They were all alike out here, for it was in the neighborhood of a factory. And when Lucile read the name on the factory building, she saw that it was the candy and cracker house in which Annie Post had served as a chocolate-dipper and had quarreled with the forewoman over a gentleman friend.

After a long while she came to a place where a gang of city prisoners were fixing the street; and just beyond that was the notion store.

The proprietor — a Jew — was busy with a customer; but Lucile was glad to rest a while. By and by she saw, behind a counter, a girl who looked nervous and new. She guessed then the place was filled; but she did not pick up her suit-case and go on until the Jew came and told her so.

She took a car downtown; and at the station where the beach cars came in she had twenty minutes to wait. The place where hotel help was wanted was a long way out. She was sorry, when she had boarded the train and paid her fare, that she had ventured on this quest, for there was nothing in her purse now except the return ticket.

The big car passed through a pleasant residence district; then skirted a finer one, so that she had glimpses of really palatial houses, some of them the homes of people who attended Millionaires' Church.

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"THE PROPRIETOR WAS BUSY WITH A CUSTOMER; BUT LUCILE WAS GLAD TO REST A WHILE"

It was a very pleasant ride — you could see why Annie Post loved to spend a holiday out on the beach. They flew through open prairies, with cactus and gopher-holes, and with glimpses of fruit ranches in the distance.

At last the atmosphere grew intensely blue, and there was a sound of surf. A big gull fell heavily through the blueness and floated seaward. The car stopped, and Lucile again took up her suit-case.

She walked along a narrow board walk, hunting the hotel where servants were wanted, until the walk came to an end, and the sand through which she floundered forward came up over her Oxford ties and covered the embroidered stockings with a fine dust.

The hotel was a square wooden house, painted green. The laborers on the government works half a mile below were fed there. Lucile crossed the porch and entered — through a door open to flies and callers — a dirty, uncarpeted hall.

Tacked up in plain view was a card. *"Girls All hierd,"* Lucile read. *"No more Nead apply. Mrs. O'Connel proprieter."*

Once more she took up her suit-case and went on. On a restaurant stall that she passed there was a clock — it was half past three. But there was a sign, also, reading *"Gloriosa Beach."* That warmed Lucile a little. She thought that she would go off somewhere alone,— away from these people with whom she had nothing in common,— and would rest a while. Then, perhaps Annie Post would have got work in the city and would be out here for a holiday.

She hid her suit-case in some weeds. Then she walked to the end of an old pier that was built far out over the sea. She could think of nothing to do but wait here for Annie Post.

She was quite alone, except for a gray bird that sat on a railing, watching for fish in the surf below, which looked as soft as duck feathers. For a long while he did not move, and neither did she. She could see, from her seat at the top of a short flight of steps, into a black hole of sea as still as a lake. But at a short distance the ocean was unusually restless and noisy, throwing up its dead — the fish, the broken shells, and the seaweed.

Suddenly there were footsteps, and the gray bird flew upward. Two old people were coming out along the pier.

Lucile wished to be alone; so she left her comfortable seat and walked away from the intruders to a place where there was nothing on which she could sit down and rest.

The old gentleman and his wife came nearer. If they were going to stay, she thought, she would rest better back on the beach in the sand; but, when she turned to go, they were directly in her path.

As she tried to pass them, they looked

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at her, and the old woman prompted her husband, in a whisper. He bared his silky white head.

"How do you do?" he inquired. "We are Trinity Church people. Did you not — my wife thinks you did — occupy a part of our pew yesterday morning?"

Lucile lifted her eyes to the old woman's face. I do not think that the little milliner was really like the lost daughter — though there might have been something in the curve of her light eyelashes, or in the way the blue veins showed in her forehead, to remind one of that other girl.

"We were glad indeed to have you!" eagerly cried the old woman. "You went out too quickly after service; we wanted to ask your name."

Kindness so unexpected was too much for Lucile. She bit her lip, struggled with herself, smiled faintly, and finally managed to give her name. She had a great fear lest she let these queer old people discover her shame — that she was out of work and money, and homeless.

"And your address?" asked the old gentleman.

Lucile shook her head. They looked at her in surprise, and their minds, no doubt, were crossed by a fear that Lucile's address was not a respectable one.

Suddenly she sank at the head of the steps leading down to the black and quiet sea, buried her face in her hands, and sobbed.

"Why — why!" exclaimed the old Trinity Church man. And he was greatly surprised — as charitable people usually are when they find that the wolf has again outwitted them and escaped their cunning and costly devices.



"SUDDENLY SHE SANK AT THE HEAD OF THE STEPS AND SOBBED"

It was the afternoon of Christmas day, and Lucile had come for an outing — with a young man who clerked at the millinery house where she was employed — to Gloriosa Beach.

It was a fortunate chance into which she had stepped the week after Thanksgiving: winter work, with a promise of being employed as trimmer for the spring trade. She had repaid the little loan made by the old gentleman — who had also found her the place. And as she never took thought for the morrow, but spent all her wages, she had new clothes to wear, plenty of "change" in the initialed black purse, and a nice boarding-place with a parlor in which to receive callers. She had given two Christmas gifts, and had received a photograph, a handkerchief, and a box of candy from the young man who clerked at the millinery house. It was very pleasant.

The winter rains still held off, the sand was sunny, the sea bright blue in the afternoon warmth. As they stood on a warm rock to watch the surf, Lucile asked, abruptly, about letters one sent to the general delivery.

"I wanted to know," she explained, "because I sent a present and a letter to a

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girl I know. I'd like to be sure she'd get it — she was awfully good to me once."

She stopped. Her brief friendship with Annie Post began to seem a long while ago — and how could she explain the feeling she had?

"I know she's working somewhere in the city," was her conclusion. "Some Sunday I mean to start out and hunt till I find her."

Then the young man proposed that they have photographs taken. And it was quite late in the afternoon when they left the studio tent and started toward the trolley.

Down near the pier a number of people had gathered to stare at something on the sand, and as Lucile and her companion had the city-bred instinct for crowds, they strolled that way.

Across the shoulders of the people they could see wet beach, long, stringy seaweeds, and a dead dog-shark, then the restlessly tossing surf.

"What have they found?" Lucile's young man addressed the representative of a newspaper.

"A woman," the reporter replied. "She threw herself in last night; she just came ashore."

Then, as a county officer appeared, the crowd parted — and Lucile saw.

The woman lay just as the sea had left her, her small face half concealed on her arm. It was better that one should not see the eyes. The mouth was very quiet and peaceful, as if she were asleep; and the water had not changed even the hair-lines of weariness around it.

She had on the same clothes that she had worn when Lucile parted from her — a pink chambray dress and a cheap plaid coat, heavy with salt water now. One shoe had been torn off by the waves. Still clinging to her head was a piece of a large black moire hat; and on this a draggled wisp of blue — the remnant of a two-dollar "willow" plume.

A DIRGE

BY

OLIVE TILFORD DARGAN

Mortal child, lay thee where
Rest is thine forever.
Midnight owl, witch or bear,
Shall disturb thee never.

Softly, softly take thy place;
Turn from man thy griefless face;
Fear not thou must lie alone,
Sleep-mates thou shall have anon.

(Clock of time none commands,
Driveth not the winter floods,
Where the silent, tireless sands
Run the ages of the gods.)

Thine is not a jealous bed,
Pillow here hath every head;
All that are, and all to be,
Shall ask a little room of thee.

(Feet of flame, haste nor creep
Where the stars are of your pace;
Heart of fire, in shadows sleep
With the sun in thy embrace.)

Babe of Time, old in care,
Rest thee here forever.
Midnight owl, witch or bear,
Shall disturb thee never.

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CANADA'S SYSTEM OF RESPONSIBLE GOVERNMENT

BY

ALBERT J. BEVERIDGE
EX-SENATOR FROM INDIANA

"ANNEXATION? Oh, yes, it might be a good thing for both of us from the material point of view," said a profound Canadian student of relations between the Republic and the Dominion — a man as friendly to us as he is well informed.

"And yet," he exclaimed, "in spite of this, a union of Canada and the United States is as impossible as a union of France and Germany. One consideration alone is dearer to us than all the material advantages that annexation might bring to us — a matter so vital to us that we would fight before we would surrender it. That is our system of government. No one need ever talk annexation until the United States adopts the Canadian Constitution, and, above all, until you Americans are willing to substitute for your present rigid and illogical political machinery Canada's system of responsible government."

The Canadian Constitution was written in the light of our experience under our Constitution, and was designed to save Canada from the serious troubles we Americans have been forced to meet and overcome. Its contrast to ours furnishes a most instructive example of one people learning its lesson from the successes and mistakes of another.

But, in this paper, we are dealing with the Canadian political party practice and method. What, then, of Canada's responsible government, which our Northern neighbors believe so much better than our "clumsy method," as they call it, that not all our wealth could induce them to exchange it for ours?

No Government by Political Parties in the United States

We Americans have a habit of declaring that "ours is a government by political parties." But, from the Canadian viewpoint, not only do we seldom have government by political parties in the United States, but such a thing, in the Canadian sense of that term, at any time would be difficult, and in ordinary times impossible.

"Why," said a Canadian publicist, "if you Americans have a government by parties, tell me what party is running your government now."

And, indeed, what party is running our government now? The present situation at Washington affords a perfect example of the contrast between the Canadian political system and our own.

For do not we read that the Democrats are in "control" of the House, the Republicans in "control" of the Senate, and that a Republican President sits in the chair of Washington and Lincoln? Our Senate and House must come to an agreement on all bills before Congress passes them; and even then our President may veto these bills.

Even if those in the House who are termed Democrats were in full accord on policies and laws, and if the same were true of those in the Senate who are termed Republicans, still there could be no *party* agreement that would pass any law through Congress or adopt any program as a *party* policy. For, even supposing party solidarity in House and Senate, yet a different party is in "control" of each house.

But our situation is worse than this. Are we not told by the daily press that the Democrats in the House are divided on this measure and that — that their "leaders" were overthrown by their followers on the question of free wool and the like?

Have we not received a formal announcement that among the Republicans of the Senate there is a definite split on fundamental questions of legislation and economic policy?

Also do we not find this and that action or proposal of the President supported by some members of his "party" and bitterly opposed by others — this and that failure of the President to act assailed equally within his own party, now by one group and now by another?

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Not long ago our Republican President, in a notable public speech, praised the Democrats in the House for their action on reciprocity, by strikingly plain inference rebuked the majority of the House Republicans who voted against that measure, and lectured in advance those Senate Republicans who should oppose it.

So when the keen Canadian observer asks us, "What party is running your government at present?" can any American tell him?

Present Conditions Not Exceptional

The American politician who is fond of saying that "ours is a government by political parties" will say that the present is an exceptional time. But is this true? Is not the existing situation rather an uncommonly vivid illustration of what may be true of us at any time, except in case of an unusual emergency, such as war, and the succeeding party impulse which that great occasion causes; or the appearance of some fundamental question, such as the free coinage of silver, and the like but lesser after-impulse flowing from that?

Indeed, the Canadian goes further and declares that, under our Constitution, *party* government, in the true sense of that term, can not exist. Our Constitution provides that the legislative and executive branches of our government shall be separate and independent — completely so except in the President's right to make recommendations by messages to Congress and in his veto power.

Also our legislative branch, thus separated from the executive, is divided into two Houses, each with practically equal powers over domestic legislation, and each in theory independent of the other.

Under our Constitution and political system, too, nobody is made the *official* leader of a political party. There is no legal machinery by which a party, *as such*, definitely can be made responsible to the people.

American Constitution Based on Non-Partianship

The idealistic theory of the fathers who drew our Constitution was that our Congress would legislate for the real and permanent welfare of a whole people and not for the supposed and temporary advantage of some political party. *Party* government was not in their minds — it did not exist at that time. England had scarcely begun to develop the theory of a responsible ministry, which is the very soul of government by party.

For example, the idea of the fathers was that the President should be selected from the wisest, purest, and ablest men in the Republic, regardless of every other consideration. Such was the sole reason for and purpose of our electoral college.

The same thought runs throughout our Constitution. Our fundamental law is based on the non-party concept. The careful division of responsibility; the painstaking arrangement of "checks and balances"; the fixed and unchangeable tenures of office; the veto power of the chief magistrate — these and other cardinal features of our Constitution are inconsistent with and antagonistic to party government.

Running Around the Corners of Our Constitution

So that, says the Canadian student, under our system, party government, in the Canadian meaning, simply cannot exist. Yet it appears to be necessary. We have tried to bring it about by running around the corners of our Constitution, pretending not to notice that instrument.

Although the legislative and executive branches of our government are decreed to be separate and independent, thus preventing any united *party* government, yet we have tried to overcome this by personal communication between the White House and the Capitol.

Do not we read every day about this and that senator being "sent for" by the President — this and that chairman of House committees being "summoned to the White House"; or, conversely, that senators or representatives "called on the President" to urge this or that measure or to protest against this or that policy?

More and more, the American executive is attempting to become a legislative force — a thing forbidden by our Constitution. We even have the spectacle of bills drawn by a Cabinet officer and formally transmitted to Congress for enactment — a circumstance that would have horrified the framers of the Constitution.

Years ago the difficulty of executive and legislative harmony evolved that absolutely unique instrument in government, an unofficial person popularly known as the "Administration mouthpiece." Of late another unofficial and extra-Constitutional creature, entirely strange to every other system of government on earth, has appeared in Washington, known as the "Administration go-between." And this executive agent in our legislative branch seems likely to throw the "Administration mouthpiece" into the junk-room of discarded political "properties."

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This curious development is not peculiar to any particular administration. Perhaps it is unavoidable in our attempt at *party* government under our system.

If there is any fault in all this, it is not so much in men as it is in our political system. Of course, it is possible that a man might arise, even in ordinary times, of sufficient power to command a united party action, notwithstanding our constitutional impediments. But, in the absence of mighty events, such a man rarely develops in the political life of any people.

Information as broad as the country, and, indeed, comprehending foreign lands; a wisdom equal to his knowledge; clear-headedness and the true leader's quality of prompt and accurate decision — all these such a man must have. Even more important, the rare gift of vision must be his. And, with all these, he must be armed with utter fearlessness and that vigilant and intelligent honesty, ripened by experience, which the most practised guile cannot deceive. Even these uncommon powers must be exercised with the skilled strength and precision of the really great politician. And he must radiate from the very being of him that most mysterious but most real of all human powers — the power of personality.

But, of course, such an endowment of the gods seldom is bestowed, and therefore, under our system, this master leader rarely appears. "And without him," says the Canadian, "where is your government by parties? Where can responsibility be focused? Suppose you had such a man — he could last, under your political custom, not longer than four or at best eight years."

"On the other hand," say our Northern critics, "suppose you get a weak or capricious man for President. In a year you may want to get rid of him, but you can not. He is there for four years. Even if he loses the confidence of the political party to which he belongs as represented in your Congress, still there in the White House he stays, and all is chaos until he goes out."

In Canada the Legislature and the Executive Are One

Contrast all this with the Canadian political method. To begin with, *speaking exclusively from the practical point of view*, the Canadian legislative and executive branches are inextricably mingled.*

In practical effect, Canada has but one legislative body, the House of Commons; and the real Canadian executive, the Premier, is a part — a member — of that one legislative assembly. He need not be as a matter of theory; but he is as a matter of fact. For the Premier must be a man who can command a majority in the House of Commons; and this can be done only by the Premier being a member of the House.

"The government," as it — loosely but popularly — is called in Canada, consists of the Premier and his Cabinet. This Cabinet, as with us, consists of the heads of the various departments of the executive government — the Ministers of Finance, Customs, Agriculture, Labor, Railways, Justice, and the like.

This Canadian Premier ostensibly is appointed by the Governor-General; but as a matter of fact he usually, if, indeed, not always, is the chosen leader of the political party that happens to come into power. For, in Canada, the leader of a political party holds the *office* of "leader." It is a leadership recognized by law. He is selected as party leader by his party caucus in the House when his party is in the minority and, of course, before he comes to the premiership — usually long before. He becomes Premier automatically when his party overthrows "the government." And this Premier names his Cabinet.

And, in practice, the Canadian Premier and members of his Cabinet almost invariably are also members of the Canadian House of Commons, elected to their seats precisely as all other members of the House are elected. This is a necessity of responsible party government. Otherwise the responsible ministry could not explain and defend its measures, its policies, or its conduct of the government, and, therefore, could not maintain its majority in the House, which is essential almost to its very existence.

The Premier and his Cabinet sit in the House on the front row of benches, directly facing the chiefs of the "opposition" party, who sit on

*For the purpose of getting clearly before the American reader the practical workings of Canada's government by political parties, I must omit comment on the Canadian Senate and the Governor-General.

While they must be considered in any critical examination of the theory of Canada's governmental system, yet it would only confuse to describe their legal theoretical powers and functions in studying the real "responsible party government" of the Dominion.

The Governor-General is the personal representative of the Crown. He appoints the Premier in theory and in form; but, in practice, he appoints the man whom the party and parliamentary situation requires. In theory and form he is the Canadian executive—all executive acts are in the name of "the Governor in Council"; but in practice the real executive is the Premier. The Governor-General approves whatever the Premier and his Cabinet—the ministry—decide upon. Thus "the Governor-General is a rubber stamp of the ministry," said a learned Canadian writer.

The Senate, too, is a negligible quantity in the practical operations of Canada's responsible party government. Senators are appointed for life. In theory and form the Senate passes all bills just as the House does; but in practice it seldom interferes with the House. The people expect it to do what the House tells it to do—and usually it does just that. Its innocuous character is shown by the utter indifference of the press and public to its debates or proceedings.

So to explain the theoretical Governor or the theoretical Senate would only confuse the reader. Both may be dismissed from mind in thinking of the practical workings of Canadian party government—in describing the real political power of the Dominion.—THE AUTHOR.

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the other side of the aisle dividing them. In the front row of the opposition side is the *official* leader of the opposition party, with his oldest and closest advisers sitting near him. I speak of him as "official" leader because he is so recognized; and, *as* leader and *because* he is such by law, draws a higher salary than the other members.

We see, then, that "the government"* in Canada consists of a group of men who exercise both executive and legislative powers in the fullest possible measure. Back of these men is a compact and disciplined party majority sitting in a single House. And at the supreme head of all is the Premier.

The Government Defends Its Own Measures in Open Parliament

Practically speaking, this Premier not only is the commanding executive of the Dominion, not only the ablest legislator and most resourceful debater of his party, but also he is the *authoritative* head and leader of his *party*.

Imagine, now, the Canadian system in operation. The governing party has determined on some important measure, such as reciprocity. Waiving technicalities, the bill is introduced by some member of the Cabinet or, if it is deemed wise, by the Premier himself. In the case of fiscal measures, it probably would be introduced by the Minister of Finance, Mr. Fielding; the new Canadian Anti-Trust Law was introduced by Mr. Mackenzie King, the Minister of Labor; and so on.

Then the debate begins. First, the Premier and his Cabinet, in their combined capacity of the executive ministry, second, members of the Legislature, and, third, formally designated and real *party* leaders, must answer any question that the opposition asks them.

In the case of reciprocity, for example, the so-called "pact" was negotiated by Mr. Fielding, the Minister of Finance, and Mr. Paterson, the Minister of Customs. These ministers must explain the whole matter orally on the floor of the House, in open debate. So must the Premier himself. What about this item and what about that; and is the whole policy wise or unsound?

And the answers to this hail-storm of questions, together with the whole discussion, must satisfy, first, the members of the House belonging to the party in power, and, second, the people of the entire country.

If the ministry "loses the confidence," as the Canadian term is, of a majority of the House, it is beaten and ordinarily goes out of office. In any event, it goes to the country; and if it is beaten before the country, that is the end of government by that party.

For example, the party now dominant in Canada lost one powerful member of the House, Mr. Clifford Sifton, on the reciprocity issue. Suppose it should lose enough others to destroy its majority. Ordinarily Parliament would be dissolved at once and a new election called. In this election reciprocity would be the issue upon which the Canadian people pass at the polls.

Ministry Always Responsible to the People

If at this election the people chose a majority of members favorable to reciprocity, the present executive ministry would continue — provided the Premier himself succeeded in being reëlected as a member of the House of Commons.

If the Canadian Premier should himself fail of election, and yet a majority be elected favorable to his policies, he might be continued as Premier for a brief season, until he could get himself elected from another constituency. If he failed in this the next strongest man, commanding the greatest confidence of his party followers in the House, would, practically speaking, be chosen the party leader and therefore appointed the new Premier. For the Premier must secure and maintain the support of a majority of the House.

But it is extremely unlikely that the Premier or any other strong member of the House in either party would fail of reëlection in Canada. For he can run for a seat in the House from two or even more constituencies at the same time. And, of course, such a man chooses this second or third constituency in a locality where he is sure to receive a majority.

The purpose of this is to make certain that a man of such ability, character, and experience as to make him a national figure shall not be lost to the service of the people. This device is not often employed by persons of merely local standing.

If the people at such an election choose a majority opposed to a measure on which the governing party headed by this responsible ministry has been compelled to go to the country, then, of course, the opposition becomes the governing party; and the leader of this opposition is appointed Premier and names his Cabinet.

This opposition, thus placed in power by the people at the polls, in its turn becomes responsi-

*The term "the government" is a popular expression, theoretically inaccurate, which I apply to the ministry—that is, the Premier and his Cabinet. The expression is generally so employed in loosely talking of the ministry. As a matter of fact, under the Canadian system of responsible party government, the Premier and his Cabinet (the ministry) are "the government" for most practical purposes. The Premier is the real executive; and he is the dominant legislative force as well. So I adopt the loose and technically inaccurate term "the government," as applied to the ministry, for purposes of brevity and to emphasize to American readers the supremacy of these party chieftains in the Canadian system.—THE AUTHOR.

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ble for every measure of legislation and every act of government.

Party Leaders Must Answer Questions

I say every act of government, because the leaders of the party in power — the Premier and his Cabinet — must answer orally on the floor of the House in open debate, not only as to matters of legislation, but just as much as to the conduct of the government itself. No matter appears small enough to escape the vigilant inquiry or aggressive attack of the opposition.

I have listened to more than an hour's debate over a question of the building of a boat. Why was it not built a foot longer or a foot shorter, a foot wider or a foot narrower? What about the specifications? Was there graft somewhere? What was the true inwardness of a certain individual's connection with it? Above all, why was it not built in Canada instead of in the mother country? and so forth and so on. To all of which, of course, the responsible Minister had to make satisfactory answers.

Another illustration is the management of the two thousand miles of railroad which the Canadian government owns and operates. Why the expenditure for this or that? Why were freight cars not furnished promptly and properly?— as a shipper who happened to be a member of the House belonging to the opposition wanted to know. How much was charged for the government's cars that, in the course of business, went into the United States? Why was not more charged?

It appeared that the government had permitted some little American vessel, armed in a puny way, to pass down the Welland Canal into the Lakes for exercises connected with our naval militia. Some member of the opposition read in a newspaper a Chicago despatch that there was to be a mock bombardment of Chicago.

"What is the meaning of all this?" demanded the opposition of Sir Wilfrid Laurier and his Cabinet. Of course, nobody in the United States knows anything about our having an armed vessel on the Lakes, and cares less. Of course, too, the so-called mock bombardment of Chicago, if ever it occurs, will attract less attention even in Chicago itself than a baseball game.

Nevertheless, the Canadian Prime Minister and his Cabinet had to explain the matter at least sufficiently to satisfy their own party.

Thus it is evident that Canada has a gover.nment by political parties, which is responsive and *responsible* to the people. This responsiveness and respor.sibility are assured because the members of the real executive government, who also are members of the House, are compelled to explain to and to convince their party majority in open debate, as well as the whole Canadian people,— and this, too, day in and day out,— concerning every measure past, present, and proposed.

If Taft Were a Member of the House

To make it even clearer to us Americans: If we had the Canadian system, President Taft and all the members of his Cabinet would also be members of our House of Representatives. The reciprocity bill would be introduced either by Secretary Knox or by Mr. Taft himself, and these two men, and perhaps Secretary MacVeagh, would have to answer absolutely any question that anybody in the House saw fit to ask them.

They would have so to convince their own party that they would be able to maintain their majority in the House on that question, up to and through the final vote.

Or take the Mexican situation: If we had the Canadian system, the President and the Secretary of War would have to explain the entire affair — would be compelled to withstand any bombardment of questions that the whole House might put to them.

Why were twenty thousand troops suddenly mobilized? If for manoeuvers, why at this particular point? And why was no notice of manoeuvers given, as in other countries? Or, How long were the manoeuvers to last? Or, If not mobilized for manoeuvers, what were our soldiers to do? In short, every question one can imagine.

It would be the duty of Mr. Taft and Mr. Stimson to answer orally all these questions, and even to overwhelm inquiry and criticism, unless, indeed, Mr. Taft himself were able to convince the House that the grave interests of the nation required secrecy.

Still another very striking illustration is given in the famous railroad bill passed last year. This bill was prepared by Attorney-General Wickersham. The country remembers the tremendous and successful assaults made upon certain critically important provisions of that measure.

If we had the Canadian system this bill would have been introduced by Mr. Wickersham himself; and he and the President, sitting as members of Congress, would have borne the brunt of the legislative battle. They would have been forced personally to answer every question that was asked, refute every criticism that was made as to every feature of that bill in that historic debate.

So it is that Canada has a government by

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parties — a distinct, legally recognized *party* government as such — which for its every act, executive or legislative, its every proposal either as to law or policy, is directly responsible to the House of Commons and to the whole Canadian people. Instead of responsibility being scattered, as it is under our system, it is concentrated and fixed under the Canadian system.

If anything it does, any law it passes, any measure it proposes, fails to meet the approval of either the House or the people, that party loses the control of the government and the opposition party takes control — and takes control *as a party*.

The Premier Must Always Have the Country's Confidence

The Premier, who, in a practical way, corresponds to our President, is in fatal case if his party majority in the House is shattered; and he does not remain in office after he loses the confidence of the country.

But, with us, no matter if the President loses the support of the majority of his own party in Congress, he still remains President for a rigid four years. No matter if he loses the confidence of the whole country, still he holds fast to the arms of his presidential chair. No matter even if the people make up their minds that he is a person whose unwisdom endangers the interests of the nation — yet even such a President can be ousted only by impeachment.

The same is true of his Cabinet, so long as this irremovable President wants to keep it about him. He is not responsible to anybody, in the Canadian meaning of "responsibility," and his Cabinet is responsible to nobody but him.

"I find I can not please everybody, so I have made up my mind to please myself," said one of our American Presidents, many years ago; and he happened to be a man of the highest order of ability, unquestioned honesty, and great courage. If we had the Canadian system, no President would dare say that. It would be a challenge, first to his own party and then to the people at large, for a combat which would overthrow him speedily.

More than this, no matter what occurs, no matter how completely the people repudiate one of our so-called party majorities in the Senate or the House, yet the members of the House remain for their two years and senators remain for their six years.

But, in Canada, in such a case the party in power goes out of control; the former Premier and his Cabinet, if they succeed personally in being reelected, become nothing more than members of the House.

Canada Already Has a System of Recall

Thus we see that not only have we no party government in the Canadian sense, but we have no machinery which, without great delay, registers the people's will. In Canada, not only do they have party government in the strictest sense of that word, but their system produces an automatic recall of the party in power. The people do not have to wait for petitions; they need none of the machinery of our American "recall." When Canada's responsible ministry loses the confidence of the House, it goes to the country at a new election, or else goes out of office.

So, when a party is in power in Canada, it literally can do what it likes, but, also literally, at its peril. The attitude of the opposition, and of the country, toward the party in power is, "It is up to you; run the government in your own way. But remember that whatever you do is at your own hazard. We, the opposition, will hold you strictly accountable for every law and every deed. And we, the people, hold you *responsible* to us whose servants you are."

Here is an example of how absolutely the party in power can do what it likes in Canada: When our American panic of 1907 affected Canadian bankers, they began to increase their reserve and draw in their loans. They suggested that they did not have enough money. Of course, this was neither true nor reasonable; for, under the Canadian banking and currency system, plenty of currency is available, at all times, for the conduct of legitimate business. At least, the government so looked at it. "And so," said Mr. Fielding, the Minister of Finance, "we just set our printing-presses going and struck off $25,000,000 of Dominion notes. Of course, there was no authority of written law for doing this. Of course, too, we exceeded the gold reserve which the law requires the government to keep. But something had to be done, and we took the responsibility. We went to such bankers as were showing nervousness and said, 'Here is money.' This made most of them ashamed of themselves, and hardly any of them took this money."

Out of $25,000,000 thus printed only $6,000,000, I believe, really was issued. Of course, this was taking what we Americans would think a desperate chance. Had this act of "the government" — the responsible ministry — been repudiated by Parliament, which met some months after the event, the party in charge of the government would have gone out of power. But, when this Parliament met, it promptly ratified this extraordinary action as being justified by the conditions.

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From all this, it follows that, in Canada, most if not all party policies are determined in the first instance by the Premier and his Cabinet, and, if important enough, laid before the party caucus. And the will of this caucus is the absolute law of the party. For a Canadian party caucus is a caucus indeed.

A Real Party Caucus

The members of Canada's Congress are present; the members of the Cabinet are present as such, and as accepted party leaders; the Premier himself is there, as Premier and as the supreme party chieftain. This caucus, thus constituted, threshes the whole matter out. It determines the party's policy and course of action. The executive and legislative act together. They are one, practically speaking.

No such caucus is possible with us. Our two houses of Congress are separate and independent, and of almost equal legislative power; the executive is separate from and independent of both: and so there can be no singleness of party action and responsibility.

So, in Canada, there is a party solidarity such as we know nothing of, and can know nothing of, under our system; for in Canada it is the *party* which governs all the time. Canada's legislative and executive welded into a single governing unit; the Premier and his Cabinet also members of the House, and both of them merely the manifestations and instruments of the party in power — a unity of party thought and purpose results, as impossible under our system as it is foreign to our notions.

At the supreme head of this strictly party government stands the Canadian Premier. Not only is he in reality the executive head of the nation, not only is he also the legislative leader on the floor of the House, but also he is, in a literal sense, the political head of his party.

It is as if our American President, the Speaker of our House under the old rules, the leader of the Senate under the ancient régime, and also the leading debater on the floor — all were combined into one composite official, this official the field marshal of a militant political party engaged, *as* a party, in governing the country.

Imagine this, and also that this composite official appointed our Cabinet, each of whom, as well as the President himself, was elected to the House as a member of that body. Add still the further fact that he is the leader of his party as much as a Scottish chief was the head of his clan in the old days; and, taking all these elements together, you have a rough outline of the Canadian Premier.

In Canada there is no such thing as the "titular head of a party." The head of a party there must be a genuine head, not only in name and by official sanction, but by the commission of nature itself. He must be a real leader of men, made such by his inherent qualities of ability, wisdom, courage, decision, and experience.

The Dominion of Canada is little more than forty years old; yet two premiers, Sir John A. Macdonald and Sir Wilfrid Laurier, have been at its head more than thirty years of that time, although either of them might have been ousted at any moment. And either of them would have lost power but for their rare qualities of leadership, which made each of them the first of his country's statesmen of his time and the head of the Canadian nation.

During the same period we have had eight Presidents. Of these, only four were elected for a second term. Of these four, Grant was reëlected because of his military achievements in our great war, whose smoldering fires still heated the blood of men. Cleveland was elected the second time as a reaction against Harrison; McKinley chiefly because of the wave of patriotic enthusiasm following the Spanish War, the determination to keep and administer the new possessions which that war had given us, and the profound antagonism to the free coinage of silver, which was the primal cause of his first election. Roosevelt was reëlected as the exponent and personification of that historic and epochal movement for fundamental reform which distinguishes the opening period of the twentieth century.

Laurier in Control for Fifteen Years

But, in Canada, Sir Wilfrid Laurier and his party have been in continuous and supreme power for fifteen years. It is as if an American President should be elected to the presidency four times in succession. Yet, at any moment during those fifteen years, Sir Wilfrid Laurier could have been put out of office by the Canadian people.

This makes it clear to the American reader that the Canadian Premier must be a man of commanding and extraordinary powers. And such a man is Sir Wilfrid Laurier. Let us consider this dominant mind and character of Canada, not only in order to describe the man, but also in order to understand the personal qualities that a Canadian Premier must possess to hold the mastery of his party and the confidence of the people for so long a time.

First of all, then, even in his early manhood Laurier was a captivating public speaker. For almost forty years he has been by far the great-

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est of Canada's popular orators. Long before he came to the premiership, friend and foe conceded that, on the stump, he was the most effective man in the Dominion.

Almost from the moment he entered the House of Commons, he was his party's most skilful debater. He has the gift of clear and simple statement, persuading even his opponents by his sheer reasonableness.

Said a seasoned and reliable newspaper man: "I have seen a debate which spread and ramified until the main thing was lost sight of. Then I have seen Laurier rise and state the matter with such clear reasonableness that even the members of the opposition, perfectly unconscious of what they were doing, would nod their heads in approval."

Then, of course, Laurier has solid ability of the first order. "One of your Americans has been described as 'a man who thinks in terms of continents'; well, that describes Laurier's mental operations," said one most careful student of this notable Canadian.

Laurier a Master Politician

In the big sense of the term, Laurier is a politician, but not in our ordinary American understanding of that word. For example, from his ambitious youth clear down to the present moment, Laurier has never been a "mixer," as our phrase has it. He never has gone to clubs, for instance, in order to meet men whom a politician "ought to know."

Again, in going out to speak to the people from the stump in political campaigns, he always has gone as carefully appareled as if he were to speak in Parliament or address some eminent body of men.

But, in the large meaning of the word, Laurier may be called a master politician. He has vision. He discerns the coming issue, and plans for it as a general might for a great military engagement. And then, when that issue comes, he throws himself into it with his whole heart and soul.

"But," said an informant, "Laurier never makes an issue for himself. He lets events and the elements of the situation create the issue, and then he becomes the personification of that issue."

The most impressive thing about Laurier is that mingled dominance and charm of personality which makes people think of and talk about him, whether they are for or against him — and without any visible effort of his own. The personality of Sir Wilfrid Laurier absolutely saturates the Canadian people.

"Why," said an admiring opponent, "with us Laurier is a tradition, a legend, an institution."

Indeed, so great is the power of this curious personality that it has captivated the English people only in a lesser degree than the Canadian people. All of us will recall the newspaper accounts of the amazing demonstration the Canadian Premier received at the coronation of King Edward some years ago.

A Man of Great Courage and Honesty

And Laurier has courage, as one might expect, also. His personal honesty never has been questioned by his bitterest antagonist. With the opportunities that Canada affords and the high position he has occupied, he might today be a millionaire, and that quite legitimately according to certain standards of American public life. Yet to-day, at seventy years of age, having had absolute power in his hands for fifteen years, Laurier is without any kind of wealth, owning, I believe, only the house in which he lives; and that was presented to him by his adoring party followers.

This is all too brief a character sketch of this first of Canadians and commanding general of Canada's dominant political party. I reproduce these outlines to show the American reader the only type of public man that, under the Canadian system, can succeed in holding power for any considerable period. Only a man of Laurier's stature and strength can prevail. Only such should prevail in any party.

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A Change of Beat

by Edward B. Waterworth

Illustrations by Jay Hambidge

JAMES MAGUIRE, a party boss, leaned back in his chair and looked with some amusement at the reporter who was calling on him.

"I know how you feel, O'Grady," he said, "but you must know how things are. Every policeman who has charges brought against him runs to his friends with the claim that he's being abused. McCarty will have to stand his chance."



McCARTY

"But Mac's been on the force for years," protested O'Grady, "and those charges were brought by saloonkeepers. You know what dives both of them run. If Mac is fired now, he loses his benefit from the police fund. It's a cinch those charges were trumped up."

"That will be for the Board to decide to-morrow," responded Maguire dryly.

"Both complainants happen to sell Tony Schmidt's beer," retorted O'Grady, "and Mac will have no chance, with Schmidt on the Board."

"The Board has got to act on the evidence," answered Maguire coldly. "These men you refer to say he was always hanging around their places, interfering with their business. He pinched four of their bartenders, and lost every case in the police-courts."

"Of course he lost, with that gang ready to swear to anything," replied O'Grady.

"Now, see here, Steve," said Maguire, suddenly changing his tone and placing his hand on the other's knee, "there's no use you being sore about this. If I could help Mac, I'd do it — but you know how things are."

O'Grady nodded silently, leaning back and gazing abstractedly at the politician. Accustomed as he was to the methods employed by the political ring in control of the police and other city departments, he had realized from the first that his plea for the old patrolman would probably be futile.

Maguire, trim, masterful, and collected, sat coolly gazing at him in return. Clever scheming had put him in control of a party organization that had carried the city in the previous election. This body was now going about the enrichment of itself in the most approved way. That any scruple or any man's fate would affect Maguire was a suggestion at which any one who knew him would have smiled.

O'Grady knew all this. Long experience in the newspaper field had taught him that the sacrifice of faithful public servants by the agents of corruption was sure to follow political victory of the sort just scored. And, while he no longer boiled into indignation at the news of some man's career being wrecked to satisfy the greed of a party boss, he felt deep regret at the sacrifice of the policeman for whom he was making his appeal. That the old man's discharge was imminent, he well knew. McCarty had not "fallen in line." At the previous election, with sturdy independence, he had voted against the party that seemed certain of coming into power. This might have been forgiven had he promptly made submission and turned his hand to aid the ruling element. But, at the first signs of their despoiling campaign, he had set himself to follow what he believed to be his duty.

When the saloons in his district had prepared for a "wide-open" time and a season of debauchery, he had made arrests without respect to person. But he found that the new police-court justices looked askance at these moves.

Women he arrested in wine-rooms swore on the stand that they had never entered those places. His unsupported statements had been

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met with the flat denials of a dozen henchmen of each proprietor, who asserted that the policeman was intoxicated when he entered the establishment. And in each case the verdict had gone against him.

Twice, however, his arrests had been such that it had required all the efforts of the ward leader to have the prisoners released. And as Schmidt, the brewer who sold much beer to the saloons in the district, was a member of the Board, an informal caucus was held, and it was decided to summon McCarty for trial.

That this would seal his fate was the accepted opinion. McCarty was to be dismissed for doing his duty. Policemen must be shown that they must "stick with the bunch" or lose their places.

The reporter, his brows wrinkled and his expression thoughtful, debated whether it would be worth while to make another plea.

"Mac's an old man," he slowly ventured, at length. "Two years more on the force — just enough to let him draw his benefit — would fix him all right. He thought he was acting for the best when he raided those places. Couldn't you remove him from this district and fix him up with a beat in the West End?

"I tell you," he continued, with a sudden gleam of hope, "they're sending some men to the western precincts just now. Mac has a little home in the suburbs, and would like to have a beat there. He's a civil old fellow, and would make a fine policeman for the residence districts. Can't you give him a shift out there?"



THE BOSS

"McCarty's either guilty or not guilty," said Maguire curtly, "and the manual is going to be followed in his case. Well,"—as the reporter, recognizing the finality of the answer, arose to go,—"drop in any time you're passing, Steve. If I know any news, I'll let you have it."

O'Grady walked slowly from the room, and boarded a car for the district station. His mission had been useless.

Desk Sergeant MacFarlane, an old friend of McCarty's, looked up as O'Grady entered, raising his eyebrows with a glance of inquiry, then shrugging his shoulders pityingly as the reporter shook his head.

Walking behind the desk, O'Grady placed his hand on the shoulder of McCarty, who, seated at the telephone, was awaiting calls from the men as they reported on their rounds.

"I did my best, Mac," he said softly, "but I couldn't get that change of beat for you."

The officer twisted his gray mustache and nodded slowly.

"I didn't think it would do much good, Steve," he answered listlessly. "It ain't for myself that I mind; it's for the wife. She's been countin' on my benefit to pay off the cost of the home; an' it's sore her heart'll be to know I've lost out.

"And yet," he continued proudly, straightening himself and lifting his weather-beaten face, "she'd not want me to fail in my duty, even to get her that home. I done what was right, Steve. If you could see them little girls — girls that ought to be at school and at home learnin' to be good women — sittin' in those places, drinkin' beer with a fellow like that Stein, who says he's agent for Maguire, you'd want to burn the house down. The law says women and minors sha'n't enter them places; and yet every saloonkeeper in that district is drivi'n' his devil's trade in souls, in spite of the law — and we're helpless. I've pinched those places once, and I'd do it again." And he brought his heavy hand down with a thump on the desk.

"Not so loud," cautioned O'Grady diplomatically. "The trial may come out all right, and there's no use talking until it's over."

"It won't come out all right," responded McCarty, his voice taking on its dull note again. "Well, I'm goin' out for supper, Sergeant."

"All right, Mac. Take the river beat to-night," answered his superior, with a gruffness that did not disguise the note of sympathy in his voice.

"And to think," exclaimed O'Grady, turning suddenly to the Sergeant, as the policeman left the office, "that that man's to be rolled just for doing his sworn duty!"

And the Sergeant, biting his pencil thoughtfully, nodded, but did not commit himself in words.

Seven hours later, Policeman McCarty walked slowly down the lower end of his precinct, swinging his night-stick and gazing reminiscently about. On this night, which he was convinced would be his last on the force, he found memories thronging upon him from every side.

It was in that house, he reflected, that he had

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captured a quartet of drunken negroes, knocking them into submission with his club, beating the knives and slung-shots from their hands, and standing off with threats a crowd of angry blacks surging around the doors, who wished to aid their fellows.

It was on this spot near by that, one day in his first week on the force, he had stopped the runaway team of a banker's wife — a banker who had influence with the Board. He had received a bravery medal for his work on that occasion. But bravery medals and his old record would not help him now.

Reaching the river-front, he turned and walked slowly up the dark street, silent with the quiet of midnight, until he reached the corner of his former beat — the first on which he had been placed after he joined the force. He recalled that some doubt had been expressed about the wisdom of putting a probationary patrolman in this neighborhood, so turbulent in those days; and he smiled, this time proudly, as he reflected on the record he had made.

Suddenly, shaking off his reverie, he leaned forward slightly, sniffing anxiously at the light breeze that had risen. An odor of smoke had come to his nostrils — not the heavy smell of the coal fumes that floated up from the railroad tracks, but the pungent reek of burning wood. Quickly he darted to the middle of the street, scanned the buildings on each side of the block, then turned and ran rapidly around the corner, gazing alertly on all sides.

From the roof of an old tenement a spark or two rose lazily, fell on the shingled roof, and slowly died. Then a little spurt of pink-tinged smoke curled above the cornice. As soon as he caught sight of the tiny gleam, McCarty leaped across the deserted street to an alarm-box, tore open the door and pulled the hook, and then dashed into the empty hall of the tenement.

Old and rickety, the building stood as a relic of a period when frame upper stories over brick lower floors were a favored style of architecture and unforbidden by city ordinances. In the rear of the hall was a winding flight of stairs leading to the floors above; and, as the policeman dashed in, a spark floated lightly down and fell through an open hatchway to the cellar, in which, in a heap of rubbish, he caught a gleam of smoldering fire.

"Get up, here!" roared McCarty, striking his heavy club against the doors on either side, as he rushed down the hall. "This place's on fire!"

Not pausing to answer the startled questions from the dark interiors, he leaped up the stairs three at a time, bellowing his warnings, and slamming the iron-shod head of his night-stick against each door, until the crazy portals creaked on their hinges and shrieks arose from within.

As McCarty plunged up to the third floor, he threw one glance above his head, and perceived, through a hole in the ceiling, the bright glare of a flame suddenly throw out a thin red tentacle, which gently released a particle of the ceiling and let it fall down the well of the stairs. Once let that hole in the roof furnish a draft for the ignited rubbish below, once let the flames eat the orifice large enough, and the shaft would become a veritable flue up which the fire would rush with a speed and force that nothing could stay. As McCarty jumped to the landing, he listened eagerly, in the hope of hearing outside the gong of the engine from the near-by fire-house.

At the head of the flight stood a half-clad man, holding a lamp, and backed by a scantily attired woman and some children, who peered from behind a door.

"What doin'?" he inquired. Then, with a sudden change of tone, as a shower of sparks fell, "Hell! Let's get out of this!"

"See that all them people are waked up down below!" roared McCarty, as he ran the length of the hall, beating at door after door until the frightened inmates appeared.

"Here, you! Get out o' this! Run down them steps, quick! . . . Never mind them clothes! Throw them blankets over you, ma'am."

This last to a startled woman in night attire, who ran to the hall with a baby in her arms.

Up the last flight of stairs he rushed, breathing hard. As he reached the top step, what he most dreaded happened. With a ripping and crashing, a huge section of the plastering above gave way and fell thunderously down the shaft to the basement, revealing a roaring mass of flames under the roof. As if stirred to life in sympathy, the fire below, sucked into activity by the draft through the aperture in the blazing roof, sprang upward quickly and fixed itself upon the dry and shaky staircase and the railings. In that one instant the sudden blast from below told the policeman that escape by way of the stairs was impossible.

Down the hallway he ran, stumbling over buckets and furniture, and smashing at the doors in a frenzy. Answering cries told him that the inmates were awakened, and he ran to the window at the end of the hall, jerked up the sash, wrenched at it until he tore it inward, and threw it into the open door of a vacant room, with a crash of breaking glass. Then he leaned far over the sill and looked out.

Fifty feet below, the welcome clangor of the fire apparatus could already be heard on the

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corner opposite, where the firemen were hastily coupling an engine to the plug. Beneath, a hook-and-ladder truck had been rushed into position, and from it the men were already jerking the shorter ladders. Up and down the empty street, he could see the swaying lights and hear the distant sound of gongs heralding the approach of other engines.

Behind him, the shrieks of frightened women and children and the oaths of a terrified man rent the murky atmosphere, and, by leaning out, he could see a fringe of heads at the lower windows, to which the firemen were lifting the ladders. Into the hallway on the first floor, from which a stream of panic-stricken people were pouring, a line of hose had already been run.

"Let me out!" cried the man behind, making a wild dash for the window. "It's better to jump than be burned!"

"Ah, would ye?" cried McCarty, his tense nerves glad of the opportunity for action. "Take that!"

And a heavy blow in the stomach sent the man, gurgling and helpless, to the floor.

"Kape cool, now," ordered the policeman, standing over the prostrate man and addressing the frightened women. "Wait till the firemen run the ladder up here. Wet them sheets under that hydrant; hold them against your face and lie down on the floor."

Mechanically the women obeyed, as the heavy cloud of burning wood smoke swept toward them, accompanied by the ever-increasing roar of the fire. Besides the groaning man on the floor, there were five women and children, and McCarty again craned out of the window and gazed anxiously below.

The fire chief, his white rubber coat and helmet showing in the glare, waved a peremptory hand at McCarty, and the policeman waved back in sign of understanding. With the firemen toiling desperately at the windlass, the heavy extension ladder of the truck slowly began to rise until the top was opposite the window. It was distant by the width of the sidewalk, and obstructed by the wires of a tall telegraph pole which reared its head just below McCarty's station.



"'THE WALLS ARE GOING TO FALL SOON, BUT EVERYBODY'S SAVED'"

Up the rungs ran a helmeted fireman, armed with a pair of heavy shears to clip these impediments. But, just as he severed the first wire strand, and even as the last person from the second floor was bundled like a sack down the ladders, with a rush like an explosion, the fire leaped through all the lower stories and burst through the front windows, with a jangle of broken glass. The street, only partly illumined before, now shone light as day. And McCarty snapped his teeth tightly together in dismay; for, even if the truck could be brought nearer,

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no human being could descend through that surge of flames, now beyond control.

Down his own hall came a burst of heat and flames, eliciting smothered wails from the women and a moan from the man at his feet. Dazed, for a moment, by the sudden rush of scorching gas, the policeman yet managed to snatch one of the water-sodden quilts, to open two doors, that faced each other across the hall, in such a way as nearly to block the passage, and to fling the wet covering across the space between as a temporary shield. Then he turned to the window again, outwardly calm, but with inward despair.

Into every window below now poured a stream of water from the engines, but without curbing the jets of fire. On the opposite sidewalk stood a fireman holding a spray-hose; and McCarty could see the black figures of firemen once more ascending the ladder. Up to the top, with his head bent against the blast, and with the rope wrapped around him, came the first gasping fireman, while at intervals on the rungs, pelted with the spray of the hose and licked at by the flames, stood others.

Reaching the top of the ladder, the fireman twisted his feet around the rungs and tore the rope from his waist. Whirling it around his head, he hurled one end, to which was attached a leather life-belt, at McCarty. The other he fastened to the uppermost rung of the ladder.

"Snap that under the arms!" shouted the man, and McCarty nodded comprehendingly.

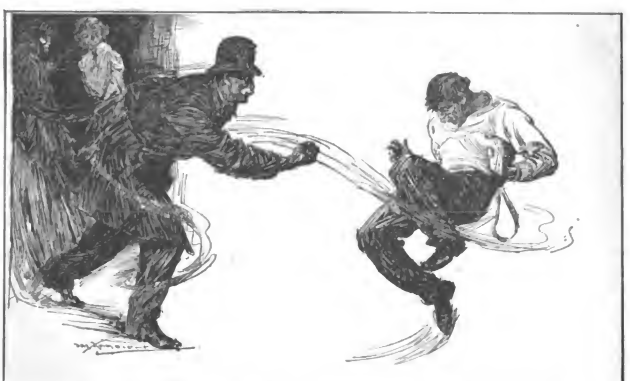
The first woman was senseless as he stooped over her. Quickly he snapped the heavy band beneath her arm-pits, raised her to the sill, and gently swung her out. Her body, sweeping in a curve through the jet of fire from the windows below, bumped into the upright ladder, the shock being broken by the fireman into whose arms she swung, and by the man above, who held desperately to the rope until her weight tore it from his hand. With the speed of desperate necessity, the belt was unsnapped, the unconscious form was passed from practised hand to hand down the ladder, and the rope was once more hurled at McCarty.

With his breath coming in gasps that seemed to inhale molten metal, the veins in his forehead starting, and his strength ebbing with each moment, McCarty bent over the women and children, one by one, and lowered them to safety. The smell of burning cloth from the scorching quilt at the door, the furnace-like air of the place, the stifling clouds of smoke, made the pause of a few seconds between the operations seem like eternities, and he groaned in pain as he labored.

Once, indeed, the man on the floor, roused to sudden strength by desperate fear, howled in terror and started to rise.

"Put that on me!" he yelled, trying to grasp the rope from the policeman. "It's my turn!"

As the man rose to his knees, McCarty, with his little remaining strength, kicked him beneath the chin, and gave a ghastly chuckle as he



"'AH, WOULD YE?' CRIED McCARTY, HIS NERVES GLAD OF THE OPPORTUNITY FOR ACTION."

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"O'GRADY SILENTLY HELD UP THE MORNING PAPER"

saw the fellow collapse just as the last woman was lowered over the sill.

It was with little sense of what he did that the policeman, a few seconds later, snapped the belt about the man and rolled him into the outer air. Then the gray head faltered, and the body fell, exhausted and inert, across the window-ledge, the tired lungs gasping for air.

Twice the heavy belt, hurled by the fireman, hit him on the head as the men shouted desperately to rouse him. Then, revived a little by the cooler air outside, McCarty, still in a daze, painfully worked the band around his shoulders, snapped the clasp, and fell forward senseless.

Cold water and the refreshing air revived him a while later. Beside him, as he opened his bloodshot eyes to find himself lying on the sidewalk, knelt Sergeant MacFarlane, gently bathing McCarty's face, at the same time blinking hard.

"You damned old cuss," whispered the Sergeant, with relief that was almost a sob. "If those guys on the Board can touch you after this——"

"Get that truck out of the way and tell the men to stand back!" McCarty dimly heard the fire chief order the captain. "The walls are going to fall soon. But everybody's saved!".

Steve O'Grady, his clothes reeking with smoke and his face showing the need of a shave, as well as of ablutions, after a night of continuous work at the fire, paused at Maguire's office early the same morning on his way home to get some sleep. Maguire had just arrived, and as the reporter entered he smiled rather sourly.

With an expansive smile, somewhat marred by a cigar stuck jauntily in one corner of his mouth, O'Grady silently held up the morning paper, on the front page of which glared heavy headlines telling of McCarty's work.

"Kind of timely, wasn't it?" remarked Maguire curtly, as he seated himself at his desk. "What's that West End beat you suggested for Mac?"

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MASTERS OF CAPITAL

OUR GOVERNMENT AND THE CENTRAL MONOPOLY OF CAPITAL

TWO great social organizations now confront each other in the United States — political democracy and the corporation. Both are yet new,— developments, in their present form, of the past two hundred years,— and the laws of neither are understood. The entire social and economic history of the world is now shaping itself around the struggle for dominance between them.

The article by John Moody and George Kibbe Turner in the June McCLURE'S, "How Morgan Built the 'Money Power,'" is a clear statement of the tendency of corporate power toward autocracy, and the startling distance that has been traveled in this country toward an ultimate monopoly — the control in a single central group of the great existing corporate properties of this country, and the power of creating new ones.

The problem presented by this situation is the most difficult that any modern nation has faced; and the odds, up to the present time, have all been with the corporations. Property settles by economic law in strong hands; it has unlimited rewards for service, and the greatest power in the world — the power of food and drink, life and death — over mankind. Corporate property in the last twenty years has been welded into an instrument of almost infinite power, concentrated in the hands of a very few and very able men.

The power of the political State — which must cope with this — is diffused to the highest possible degree. The control of corporate capital is becoming a unit; its operations and interests cover the whole country. The management and direction of popular government, so far as this greatest of all its problems is concerned, is in the hands of half a hundred minor, independent States, each with only a partial knowledge and interest in the matter.

This type of organization is not only absurdly incompetent, as an instrument, to deal with the organization opposed to it; but the personnel of the bodies of men which it enlists in its service is notoriously and necessarily inferior.

Sooner or later the so far unchecked tendency toward monopoly in the United States must be met squarely by the American people. The fact, now clearly apparent, is that the industrial operations and general resources of the country are already far on their way toward a central control. No one great industry or resource is absolutely controlled by any one corporation or individual. But all fundamental resources, and all industries capable of forming a unit, are being drawn together toward monopoly control; and these units are being concentrated again, as has been shown by Messrs. Moody and Turner, in a central monopoly in the great security and money market of New York.

The problem of the relation of the State and the corporation is now the chief question of the world. In Europe the State is relatively much stronger; in America the corporation. In Europe the movement toward State Socialism — the collective ownership and operation of the machinery of industry and transportation — is far on its way; in America we are moving to control the corporation by political instruments, such as State boards and the Interstate Commerce Commission.

How long will the power of governmental control over the great national industrial corporations be divided, as it is now, between these half hundred provinces, established under the industrial conditions of the eighteenth century?

If it remains there, does any grown man question the ultimate result of the struggle between corporate monopoly and government?

And if corporate centralization of power continues unchecked, what is the next great popular agitation to be in this country? For State Socialism?

The next article by Messrs. Moody and Turner in their series "The Masters of Capital in America"— to be printed in the August number of McCLURE'S — will summarize the measure of control that the central banking and corporation group in Wall Street now holds over the railroads, the large industries, and the fundamental resources of the United States.

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McCLURE'S MAGAZINE

AUGUST 1911 · FIFTEEN CENTS



DETECTIVE BURNS' OWN STORY OF HIS GREAT CASE

"The DYNAMITERS"

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THE MOTHER

BY

KATHARINE TYNAN

THERE is no height, no depth, that could set us apart—
Body of mine and soul of mine, heart of my heart.

There is no sea so deep, no mountain so high,
That I could not come to you if I heard you cry.

There is no hell so sunken, no heaven so steep,
Where I should not seek you and find you and keep.

Now you are round and soft, and sweet as a rose;
Not a stain on my spotless one, white as the snows.

If some day you came to me heavy with sin,
I, your mother, would run to the door and let you in.

I would wash you white again with my tears and grief,
Body of mine and soul of mine, till you found relief.

Though you had sinned all sins there are 'twixt east and west,
You should find my arms wide for you, your head on my breast.

Child, if I were in heaven and you were in hell,—
Angels white as my spotless one stumbled and fell,—

I would leave the fields of God and Queen Mary's feet,
Straight to the heart of hell would go seeking my sweet.

God, mayhap, would turn Him at sound of the door;
"Who is it goes out from Me, to come back no more?"

Then the blessed Mary would say from her throne:
"Son, 'tis a mother goes to hell, seeking her own.

"Body of mine and Soul of mine, born of me,—
Thou who wert once little Jesus beside my knee,—

"It is so that mothers are made: Thou madest them so.
Body of mine and Soul of mine, do I not know?"

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WILLIAM J. BURNS

DURING THE LAST SIX MONTHS HE HAS BEEN CONSTANTLY BEFORE THE PUBLIC IN A SERIES OF SENSATIONAL CASES, SUCH AS THE BRIBERY INVESTIGATION IN THE OHIO LEGISLATURE AND THE ARREST OF THE LOS ANGELES DYNAMITERS

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McCLURE'S MAGAZINE
VOL. XXXVII AUGUST, 1911 No. 4

THE DYNAMITERS

A GREAT CASE OF DETECTIVE WILLIAM J. BURNS

BY

HARVEY J. O'HIGGINS

BURNS had slipped the catch on the door of the Pullman state-room. He had taken off his coat and thrown it up on a hook. He had drawn an unexpected revolver from nowhere, slapped it down on the seat opposite him, and covered it with a pillow. Now, in his shirt-sleeves, with his legs outstretched, at his ease, he looked out of the window at the world from which he had momentarily escaped,— a stand-still world through which the train was flying,— and he yawned a little at it, comfortably, and folded his arms tightly on his comfort, and hugged a slow, contented sigh.

Here he was, then — the "great" detective, who had proved himself cleverer than the cleverest counterfeiters that the country could produce, who had come out of the government Secret Service with the name of being the best operative that the department had ever known, who had made possible the success of the graft investigation in San Francisco, and ferreted out the evidence of the public-land frauds in Oregon and California, and pitted himself against public corruptionists and "yeggmen" and railroad thieves and bribe-taking legislators and murderers and dynamiters, successfully, without a failure, year after year. "Never-Fail Burns"! Here he was: one of the most conspicuous veterans of the social struggle of our day, apparently perfect for his particular work in the world, as interesting as genius — and as inscrutable. What was the power hidden in him that had made him what he was?

He had been for three days in Indianapolis, "cleaning up" the evidence against the men whom he had arrested for dynamiting the Los Angeles *Times* building in California; and during those three days he had been living, like a celebrity on tour, in the eyes of all the reporters of the town. He had been followed, wherever possible, by detectives "for the defense," employed to find out what he was doing, whom he was seeing, where he was searching. He had moved through this observation and surveillance with an easy, jovial manner, laughing and talking in the hotel lobby or on the street, without a trace of the manner of the traditional "sleuth," without so much as a glance behind him or a confidential word out of the corner of his mouth. And during the whole time he had been secretly meeting and directing his operatives, consulting with the police, and gathering by telephone and telegraph the evidence and corroboration of witnesses against the men whose movements for months past he had been carrying — mapped out to the last detail — in the silence that lay behind his breezy public manner and his candid, uncunning smile.

The Art of "Disguising" Naturally

William J. Burns is concededly a great detective; but any one who had watched him for those three days would never have suspected that he was a detective at all. His art is the sort that conceals itself naturally, as if in the mysteries of intuition. Not only is his personal appearance a perfect "disguise," but the outward habit of his mind is as good as an alias.

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His portraits represent him as a large, dark, presumably slow-moving person of the well-known police-captain type. He is red, brisk, rather small in stature, with the general appearance of a prosperous business man, quick in his movements and gestures, and altogether "dynamic" in his effect. He is as far from the typical police detective as he is from the "pale and penetrating" Sherlock Holmes. He is the son of a merchant who happened to be elected to the board of police commissioners in Columbus, Ohio. He interested himself in the local detective work as inevitably as genius of any sort is drawn to its aptitude. He had "the gift." It shows on the surface of his personality as little as skill in mathematics might, or the ability to guess the answers to charades.

Investigation Was Begun a Month Before the Los Angeles Explosion

When he began to talk about the case of the Los Angeles dynamiters, it was amusedly, with the pleasure of a business man relating the intricacies of some "deal" that he had just closed successfully. "You see," he said, "we began on this investigation away back in September, a month before the explosion in Los Angeles. September the fourth, 1910. Sunday night.

"At least, that was the night of the dynamiting that we were first called in on.

"On Sunday night, September fourth, about half past ten, there were two explosions in a foundry belonging to Lucas & Sons in Peoria, Illinois. One wrecked the foundry and the other damaged a big hoisting-crane in the yard; and the night watchman would have been killed if he hadn't been met just outside the building by some friend who was going by and stopped to talk to him.

"Almost at the same minute another explosion blew up some bridge-girders that were lying in the yards of the Peoria & Pekin Union Railway, about four miles away, in East Peoria, across the Illinois River. The explosive was evidently nitroglycerin; it had gone through a big, solid girder like a paper hoop, and fused the edges of the hole in a white heat.

"There had been rain around ten o'clock, and some of the yard watchmen had taken shelter in an empty box-car. They came out again at ten-twenty. Ten minutes later the explosion broke up their box-car, so there wasn't enough of it left to clear away. If they hadn't got back on their job as soon as the rain stopped, they would never have punched another time-clock."

He laughed good-naturedly. "The girders belonged to McClintic, Marshall & Company of Pittsburg, one of the largest concerns of this kind in the world. They were building the bridge across the river for the railway. They wired my Chicago office, and I sent out one of our best operatives to get on the ground and begin."

The Campaign of Dynamite

He put out an explanatory hand, arrestingly. "Now let me tell you, first, that these Peoria explosions weren't anything new in their line. The 'International Association of Bridge and Structural Iron-Workers' had called a national strike against the American Bridge Company, in August, 1905, because a sub-contractor was hiring non-union men. Two or three attempts were made during the summer and fall of 1905 to dynamite works that the company was engaged on; and some non-union workmen were assaulted — one blinded on a Buffalo job by having acid thrown in his face, and a time-keeper there beaten unconscious; and twice dynamite was found in the fire-boxes of hoisting-engines — and that sort of thing. Then, on May 1, 1906, most of the large structural iron companies got together, under the name of the 'National Erectors' Association,' and declared for the 'open shop'— for the right to employ union and non-union workmen as they pleased, and for the power to protect their companies and their investments from the absolute and irresponsible dictation of walking delegates, such as the notorious Sam Parks. So the fight for the 'closed shop,' which the unions were trying to force on the companies, naturally spread all over the country."

He had put on a pair of gold-rimmed spectacles. He drew from the pencil-pocket of his waistcoat a little note-book, the pages of which he began to turn as he talked; but it was impossible to know, from his absent-minded manner, whether he was aiding his memory with the book or whether he was seeking something else in it while he continued with his narrative. It is a manner that is well known to every reporter who has interviewed him while he was busy — while he was glancing over letters at his desk or reading a newspaper at a café table. And the reporter will have noticed that his apparent absent-mindedness never betrays him into any inadvertent admissions, though it seems to prevent him from hearing questions to which he does not wish to reply.

He went on: "That was the year — 1906 — that a policeman was killed on the Plaza Hotel job in New York City, at Fifth Avenue and Fifty-ninth Street; fifty union men attacked three policemen and the non-union workmen in the

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building, you remember, and killed one of the policemen. The Pittsburg Construction Company had explosions on contracts they were doing in Newark (New Jersey) and Cleveland, and at Whiskey Island, near Cleveland. McClintic, Marshall had an iron mill burned in Conshohocken, Pennsylvania. A man employed by the Fort Pitt Bridge Works people, in Follansbee, West Virginia, was lead-piped and his skull crushed so that his mind was destroyed, and an American Bridge Company's watchman was shot and killed near Pittsburg, and there were a lot of assaults like those, and some dynamitings — but not many dynamitings.

Amounts to a "Reign of Terror"

"It was in 1906, too, that they found the first 'clockwork bomb'—on a Pittsburg Construction Company's job in Cleveland. I'll explain what I mean by a clockwork bomb in a minute.

"In 1907 the troubles seemed to localize in Ohio. The American Bridge Company lost a hoisting-engine in Cleveland, and there were explosions on a Cleveland Short Line bridge and a viaduct at Mills Creek on the Lake Erie. A McClintic, Marshall man had his skull fractured by an assailant at Pittsburg, and a foreman on a Pittsburg Steel job in Ashtabula, Ohio, was assaulted, and he shot and killed one of the men



JOHN J. McNAMARA
SECRETARY-TREASURER OF THE INTERNATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF BRIDGE AND STRUCTURAL IRON-WORKERS. HE IS CHARGED BY DETECTIVE BURNS WITH FINANCING THE CAMPAIGN OF DYNAMITE OUTRAGES

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attacking him. The Cleveland local union was involved in this assault, and the Erectors' Association got the idea that the Cleveland union was responsible for most of the explosions.

"In 1908 the dynamitings amounted to a 'reign of terror.' We were given a record for that year of twenty big explosions on different works, besides four attempted explosions and three cases of tampering with machinery. There were explosions in Cleveland, where some girders were blown up; in Elsdon, Illinois, where a building was wrecked; in Clinton, Iowa, on a railroad bridge; on a Pittsburg Construction job at Chicago; on a bridge across the Raritan River at Perth Amboy, New Jersey; on a B. & O. bridge near Bradshaw, Maryland; on the Chelsea Piers in the city of New York; in bridge materials for the American Bridge Company in the Pennsylvania Railroad yards at Philadelphia; on a bridge over the Miami River at Dayton, Ohio; on railroad bridges or viaducts at Bay Chester (New York), Aikin (Maryland), Somerset (Massachusetts), Buffalo, Cincinnati, St. Louis, and in buildings at Cleveland and Kansas City — and so on. On the night of July 1 a bridge was blown up on the Lehigh Valley Railroad at Buffalo just a few minutes before a passenger train was due, and the train was stopped within two hundred feet of plunging into the wreck and killing the passengers.



DYNAMITE FOUND IN THE VAULT OF THE IRON-WORKERS' UNION AT THEIR HEADQUARTERS IN THE AMERICAN CENTRAL LIFE BUILDING, INDIANAPOLIS

"The thing got so bad that a war wouldn't have been much worse. For 1909 and down to the time of the Peoria affair in September, 1910, we made a list of thirty-five destructive explosions, three other unsuccessful attempts, and seven assaults on workmen. A viaduct in Hoboken, New Jersey, was blown up in March, 1909, by a charge of dynamite that wrecked several neighboring buildings and nearly killed a number of people who lived around there. A viaduct over the New York Central tracks in Buffalo, New York, was wrecked in October, 1909, by an explosion that drove pieces of a bridge column through the walls of the near-by houses. A trestle for a street railway in Pittsburg was blown up in the night, July 15, 1910, and if a street car had been passing at the time all on board might have been killed. In Indianapolis, early in the morning of October 25, 1909, four simultaneous explosions wrecked buildings on which a contractor named Von Spreckelson was working. One damaged the Central Union Exchange building, another the Public Library building, a third Von Spreckelson's planing-mill, and the fourth his barn; the latter took fire from the explosion, and burned horses, carriages, and automobiles. A New York Central bridge across East Ferry Street in Buffalo was dynamited, in mistake apparently for an 'open-shop' bridge that was being built near by. Materials belonging to the Pennsylvania Steel Company were dynamited on a pier in New York City in May, 1910, and after the explosion parts of an alarm-clock and a dry battery were found — indicating the clock-work bomb. There were other explosions in Chicago, Buffalo, Cleveland, Pittsburg, Philadelphia, Cincinnati, Kansas City, Boston, Detroit, Salt Lake City, Omaha, Green Bay (Wisconsin), Steubenville (Ohio), Indiana Harbor (Indiana), Mount Vernon (Illinois), Davenport (Iowa), Greenville (New Jersey), Superior (Wisconsin), Clinton (Indiana), and elsewhere. After an explosion in the plant of the Pan-American Bridge Company at Newcastle, Indiana, the works were 'unionized,' and a member of the executive committee of the International Association of Iron-Workers assured the general manager that the company wouldn't be molested again.

Detectives Put on the Trail Without Results

"Now, of course,"— he put up his note-book and took off his glasses,—"of course, all these

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THE THREE McNAMARA BROTHERS
JOHN J., SECRETARY-TREASURER OF THE IRON-WORKERS' UNION, IN THE CENTER, AND JAMES B. ON THE LEFT. HOGAN McNAMARA, ON THE RIGHT, IS NOT IMPLICATED IN THE DYNAMITING CASE

plants and buildings and bridges and viaducts weren't being destroyed without some attempt being made by the companies to find out who was destroying them. A number of different detective agencies had been put on the trail. One had drawn $40,000 without turning up a dynamiter. Some of the city authorities had offered big rewards — the Mayor of Indianapolis had offered $10,000 for the men responsible for the Von Spreckelson explosions. But the detective agencies had kept turning in reports of the 'to-be-continued' sort,— just going to catch the villain in the next chapter all the time, — and there didn't seem to be any prospect of arresting any one, much less of stopping the explosions. Consequently, you see, the call from McClintic, Marshall & Company put me on my mettle. I resolved to get those dynamiters and to get the 'higher-ups,' if there were any behind them."

He threw out an emphatic forefinger. "I'm no respecter of persons when they're criminals. If I had found evidence in this case to implicate the president of the largest corporation in the United States and the board of directors, I'd have been right after them all. That's my business, my calling. I'm conducting a detective agency. When I'm employed to find out who committed a crime, I go out to find him. I don't care a row of red apples who he is or where he is. The people who call me an 'enemy of labor' for running down these dynamiters are as muddle-headed as the jawsmiths in San Francisco who called me an 'enemy of capital' for going after the big fellows in the graft investigation out there. When I have my case against a criminal, I put the clamps on him just as quick whether he has diamond rings on his fingers or callouses as big as hoofs. That's none of my affair."

Burns has a cool blue eye. Now, as he grew angry, it grew colder. He speaks always with precision and an exact enunciation; now, with his indignation, he put, not more volume, but more force into his voice, and his utterance became more incisive and his tones more penetrating. And here he showed one of the secrets of his success — an aggressive personality, dominating, assured, forceful, convincing. It is this power of conviction that overwhelms the prisoner and draws from him the confession with which a Burns case almost always culminates. It is this self-assurance that carries him through the dangers of a chase, ready at any turn to

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outface suspicion not merely plausibly but with angry innocence. Having once formed his "theory" of a crime and laid out his road to the capture of the criminal, it is this belief in himself that makes it possible for him to work himself and employ his operatives for months on a trail, confidently, after the men who started him have lost heart and refused to pay the expenses of his investigation — as they did in the Los Angeles case. Burns, in fact, is a great detective because in many ways he is a great character.

The Finding of the Clockwork Bomb

When he had relieved his indignation against the men who had been accusing him of "conspiring with capital to crush labor,"— and had rounded out his opinion of them in two or three sentences of comprehensive and soul-satisfying invective,— he continued with the Peoria case:

"The explosions at the Lucas foundry hadn't left any clue to anything there; but in the railroad yards at East Peoria, among the bridge-girders, a watchman had picked up an unexploded clockwork bomb. Now, then!" He plucked up his shirt sleeves to clear his wrists for explanations. "They had sawed out a piece of board about the width of a barrel-stave and, say, nine inches long, and they had fastened a small dry battery to it with wires that held the battery lying on its side. In front of the battery they had fastened a little alarm-clock. There was the usual thumb-key on the back of the clock to wind the alarm, and they had soldered to the flap of this thumb-key a thin strip of metal bent down in such a way that if the key were turned the strip would make a contact with another strip that had been attached to one of the poles of the battery. A telephone wire led from the clock to a ten-quart can of nitroglycerin; and there was a fulminating-cap on the end of it, in the glycerin. Another wire completed the circuit from the battery into the cap.

"That's a clockwork bomb. Now, suppose you set the alarm for ten-thirty. At ten-thirty the mechanism of the bell will be released, the alarm goes off, and the thumb-key of the alarm revolves backwards — the way the key does in these clocks. In its first revolution the metal strip on the key strikes against the metal strip on the battery pole, and the current of electricity explodes the cap in the nitroglycerin, and everything in the vicinity goes to glory in little bits. There is nothing left to show what touched off the explosion. And the men who set the alarm are miles away, establishing an alibi.

"Well, here we had their machine, and we went over it and over it, without finding anything that we could lead out from. It had been made as prettily as a toy, and it was evident that the man who had made it was expert with his tools and took joy in his work. The soldering was 'professional.' The wiring was neat. The clock was small enough to be a size for the battery, and the wooden base had been sawed down to be an exact fit. It was all new and bright. You could imagine the man who made it holding it off on the palm of his hand, and putting his head on one side, and being proud of it.

"The trouble with it was that everything about it was common hardware stock. There was no home-made evidence to start a suspicion from. It was like trying to identify a man by a new pair of shoes that he had made himself and never worn; all you could tell by them was that he must have been a cobbler. And yet, as the case turned out, that clock-and-battery contrivance made 'the rope to hang him.'

"At first sight the nitroglycerin can looked more important for us. It had evidently been made especially for its purpose, out of an extra heavy tin. On the metal was stamped — with the letters reversed so that they would read correctly only from the inside of the can:

X PENNSYL OLD METHOD

IX

OPEN HEARTH

X CUMMY MCFARLAND & CO.

But here again there was no label. The stamp in the tin was obviously put there by the maker of the metal. And there was nothing to show where the glycerin had been purchased.

"In a field beside the railway yards one of our operatives found a wooden box in which the glycerin can had been packed in sawdust. He gathered a sample of the sawdust and put it aside. All sawdust looks alike to you, probably. But that sample of sawdust proved to be another 'clincher.'

"An examination of the box showed that it had been constructed of two boxes of equal size; the ends of both had been knocked out and the sides joined together with cleats. One box was marked 'NEO black,' and the other 'NEO purple.' Our operative concluded that they had probably contained either paint or ink. Ink suggested the 'Neostyle.' He found that there was an agent for that machine in Peoria, and he hunted up the shop. There were a number of discarded boxes in the man's cellar, but he set no value on them; he gave them away to any one who asked for them, and they were even to be had without the asking. That clue ran out, consequently.

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THE THREE McNAMARA BROTHERS AND THEIR MOTHER

"I'm telling you all this to show you how difficult it is to get a start — in a true detective story.

The Process of Elimination

"While we were working on these various 'leads,' a number of our men had been busy in Peoria and its vicinity, trying to find some traces of the dynamiters, either at livery stables where they might have hired a wagon, or at hotels where they might have stopped, or in the neighborhood of the yards or the foundry where they might have been seen. Nothing was discovered. We ran down a number of suspicions of different people in Peoria, and found that they couldn't have been implicated. And by a process of elimination it became evident enough that the dynamiters had driven to Peoria — in an automobile, probably — with a supply of their bombs, and placed these and set the alarm-clock hours before the explosions, and made a clean 'get-away' in their car without attracting any notice.

"However, we had been finding out some things about nitroglycerin. It can't lawfully be shipped on the railroads. If it's delivered at all, it goes by horse and wagon, from the factory. It seldom travels very far from the place of its manufacture, because of the danger of handling it. Besides, *there is no standard can for the trade.* Every manufacturer makes his own cans, and the cans are more or less distinctive.

"These apparently unimportant facts proved highly determinative.

The First Clue

"There was a man named M. J. Morehart, agent for the Independent Torpedo Company, in Portland, Indiana, about two hundred miles from Peoria. He read the description of the can, as circulated in the newspapers, and he suspected that it might be one of his. He was brought to Peoria, and he at once recognized the can as one that had come from his factory.

"That was our beginning. Things began at once to unravel. We found that on August 20 a man calling himself 'J. W. McGraw' had seen Morehart in Portland, and asked wholesale prices on nitroglycerin, and arranged for the purchase of one hundred quarts, to be used, he said, in a quarry owned by 'G. W. Clark,' of Indianapolis, on rock that was 'too hard to dynamite.' His story was plausible. He haggled about the price. He talked of having bought glycerin in wholesale quantities from another agent of the company. He was businesslike in his negotiations; and he left Morehart without giving cause for any suspicion.

"On August 29 he telephoned from Muncie, Indiana, and arranged to accept delivery of one hundred quarts of nitroglycerin from Morehart on the highway outside Albany, Indiana — since the law forbade the transferal of the explosive within the town limits. He met Morehart on the country road, in the appointed spot, with a light express wagon containing two packing-cases, some sawdust, and a long-handled shovel; and Morehart helped him pack the ten ten-quart tins in his boxes, with the sawdust around them. He paid Morehart $130 for the

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hundred quarts, giving him about half of a roll of bills from his pocket to make up that amount; and he explained, at parting, that he was going to drive to Muncie and transfer the explosive to an automobile and take it on to Peoria. That was the last Morehart saw of him.

On the Track of "McGraw"

"We went to Muncie and found the hotel where he had registered as 'J. W. McGraw,' and we took a tracing of his handwriting. We found the livery stable where he had hired the express wagon, and the store where he had bought the shovel, and the farm-yard where he had stolen the sawdust from a pile beside a new barn. There was sawdust still in the bottom of the wagon, and sawdust at the roadside where he and Morehart had packed the cans; and all this sawdust matched the sample taken from the discarded 'Neostyle' box in Peoria. We traced him back to Muncie, traced two men in an auto out of Muncie to the Illinois River, and there we lost them.

"So, as the result of about three weeks' work, we had several good descriptions of 'J. W. McGraw,' a specimen of his handwriting, a plain trail connecting him with the Peoria explosions, and one of his clockwork bombs. We had arrived also at the probability that he was one of a band of men who were using nitroglycerin in large quantities, and making 'infernal machines' with the skill that comes only from experience, and ranging long distances in their operations, and going well supplied with money for their work.

"Now, as I told you a moment ago, 'McGraw' had told Morehart that he wanted the glycerin for a 'quarry' in Peoria owned by 'G. W. Clark' of Indianapolis. The fact that 'McGraw' had actually gone to Peoria showed that he wasn't a very fertile liar. It seemed likely that he might have been equally clumsy in mentioning Indianapolis. That's exactly the sort of little clue that a criminal is sometimes caught by.

"Our operative, Detective Allen, who had opened the trail in Peoria, went to Indianapolis to search for 'G. W. Clark,' an owner of stone quarries. There wasn't any such man to be discovered in Indianapolis. But there were traces of two men, one of whom answered the description of 'McGraw,' in certain quarters in Indianapolis; and these two men had been overheard talking familiarly of a John J. McNamara, secretary-treasurer of the International Association of Bridge and Structural Iron-Workers.

"This was the labor union that had been fighting the Erectors' Association to compel a 'closed shop,' you understand. Its headquarters are in Indianapolis. If its funds were being used to pay for a campaign of dynamite outrages, the secretary-treasurer would probably handle the money.

"We had learned in Peoria that some time before the explosion in the railway yards, John J. McNamara, the secretary-treasurer, and H. S. Hockin, a member of the executive committee, had called on a railroad official in Peoria and warned him that unless the work on the bridge were unionized there would be trouble. I detailed a number of our operatives to watch the union's headquarters in Indianapolis, to shadow John J. McNamara, and to 'run out' every one with whom he connected."

The Real Burns

The Burns who was talking now was not the Burns who had gone smiling about the streets of Indianapolis. Neither was it the indignant Burns of the dominating personality. His eyes had puckered in keen wrinkles; he rubbed his thumb down the edge of his jaw, thoughtfully, protruding his chin; he picked out his sentences as carefully as if he were on the witness-stand. And it is this aspect of him that is the real one, probably. Burns is naturally shrewd, silent, reserved, and cautious. In repose his face is that of a worried man of affairs, and he looks "sandy Scotch" rather than the ruddy Irish of his public appearance. This is the Burns who lays out the "theory" of a case, with a logical imagination, for the other Burns to work on — who remains concealed behind the bustling joviality of the celebrity in the public eye — who conceives in silent astuteness the arguments and persuasions that draw the final confession from the criminal who has been only half caught.

He drew down the blind on the car window — against the afternoon sun — and squared his shoulders into the corner of the seat. "It was well on towards the end of September before we concentrated on Indianapolis," he said. "And on the first of October the *Times* building in Los Angeles, California, was dynamited.

The Labor War in Los Angeles

"At one o'clock on the morning of October 1 — while the printers and stereotypers and the office staff of the *Times* were getting out the morning issue of the paper — there was a terrific explosion in an interior alley behind the building. It blew down almost the whole of the south wall. Some of the more heavily weighted floors collapsed. Fire sprang up from the basement, and before help could arrive from the

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THE BARN NEAR INDIANAPOLIS THAT WAS RENTED BY JOHN J. McNAMARA, SECRETARY-TREASURER OF THE IRON-WORKERS' UNION, FOR THE STORAGE OF A PIANO-BOX IN WHICH TO KEEP "OLD RECORDS." THE BOX, WHEN OPENED, WAS FOUND TO CONTAIN DYNAMITE AND NITROGLYCERIN

fire department the wrecked building was in flames. Twenty-one bodies were taken from the ruins — bodies of men who had been either killed by the explosion or burned to death. All of them were heads of families, with wives and children depending on them. Some of them were union men, and none of them, as far as I have been able to learn, had been guilty of any offense against union labor or anything else.

"While the police were still holding back the hysterical wives and relatives outside the fire lines, later in the morning, word came that another bomb had been found in the basement of General Otis' home — Harrison Gray Otis, the owner of the newspaper. The gardener had found it — a suit-case — and telephoned to the police. A couple of detectives went up, and carried the suit-case into the road, and started to cut it open with a knife. They heard the alarm whir, and they ran. The thing exploded and left nothing but a hole in the ground.

"Then a third bomb was found beside the house of the secretary of the Merchants' and Manufacturers' Association of Los Angeles. A police officer went there and cut the wires that connected the battery with the fulminating-cap in the dynamite, and this bomb was saved. It proved to be an exact duplicate of the one that we had found in Peoria — battery, clock, and all. The alarm had been set for one o'clock,— the same as on the *Times* building,— but I understand that it had been wound too tight.

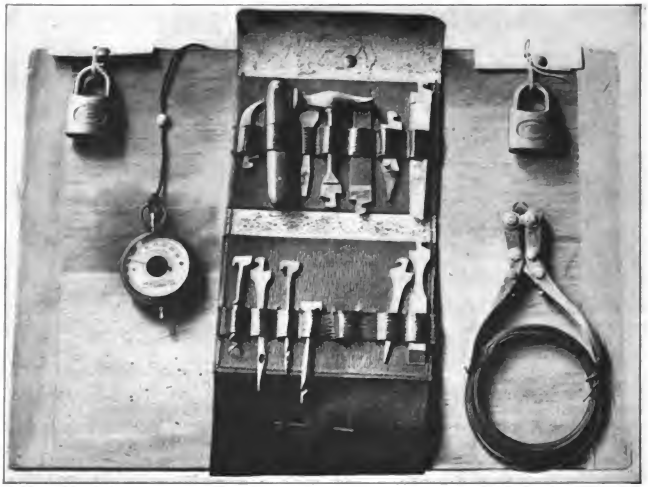
"There had been a strike of the Iron-Workers in Los Angeles, and the Merchants' and Manufacturers' Association had been helping in the fight for the 'open shop.' So had General Otis, in his newspaper. An 'Anti-Picket Law' had been passed, and there had been a number of arrests under it, and a union labor leader had been imprisoned for assaulting a non-union workman, and altogether things had been pretty warm. When the two bombs were found, after the explosion, the town went panicky. It looked as if some madman were loose with enough dynamite to destroy all Los Angeles.

"I was on my way there to attend the annual convention of the American Bankers' Association — whose detective work is all done by our agency — when I got a wire that Mayor Alexander of Los Angeles wanted me to undertake the investigation of the dynamiting. I telegraphed our operative, Detective Allen, to come on from Indianapolis, because he would be able to identify the bomb if it were one of the 'McGraw' pattern. And, after a meeting with the Mayor, I started to work.

On the Trail of "J. B. Bryce"

"The trail was as plain as the lines in the palm of your hand. The dynamite in the bomb was a high-explosive — 80-per-cent — gelatin. And dynamite of that grade is little used and is invariably made to order. We soon found the office of a powder company in San Francisco where the order for it had been taken. On September 24 a man giving the name of 'Leonard' had called there to purchase dynamite for his employer, 'J. B. Bryce,' and he had asked for the 80-per-cent. They asked him what he wanted it for. He said he wanted it to blow up stumps with. They objected that it was too

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A KIT OF TOOLS TAKEN FROM A SUIT-CASE FOUND IN THE POSSESSION OF JIM McNAMARA AND ORTIE McMANIGLE WHEN THEY WERE ARRESTED. ON THE LEFT IS A BATTERY-TESTER, USED TO MAKE SURE THAT THE CURRENT OF THE CLOCKWORK BOMB WOULD BE STRONG ENOUGH TO EXPLODE THE FULMINATING-CAP

powerful and dangerous an explosive to be used for that purpose. He replied that there were some boulders to be blasted, too, and that anyway 'Bryce' wanted the 80-per-cent, and he had to get it.

"Later 'Leonard' and 'Bryce' called together and paid for one thousand pounds of 80-per-cent, and took a receipt, and were told that the explosive would be delivered to them at the company's works in Giant, California. The officials of the powder company had been made suspicious by the actions of the men, and they warned the secret service department of the Southern Pacific Railroad of the purchase of the dynamite — because they thought it might be used to wreck a train. When the dynamite was ready for delivery they warned the railroad detectives again, but no attention was paid to them.

"The men called to get the dynamite at the factory in Giant; but they came without the proper order for delivery from the San Francisco office. A third man, giving the name of 'Morris,' was sent to get the order. Then the three arrived together in a small power boat, to carry away the explosive from the Giant works, and no more was seen of them.

"We found the place where the boat had been hired; we discovered that the dynamiters had changed the name from the *Peerless* to the *Pastime;* and we traced it in its cruises from place to place. We turned up the remainder of the dynamite in a house in South San Francisco, where all but one or two boxes were still stored, each box wrapped in burlap, and all covered over with a tarpaulin that bore the name of the maker. He identified it as one that had been bought by a man named 'Capp'— the man 'Morris,' who had called for the order for the delivery of the dynamite. 'Capp' had actually given the tarpaulin dealer his home address, and there we found that he was a David Caplan, a San Franciscan, who had never had any connection, apparently, with the labor unions. We had no difficulty then in identifying 'Leonard' as M. A. Schmidt, a former Chicagoan who had been rooming in a house in Mission Street. He had at one time been a member of the Mill-Workers' Union in Chicago, but he had apparently not been connected with the unions on

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the Coast. And finally we found where 'J. B. Bryce' had been rooming, too; but we could learn nothing of him, except that he was apparently the leader of the three.

"Some of This Story Can't Be Told Till the Trial"

"Of course, they had all disappeared, and I can't tell you how far we trailed them, nor where we lost them — for reasons of policy. There's some of this story that can't be told till it's told at the trial. We don't want anybody arranging any alibis in advance.

"One thing that puzzled us was the fact that no one answering the description of 'McGraw' of the Peoria explosion had been working on the Los Angeles explosion; yet the two bombs were exactly alike. Then there was a difficulty that never arises in the detective stories of fiction: the money wasn't readily forthcoming to carry on our investigation. The Mayor had been paying me, as he had promised, for the work; but there were others in authority who did not trust me any more than they trusted other private detectives. And I didn't blame them. Private detectives, as a class, are the worst lot of blackmailing scoundrels that live outside of prisons. I have stated in all my public utterances that to follow the calling a man should first fortify himself with a reputation for honesty and integrity — then he need not care what people say about detectives.

"The authorities wanted me to make daily reports of what I was finding, so as to show progress; but I was resolved not to report anything to anybody until I had caught the criminals, because I didn't know where there might be a 'leak.' The Mayor was even called before a Grand Jury to report what had been done in the way of getting evidence; but I had not told him anything, and so he had nothing to tell. Our Los Angeles manager was also called to appear; but I had been handling the case myself, and he knew nothing of it. Our office was broken into that night, and the desks and the filing cabinet forced; but all our reports on the case were in safety-deposit vaults at Chicago.

"The end of it was that I had to go ahead and finance the investigation myself. It cost me



THE KEYS THAT WERE FOUND ON THE DYNAMITERS, AND SOME OF THE LOCKS TAKEN FROM THE BOXES IN WHICH DYNAMITE WAS STORED

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ORTIE McMANIGLE, THE DYNAMITER WHO CONFESSED

$14,000 before I landed the McNamaras and McManigle, but I knew that I could get them and I was not worrying. I knew that our operatives in Indianapolis were watching the right rat-hole, and I intended to keep them there as long as I could raise the money to pay their wages.

"Now see how simply my 'theory' worked out. 'McGraw' hadn't been concerned in the Los Angeles affair, and he didn't know that every one hadn't forgotten about the Peoria explosions, so he came back to Indianapolis to get into touch with John J. McNamara, the secretary-treasurer, and our men recognized him as answering the description that we had of 'McGraw,' and they proceeded to 'tail' him. They 'took him' back to Chicago, where he had his wife and family. His real name proved to be McManigle,— Ortie McManigle, — and we investigated him and put another squad of operatives to watch him and his house.

"One day he took a train to a place called Kenosha, in Wisconsin, and our men followed him and saw him meet a man who answered the description of 'J. B. Bryce' of the Los Angeles trail. 'Bryce' turned out to be Jim McNamara, a brother of the secretary-treasurer, living with his mother in Cincinnati. And after that, wherever those men went, night or day, singly or together, they had a body-guard of operatives tailing them.

"Tailing" the Suspects

"And there's the trick that solves most of the detective mysteries in these days — the 'tailing.' It's what good palming is to sleight of hand. It's the thing the operative has to learn before he can move on a case at all. He has to learn to follow a man on the street, in railroad trains, on street cars, in hotels, picking him up and dropping him and picking him up again, without ever really losing sight of him and without ever being seen or suspected himself. We kept track of McManigle and Jim McNamara, in that way, for months. Our men even followed them on a hunting trip, and 'roped' them, as we say — made friends with them and camped and hunted with them. We got a wholesome respect for Ortie McManigle's and Jim McNamara's ability with a gun, too. They could stand off at a good distance and roll a tomato can along the ground with revolver shots.

"McManigle has told us, since, that they never saw a sign of any one shadowing them. And they were always 'testing' themselves. They would turn a corner and then hide, and watch to see if any one was following. They would go long distances on unfrequented streets, watching behind them. They would jump on a street car and ride a while, and get off again and go in another direction in another car, and watch all the time to see if any one got on or off after them. They did that sort of thing on the night that they dynamited the Iroquois Iron Company's plant in Chicago. They both had parcels in their hands, and we could guess that these were bundles of dynamite by the respect they had for them. But they dodged and doubled about so much that our men had to drop them. Our men had orders to drop them always, rather than betray themselves. We were determined to find out to whom they were responsible,— from whom they were getting money and orders for their work,— and it would have been fatal to let them suspect that they were being watched.

Dynamite Carried on Passenger-Trains

"McManigle disappeared from Chicago for ten or twelve days at one time, and we find that he went to Los Angeles to blow up the auxiliary plant of the *Times* — not satisfied with the original outrage! But this auxiliary plant was too well guarded, so he dynamited the Llewellyn Iron Works as an evidence of good faith, and came back home again. He carried the dyna-

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RIFLE FOUND IN THE DYNAMITERS' SUIT-CASE. IT IS FITTED WITH A MAXIM SILENCER — FOR SHOOTING NIGHT WATCHMEN WITHOUT RAISING AN ALARM

mite and fulminating-caps from Chicago, on the train, in a hand-satchel. Imagine what would have happened to the passengers on that train if a little accident had exploded the satchel!

"Well, so it went on, until I decided that we had all the evidence we needed and couldn't get any more without an expenditure that I couldn't afford to make. We determined to arrest the dynamiters the next time they went on a 'job,' and we planned to take McManigle and the two McNamaras together, or simultaneously, so that no one would be able to warn the others, or remain free to destroy the evidence that we thought we'd find if we could get to it first.

"In a campaign of this sort, the arrest is as important a piece of detective work as anything in the whole business.

"On April 11 our operatives, following McManigle and Jim McNamara from Chicago and Cincinnati, met in Toledo and wired us: 'Number one met number two.' That was our signal to begin. I went to Chief of Detectives Captain Stephen B. Woods at Chicago Police Headquarters to get assistance, and I sent my son Raymond, the manager of our Chicago office, with more of our men and two Chicago officers, to Toledo, with instructions to seize the dynamiters, if possible, with the bombs in their hands. Our party registered at a hotel opposite the one in which McNamara and McManigle were stopping, and watched them all day. It became apparent that they were not going to do any dynamiting in Toledo. Next morning they went to the railroad station and bought tickets for Detroit. They watched till the last moment before they got on the train — to be sure that they were not followed!

"They sat in a day-coach full of women and children, and they had suit-cases that presumably contained dynamite,— besides being fully armed, of course,— and our detectives decided not to tackle them where a blunder might cause a great loss of life. Coming into Detroit, they showed a good deal too much interest in several bridges that they passed. It became plain that Detroit was to be their objective point. As a



THE SUIT-CASE CHECKED IN TOLEDO BY JIM McNAMARA. THE DARK SPOT IS A STAIN FROM NITROGLYCERIN THAT SOAKED OUT OF DYNAMITE

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matter of fact, we learned later that they had five 'jobs' to do there!

"When the train stopped, they got off and scrutinized every one who came out of the cars, and then they wandered around the streets rather aimlessly until they came to the Oxford Hotel. Our men watched them register and argue with the clerk,— who wasn't able to give them a room right away,— and then they checked their suit-cases. That was the cue for

matter?' McNamara kept demanding. 'What's this for?'

Outwitting the Dynamiters

"We had arranged to take them on a charge of safe-blowing, because we were arresting at the same time some twelve yeggmen who were wanted for cracking safes in banks belonging to the American Bankers' Association; and we



DETECTIVE WILLIAM J. BURNS (ON THE LEFT) "CLEANING UP" EVIDENCE IN INDIANAPOLIS, FOLLOWED BY NEWSPAPER REPORTERS

the arrest. The lobby was crowded with a theatrical troupe, and McNamara elbowed his way through towards the door, with McManigle following. McManigle was in handcuffs before McNamara missed him. We grabbed McNamara at the door. As it happened, they had left their revolvers in the satchels — along with a rifle that was fitted with a Maxim 'silencer' for picking off night watchmen, six clock-batteries of the Los Angeles and Peoria pattern slightly improved, caps, wires, tools, and even a battery-tester. 'Well, what the hell's the

made the charge to them that they had blown open a safe in Chicago on the previous Saturday night — knowing that McManigle had been down on State Street, in Chicago, on Saturday night, shopping with his wife and children, and believing that he would think he could easily prove an alibi on the charge. We took them to the Detroit police station and made this charge against them, and — as we had expected — McManigle agreed to sign a waiver and return with us to Chicago. McNamara stood out for his 'rights,' but McManigle per-

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suaded him to sign, too, and come along. And he came."

Jim McNamara Would Blow Up the Whole Country to Get His Rights

Burns remained a long time silent, musing blankly, and thoughtfully fingering his mustache. "They were both frightened," he said at last. "They didn't know what they were really wanted for, and they didn't know how to find out. McNamara said: 'You don't want me for a Chicago job. You want me for a Los Angeles job.' Our men didn't enlighten him, but he guessed it. He tried to buy them off. After some talk to the effect that they were not 'fools' and knew good money when they saw it, he offered them twenty thousand dollars to let him get away. My son Raymond objected that this was not enough — that it would 'have to go too many ways.' Then he offered thirty thousand. Raymond asked where he would get so much money. He answered: 'From the higher-ups.' When he found that he was merely being played, he gave up that attempt.

"He talked a good deal on the train, justifying himself in what he had done, because he had done it, he said, to further the cause of union labor. When one of our men objected that the killing of innocent printers would not advance the cause of union labor, he replied: 'I'd blow the whole damn country up if I thought it would get us our rights.' I did not see him until he arrived in Chicago. I told him what the charge against him was. I warned him that he was in a serious situation. I advised him that, of course, whatever he said would be used against him, and advised him not to make a statement under any circumstances. He replied that he hadn't anything to say.

"McManigle, when I saw him, was rolling cigarettes and smoking nervously. I warned him as to his rights, as I had warned McNamara; and then I went over the case with him, telling him where he had been and what he had been doing for months past, and proving to him that we had a perfect and complete case against him, and left him, saying that if he concluded he wanted to see me he could send for me. A few hours later he sent for me, and gave me the truth about the whole conspiracy. There was no 'third degree' used. I have never used it in my life.

"It was necessary to wait for the extradition papers from California before we could proceed with our arrests. McManigle and Jim McNamara had been caught red-handed — but John J. McNamara was another sort of game. We knew that we could not expect to find him carrying bombs in a hand-bag. We knew that if we arrested him prematurely, without the papers from Los Angeles technically perfect to hold him, he would get out of jail on a bond and destroy any evidence of his complicity, and finally escape us.

"But while we were waiting we had to prevent him from taking alarm. Our men who were watching him reported that he seemed worried and uneasy. There had been no explosion in Detroit. The two dynamiters, of course, couldn't send him any explanations. Their silence would be suspicious.

"I got McManigle to write a note to his wife telling her that 'everything was O. K.,' and I sent the letter to Detroit and had it mailed back to her from there. I was calculating that, no matter how worried J. J. McNamara might be about his brother and McManigle, he would not be in any fear for himself. He would suppose that the two men, if caught, would 'stand pat,' and trust to him and their other friends to assist them at their trial. He wouldn't guess — any more than McManigle had guessed — how complete our case was against him.

The Arrest of the Union's Secretary-Treasurer

"When the papers arrived, they were brought by the assistant prosecuting attorney of Los Angeles, with two Los Angeles police detectives and a deputy sheriff. We went to Indianapolis and appeared before the Governor. He found the papers correct, and necessarily he authorized the warrant for McNamara's arrest. That warrant was taken by the Los Angeles officer and presented by him to the Chief of Police of Indianapolis, who detailed two of his men to take McNamara into custody. I accompanied them to the headquarters of the Iron-Workers' Union, where the executive committee had been in session all week. We knew from our men that John J. McNamara was still there. An Indianapolis officer knocked at the door and asked for McNamara. The man who had answered the knock said, 'I am that gentleman.' The officer replied: 'The Chief of Police wants to see you.'

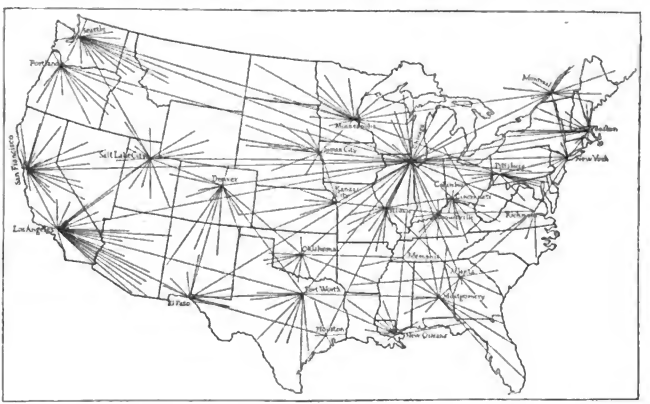
"He looked over at us and turned pale, but said nothing. He was rather tall, well built, neatly dressed, smooth-shaven, with gray hair and good features. I saw that we were going to have no trouble with him. He prepared silently to accompany us.

Legal Formalities Scrupulously Observed

"At police headquarters, the Indianapolis chief of detectives, in the presence of the super-

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intendent of police, read the Governor's requisition and the warrant of arrest to McNamara, and proceeded to search and 'book' him according to the regular routine. He was then taken by the Indianapolis officers before Judge Collins, who had always heard such cases, and Judge Collins examined the papers and found them correct. According to the law, he had only to determine the identity of the prisoner, so as to make sure that he was the man named in the papers. McNamara said: 'I don't deny that I'm the man.' There was nothing left for the Namara in the auto, I started out, with Indianapolis officers, armed with search warrants, to find whether McManigle in his confession had told me the truth about where the men had their explosives hidden and their clockwork bombs. We rode out Washington Street in an automobile on my directions, and turned to the right at a road that McManigle had described to me, and continued until we came to the railroad tracks, and then kept on to the left until we came to the farm-house of a man named D. Jones. I had never made the trip before,



THE BURNS WEB

A MAP SHOWING THE OFFICES OF THE BURNS DETECTIVE AGENCY AND THE TERRITORY THEY COVER

judge to do but to turn him over to the Los Angeles detective, James Hosick, who was the agent named by the State of California and by the State of Indiana to transfer the prisoner to Los Angeles. Hosick took McNamara back to the desk sergeant, had the things returned to him that had been taken when he was searched, and put him in an auto to start him on his journey to the Pacific Coast.

"Throughout the whole proceedings every legal formality was scrupulously observed; but I knew that we were dealing with men who were dangerous, and I had our movements planned and prearranged so that if there were any dynamite bombs handy we might proceed too silently and too swiftly to be intercepted or overtaken. That was the alleged 'kidnapping' of John J. McNamara!

"As soon as Hosick had departed with Mc- and naturally my knowledge of the road seemed uncanny to the police officers, since they did not know that McManigle had confessed.

"Union Records" that Were Packed in Sawdust

"Jones answered our summons at the door. He was in appearance a mechanic, as he was in fact, for he was an iron-worker and a member of the union. We asked him to take us to his barn. It was now seven o'clock in the evening and growing dark. Jones brought a lantern and the barn key. When we entered the barn we saw a piano-box in one corner of it, beside the grain-bins, opposite the stalls. 'Jones,' I said, 'whose box is that? Whom does it belong to?'

"He replied, 'To J. J. McNamara.'

"'What is it doing here?'

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"'Why, he has it to keep books in.'

"'What sort of books?'

"'Records — the union's old books.'

"'Didn't you know there was dynamite in it?'

"'No!' He grew so frightened that he could scarcely answer.

"The box was locked with a heavy padlock. We opened it with one of the keys that we had found on Jim McNamara in Detroit. In the sawdust with which the box was packed were forty pounds of dynamite and a small tin of nitroglycerin. I asked Jones: 'What sort of books did you think they were going to pack in sawdust?'

"He replied that John J. McNamara, the secretary of his union, had hired storage-room in the barn to keep old books and records, paying a year's rent of sixty dollars in advance; that McNamara had bought the piano-box at Baldwin's music store in Indianapolis, and the smaller box that went inside it; that McNamara had hired him to buy the sawdust and haul it and the boxes to the barn; and that there *his* part in the affair had ended. His wife corroborated him. Their statements were taken down in due form by the police.

Dynamite in the Union's Vault

"Our next step was to make speed back to the American Central Life building, where the police officers were still on guard at the doors of the executive committee's council-room. There we found a safe which the union officials declared themselves unable to open. The superintendent of police sent for an expert safe-cracker. When the safe had been drilled and forced, the books were taken from it for examination. And all this was done by authority of search warrants, in a criminal case.

"Then we proceeded to the basement, where the union had a sort of 'vault' that had been built by Secretary McNamara's orders — for the storage of more 'books,' apparently. None of the keys in my possession would open it. A police officer forced the hasp of the padlock, and we found, on the floor inside, four packages containing, in all, about eighty pounds of dynamite, each package wrapped in newspapers, and a corner of each torn open as if to make a hole for the insertion of a fuse. We found also fourteen of the little alarm-clocks that were used to explode the bombs, a box of fulminating-caps, some yards of insulated wire, a number of the metal strips that were to be attached to the thumb-keys of the alarm-clocks, and some odds and ends of electrical apparatus to be used in the manufacture of 'infernal machines.' Also we found a sort of valise of 'fiber-board,' specially made to fit exactly one of Morehart's ten-quart tins of nitroglycerin so that it might be carried handily.

"We found on the bureau of John J. McNamara's bedroom, in his boarding-house, another of the little alarm-clocks; and the police of Cincinnati found tools, wire, a battery-tester, and a lot of interesting correspondence in Jim McNamara's house.

The Charge that Burns "Planted" Evidence

"They're saying I 'planted' these things before I found them. Well, if I were the most fiendish murderer that ever drew the breath of life, I might have 'planted' dynamite in the piano-box in Jones' barn. But how would I persuade John J. McNamara to buy the box and have it placed there for me and have the sawdust hauled to pack it with? What sort of records does a labor union pack in sawdust in a country barn? How did I get a lock on the box to fit James McNamara's keys? How did I arrange it so that McManigle's keys would duplicate them? How did I get all the materials of clockwork bombs placed in the labor union's vault, built by its secretary's orders — materials that were the same as those in the bombs found in Peoria months before, and in Los Angeles months before, and in the suit-cases that McManigle and Jim McNamara were carrying when they were arrested in Detroit? The thing is not worth discussing. It is not only humanly incredible: it is humanly impossible.

"Next we went to Tiffin, Ohio, and found a cache of five hundred and forty pounds of dynamite in a shed on property that belonged to McManigle's father. We found the quarry from which this dynamite had been stolen, and the liveryman from whom McManigle and Jim McNamara had hired the horse and wagon that they used to haul the explosive from the quarry to the shed in Tiffin. We found a suit-case soaked with the nitroglycerin from dynamite in the railroad station in Toledo where McNamara had left it. In short, having rounded up the three men together, we were able to find all the evidence we needed to support every detail of our case against them, even without McManigle's confession. Do you mind if I take a little nap?"

Burns "Has Some Fun" with the Constables

It certainly seemed as if he had earned it; for, if he had been asleep in the forty-eight hours previous, no one had heard him snore. He

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laughed to himself as he settled back against the cushions; and it was anything but the laughter of guile. "We had some fun with those constables, anyway," he said.

As a matter of fact, the "fun" that he had had with the constables makes as good an example of Burns' simple and effective sleight of hand as any case of his that could be recorded. This is what it was:

A warrant had been issued for his arrest in Indianapolis on a charge of "kidnapping" John J. McNamara, and he came to Indianapolis — to attend to the final details of the "investigation"— knowing that the county officers would be waiting to arrest him. But, instead of slipping into town in an automobile, he arrived by train; and, instead of hiding in some friend's house, he went to the most conspicuous hotel in the city and registered, but asked the clerk not to give out the number of his room. He called his men to him by telephone, consulted with them in his apartments, and was receiving his friends openly some hours before the county constables could convince themselves that his name on the register was not a clumsy ruse to mislead them.

By observing the coming and going of visitors, they decided what floor he was on; and two constables were posted at either end of the corridor to watch doors. This interfered with Burns' activities; he wished to see several men who could not now get access to him. He took his hat in his hand, humped up a shoulder, shortened one leg, and limped down the hallway past the constables to the elevator.

"You see," he explained afterward, "they did not know me by sight. They had my description, but that did *not* include a limp. I waited at the elevator shaft — with one of the constables not three yards from me — till the cage came. Downstairs I straightened up and walked out."

He met the men whom he wished to see, returned to the hotel, rode up in the elevator, and limped past the constables to his room again!

Simple? Yet an elaborate disguise would not have been any more effective.

The joke was too good to keep. The reporters who had recognized him downstairs were laughing at the constables. They raided the room into which they had seen Burns go. As soon as they knocked on the locked door, Burns said to his assistant, "Open it." He stepped into the bath-room and turned the catch. There were three doors together on that side of the room — the bath-room door, the door of a clothes closet, and a locked door leading into the next apartment. The constables tried all three, and, concluding that the two locked doors opened into the next room, they went back into the hall to make their way into that closed apartment. Burns came out of the bath-room and went on with his work.

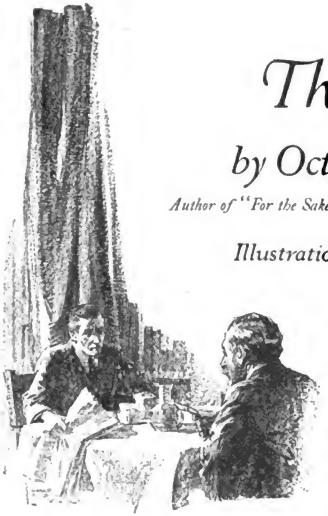
Absurd? But that was an element in its success. The constables would hardly suppose that he would do anything so inadequate as to lock himself in a bath-room.

"They just wanted the satisfaction of turning a cell key on me," he explained afterward. "I held them off till I was sure that bail had been arranged, and then I went down to the courthouse and surrendered myself."

It was good comedy. And it was more. It was an instance of how surely Burns can "outguess" the man who is pursuing him as well as the man whom he pursues. His manner throughout was as natural and easy as a trained actor's. He invented the simple tricks of deception without so much as a shrewd pause of thought, busy with other matters on his mind. When it was all over, he laughed and went to sleep — to waken in Columbus, Ohio, where another squad of his operatives had trapped and exposed a band of corrupt legislators by tactics that he had laid out, in a campaign of which he had been receiving reports even while he was dodging the constables in the Indianapolis hotel!

IN THE SEPTEMBER ISSUE WILL APPEAR AN UNUSUAL STORY OF THE TRAILING OF A SUPPOSED COUNTERFEITER

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The Price

by Octavia Roberts

Author of "For the Sake of Her Children," "Neighbors," etc.

Illustrations by Howard Giles

ECONOMY of time had become so thoroughly the habit of Milton Griswald's life that even after a sleepless night he did not forget to telephone his order for breakfast to the head waiter the instant he arose. This morning, owing to the confusion of his wardrobe after a short European journey, he was perhaps three minutes late in entering the breakfast-room. The waiter, with his fruit, was already at the little table near the large mirror.

As Griswald faced the mirror, peeling his apple with nervous fingers, his own reflection disconcerted him. The lines under his handsome dark eyes were heavier with every added breakfast of his life. "I look like the advertisements of dyspeptics," he frowningly recognized — and thus remembered to order the waiter to invite Dr. Hammersmith to breakfast with him.

"Tell him I want to consult him," he added, "and that this is the only time I shall have."

A moment later, the doctor, a serious-faced little man in tortoise-rimmed pince-nez, had left his own table for Griswald's.

"You feel no better after your vacation?" he began, as he poured out the rich brown coffee he had advised his patient to let alone.

"Worse," said Griswald, pushing away his apple.

"The sea voyage didn't rest you?"

"Not in the least. I couldn't eat anything, and couldn't sleep."

"Umph — umph," the doctor reflected, as if filing the symptoms away for further consideration. "Did you have anything on your mind, Mr. Griswald? Any little business affair, for instance?"

Griswald smiled grimly, as if affirmation were superfluous.

"How did you spend your time on the other side?" the doctor continued. "Restfully?"

"A wireless got me on board ship," Griswald admitted, "in which the head of our firm asked me to attend to a matter in London, which I did; otherwise I loafed about hotels and smoked too much."

The doctor regarded his patient with a growing severity. "You should have some pastime, Mr. Griswald, to get your mind off your business. Photography, for instance. Have you ever thought of that for diversion?"

"I have not," Griswald assured him curtly.

"Golf — what about golf?" the doctor persisted. "There you combine exercise and amusement."

Griswald declined golf with a shake of the head. "Too busy to get out to the clubs."

"A course of physical exercises," the doctor urged. "I'll send you to Finlay; he'll be just the man for you — or didn't I send you to him before?"

"You did," was the dry rejoinder. "I've paid Finlay over thirty dollars, now, for treatments I either forgot or didn't have time to take."

The doctor was not discouraged. "What did you like to do as a boy, Mr. Griswald? You've told me, I think, you were brought up in the country."

Griswald's manner softened. "There wasn't

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anything I *didn't* like to do. I fished, and played ball, and skated, and took the girls to sociables and picnics. Delighted them by sawing away on my father's fiddle winter evenings and singing bass in the choir Sundays. I was quite a boy in those days." He smiled broadly.

After a moment he continued, his face clouding: "My father and grandfather owned a little bank in Gardener we all had our pride in. When I was just eighteen the bank failed and father died. From that on my fun was over; I had to turn in and support mother and my sister Lizzie. It was then I came to the city, lived in a hall bedroom, and lived on nothing a year. For diversion I went to night school."

He paused and ran his hand over his forehead, smoothing out the lines of care. "I worked all the play out of me. I was borne down with anxiety for years. Just as I began to have some success, mother died and my sister married and went West."

He paused as if at the end of a chapter; after a moment he resumed: "When the receivers had wound up the affairs of Griswald's Bank, there had been assets enough to pay in the neighborhood of fifty to sixty cents on the dollar; but I always felt, if the time ever came when I was able to, I should like to pay our creditors dollar for dollar. After my mother died I managed to do this. It took me a good many more years of life, but five years ago I cleaned them all up."

"You certainly were under no obligations to do that," the doctor frowned.

"No; but I knew father and grandfather would rest easier in their graves. Griswald used to be a good old name in Gardener; I like to think there's nothing against it." His manner changed abruptly. "However, that's neither here nor there. I want you to fix me up something to enable me to eat and sleep. I'm going to pieces."

He turned to the waiter: "See if my machine is ready, Oscar; I don't want to wait a second. And, by the way, never bring me a Snow apple again. Mushy little things — they aren't fit to eat!"

"Snow apples!" the doctor exclaimed. "I didn't know that apples had different names. They all taste alike to me."

"You'd know if you'd been raised in Gardener." Griswald smiled reminiscently. "My, my! Didn't you ever taste a Jonathan — a nice rosy Jonathan, that came off at the first shake of the tree?"

His eye kindled as he continued: "I don't want anything better than the Paysons' orchard on a fall day, gathering apples with little Annie. Her father's place was directly back of ours. I can see it all yet — pasture, orchard, barn-yard, and all. I tell you, Doctor, Gardener was a boy's paradise. I didn't have any trouble in eating *then*. . . . Machine ready, Oscar? Can I take you down, Doctor?" And he led the way to his limousine and joined the gliding procession of cars charging into the warfare of commerce.

When Griswald entered his office on the sixteenth floor of the Equity Building, and confronted his mail, he realized that his vacation, by concentrating his tasks, had multiplied them. Harassed by telephone calls, telegrams, and visitors, he made little headway in decreasing the pile. At eleven he was forced to give up the attempt and hasten to a board meeting. The meeting consumed so much more time than Griswald had allowed that he was obliged to ask the promoter who awaited him to outline his project over luncheon. They ate indifferently, rapidly, of the expensive dishes the promoter insisted upon ordering, Griswald meanwhile following with increasing strain his companion's figures on the margin of the menu.

"I'll have to see you again, Harris," he interrupted, at last. "I'm not myself yet; that syndicate deal in London was a nerve-racking proposition."

And he escaped to his office, to be seized upon by the Philadelphia representative, the firm's attorney, and the financial editor of the *Planet*. The newspaper representative was the last to be admitted. With warnings to his secretary that they were not to be interrupted, Griswald composed himself for the interview on the foreign deal.

Half an hour later the secretary opened the door.

"Well, well, well!" came Griswald's frowning recognition of his presence.

"A Mr. Cooper insisted upon my telling you that he was here. He won't take no for an answer; says you'll remember him," the secretary explained.

"Cooper! Cooper!" Griswald jerked forth. "I don't know any Cooper. Find out if he can't see some one else. Bosworth isn't busy."

He turned to his stenographer and continued his statement: "The deal has been successfully closed abroad."

The door opened again, and Griswald whirled about in his swivel-chair to confront a large man with a fresh, ruddy face lighted by mild blue eyes and a smile of expectant welcome.

Griswald raised a protesting hand against his advance, and began, "You'll have to see some one else, sir; I'm simply too busy to see you."

"Why, Buck!" The big man smiled broadly. "Don't you know me, Buck?"

For twenty years Milton D. Griswald had not been so addressed. His shoulders relaxed their

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nervous tension, his mouth's hard slit softened to a tentative smile. Half extending his hand, he arose.

"You don't know me yet," the big man regretted.

Griswald shook his head; then slowly his expression of mystification merged into one of joyful certainty; his hand struck the big man's shoulder.

"God bless me!" he said, with a kind of solemn satisfaction. "It's old Stump Cooper."

The big man pumped Griswald's arm up and down joyfully; from time to time he wiped beads of perspiration from his florid face. "Thought I'd come to sell you a gold brick, did you, Buck? Or get you to subscribe for a set of books? I've come for something more important than that." He sank into the chair Griswald offered him, and looked meaningly at the stenographer and the editor. "Got time to talk to me?"

"Well, I should say I had!" Griswald beamed. His hand laid detainingly on Cooper's arm, he turned to the editor. "I'll get that statement completed for you to-night, Mr. Sanger. Or — here! Let me see!" He ran his eye over the stenographer's notes. "Take these; this is practically all I had to tell you, anyway."

As the financial editor stiffly withdrew, Griswald pulled his chair near to his old friend's and let his hand linger on his knee.

"First of all," Henry Cooper began impressively, "I want you to come to dinner with me at my hotel. Afterwards we'll take in a show, unless, of course, you've seen everything in town."

Griswald laughed his tender delight in Stump's simple-heartedness. "I wish I could, old man, but I've promised to take dinner with Hargrave, the head of the firm, to-night. If it wasn't a formal affair I'd break the engagement. You'll be here to-morrow?"

Henry Cooper shook his head. "No, sir; if you're busy I'm off for home to-night. I've been hanging around here now for three days, waiting to see you. I'm sick to death of that hotel, wondering what I'll have to eat and tipping fellows for doing what they're paid to do. I've bought my hat two or three times over, paying a fellow to guard it while I e't. I've had enough of a town where you can't lay your hat down without fear of somebody grabbing it. I don't see how you stand it, Buck!"

In the outer room, the secretary heard Griswald's delighted laugh of amusement. "Didn't know the boss ever limbered up that much," he mused.

From time to time the press of business forced him to break in upon the two men's reminiscences:

"Kindly sign this, Mr. Griswald."

"Will you be able to see Mr. Pitkins this afternoon, Mr. Griswald?"

It was after many of these interruptions that Henry Cooper said: "They make you work pretty hard here, don't they, Buck?"

"I'm a busy man," Griswald admitted.

"On a salary still, Buck?"

Griswald smilingly acknowledged the salary. In Gardener it was every man's ambition to have his own business by forty.

"Well," began Henry Cooper, "I've not been hanging around here for three days for my health. The directors of the First National Bank of Gardener want me to lay a little matter before you."

"What can I do for them, Henry?" Griswald asked patiently, relapsing into his business manner. "The First National was father's old bank, wasn't it? I was always sorry that they changed the name."

Henry Cooper nodded. "The president retired the other day, Buck, and you were the unanimous choice of the directors for his place. I tell you, down our way the name Griswald still goes. Your grandfather and your father built that name up to stay, and I want to tell you that you didn't hurt it any when you took care of the old claims. I'm authorized to offer you three thousand dollars a year salary — and, of course, we'd like you to take a little stock. The bank has been losing ground, but if it goes ahead under you as they believe it will, in another year you can probably make thirty-five hundred, and you'll be your own master. I hate to see a man of your age working as hard as you do here and getting as little for it."

"Stump," Griswald answered gently, "I appreciate this offer more than any honor that has ever come to me. I wish I could accept it."

Henry Cooper drew a long breath. "You don't think you can?"

"I can't afford to."

"You got a better thing here?"

"Yes," Griswald admitted reluctantly.

"Maybe the boys can go a little higher," Cooper persisted. "I tell you, they want you bad. What do they pay you here, Buck? I don't ask for curiosity."

"I've been worth twenty thousand a year to the firm for several years," Griswald admitted, with manifest reluctance, "and of course I have opportunities to pick up things on the side."

"I'll be corn-swiggled!" said Henry Cooper solemnly. After a moment he laughed mirthlessly, nodding his head at his own simplicity. "Well, Buck, you've got the laugh on us. I suppose, boarding the way that you do in that club, you save most of it, too, don't you? You can soon quit work altogether?"

"No," Griswald sighed. "I can't see my

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way to retiring for years to come, and live the way that I want to live."

The secretary was again in the room. "Langdon and Hudson want an immediate answer on that bond deal, Mr. Griswald."

Cooper now arose; but Griswald held out a detaining hand. "I can't let you go this way, Stump! Just step into the outer office — that's a good fellow — until I see these people." He addressed the secretary: "Bring in all the data, Wilson, in this affair, and send some one to take dictation."

An hour later he pulled on his overcoat wearily. His spine felt like a red-hot cord. But at the sight of Stump in the outer office his face broke into a relieved smile. "I was afraid you'd gone, Stump; I had no idea that last matter would take me so long. Did you manage to amuse yourself, old fellow?"

"Time never hangs heavy on my hands," Henry Cooper assured him. "I went out and bought some bass flies I can't get at home — bucktails, Montreals, and Parmachenee belles. Like to fish as much as you used to, Buck? I picked up a couple of apples, too, from an Italian feller. Have one? They're no good. Miserable little Snows! He didn't have a Jonathan."

With a last sharp bite of his sound white teeth he finished his own apple, opened the window of the sixteenth story of the Equity, and unconcernedly tossed the core two hundred feet below.

The secretary openly sniggered, but at Griswald's quiet frown the smile faded from his lips.

"The machine is here, Mr. Griswald," he said hastily, and accompanied the men to the car below. When they were comfortably seated, he stored a box at Griswald's feet and handed him a packet of letters.

"My cylinders," Griswald explained to Henry Cooper, indicating the box. "I have a phonograph in my room."

"Got some new rolls?" said Henry Cooper easily. "My girls have some fine records. You must hear a lot of good music here, Buck, don't you? Do you still play your violin? I remember yet how you and Annie Payson used to play 'Alice, Where Art Thou?' at the M. E. sociables."

Griswald's laugh ended in a sigh. "I haven't thought of my violin for years; I haven't heard a concert for ten. I'm too tired to sit still. My phonograph is for commercial purposes, Stump; I answer my letters this way every night — otherwise I should never get to the bottom of my correspondence."

The suspicion of a twinkle in Cooper's mild blue eyes caused Griswald to demand: "What's so funny, Stump? Out with it!"

"Nothing," Cooper demurred, belying his words by an irrepressible smile. "Only, it just came to me, Buck, the only fellow I ever knew that worked as hard as you do was the gray squirrel old man Adams kept in a treadmill. Remember, when we sneaked over there one night and let him out, how mad old Adams was?"

He paused, uncertain whether to attribute Griswald's reluctant laugh to an acknowledgment of the justness of the comparison or to amusement at the memory of an old prank. It was some minutes before Griswald's words gave him a clue: "A man wants to succeed in life, Stump, at any cost."

"W-e-l-l," Henry Cooper ruminated. "What is success? I'm beginning to think the feller to be congratulated is the man that gets what he wants before he's too old to enjoy it. If you're doing that, it's worth all it costs you. Now, this big man you're going to take dinner with to-night ——"

"Hargrave, our senior member," Griswald supplied.

"He wouldn't think much of my lot," Henry Cooper continued,— "a storekeeper in a country town. But I've got a good wife (you've known Letty all her life; you know what she is!), three of the smartest children in Mason County (if I do say it!), a comfortable home, a garden, a horse and surrey, and my own cows. Now, that suits *me*. I don't want any better success than that. . . . Hello! are we here?" His eye traveled appreciatively over the imposing exterior of Griswald's club, before whose brilliantly lighted portal the big limousine had paused. "So this is *your* home, Buck. I guess that you think a lot of it, too."

It had never occurred to Griswald to regard his club with affection, nor as anything but a convenience where living was reduced to such a science that friction vanished. Nor had the place ever seemed less personal than now as he led his old friend through the marble corridors from floor to floor, showing him the gymnasium, swimming-pool, library, and empty banqueting-rooms.

"It beats the Ricky House all to pieces!" was Stump's generous tribute when, their inspection over, he sat waiting for his friend to dress, as he used to do as a boy.

"The Ricky House!" Griswald exclaimed. "I haven't thought of it for years. Does old man Ricky still run it?"

Instead of answering, Stump said unexpectedly: "You've asked for every one in Gardener to-day, Buck, except one person."

"Annie Payson," Griswald promptly supplied. "I think I was afraid you'd tell me she was getting old, like the rest of us. I think of her, you know, in a white dress with a blue sash, and with a braid down her back. Out with it,

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"THEY PLAYED HALF THROUGH THE OLD BOOK"

Stump! Whom did she marry? Has she a son as tall as I am?"

For a moment Henry Cooper did not answer; then he said succinctly: "You know her brother-in-law spent all her money?"

"No!" Griswald protested.

"Yes," Stump continued. "She's been teaching music and playing the organ Sundays for the last ten years."

To this Griswald made no answer save, "I'll drop you at your hotel, old man. It breaks my heart I have to leave you."

As he spoke he drew on his overcoat with reluctance, for the October evening was unseasonably warm, and led the way to his automobile.

He was so late in starting that when he dropped his old friend at his hotel he was forced to cut short his parting words. His heart smote him for this as the car tore down the avenue toward Hargrave's. The solicitude of Stump's "You want to take care of yourself, Buck," lingered in his ears.

Hargrave's dinner, as Griswald, from former experiences, knew it would be, was long and dull — without even the merit of ending early; for at the dinner's close the guests were driven to a musical comedy, where Griswald, from his back seat in a box, yawned until its close, flinching from a draft.

During the performance Griswald wondered, as he had often wondered before, that Hargrave, with his giant intellect, could find diversion in the jiggle of the dance, the cheap ragtime of the songs. Country-bred as he was, he knew better things. A little slip of a girl in Gardener had taught him the difference years and years ago. How charming she had been! Stump's talk of old times had kept her sweet presence before him all that day.

In his early years in the city his one pleasure had been her letters and his answers wherein he poured out to her all the vexations and discouragements of those hard years.

Then, one day, the tide turned; his real chance came. It was up to him, Hargrave said, to make good. And he had; he was Hargrave's right-hand man. But, in the meantime, his work had waxed so heavy, his responsibilities had so enormously increased, that he had long lost the habit of Annie. Her letters had lain neglected until he was ashamed to answer them; when he had gathered courage to do so, she no longer replied. At the time he had been too preoccupied to care. Yet, after all these years, when either joy or sorrow came to him his first impulse was to tell her. Her sympathy and understanding had been one of the few perfect things that life had given to him. . . . And

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Stump had told him that she was poor, and that she earned her bread with those slender little fingers he had often held in his own!

He started absently to his feet with the others and helped Mrs. Hargrave into her long cloak. They were not going home, even now. Hargrave had proposed supper in a noisy restaurant.

It was one o'clock when Griswald reached his club bedroom. Once there, he slipped into his dressing-gown, adjusted a cylinder in his phonograph, and began painstakingly to speak into the trumpet, referring, as he did so, to the first letter in his packet: "In connection with the proposed underwriting ——"

For some reason Griswald did not find it easy to finish his letters with his usual despatch. It was two o'clock before he came to the bottom of the packet and went to bed.

Tired as he was, he couldn't lose himself in sleep even then, and lay on his pillow, wondering dully whether the strained feeling in his head made him abnormally sensitive to the purrs, the hums, the screams of the motor-cars flying below his window in an endless stream. Even when he lost himself for brief moments, he heard them still as through partial anesthesia. The deep bellow of a klax horn became the fog-horn at sea. He was again pacing the deck of the *Victoriana*, fleeing from care, when wireless leaped through the mist and whispered: "Pending foreign deal must be completed; must ask you to take it up."

Wide wakefulness succeeded this dream. In desperation, he arose, found the powder the doctor had given him, and sank gradually into the profound slumber of the drug.

The lights from the cars below continued to filter up the bedclothes and past his face, or down the headboard over his face, and so away. Griswald, in his sleep, thought that he was riding endlessly up the avenue, faster and faster and faster, until he moved in a whirling circle. Somewhere the senior member was calling, "You'll have to go faster, Griswald, if you make good!" And this speed increased, though his fatigue had become so bottomless that he was weeping. It was not until he heard a funny little laugh with a minor note that he knew he was not in a car at all, but in a treadmill, and that, pedal as he might, he wasn't going anywhere — he was standing still.

He wasn't sure, in the confusion of his dream, whether it was Annie or Stump who let him out, nor who it was that first proposed a ride in his father's old spring-wagon. He only knew that for the remainder of the night a feeling of ecstatic happiness flooded his being.

With the pleasant visions of his sleep still blurring the hard edges of reality, long hours after Griswald awoke. Not until a big clock in a tower suddenly struck eleven was he really himself. It wasn't possible that he had slept through two appointments and a summons from his attorney to appear in court! His watch assured him that he had. Try as he would, it would be noon before he could get back into the treadmill.

He had never felt greater aversion for his tasks, for he knew well what the afternoon would be after a morning's absence, in a day that was all too short at the best.

"I'm not going down at all," he abruptly decided; "I'm going to take a few days' vacation. I'm played out. I'll run out to Gardener and refuse the directors in person."

That night at five, Griswald, on the eighteen-hour westward-bound express, left the clanging city and its last winking electric-light sign far behind. In its furious run the express paused fleetingly only at the greatest cities. To reach Gardener, Griswald was obliged on the following day to forsake its luxury for a deliberate old accommodation train.

He had dreaded this second stage of his journey, but, to his surprise, after the impetuous rush of the express the local's slow creak through the corn-fields soothed his nerves. When it stopped for water, he made the pause an excuse for a walk along the roadside, and found his reward in filling his pocket with hazel-nuts before they started again on their way.

When the train brought him, that afternoon, to Gardener, he exchanged the leisurely progress of the local for a peace even more profound.

A solitary landau awaited a chance passenger. It was in charge of a driver who had managed to effect a compromise between servility and a manly independence in a livery consisting of a wine-colored coat with brass buttons and a brown derby hat worn challengingly over one eye. To this citizen Griswald intrusted his bags before giving himself the pleasure of an hour's ramble incognito through the shady streets of the old town.

His walk in the fine October weather led first to the square around which Illinois likes to build her towns, thence past the old stores to the corner where the bank stood. Everything was as of old. Above the familiar fixtures, through the open door, he could see his father's and grandfather's portraits in oil, suspended still above a worn old desk. A thousand memories long forgotten tugged at his heart.

He began with his practised eye to look over the town and to study out for himself why those golden accounts from the farms had fallen away. It bit his pride that the cheap new bank in the newer portion of the town had left Griswald's be-

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hind. A very little energy,— half of what he put into Hargrave's business,— he knew, would place it in the lead again throughout the country-side.

He walked from corner to corner, mentally choosing a new site, planning involuntarily what he would do if he controlled the major share of stock. It would be play to him then to reorganize the old place, as well as a matter of pride and sentiment.

When he had settled definitely in his mind the imaginary site of the new bank, he strolled slowly down Gardener's main street, past the old homesteads, in their ample grounds, to his own home at the end of the town. Yesterday, when Griswald had wanted an excuse for his journey, he had told himself that he was going to Gardener to see what the old place required to be made salable. As it stood, untenanted, it was a dead loss to him.

But, when he opened the creaking gate and walked down the graveled path between the evergreens to where the old house stretched low and broad under two giant walnut trees, Griswald knew that he should never sell it while he lived — knew in his innermost heart he had clung to it because he had always meant to end his days under its spreading roof.

For the rest of the afternoon, whether he peered through broken shutters into bare, deserted rooms, or wandered down the paths past broken fountain and yellowing foliage, or contemplated the barns, of solid walnut like the house, standing in the ruined garden, his imagination played with the possibilities of restoration. How much of life had slipped away! It frightened him to think of it. How prodigal he had been of his friends, his health, his happiness! He was forty-three, and he hadn't yet one thing he really desired. Stump was right: success consisted in getting what you wanted before you were too old to enjoy it. Measured by that, he was a failure. He could spend his vacations here, at least, he decided; and he clambered over the stile that separated his lot from the Paysons', to lay his plans before Annie. Without her interest, he suddenly knew, he should have no heart for the building.

A moment later he was standing on a sagging porch that had long cried for paint, and was pulling an ancient door-bell.

Griswald told himself afterward that he should have known that thin, pretty little face with the sweet, sensitive mouth anywhere; but he made her admit that there was an appreciable hesitation upon her part before her reserve melted into that cry of surprise, incredulity, and tender welcome that rang in her "Oh, Milton, is it *you?*"

The cry touched Griswald to the heart. He had not known his coming could mean so much to any creature upon the earth. Her hands fast within his own, he could only murmur huskily: "Why, Annie, *Annie!*"

In another moment she had recovered herself and drawn him into the family's old living-room, where, on winter nights in his boyhood, he and she used to get their lessons by the table under the center lamp. He reminded her of this now, and of the scheme he had found for working problems in which he found the method and she made sure of the accuracy. "I've been finding methods ever since, Annie," he told her, "and it's pretty well worn me out."

Annie raised her gentle eyes to his. "Tell me everything," they seemed to say; "there is nothing I shall not understand — nothing I shall not care to hear."

In his joy that, after all these years, he had but to stretch forth his hand to find that sympathy and interest awaiting him, Griswald, from the depths of an old chair, told her of the years of stress and emptiness, of Cooper's visit and the longing it had stirred within him to escape, for a time at least, that pressure of life and lose himself in Gardener. "I didn't tell even Hargrave where I was going," he smiled into the tender gravity of her face. "And now that I'm out of the treadmill" (he had told her of his dream), "I'm not sure I shall ever go back. Could I do better than to run the old bank, live in the old house, and turn my back forever on that grind?"

For a single instant she caught her breath in the joy of such a possibility; then she smiled and shook her head. "Ah, you think so now, but how long before you would miss the whirl?"

"Never!" he was quick to assure her. "However, I shall do nothing rash. I will ask the directors for several weeks in which to consider their offer."

He walked restlessly to the window and looked out at the twilight hanging blue and misty in the trees. "I can't tell you, Annie, how lovely all this looks to me. I wanted to touch every tree I passed to-day, as I ambled up the street. Do you know that in a city no one ever ambles? If they are down and out, they loaf; if they are poor, they rush and scramble; if they are rich, they whirl. But to amble one must come to Gardener." When she laughed at his drolling, he added: "For the rest of my days that shall be my gait."

"Do you remember," she asked, "how much you used to wish to ride in a gondola? Then, one day, Hargrave sent you to Italy and you got your chance. And what happened? It was too late. You were so restless, you got out and tore up and down the canals in a dreadful steam-launch with other Americans. From that point

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of vantage the gondolas were still alluring. Do you remember writing me about it?" She lifted her laughing eyes from the needlework she had taken from a little basket on the table.

Did he remember! Was there anything he hadn't written Annie!

The dusk was now so complete that she rose to light the lamp. Her action brought Griswald to his feet. "It is late; I must go; I left my bags at the Ricky House."

Her reproach was quick: "In Gardener we do not let old friends go to a *hotel*."

It followed, therefore, that he stayed to share her tea in the silent old house where, in the absence of an aunt, she acknowledged to him, she was much alone.

It was here that Henry Cooper discovered him some hours later when he came with Letty to bring Annie tidings of an old friend in New York. His astonishment upon finding that friend rummaging through a cabinet in the faded splendor of the drawing-room (in the easy fashion of Gardener, they had entered without knocking) was so profound that he was the greater part of the evening recovering from it. For an hour after he was either shaking his head incredulously at Griswald or reviving himself with copious draughts of water from the swinging pitcher in the hall.

It was Letty, a more matronly Letty than Griswald had left, who drew from him the confession that they had been searching, among other keepsakes, for his father's violin. When Annie came upon it, they gathered about the square piano for the old duets. The uncertain bow that Griswald at first rasped across the strings made them laugh; but before he was through "The Angel's Serenade," Annie's accompaniment a sure support through his unexpected retardments and sudden accelerations, the bowing grew easier. They played half through the old book before the evening ended.

Griswald, his chin on the fiddle's curve, his eyes straying from Annie's brown braids to the pleasant, familiar faces of Stump and Letty, felt as if he had never left Gardener. The rattle of trains, the din of the streets, the click of typewriters, were immensely remote — the real world a sleepy old town peopled with friends who loved him and who had known and loved his parents before him.

When the last sweet strains of "Alice, Where Art Thou?" died away in the echoing house, he awoke from his dream. He was no longer a youth to play with time; he was a man of middle years at the last parting of the ways. Youth, with its dreams all unfulfilled, had slipped away; the middle years were hard upon him, with no fairer promise. Should he let them cheat him with their dross?

At ten o'clock, when they all arose to leave, the charm of the quiet evening was still upon him. On the way home, with the moon filtering through the shade of whispering trees, he confided to Stump that the presidency of the little bank looked better to him every minute. When he was settled at the Ricky House, smoking a contemplative pipe at the open window, the plan seemed even more alluring. He played with it still as he fell asleep to the sound of a rising wind in some evergreens, his head on a pillow of hops that Annie had made him try for his insomnia.

Whether or not it was their virtues, he slept the night through without a break. He had seldom felt more alert than when he met the directors. Though he would not give them a final answer for a fortnight, he was glad to spend the morning outlining plans for the future with the leading members of the board. They were willing listeners to the tales he drifted into, toward the morning's close, of Hargrave's mastery of the business game and the triumphs they had scored together. "I don't mind telling you, though," he finished, "that I'd be glad to stop. It's a dog's life."

It was noon when he rose, with Henry Cooper, and sauntered back to the hotel on his way home with him for dinner. The talk at the bank had left him abstracted. Twice he interrupted Stump's stories of fishing with: "I could make that old place hum! I believe I could do it from New York."

"Oh, come, now," his friend warned him, "we're not looking for a proprietor of a three-ringed circus. I suppose, with practice, a man could run more than that, but I bet you the fellow with one ring lasts longer and has more fun as he goes along."

Upon their entrance at the hotel the clerk handed Griswald a yellow envelop. He stared at it angrily as he slit it open. "I thought, for once, I'd gotten away from business," he said to Cooper. "Trust Hargrave to find my whereabouts, if it suited his purpose." He lost himself in the contents for a long moment. When he raised his eyes, his intense preoccupation ignored his friend's inquiring smile. "When can I get a train to New York?" he asked the clerk.

"I've got to get back at once, old man," he explained to Stump, handing him the message. "Hargrave refers to a deal I've been trying to get him to let me put over for a year." He pointed out these words with a hand that trembled with excitement.

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Am now convinced your Erie proposition would be good business. If you still believe you can carry the deal through, would urge your returning to city at once. If successful am not unmindful of credit due to you.

Henry Cooper whistled ruefully. "That ends our little scheme here, Buck?"

"N-o-o," Griswald debated with himself; "when I'm through this particular business I'm ready to quit."

"That's what old Poker Watkins used to tell the preachers," Stump reminded him.

Griswald was too preoccupied to hear. "I couldn't leave Hargrave at this point of the game." He pulled out his watch. "If I am going to make that train I shall have to make haste. Tell the girls" — for a moment his face softened — "that I'll probably be back in a week or so; I'm sorry not to be able to go over the old house with them this afternoon."

Short as his visit home had been, Griswald reached the city with accumulated energy. He plunged into the opening negotiations of his big project with a zeal that spelled success. Even Hargrave paid him tribute. "You're worth any two men I know," he vouchsafed, "when your fighting blood is really up."

In the face of such praise Griswald postponed mentioning his intended resignation. Hargrave would think he had lost his reason if, at the very climax of his career, he buried himself in a country town. Indeed, he himself began to see that, in view of his rising fortunes, he would do well to hang on a few years longer before giving up the game. If possible, he would go back to Gardener once a year to recuperate — or, at least, every *other* year at the outside. In the meantime he was determined to take regular exercise and to stop working at night.

The night he made these resolutions was at the end of his great day — the day his big deal had been successfully consummated. Of necessity his mail had been neglected. To-night, therefore, he should be obliged to get his cylinders ready once more for the stenographer. He seated himself before the machine and began speaking into the trumpet. At the end of his packet he hesitated. One cylinder remained, and the directors of his father's bank awaited his decision. He had promised himself to write them at length in his own hand; but the hour was very late, and the next few days presented an unbroken wall of engagements.



"ONE CYLINDER REMAINED, AND THE DIRECTORS AWAITED HIS DECISION"

He therefore adjusted his last cylinder and began:

"DIRECTORS OF THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK,
GARDENER, ILL.

"*Dear Sirs:*

"After serious consideration, I have decided not to become associated with the First National Bank. I do not underestimate the value of the opportunity given, but it is not practicable for me to take advantage of it at the present time.

"With sincere thanks and appreciation for the honor shown me, Yours very truly,

"MILTON D. GRISWALD."

This letter, Griswald was conscious, lacked the friendliness and regret he had hoped to express in it; but, in the face of the day he had passed through and the day that loomed before him to-morrow, it seemed the best that he could do. After all, he reflected, to succeed, a man must concentrate on a few things worth the doing and be content to let minor matters slide. Hargrave had taught him that in his youth, and furthermore that if there was a choice to be made the firm should be "first, last, and all the time." Griswald had made this his motto, and no one who had followed his career could deny that he was a shining example of what the system accomplished.

Shortly after, he was ready for bed. He had given up the noisy rooms on the avenue for a suite on the court, where, if the elevators did not disturb him, he now hoped to lose himself in sleep.

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Mrs. Peyton Interferes

by Neith Boyce

Author of "The Blue Pearl," etc.

Illustrations by Robert Edwards

PERRY MAXWELL read Mrs. Peyton's letter with astonishment and reread it with wrath. After the second reading he bolted for a telephone and called up her suburban house. The usual delays exasperated him, and finally the butler's suave voice, informing him that Mrs. Peyton had just stepped out, but might be in again at any moment, provoked a full-bodied swear. Perry confided to the tingling wires a message that he was coming out to luncheon, slammed down the receiver, and hurried for a train — which he just missed. Then he had half an hour in which to pace the platform, and each moment added fuel to his righteous anger. He had been obliged to telegraph, breaking a pleasant luncheon engagement in town; but, with this unheard-of thing on his mind, he felt he couldn't have met anybody. Mrs. Peyton was his very good friend; but by the time his train started he had thought up a number of unpleasant things to say to her. What the deuce did she mean, anyhow, by interfering? What business of hers was it to call him to account, even if he had done what she alleged? After a friendship of ten years, to be as good as told that she considered him a dishonorable person and a bounder — without even waiting to find out that her information was mistaken! But he would show her! She was an incorrigible meddler, and he would tell her so.

Suddenly a thought struck him cold. Perhaps Harriet Bisbee was still at the house. That would be most awkward. Harriet must have fibbed outrageously about him, and he wished to say so, but not to her face. However, the place was big enough to avoid her in, and she probably didn't want to see him, either. If she was there he wouldn't stay to lunch. A nice way she had behaved! He didn't like women, anyhow. What was the use in trying to be friends with them? You never knew when they were going to round on you. *They* didn't want friends. He arrived at the pretty snow-covered suburban station with his resentment still hot.

Mrs. Peyton's house was the largest in the Park. It began at one end as an Italian villa and ended at the other in a Queen Anne effect. It had thirteen bath-rooms and a suite of drawing-rooms furnished with palms and plush divans, and an entrance-hall with columns and a marble floor. The Park was divided in opinion as to whether it more resembled a hotel or a railway station. Mr. Leary said he never went there without an impulse to push a button and order a drink. "Resist it," advised his wife. "It isn't Liberty Hall — or, if it is, the liberty is all on Mrs. Peyton's side."

This was assuredly true, Mrs. Peyton being a benevolent tyrant whom it was not well to cross in her occupation of doing good. The house constantly sheltered from two to half a dozen hangers-on, male or female — poor relations of her own or of other people. Them she bullied charitably until she had bullied her friends into giving them positions which they were generally incompetent to fill. She had always a governess or a companion or a secretary on hand, whom nobody wanted but somebody had to take. Or it was a wife who had quarreled with her husband or got bored with her household, and Mrs. Peyton never rested till she had scolded them together again. She lectured her dependents and her friends alike. She was as prodigal of advice as of money. She saw her friends' faults, and frankly spoke of them. If she thought you drank too much at dinner, or treated your wife badly, or lived beyond your means, she would tell you so. She was her brother's and her sister's keeper; and if, after being shown the light, they did not mend their ways, so much the worse for them! She was indignant and washed her hands of them. Of course she blundered inexhaustibly, as Providence always does; but if anybody showed her her mistake, she would be honestly, charmingly

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penitent. She was without guile and without false pride.

Perry had to wait for her half an hour after he reached the house, and he did not spend the time reflecting on her good qualities. She came breezily in about one o'clock, dressed in one of those wonderful garments that she seemed to have extracted from some one else's rag-bag. She was a big woman who looked magnificent in evening dress, when it fitted, and generally dowdy at other times. Clothes bored her. She kept an impecunious second cousin to do her shopping for her, and heedlessly wore the results. To-day she had on a black-and-tan striped costume and a fur hat which made her look like a pursy dowager. She greeted Perry coolly, and his internal fire leaped to a blaze.

"You got my letter?" she asked.

"Yes, indeed, I got it," said Perry. "And very much surprised I was to get it, too."

Mrs. Peyton took off her coat and sat down judicially before the fire. Perry remained standing in the dock.

"Surprised? Perhaps you think it was none of my business," proceeded Mrs. Peyton calmly. "But you knew Harriet was under my care — you couldn't expect me not to feel responsible."

"Responsible for what?" demanded Perry hotly.

"Why, for your making her in love with you, and then coolly telling her that you're going off to Tangier indefinitely."

"I haven't done anything of the kind!" cried Perry.

"Yes, indeed, you have. And you ought to be ashamed of yourself."

"But I — I tell you, I haven't! I never had an idea of making her in love with me. It's nonsense — you imagined it! What on earth would I want to do that for — even supposing I could? She isn't in love with me."

"She is."

"Oh, nonsense! Did she tell you so?"

"Yes, she did. She feels she'll never get over it."

"Oh, come! *Harriet?* That cool little piece of egotism? I don't believe it for a minute. She was kidding you."

"No, Perry Maxwell, she wasn't! The girl is terribly unhappy."

"Well, I can't help it," cried Perry. "I haven't made love to her. Did she say I had?"

"She — well, you see, Harriet is a girl who doesn't get a great deal of attention. She's rather cold and egotistic, as you say, and she isn't as popular as girls with half her beauty and cleverness. So, when you kept coming out here and showing an interest in her, of course she thought ——"

"But, see here, didn't you ask me to? Didn't you ask me to try and make it pleasant for her here, as a favor to you? You did! I don't see why I should be expected to fall in love with her, though, by Jove! But perhaps you did expect it?"

Mrs. Peyton looked a little guilty.

"I thought it would be nice if you did," she confessed.

"Well, I didn't! I think she's interesting, and I was sorry for her, and I tried to amuse her, and I enjoyed it. But I didn't fall in love with her, or make love to her. I never even kissed her. From your letter, one would think I was a Don Juan. Fellows don't do that kind of thing, you know."

"Oh, yes, they do," said Mrs. Peyton cynically.

"Well, I don't. I give you my word of honor, I never thought of such a thing. I was dumfounded by your letter. And I still believe you've been taken in by Harriet. She's got the histrionic temperament, you know, and she just wanted a little excitement. It's a pose. She isn't any more in love with me than I am with her."

Mrs. Peyton looked up at the young man's ruddy face and clear, steady blue eyes, across which the brows met, frowning and earnest.

"That's just like you men," she said after a moment, shifting her ground remorselessly. "You think that a woman can't possibly permit herself to love you unless you request her to. You go on being as charming to her as you can, without the slightest responsibility; and then, if she does lose her heart unasked, you're indignant."

Perry looked bewildered, then laughed painfully.

"'Sweet, thou hast trod on a heart,'" he quoted, with a ghastly cackle. "Oh, come, this is a little *too* ridiculous. I ain't such a charmer as all that."

"Well, I don't know," said Mrs. Peyton. "All I know is, Harriet is broken-hearted, and I certainly understood that she had been led to expect ——"

"It's all a game," declared Perry. "*Must* be. *She* doesn't want me — she's just amusing herself. Why, I bet if I faced her with it she'd back down quicker than —" A sudden look of horror overspread his face. "I wouldn't see her for a thousand dollars!" he gasped. "Is she — is she in the house?"

"Of course she is," said Mrs. Peyton. "And luncheon is just ready."

The butler appeared in the doorway as she spoke. Perry made a dive for his coat and hat.

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"This looks like guilt," said Mrs. Peyton, rising majestically.

"No — only fright," murmured Perry palely. "Does she know you wrote to me?"

"I didn't tell her I should. I don't know what she expected. But I hardly think she would have said what she did if she hadn't expected something."

"Well, I don't know what it could have been. I'm off. It's a muddle — if it isn't a plant. I can't help it! I don't believe a word of it, anyhow. I can't. Good-by."

"I shall write you again," said Mrs. Peyton, looking very dissatisfied. "Do you still mean to go to Tangier next week?"

"Why, yes," stammered Perry. "Good-by. Can I get out?"

He looked apprehensively into the hall; and, finding it clear of Harriet, fled.

He traveled back to town, having missed his luncheon, in a proportionately bad temper. He felt himself a much-injured man. Never again, he declared to himself, would he try to be kind and friendly to any woman. He would fly to the East, home of wisdom and of men who banished the female element to seclusion, where it belonged. He set himself to recall his last walk with Harriet, when he had babbled to her of his pleasure in being free at last to go back to Tangier; of the appeal to him of that calm, remote life; of the desire he had felt to turn his back forever on the struggling West, even to the point of wreathing his philosophic brow with the turban. Yes, he recollected, she had been very quiet as he talked; and then suddenly she had said she was tired, and they had gone back. But there was nothing unusual about that. She was usually quiet; she was always saying she was tired, and her face often wore the pinched look that had spoiled her beauty as he bade her good-by. She was anemic and stayed indoors too much; and for months he had tried to get her to walk and to eat more. He had made her get a pair of high, stout boots, and had urged her to take a tonic. There was nothing romantic about these attentions, or about his attitude toward her. He had laughed at her constitutional *Weltschmerz* — tried to jolly her out of her cynicism, which he pronounced a youthful pose; striven to reconcile her to the world that she condemned without knowing it. And — yes, he had enjoyed it. And many a time his heart had softened to the poor, pale, sorrowful beauty — purely platonically, you understand. That she had no good reason to be sorrowful had not made him less sorry for her. And now this was his reward — this discomfort, this feeling of guilt, quite undeserved!

It was no use just swearing at the situation as a wanton feminine tangle, and resolving to dismiss it from his mind. It wouldn't be dismissed. The thought that Harriet could possibly think that he had treated her unfairly haunted and hurt him during two busy days, while he continued his preparations for going to Tangier. Mrs. Peyton had asked him calmly if he still meant to go to Tangier. Well, rather! He was free and his own master, he hoped! If a man could live to thirty and keep out of matrimony and other serious entanglements, he certainly deserved to spend his hard-earned leisure as he chose. What good could he do by not going to Tangier? — even supposing — and Perry, having the usual amount of masculine modesty, was finally brought reluctantly to suppose it — that a girl imagined herself in love with him? Needless to say, he couldn't marry her. For one thing, no decent girl, much less Harriet, would take him on such terms. For another, he assuredly wouldn't offer himself. He was no worldly prize, whatever he might be in other respects. Happily, nobody could wish to marry him for a home, and certainly he would never marry for one, nor for any other reason than that he jolly well wanted to; and that contingency was as remote as ever — quite beyond the horizon.

On the third day came Mrs. Peyton's letter:

Dear Perry:

Harriet has left me abruptly — gone to the Wilshires. I wash my hands of her — she is certainly the most unreasonable person I ever knew. Will you believe that she assumed to be indignant with me because I had — she said — betrayed her confidence to you? As if she hadn't meant that I should tell you! When I reproached her for misleading me about your attitude to her, she denied the whole thing — said she had never said you had made love to her. Now, she knew that I so understood it, and she must have known that I would do something about it. I am at least active, though I may not be capable of reading the mazes of such a mind as hers — and, goodness knows, I don't want to! You are right about her — she is one mass of pose. The best thing you can do is just to drop the whole thing, and let her get over it. I feel now you were not to blame, and I apologize for my letter to you. But almost any one might be taken in by Harriet, much more single, straightforward people like you and me. I'm glad you weren't taken in. I would like to shake her!

Yours penitently,

LUCIA P.

Just drop the whole thing! Yes, that was easy, wasn't it?

If Perry had been uncomfortable before, he now became positively unhappy. He thought Mrs. Peyton extremely unfeeling. What right had she to condemn Harriet as "one mass of pose"? Supposing he had said it himself? A woman ought to understand a woman better than that. But, of course, you could hardly

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"'YES, INDEED, YOU HAVE. AND YOU OUGHT TO BE ASHAMED OF YOURSELF'"

expect a blunt person like Lucia Peyton to comprehend a girl like Harriet. Perry himself was very conscious that he didn't understand her. But evidently his first impression had been a sorely mistaken one. Harriet hadn't fibbed about him; Mrs. Peyton had misunderstood. Harriet hadn't meant him to know — she had been overcome at finding that Mrs. Peyton had betrayed her. That looked sadly like genuine feeling — poor little girl! And Mrs. Peyton thought he could "just drop it" and go off carefree to his holiday. She had spoiled it for him. If she had only held her tongue! And yet, he didn't wish that she had, somehow, after all — for perhaps Harriet had misunderstood him, and he wanted to set that right. He went on half-heartedly making ready to go; but Harriet haunted him. If she cared for him, he knew just how it had come about. He had been a sort of window into life for her. His joy of living had warmed her. She would miss him. He had been a live interest to her — and she had not many. And, meaning only to cheer her a little, irresponsibly, he had hurt her, harmed her. It only showed that one couldn't mix up with human beings at all, unless one were willing to be responsible for unmeant harm. It came to this, that he couldn't go without writing to her or seeing her. But what, in heaven's name, could he say? Impossible to write — he tried it. He must see her. He hadn't the least notion what he could say, but he resolved to go out unannounced to the Wilshires, and trust to the moment.

They were a jolly household — a pair of permanently juvenile parents and three strapping, athletic girls. It was pathetic to think of Harriet fleeing to them for shelter; but, if she wanted to be unnoticed and let alone, it was not a bad place. The house was always full of people, gaiety, and noise. Visitors were expected to make their own choice of the variety of sports provided and to entertain themselves. Beyond seeing that they had abundance to eat and drink, the family paid little attention to them.

It was a bitter cold day when Perry set forth again into the country. He found no vehicle at the station, and had to walk half a mile to the house, where he was given a whisky-and-soda and told that the family was skating on the lake. Even Harriet was out. He walked another half

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mile, and discovered the three girls and two young men, in sweaters as red as their cheeks, executing fancy figures on the ice. They greeted him with shouts, and said that Harriet was somewhere about. He found the parent Wilshires sitting by a bonfire and roasting marshmallows; and there was Harriet, too, huddled up on a log, a bundle of brown furs. She saw him, and her face went scarlet, then white. Mr. Wilshire, a portly gentleman in knickerbockers, made Perry boisterously welcome, and handed over to him a sharpened stick with a half-toasted marshmallow on the end.

"Mightily glad you've come — you must stay a couple of days. We wanted somebody to amuse this little girl here!" he shouted. "The others are a bit too lively for her, and she rather mopes — don't you, Harry? Where are my skates? I'm off — see you at lunch in half an hour. Mother, you'd better come along with me, and let the young folks move on. Harry wants to get some color into those cheeks of hers."

In an appallingly short time Perry and Harriet were left alone. Harriet looked up.

"Did you know I was here?" she asked chillingly.

"Yes; I came to see you," he answered.

"Then you ought not to have come."

Perry threw the stick and the marshmallow into the fire. "I wanted to see you again," he stammered.

"You said good-by to me a week ago. You didn't expect to see me again then."

He was silent. Well, he had not expected it to be pleasant!

"Won't you get up and walk with me a bit?" he asked. "You look half frozen."

"Yes; I'll go back to the house."

She rose — a tall, slim, straight shape, with a small face that looked dead-white against the brown fur.

"I suppose Lucia Peyton told you I was here," she said, in the same cold voice.

"Yes."

"She's a fool."

"And I'm another, I suppose?"

Harriet was silent.

She could certainly be very disagreeable, Perry reflected, as they walked side by side through the wintry woods. Her delicate profile wore its most repellent look. Her long eyelids drooped with an expression of ineffable weariness. He was used to think that that expression hid a complete lack of feeling; but now ——

"Harriet, don't be rough on me," he begged. "Perhaps I'm an idiot, as you say; but we've been such good friends!"

Harriet stopped short and turned suddenly blazing eyes on him.

"I hate you!" she said. "I hate Lucia Peyton, and I hate myself. She misunderstood horridly what I was fool enough to say to her. If you believed what she told you, you ought never to have come near me. But now you have come,— I'm sure I don't know why, unless it was to make me more miserable than I was before,— I wish you'd please go away again."

"I will," said Perry. "Good-by. I'll cut through here to the station."

"Of course I don't mean that. You must come back with me and stay to luncheon. Otherwise I shall have the whole family at me with questions and suspicions."

"Oh, very well — as you say," he said grimly.

They walked on again.

Harriet certainly was an egotist, Perry thought angrily. She didn't think of him — of how deucedly uncomfortable it was for him — for a moment. He did not speak until the house loomed up white through the leafless trees. Then he said hurriedly:

"What I wanted to tell you was that, of course, I understood. I mean, whatever Mrs. Peyton imagined, I knew well enough that you — that it was a mistake, about you. I don't want you to think that I thought for a moment it was true. And it has been so pleasant to me — our friendship — that I felt I couldn't go without knowing that you understood — that you wouldn't let whatever Mrs. Peyton said bother you. It was just a mistake of hers. Why should we let it spoil our feeling for each other? Why should you say you hate me? You don't hate me, do you?"

She did not answer, and, looking earnestly at her, Perry saw a tear slide down her cheek. She hid it instantly with her muff, and then said:

"No, I didn't mean it. You've been very good to me."

Perry was so overcome by the tears, the unheard-of gentleness of her voice and words, that he could only follow her in silence into the house. There was no one in the big hall with its blazing log fire. Harriet slipped away up the stairs, and did not come down again until the whole party were assembled and luncheon announced. She sat opposite him, but the length of the table away, and, if she had talked, he could not have heard her low voice in the robust babble of the others. With mighty appetites the Wilshires and their other guests assailed the roast beef and Yorkshire pudding. Perry watched Harriet covertly. She did not once look at him. Her long eyelids drooped, with a chastened look of

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"'WHY SHOULD YOU SAY YOU HATE ME? YOU DON'T HATE ME, DO YOU?'"

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"HE WENT ON HALF-HEARTEDLY MAKING READY TO GO, BUT HARRIET HAUNTED HIM"

tears. She wore a brown corduroy dress; her dusky hair and eyes were the same color. She looked, as she often did, remote, pathetic, somehow suggesting Maeterlinck's frail, intangible women — a being out of tune with life, helpless, with idle, empty hands.

Perry saw her refuse, with a shudder, the red, succulent beef. She seemed to lunch on biscuits and milk. He felt a desire to shake her, to lecture her, to — well, to kiss her! But, alas! the time had gone by for the harmless two of those occupations; and for the third it was certainly no time to begin.

Or was it?

Perry pulled himself up with a start, and for the rest of the meal devoted himself to hearty Phyllis Wilshire on his left.

His visit was unsatisfactory, of course. It left him just where he had been before. No, not quite. He had a new picture of Harriet, with tears on her cheeks, speaking gently from behind a muff. This picture stayed in his mind, which was a new thing. He had before recognized Harriet's beauty; but it had not touched him, appealed to him, lingered with him.

Now he could not get her out of his mind — and he did not want to. He realized shamefacedly that it was pleasant to think of her. It was low to be flattered by the idea of her feeling for him, and yet he was. He was touched by it, and began to feel very tenderly toward Harriet. Mrs. Peyton telegraphed, asking him to go out for dinner before he sailed; but he replied, regretting that he was too rushed. He did not want to talk about Harriet. He omitted to say that he had just put off his sailing for two weeks.

He telephoned to the Wilshires because of something he had forgotten to say to Harriet, only to find that she had left there and gone to an aunt who lived in a small Connecticut town. This place was the nearest thing to a home that Harriet possessed. She was an orphan, and traveled about a good deal, on a tiny income of her own. Between-times she stayed with the aunt, who was distinctly queer. Perry was much vexed that she should have gone there now. He wrote to her, making the request he had forgotten before, which was that she would write to him frequently, beginning with telling him her plans for the next few months. He hoped she didn't mean to stay where she was, said he should miss her very much, and asked an immediate reply. Not receiving one, he telegraphed. Harriet responded by wire:

Shall stay here till spring. Will write sometimes, but not much to write about. *Bon voyage.*

He was much put out. Of all possible ways of spending the next few months, Harriet had chosen the worst for herself. He recalled one visit he had made at that house — the chill eeriness of it, the wasted, brilliant-eyed woman whose obvious crack in the brain let in strange fancies out of the dark. It was intolerable to think of Harriet staying there. He telegraphed, asking what afternoon he could run out for a couple of hours. Harriet replied: "Don't bother. Am resting. Prefer you should not come." Perry spent ten minutes in considering whether she meant "don't bother me" or "don't bother yourself." Then he set his jaw grimly and looked up the trains.

"I simply will not have you stay here!" he cried to Harriet, when he had haled her forth from the house. "If you do, you'll be as dotty as your aunt by spring! That kind of thing is catching — indeed, it is; and you're — well, I won't say you're exactly predisposed to it, but you're very impressionable — oh, hang it, that's not what I meant! But you can't stay, that's all."

"But, really, I haven't any other place to stay," Harriet explained. "And I rather like it. She doesn't talk to me when I don't want to be talked to. She doesn't bother me."

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"But what you need is to be bothered," snorted Perry. "Why don't you go abroad? You've got friends in England and Italy; go and visit them."

"They haven't asked me."

"Well, go anyway, on your own hook. You've done it before. See here, why don't you come to Tangier? Girls travel everywhere alone nowadays, and I'd look after you. You'd enjoy it — it's novel, picturesque. Why not come, Harriet? I'd like it awfully."

She smiled dreamily. "It would be nice; but I can't go abroad this year."

By dint of hammering, Perry discovered that she had not money enough to go. She was very gentle that day — seemed gratified by his interest in her, and apologized for appearing such a forlorn person. It was a new Harriet — polite, composed, quite resolute. He was not to worry about her any more. It was none of his business, she hinted mildly. And he knew that Lucia Peyton, who by now had started for Florida, had invited Harriet to go with her there. Before their break it had been all arranged. He hazarded a question here. Harriet flushed and said sharply: "Oh, of course I couldn't sponge on Lucia Peyton now."

Ruffled, she put an end to the discussion, declared she had a headache, and insisted on going back to the house. She did not ask him to stay to dinner, and, when he requested an invitation, explained that they did not dine.

"You know, two women together — all we want is tea and toast," she smiled.

"Then come out and eat a beefsteak with me somewhere," said Perry savagely. "I suppose we can find one in this forsaken town."

"I doubt it. And, anyhow, I don't feel like talking any more." And she looked her very weariest.

"Oh, very well. Forgive me for boring you. Of course I know when I'm frozen out — though perhaps you think I don't. I'll say this, anyhow, Harriet: you could give pointers to a cold-storage plant for hospitality. But never mind. Of course, if you want to make me thoroughly uncomfortable, you know how to do it."

"Don't bully," said Harriet.

Having totally lost his temper and gained nothing, Perry returned to town.

He now discovered that it is misery to be preoccupied with a person whom you can't bully. If you could bully that person, naturally you wouldn't be preoccupied with her; you would just tell her what she had to do, and she would do it, and your mind would be free to consider more important things. Why, oh, why had the West turned its back on the immemorial wisdom of the East? Out there Harriets were not permitted to become a problem. Tucked away safely behind a curtain, a Harriet might be an agreeable companion. Of course the curtain needn't hide any one but Harriet; she would be a whole harem in herself, he reflected. It would be pleasant to have coffee with her in the garden — he supposed she might be permitted to come as far as the garden. She would be veiled, and her veil would be lifted only to him. She would have nothing to do but to think of him. Perhaps she would like that,— if she really liked him she would,— and he thought he would like it, too. Should he propose it to her?

He smoked a great many meditative pipes over the proposition, regarding himself as a fascinatingly free agent, and not sensible for a moment of a hook in the jaw. Harriet was not like some girls; she would not expect him to make money or a social position for her. She would understand that he wanted to possess his soul in peace, and that a man who had once sunk deep into that calm life, with its four times daily reminder of eternal things, couldn't get back into the trivial hustle of the West. He knew a spot of land high up on a cliff-side overlooking the blue strait; he would build a white four-square house there, and Harriet might live in it, if she would be good and not bother him, but only offer incense at due times. . . . In something soft and blue, with a veil over her dusky hair, and her eyes glowing and softening as he had never yet seen them. . . . (The hook was pretty fast by this time.)

A week later Perry had thrown the handkerchief; and it had been handed back to him, promptly and firmly. Instead of coming to his arms, all softness and joy, Harriet had frozen into a statue of ice with an icicle for a tongue. She had even laughed at him. He had never heard of a girl not being commonly polite to a man who asked her to marry him! Tradition informed him that a proposal of marriage should be taken as a compliment, and, if declined, declined gently. But Harriet had been positively rude.

"I'm not quite so badly off as that!" she had said. "There isn't anything I wouldn't rather do than marry you," she had added. "So you did believe it, after all!" she had taunted him. "You've been thinking it all this time, and racking your brains to arrange my future for me. And this is all you can think of!"

There was enough truth in this to deprive him of speech to protest; there was enough falsehood to make him thoroughly conscious, at last, of the barb.

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Instead of a kind-hearted, affectionate person conferring a benefit, he had been made to look like a fool. Oh, yes, he had felt like a fool, all right. Why hadn't he taken Lucia Peyton's advice and "just dropped it"? Why, why had he taken it for granted that Harriet was pining for him? Yes, he had believed it. Of course she laughed at him. But now, not for all the Lucia Peytons in the world would he drop it. His vanity had been rent from him. It was a superficial drapery, and he let it go. He sat humbly down to think things over. By Jove, she had said it once, and he would make her say it again! If it took all winter, he would; and he wouldn't go without her.

He soon discovered that kissing a girl, even with conviction, is not the way to make her own her love. Not a girl like Harriet, at least. She seemed stonily resolved not to admit even that he cared for her, much less that she cared for him. Apparently she was prepared to stand a siege — and a siege it became. It really seemed that it would take all winter. He reminded her mournfully, now and then, that time was passing, that they were missing the blue and white and golden days out yonder; and she always said it was a pity, and urged him to lose no more. He thought she enjoyed tormenting him; and yet, she did not seem to flourish on it. She grew thinner and paler and more irritable. They quarreled almost as often as they met.

By now Perry's first fond picture, of Harriet offering incense, had become badly dented and dimmed. But another, more vivid, came and abode with him, and grew more aggravatingly clear each day: just Harriet — there, or here, or anywhere. Just Harriet! The conviction that she needed him was gone — kicked out of sight — didn't matter. The point was that he needed her. To make her see that point took, day after day, all his energy and life. And he thought he had never met so dense a female. Usually they were ready enough to believe it, if you told them so day after day, and proved it by giving up your most cherished pleasures. But Harriet had her answer always: "No, you don't. I don't believe it. You're only saying it to be kind."

"Oh, kind!" he howled, with a mad desire to beat her. "Do you suppose a man marries a woman to be *kind* to her?"

She was like the wintry earth iron-bound in frost. Day by day he tried to melt her, and failed.

One evening, when the suddenly warm air touched the cold earth and the snow was vanishing in mist, they sat together on the steps of the house. They had been talking — or Perry had, and he was very tired. He had just told her bitterly that he had given up going to Tangier.

"Not my fault," she said.

"Yes, yours," he said sullenly.

Then they sat in silence for some time, Perry looking sadly at the vague red sunset beyond the skeleton trees. The air was soft and damply sweet; he turned his cheek to it as to a caress. In the stillness he heard the dropping of the mist on the leaves, the stirring of the wet earth under the snow patches. It was the turn of the year — a newly stirring spirit. . . .

He became conscious that Harriet was looking at him, and averted his face impatiently. He was tired, and he had caught a confounded cold. Yes, there might be tears in his eyes, but hanged if she should see them!

An arm went round his neck, a palm firmly pressed his cheek. Reluctantly he turned his head.

"You're — you're crying for Tangier!" Harriet taunted quaveringly.

"No — for the moon," he said grimly.

"You only want it because you can't get it."

"Yes, of course. Your perspicacity is amazing."

"If you got it you would not want it."

"You wouldn't risk that, on the chance — of course not!"

"Well, it's a good deal to risk, isn't it?"

"I risk it, too, don't I? And I'm willing."

"Oh, well, if that's all," said Harriet tremulously, "so am I."

From Tangier, in the first quarter of the moon of honey, Harriet wrote secretly to Mrs. Peyton, and sent her a piece of native embroidery in purple and silver.

When Mrs. Peyton's answer came, two months later, — sweet, warm, and rejoicing with them, — Perry read it, out in the garden, and smiled.

"Good old girl!" he said. "But what did you write her, Harriet?"

"I thanked her," said Harriet demurely.

"Oh, I say! It would have happened anyhow, you know — bound to," said the bridegroom loftily.

But, now, would it?

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"'I THANKED HER,' SAID HARRIET DEMURELY"

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"THE WAVE BROKE OVER THE 'OSIRIS,' AND DALTON, ALMOST UNCONSCIOUS, STOOD ALONE UPON THE DECK".

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Dalton of the "Osiris"

Illustration by W. J. Aylward

THE winter day was cold and clear. The wind, a biting blast from the north, with the free sweep of over two hundred miles of open water behind it, had raised great white-capped waves, which dashed madly over the newly constructed breakwater. Inside the haven of safety anchored vessels tossed restlessly, while the craft tied up to the piers grated and ground against the fast splintering fenders. Few there were who exposed themselves to the hurtling force and biting cold of the gale; it was the greatest "blow" that had been known for years upon the Lakes. At six o'clock the night before the weather had been thick and muggy, but quiet, with what little wind there was at the south; by seven o'clock it had veered first to northwest, then to north, and by eight o'clock it had reached a velocity of nearly sixty miles an hour.

"A puff from the north," said the experienced watermen who gathered in the bar-room of the tavern upon the lake-front that evening to "talk it over." "A puff from the north. 'Twill blow itself out by midnight."

Upon this point all agreed save "Jimmy" Dalton, commander of the Chemical Company's tank barge, the *Osiris*, then lying at the company wharf, her tanks full of vitriol, ready to start out upon her long journey up the lake to Clairton, a hundred and fifty miles north. He puffed moodily upon his pipe and said nothing.

Dalton had sailed aboard the *Osiris* more years than he cared to remember. He had followed the sea as a young man, and when, some forty-odd years before, he had landed in the "States," he had drifted West "to see the country." An empty pocket-book had driven him to seek employment at the Chemical Works, where his knowledge of ropes and knots soon made him a valuable man as a "rigger." Then the *Osiris* was launched, and he had applied for a position as her commander, and it had been given to him. In all the years that had passed since his appointment, he had never missed a trip. Captain and barge had grown old together. The company had added new barges to its fleet. Most of them had gone to the "marine graveyard" or had been lost on the Lakes; but the old *Osiris* still held on, where newer, larger, and stronger barges failed.

Dalton had married soon after he obtained command of the *Osiris*. Jeanie Downs, the daughter of one of the acid-makers at the Works, had been the bride. The young couple traveled together upon the *Osiris*, and life seemed very fair to them. But their happiness was short-lived. Less than a year after they were married Jeanie stayed ashore while Dalton made a trip up the Lake. When he returned, those with whom he left her met him on the wharf, where, with white, drawn faces, they told him that at the house there awaited his coming something that had once been his wife, and a little daughter. The child had lived.

As the years passed by, life held but two things of interest to Dalton — his barge and the child. The girl grew up and married the captain of another of the Company's barges, who had sailed long with Dalton as a mate. Dalton often visited their snug home, and delighted to have his grandchildren climb upon his knees and pull his grizzled beard and search his pockets for the goodies that he always brought them; but he never slept ashore.

Now, at sixty-seven, he was tall,— over six feet,— broad-shouldered, and muscular, with a bronzed and weather-beaten face, which framed a pair of keen, piercing gray eyes. He looked younger than his years, and, in a physical way, was a better man than many who were years younger than himself.

"Ye've said nothin', Dalton," at last observed the waterman nearest to him. "What think ye of the weather?"

Dalton slowly removed the pipe from his mouth and for a moment stared uncomprehendingly at the speaker, who repeated his question.

"The weather?" he said at last,— "the weather? The gale will last all night — mayhap till to-morrow noon; then 'twill fall flat — for a time; but we'll have more of it by to-morrow night, come supper-time; more of it — and worse, mayhap."

There was a chorus of dissent: the men around him had faith in his judgment, but upon this point he stood alone in his belief. He listened

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patiently while they again advanced their opinions.

"That's all well enough for an ordinary storm," he said, "but this isn't an ordinary storm; it's a gale of wind out of a clear sky. I've been through one like it. 'Twas just after I got the *Osiris*, and I nearly lost her — and myself with her. We were out on the Lake, maybe fifty miles from here. It came on just like this, and it blew for hours. The tug and the tow — there were three barges on — weathered the first blow. But the second — man alive! — the tug held us up to wind'ard as long as she could; but at last she had to give in. The *Osiris* was the barge next to her. I stood at the bow and Archie Campbell was at the wheel — poor Archie, he's been dead these thirty years agone; they gave him a barge the next winter, and the ice finished her and her crew before the end of the season. I stood in the bow and saw one of the deck-hands aboard the tug cut the hawser; they had given up the fight and meant to run for it. I saw the tug's head come around as they tried to get her before the wind, but she never got around. She turned broadside onto the rollers, then a great lipper of a wave came along and swept right over her. She never came up; her yawl filled with water, drifted past us, and that was all we saw of her afterwards. The other two barges parted their towlines and drifted away to the leeward, and that was the last we ever saw of them, too. They were the *Rameses* and the *Cleopatra*, both new boats not a year old."

He paused for a moment, lost in gloomy reflection, then he roused himself.

"Once you see a gale like that — and live through it — you'll never forget it, nor the signs that go with it," he said.

"And what did you do with the *Osiris?*" asked one of the younger among the crowd of listeners (most of the older men had heard the tale before). "How did you manage to weather the storm?"

"We got sail on the *Osiris* and lay to; we drifted until the gale blew itself out, and for two days afterward until we made port."

A few minutes later Dalton arose from his place by the fireside, and, bidding the company good night, started for the wharf.

"The same — the very same," he muttered, as he strode along, leaning heavily forward to counterbalance the force of the gale; "but this time the old *Osiris* and I are in harbor, and 'tis well that we are; she's not the barge she once was, nor am I the man."

By noon of the next day the gale had apparently blown itself out, the wind had settled down to a steady breeze from the north, and the waves, although still running high, were rapidly diminishing in force; they no longer broke over the breakwater, and inside of it the water was almost as motionless as on a still summer day.

The tug *Storm King*, one of the largest and fastest of the harbor tugs, drew s'owly up alongside of the *Osiris*, and her captain hailed Dalton.

"Hurry up, Dalton," he called. "Cast off and we'll make fast to you. We've lost a lot of time already — eighteen hours of it; but I'll make some of that up after we get under way."

"Don't be in a hurry, Graham," replied Dalton slowly; "to my mind, we haven't seen the last of this blow yet — there's more coming."

"More coming!" cried Graham. "Why, man, all the signs point to clear weather."

"To clear weather, but not to calm weather," was Dalton's reply. "The old *Osiris* is too weak to be trusted in a heavy seaway such as we'll have in a few more hours."

"I have my orders to get under way as soon as possible. Got yours?"

"Yes. But I'm going up to see the superintendent first."

A tall, angular figure, Dalton strode away up the wharf and through the yard to the office. Here he found Hallock, the superintendent.

"I thought you were away by this time, Dalton," observed that gentleman rather sharply. "That's a rush order for the Kaska Company, and we are over eighteen hours behind with it now. I have ordered Graham to drive the *Storm King* for all she is worth. Hasn't he hooked up yet?"

"He's alongside," said Dalton coldly. Few of the men liked Hallock, and least of all Dalton. Hallock's manner toward his men was not such as to inspire kindly feelings toward him; he was inclined to be arrogant and dictatorial.

"Alongside? Well, why aren't you off, then? What can I do for you?"

"Mr. Hallock," said Dalton steadily, "it's no time to be going now. This gale ——"

"Is over," replied Hallock sharply. "There is no excuse for further delay."

"I beg your pardon, sir, but it isn't over; we'll get more of it before night, and worse, mayhap. The old *Osiris* isn't strong enough to stand it, if it comes on to blow again like it did last night. She needed repairs in the fall, but she didn't get 'em, and she's weak."

The question of repairs to the *Osiris* was a sore one between Dalton and Hallock. The former had asked for them, and the latter had refused to have them made.

"She has run all right in some pretty stiff blows this winter," observed Hallock acidly.

"But no gales, sir. If you want to be sure of delivering that vitriol, Mr. Hallock, you'd better

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wait until this second norther blows itself out. We'll get it up in a jiffy then."

"If you are afraid to take the *Osiris* out, Dalton, just say so," observed Hallock, "and I'll get some one else to do it." To himself he thought: "The man is getting old and we'll soon have to lay him aside."

Dalton's face flushed redly, and his big hands clenched the railing, upon which he leaned, so hard that it creaked. For a full minute the two men stood looking each other in the eye. Hallock's eyes finally fell before Dalton's steady gaze.

"Mr. Hallock," said Dalton at last, speaking slowly and sternly, "in the forty-odd years that I've spent at these Works you're the first man to say that I'm a coward. I'm not one. What I've told you I've told you for the Company's good and yours. I thought it my duty to warn you. I went through one of these northers in the old *Osiris* years ago, and I know what they are and the danger that goes with them. If, after what I've told you, you still see fit to order me out, I'll obey orders."

For a moment Hallock hesitated. But the idea of giving in to a subordinate was intolerable to him.

"You are to go, and at once," he said.

Dalton departed without a word. As he went down through the yard, he met the foreman; the two were old friends.

"Can you spare me two men, Wade?" he asked. "Two strong young fellows — single men, both? I've a notion that this trip is going to be more risky than common, and I want extra help with me."

Wade looked up at the clear blue sky.

"It don't look it, Dalton," he remarked.

"Do you remember the night when the *Cleopatra* was lost?" Dalton asked.

Wade nodded.

"This is the same kind of a blow. We'll get more before night. You'll give me the men?"

"I'll send them down to you right away."

"I'll be ready in a few minutes," Dalton called to Graham, as he stepped aboard the *Osiris*. "I'm waiting for two extra men."

He went below, and, sitting down at the cabin table, began to write. The task was a slow and laborious one for him, cramped and stiffened as his hands were by years of toil. By the time that he had finished and inclosed the scrawl in an envelop the extra men were aboard the barge. He hurried on deck and handed the letter to a man upon the wharf, with a request that he would deliver it to his daughter. His face was set and stern as he stepped into the wheel-house, but its expression became tender and wistful as his eyes rested for a moment upon a little cottage upon the bluffs at the back of the town.

"God bless you, Jeanie," he muttered softly — "bless you for your own sake and the sake of the other Jeanie that's gone all these long and weary years."

The *Storm King's* propeller threshed the water, and the *Osiris* began to move slowly ahead; following the tug, she made a graceful sweep athwart the harbor, and headed away for the breakwater. An hour later the man in the tower at the end of the stone pile could determine her position only by a faint black smudge of smoke far away to the northwest. Graham was doing his best to cut down the time of the run between the Works and Clairton.

That afternoon Wade paid particular attention to the fastenings of the smokestacks; he had the faith in Dalton which Hallock lacked, and had taken his words as a warning to be heeded. Hallock found him, late in the afternoon, overseeing a gang of men who were busily engaged in strengthening a wire guy that had been somewhat weakened by the late blow, and, in his usual assertive manner, he asked him why he did it.

"I'm getting it in shape to withstand a gale, Mr. Hallock," was Wade's reply.

"A gale? The gale is over."

"Dalton doesn't think so, sir."

"Dalton!" sneered Hallock. "What does Dalton know about it? Do you all swear by Dalton around here?"

"He's followed the water a good many years, Mr. Hallock — and he knows." Wade was loyal to his old friend.

"Humph!" observed Hallock, and walked away. In spite of his usual self-confidence, he felt a little uneasy.

Hallock went home to supper at six o'clock. As he walked along, Dalton's words of warning still rang in his ears. He had learned that Dalton had called for two extra men. Evidently the old man was sincere in his belief that there would be another gale. Then he looked up at the clear sky and the twinkling stars and was reassured.

"It's all a delusion upon Dalton's part," he muttered, as he entered his house. "He is overcautious; it is a common failing of old age."

By the time that supper was over he felt entirely at his ease again; and, as he sat after the meal chatting with his wife, he told her of Dalton's prediction, and laughingly alluded to it as "an old man's whim."

He had scarcely finished speaking when there arose a sound outside the house. Shrill and insistent, it continued for a moment — then died away — only to arise again. Both he and his wife listened intently, their faces paling as it continued, finally settling down into a shrill, steady

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roar — the roar of a gale heavier than the one of the night before.

Hallock rose unsteadily to his feet and passed from the dining-room into the hall. When he reappeared a few minutes later he was in his overcoat and cap.

"I must go to the Works," he said. "You are not afraid to stay alone for a time, are you? It may be possible to do something to help Dalton and the men with him."

"No, no," she answered. "Go. Go quickly. I am not afraid. I will wait up for you."

She accompanied him to the door. She was trembling as he kissed her.

"You are afraid," he said. "I will get one of the neighbors to come in and stay with you."

"I am not afraid," she repeated. "But — but it seemed like an answer to what you had just said."

The gale drove Hallock before it to the Works, and he marveled at its fierceness as he hastened upon his way; there were times when he thought that it would sweep him off his feet. Overhead the stars were still shining; clear and bright they were, and it seemed to him that they mocked in silent contempt the scene of tumult beneath them. As he drew near to the Works he could hear the thunder of the seas upon the breakwater, and once, as he passed an opening in the houses, he could see that they were going clear over it, as they had done the night before.

In the office he found Wade. The latter had come down to see that everything was all right. In troubled silence the two men looked at each other for a moment. Wade was the first to speak:

"A bad night this, Mr. Hallock. It has turned out as Dalton said it would; this blow is worse than the other one." Then he voiced his chief anxiety: "I wonder where Dalton is by this time."

"Safe, I hope," replied Hallock, forcing a ghastly smile in an effort to appear calm and at his ease. For a moment his will triumphed over his fears; then, with the recollection of Dalton's last words, he lost control of himself, his face became white, and he sank into the nearest chair.

"Can't we do something — anything — to save him? The tugs — order them out, Wade; tell the captains to go to his assistance."

"A tug can't get out of the harbor now, Mr. Hallock," Wade said quietly but firmly, "much less live after she gets out. Poor Dalton is in other hands than ours. God be good to him!"

For a long time neither spoke.

"I sent him," said Hallock hoarsely, at last — "I sent him! It was upon my order that he went. He warned me of the danger; but I thought that he had turned coward in his old age, and told him that if he was afraid I would get some one else to go in his place."

"Jim Dalton a coward? Never!" cried Wade. "There isn't a braver man on the Lakes than Dalton. You couldn't have held him back with a team of horses after you said that to him."

There was a knock at the office door. Wade opened it and admitted two persons — a man and a woman.

"I'm M'Leish, Dalton's son-in-law," said the man bluntly, "and this," laying a large hand tenderly upon the woman's shoulder, "is my wife. Have you any news from the old man yet?"

"Nothing," replied Hallock dully. It seemed to him that there was a wordless accusation in the woman's eyes as she turned them upon him, eagerly searching for something that might afford a ray of hope.

"We got a letter from him; it said that he had orders to go out, although he mistrusted the weather. From the way he wrote," added M'Leish, in a whisper intended for Hallock's ear alone, "he thought that it might be his last trip; he said that the barge lacked needed repairs and that she was shaky beneath him. Jeanie was anxious and overwrought about it, and would have me bring her down here to see if you had any news, good or bad."

"Nothing," Hallock repeated.

The telephone bell rang sharply. Its sound galvanized him into action. The instrument stood upon his desk, and he mechanically took the receiver from its hook and answered.

"Is that the Chemical Works at Undine?" came the reply.

"Yes." The voice did not seem to him to be his own; it appeared to come faint and far, from other lips than his.

"This is the Cohanset Life-Saving Station. One of your tugs — the *Storm King* — came ashore here an hour ago. We managed to save two of the crew — Captain Graham and Engineer M'Dermott. The other five were lost. We have recovered the bodies of three of them; the others are still missing, and our men are looking for them."

Hallock had not expected this. The *Storm King* was the newest and strongest of the Company's tugs, and it had never occurred to him that she would be in any particular danger; his fears had been for the barge. For a moment he sat stunned, while his companions gazed at him in a mute agony of supplication. Then he gathered his faculties sufficiently to ask the question upon the answer to which hung the happiness of the woman before him.

"What of the barge *Osiris*?" he asked. "She had her in tow."

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"Did she have the *Osiris?* Wait a minute."

For some moments he could hear a muttered conversation at the other end of the line; then:

"Captain Graham has just come to; he's not very clear in his speech as yet, but from what he says we make out that the barge broke adrift soon after the gale began. He tried to get up to her again, but while he was getting the tug's head around she drifted out of sight to leeward."

"Do you think that there was any chance for the barge?" faltered Hallock.

"Little or none. When a powerful tug like the *Storm King* is driven ashore in spite of her engines, there is but little hope for a barge like the old *Osiris*. I'm afraid that Dalton has made his last trip. We'll take care of Graham and M'Dermott until you send for them. Is there any other question you would like to ask? No? Good-by."

With a mighty effort Hallock controlled himself. Turning to the others, he imparted the news that he had just received. Wade and M'Leish received it calmly; it was no more than they had expected to hear. Mrs. M'Leish heard him to the end, and then sank silently upon the floor. When they had revived her and her husband had taken her away, Hallock turned to Wade.

"There is no use in our staying here any longer," he said; "we can do no good here."

Wade assented. Together they left the Works and walked up through the town. When they reached the corner where their paths diverged, they parted in silence. Neither of them slept that night. And the gale howled and shrieked and moaned louder and louder as the night advanced.

After the *Storm King* and her tow had cleared the breakwater and straightened away upon their course, Dalton called one of the extra men to the wheel-house and turned the wheel over to him; then he strode forward. The *Osiris* carried two stumpy masts and three sails — a jib and two sails known as "lugs." The lugs were triangular pieces of canvas, small in spread; they were of little aid in urging the hull through the water, and were seldom used except in cases of dire necessity, when they served a purpose in aiding the barge to lie to or scud before the wind. The jib was tied down tightly upon the stumpy bowsprit and the lugs were lashed tightly to their booms. Dalton cast the jib loose, then retied it loosely. Then he went to the foremast and, casting off the lashings of the lug, hoisted it, taking particular care to see that the wooden rings attached to the sail ran easily upon the mast. They did not quite suit him, and he called one of the crew and ordered him aloft with a bucket of grease to "slush down" the mast; then he carefully and minutely examined the shrouds and stays. This inspection seemed to satisfy him, and, after loosely refurling the lug, he went aft to repeat the performance at the mainmast, where he found everything to his liking. The crew eyed his movements curiously, but none of them ventured to make any remarks: they respected both the man and his skill too much for that.

The afternoon passed slowly. After Dalton finished his tour of inspection he went into the wheel-house and sat down behind the man at the wheel. Filling his pipe, he lit it and sat smoking in somber silence, looking straight ahead of him at the *Storm King* as she wallowed heavily yet swiftly along. Never had the old *Osiris* traveled faster, he thought to himself; Graham was certainly doing his best to cut down the running time between the Works and Clairton.

Only once during the afternoon did Dalton speak, and that was when the man at the wheel began to whistle softly the refrain of a popular song.

"Why do you whistle?" he demanded, with some asperity.

The man, a young fellow scarcely of age, laughed lightly.

"I'm whistlin' for wind, Captain," he replied, "for just such a wind as we had last night, only aft of us, to make a quick trip to Clairton; then it can shift again and blow us back to the Works if it wants to. I want a quick trip, so that I can get back before my best girl forgets me. I was to see her to-night."

"Pray God you may live to see her again," muttered Dalton beneath his breath; then, aloud:

"We'll get wind, boy. We'll get it. But not aft; 'twill be dead ahead, and a gale."

He lapsed into silence again, from which he was roused by the call to supper.

The sun had set as he came up on deck after the meal was over. He looked anxiously at the western sky mottled with purple and red and gold; then, shaking his head ominously, he looked at his watch. The hands pointed to a few minutes of six.

"'Twould be strange if I was mistook in my judgment of the weather," he muttered as he walked forward. "I'd be glad to be, if it wasn't for Hallock. The other men about the Works understand me and know that I'm no man to cry wolf without cause. But he as good as said that I was a coward. Me — Jim Dalton — a man old enough to be his grandfather — a man that's followed the water for fifty-odd years and faced dangers that he's never even dreamed about — me a coward!"

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His face darkened and his hands clenched convulsively as he entered the wheel-house.

"Go get your supper," he commanded the man at the wheel. "And tell Bates to get the lanterns lit and hoisted; it'll be dark before he gets it done."

After the man had gone Dalton slipped a becket over one of the spokes of the wheel to hold it steady, and leaned upon it while he again anxiously scanned the horizon. Darkness was falling; the color was rapidly fading from the sky; the *Storm King* loomed, an indistinct black bulk, in the gathering dusk far ahead; and as he looked at her a bright star rose to the top of her signal-mast, quivered for a moment, and then remained stationary. Graham had set his steering-light for the guidance of the helmsman upon the barge.

Dalton filled his pipe and lit it, then stood lost in reverie. His thoughts took him far back over the days that were gone to the days when he was a young man; memories of his early life, its pleasures and sorrows, came to him. Gradually he came back to the present — to Hallock's scornful words and the imputation that they carried with them, and again his face darkened.

Suddenly he noticed that it became colder; he noted, too, that the wind had risen a little. In an instant he was himself again — alert and resourceful.

"It's here," he said aloud, as though he had a listener. "It's here at last; in a minute or two we'll get the first puff."

As if in answer to his words, a blast descended upon the *Osiris*, howling and scuffling through her scanty top-hamper — then another and another and another — each one harder than its predecessor; the sea rose rapidly and slapped viciously against the bluff bows of the old barge. The men came running forward to the wheel-house, where they stood clustered together, looking anxiously ahead.

"We've got it, as I said we would," Dalton yelled to them; there seemed to be a note of triumph in his deep tones. "One of you come in here and help me with the wheel, and the rest of you get in the lee of the wheel-house."

The men had been in the shelter of the wheel-house only for a few minutes when the *Osiris* began to wallow heavily, and some of the larger waves broke over her bows and washed aft along the deck. The light aboard the *Storm King* rose and fell, and, as the heavy rollers came in between her and the *Osiris*, there were moments when it was entirely lost to view.

It took the combined strength of Dalton and his helper to hold the *Osiris* upon her course. As she dashed down the watery declivities her stern was often completely out of water and the controlling power of her rudder gone; then, as she rose upon the waves, the gale would force her bows around, in spite of all that they could do, and they were barely able to keep her from falling broadside onto the waves. The stout hawser slackened and tightened with ominous jerks that made her quiver all over, like some wounded thing; but it held, and the constant strain upon it told that she was still advancing, although how rapidly none of those aboard her could tell.

Inside of a quarter-hour the men behind the wheel-house found their position there untenable, and they managed to get inside, where they stood huddled behind Dalton and his helper at the wheel. The gale increased in fury as the minutes went slowly by, and the seas rose higher and higher; some of them — icy-cold — came into the wheel-house, and often all there held their breath, fearing that the *Osiris* would never rise under the weight of water that lay upon her decks. But each time she rose sluggishly to the surface, only to have another wave bury her from bow to stern.

Suddenly from out of the gloom ahead of them came the deep and mournful sound of the *Storm King's* whistle. Four blasts there were — long drawn out — the signal that the tug wished to know how her tow was weathering the storm.

At the imminent risk of his life, one of the crew crept forward and bent on and hoisted the two lanterns at the foremast that meant "All well." A short blast from the tug, denoting that those aboard her saw and understood the signal, was heard. Then he hauled down the lanterns. He had unbent one from the signal-halliards, and was just reaching up to grasp the other, when Dalton saw an enormous sea close aboard.

The yell he gave was heard clearly above the roar of the gale. The man heard him and understood; for, without looking behind him, he dropped the lantern and ran quickly down the already sloping deck toward the wheel-house. At the same instant two of the other men sprang forward to catch him and drag him within its shelter. It all happened in an instant. The wave, a great black comber, came swiftly in over the bows and rushed aft — a solid wall of water, topped with white, wind-driven foam, that towered far above the little wheel-house. There was a gasping, strangled cry for help from one of the men — and all three were gone.

After the wave had gone by, Dalton, bruised and battered, drenched from head to foot, yet still retaining his grasp upon the wheel, groaned aloud in his anguish. His helper, less fortunate than himself in being torn from the wheel and thrown against the back of the wheel-house,

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lay, a limp and sobbing heap, upon the floor beside him. He was an experienced "Laker," but the scene through which he had just passed had completely unmanned him.

When Dalton saw him lying there, he kicked him.

"Get up!" he yelled savagely. "Get up and do something, or we'll soon be like the rest of them."

Dominated by Dalton's iron will, the man staggered to his feet and stood, still sobbing, at the wheel.

"We've got to get her clear of the tug," yelled Dalton. "It's our only chance. She draws us under these waves; without her drag upon the barge, we'll ride easier over them. Hold the wheel while I go forward and cut the hawser. Keep her steady, mind, and don't let her fall away before the wind after it's cut. Understand?"

The man nodded dumbly. His nerve was gone, but he would do his best to obey orders.

As Dalton ran forward, ax in hand, he heard again the four blasts of the *Storm King's* whistle.

"Blow away," he muttered — "blow away. There's none here now with time to answer you."

He paused for a moment at the bitts and looked intently at the hawser. It was strained almost to the breaking-point; tense as a bar of iron, it stretched away over the bows until it was lost in the spume of the seas ahead. He hesitated, undecided whether to cut or to let it stand; perhaps there would be no more waves like the one that had just robbed him of three good men.

The sight of another wave approaching decided him. The ax fell upon the distended strands just where they met the bitts. The hawser parted with a report like that of a gun, and the bows of the *Osiris* rose just in time to escape the greater part of the force of the wave. As the hawser parted Dalton threw himself upon the deck aft of the bitts; the portion of the wave that came aboard washed over him, but left him uninjured.

Leaping to his feet, he ran forward and cast loose the jib, cutting the frozen fastenings with his ax. Then he pulled desperately upon the halliards. The sail was heavy and frozen, but by exerting every particle of his great strength he at last succeeded in getting it up.

The sailor at the wheel was holding the *Osiris'* head to the wind in good shape, and Dalton yelled a word of encouragement to him as he sprang to the fore lug and cast off its lashings.

This sail, high up above the deck upon its boom, was comparatively dry, and it required less effort to hoist it; this was true of the main lug also.

"She rides easier without the drag of the tug," Dalton yelled to the sailor as he reëntered the wheelhouse. "We must get her off before the wind, and run for it. I'm going to wait until we are in the trough between two big waves, and then throw her around. Be ready to help me."

The sailor nodded dumbly. Dalton narrowly watched the seas ahead. Several times he made a motion as though to throw the wheel over, but each time checked himself. Then finally, as the *Osiris* settled down between two huge waves, he spun the wheel swiftly over. Slowly — too slowly — the bows of the *Osiris* came around. She rose, broadside on, upon the crest of the oncoming wave. With a flap like the report of a cannon, her sails filled, dragging her head swiftly to leeward. But the movement came too late to save her. As her bows fell away before the gale, the wave broke over her. It struck the wheel-house upon its side. There was a sound of rending, cracking timbers, and a moment later Dalton, almost unconscious, stood alone upon the deck, still grasping the spokes of the wheel, and looking vainly to leeward for a sight of his late companion. Only his iron grip had saved him from a similar fate.

Everything movable had been swept from the deck; the wheel-house was gone, and the iron wheel itself was badly bent; the cabin hatch had been torn off, and the bulwarks upon the starboard side had been completely carried away.

It took Dalton some little time to realize that the *Osiris* had come around and was running before the gale. He felt weak and dizzy, and a desire to lie down and sleep almost overcame him. After a time the stunning effect of his injury — a blow on the head — wore away, and he was able to see things more clearly.

One thought was constantly before him — a torturing, harassing thought. Less than an hour before there had been five active, able-bodied men aboard the *Osiris*, and now he was the only survivor. He shivered, but not with the cold, although his clothing was frozen upon him. There were Bates and Saunders — they had sailed with him for years. And the two extra men — these, too, he knew well. The young fellow who had wished for wind and a quick trip, so that his "best girl might not have time to forget him" — what a merry young fellow he was! And they were all gone. There was no hope for any of them. Miles from shore, numbed by the chilling water, weighted down by their wet clothes, they stood no chance of saving themselves. And his own chance was little better than theirs, although his head was still above

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water and the planks of the old *Osiris* still stood between him and death. The heavy seas would batter her to pieces, old and weak as she was. But he would make a fight for life, so long as her timbers held together, for the sake of Jeanie and his grandchildren, if not for his own. And, if he had to die, he would die fighting. With this thought, he bent his energies to the task before him.

The night wore on. The gale increased in force, and the *Osiris* tore along before it, safely guided by the master hand at her helm. The wind and the waves were driving her in toward the shore, and from time to time Dalton could see lights which he recognized. At ten o'clock he saw the red revolving light at Sandy Point, twenty miles above the Works; at ten-thirty he saw, close aboard, a headland that he knew. He passed so near the headland that he could distinctly hear the roar of the breakers as they beat in impotent fury against its rocky face.

By midnight the gale seemed to have lost some of its force; the weather had thickened perceptibly, the stars no longer shone brightly, and it seemed warmer to the lone watcher upon the storm-swept deck of the old barge.

"Snow," he muttered. "It feels like it. I wonder if I can't make the harbor at the Works. The wind is fair, and I must be near it."

He lashed the wheel and picked his way forward over the ice-covered deck. Steadying himself by the bitts, he gazed long and anxiously ahead, looking for the light upon the end of the breakwater. He did not know that early in the evening the gale had blown the top out of the lantern and driven the lightkeeper to seek refuge upon the shore. Once he thought that he heard the sullen booming of the breakers ahead; but he could not be certain, for the gale still roared and scuffled about in such a manner as to drown out all lesser sounds. Finally he gave up his effort to locate the light and started aft.

As he reached out his hand to grasp the spokes of the wheel, there was a grinding, crashing shock, which threw him flat upon the deck. The *Osiris* had struck something, but whether vessel or shore he could not tell. There was a cracking and splintering of heavy timbers; then, lifted upon the crest of a great wave, the *Osiris* was borne away from the obstruction.

Hastily putting her upon her former course, dead before the gale, Dalton ran forward. The starboard bow of the *Osiris* was a complete wreck, battered out of all resemblance to a bow. Across the wreckage lay a huge piece of timber which Dalton recognized as one of the top stringers upon the crib at the end of the breakwater at the Works.

As he saw this a dull feeling of utter despair came over him. To be so near a haven of safety and not to be able to enter it! Surely the fates were unkind to him that night.

He tried the pump. The test showed that there was a bad leak. There was but one thing to do — man the pump and try to keep it down until he could beach her or until some passing vessel took him off.

Slowly and wearily he went to work. At first he worked fifteen-minute stretches with five-minute rests between. Morning found him still pumping, but in five-minute stretches with five-minute rests. The leak was not gaining upon him, and the gale had greatly abated in force, although it still blew stiffly.

As soon as it was light he endeavored to ascertain where he was; but the weather was so thick that he could not see the length of the *Osiris* ahead. Then he examined the damaged bow. Most of the injury had been done above the water-line, but a plank was battered and crushed just at the water-line, and this, he thought, caused the leak. He looked carefully, and could find nothing below it, but it was bad enough as it was to sink her if he allowed it to get away from him.

Then an idea came to him. The *Osiris* carried four tanks — two forward and two aft. All were filled. He would empty the forward ones, and the weight of the vitriol in those aft would lift the bow out of the water, so that the leak would be several feet above the new water-line. But first he would breakfast; he felt weak and hungry and his head ached strangely; the food would strengthen him.

He went below. The heavy seas had flooded the cabin, putting the fire out and throwing things in sad confusion about the floor. He found some bread and cold meat in a cupboard, and a bottle of whisky in his locker, and upon these he made his meal.

After the meal he went forward again. He got the fore hatch off after half an hour spent in chopping away the ice around it. Getting down upon the tanks, he unscrewed the dome and inserted the siphons that were used to draw off the acid. The hand pump which started the siphons was out of order, and it took him so long to fix it that he had to knock off twice and take to the pump in order to keep the leak from gaining upon him to such an extent as to make the *Osiris*' case hopeless. It was with a feeling of great relief that he got the second siphon started and saw the stream of yellowish liquid running from it.

Emptying the tanks by means of the siphons was a slow operation, but by noon the bow of the *Osiris* had risen until the leak was more than a

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foot above the water. The tanks were half empty by this time, and Dalton made a careful examination to determine how far the clearance of all acid in them would throw the leak out of water. He estimated that it would be at least three feet, and decided to let them run.

And now he would get some sleep. The condition of the weather and of the crazy craft both promised to remain unchanged for some hours to come. The wind was no stronger than a full-sail breeze, the sea had gone down, and the waves were no longer crested with white, but rolled by in long, black, oily undulations; the weather was still thick, and occasionally a few fleecy flakes of snow fell.

He brought the *Osiris* round until she was head to wind, lashed the wheel, and went below. He made another meal off the bread and meat, took several more drinks of the whisky, and threw himself into one of the bunks. But he did not sleep soundly; his head bothered him, and he lived over again in dreams the events that had happened since the *Osiris* had left the harbor at the Works. Once he awoke, fancying that he heard the whistle of a tug in search of the *Osiris;* but he decided that he must have been mistaken, and fell asleep again. It was after ten o'clock that night when, unable to sleep any longer because of the pain in his head, he arose and went up on deck, to find that it was snowing heavily, and that the *Osiris* was shrouded in white from bow to stern.

The night wore slowly away. In the morning watch the wind shifted, bringing the *Osiris* dead before it.

When the morning came, Dalton's first anxious glance was cast in the direction in which he supposed the shore to lie. He was near it — much nearer than he had expected. Less than half a mile away high bluffs reared their bulk before him. He had not been down that way for years, but he fancied that he recognized them. If his guess were a correct one, the *Osiris* was about forty miles south of the Works, and he had but to keep her upon her present course to harbor there. After all, fortune had favored him, he thought. He was still afloat and in condition to navigate.

All through the day he urged the *Osiris* along at as rapid a pace as her crippled condition would permit. He ran close in along the shore, and as landmark after landmark came into view they served to confirm his first guess as to his location.

His head hurt him a great deal. There were times when it seemed to him that it would burst, and he feared that he would not have strength enough to last the voyage out. At times he was delirious, and talked to himself as he stood at the wheel, and sang snatches of old and long-forgotten songs that he had known when a young man. He fancied, too, that his wife — his long-lost Jeanie — stood beside him with her hand upon his arm. He had short intervals of lucidity, in which he would mentally brace himself against a recurrence of his wild vagaries and firmly fix his mind upon getting the *Osiris* safely into harbor at the Works, only to relapse into his former condition a little later on.

It was cloudy all day. Night found him ten miles south of the Works and about two miles offshore. Had it not been for the haze, people on the shore must have seen the *Osiris* as she drifted along up the coast. To Dalton, aboard her, the land appeared as a heavy blur to the eastward. Soon after dark the haze thinned a little, and far away to the northeast Dalton could see lights. Few they were and faint, but he knew them, and he set the *Osiris'* course by them — they were the lights at Undine. And now he felt sure that he would make the harbor,— he, Dalton, the despised, the coward!— and the feat would forever close the lips of Hallock. He shouted aloud in his joy, then cursed a few minutes afterward as a fog, thick and impenetrable, descended, shutting everything from view and enveloping the *Osiris* in its damp and clammy folds.

If he made it at all, it must be blindly; but he had the course, and that would bring him off the town. Once there, he must trust to his sense of hearing to guide him.

Hours passed. The wind had almost died away. Before the little of it that was left the *Osiris* drifted slowly, her progress scarcely perceptible. At two o'clock in the morning Dalton figured that he must be at least five miles away from the Works. Then the wind rose for a little time, only to fall again. Time after time it rose and fell, and through all the baffling changes Dalton steadily urged the *Osiris* onward — nursing her, tending her, as a mother would a child. His intervals of lucidity were becoming more and more infrequent and of shorter duration; but his fixed resolve still drove him on and guided his insane hand to the accomplishment of the deed on which he had set his heart.

Just as the day was breaking, cold and raw and cheerless, familiar sounds smote upon his weary ears. He listened intently, his faculties astrain for a recurrence of it. Faint and far away it came — the mournful peal of a tolling bell, sounding again and again its note of warning. It was the bell upon the breakwater at the Works, and they were tolling it for him. For him? Ridiculous. They did not toll to warn the dead — and he was dead to them. The sound came from a point nearly due east. He

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must be abreast of the Works and not more than a mile from the breakwater, for in a fog like this the sound of the bell would not carry far.

With hands that trembled with excitement and revived hope, he threw the wheel over until the *Osiris* headed to the eastward. Would she never close in with the sound? He prayed wildly for wind — then cursed as he heard the soft plash of the waters against her battered sides. It annoyed and irritated him. He would sooner have heard the crash of whitecaps, for where there were whitecaps there was wind.

And now something within Dalton seemed to tell him that he was wholly crazy — a crazy man in command of a crazy craft. The lights of the town — the sound of the bell — had been delusions of his crazy brain. And the bell was still tolling — tolling — calling the old *Osiris* and himself on to their doom. Lights danced before his weary eyes; in his ears was ever the sound of a dull murmur, like the roll of the surf upon a distant shore. Yes, he was crazy; there could be no doubt about it.

Suddenly the tolling of the bell became louder still, and a dark object loomed, black and indistinct, before him. Another delusion, he thought bitterly. But as his vacant eye took in the outlines of the object he recognized it. And with the recognition something seemed to snap within his head and for the moment he became sane again.

The object was the lighthouse upon the breakwater. Beside the bell-frame stood a figure in oilskins, manfully pulling upon the bell-rope, intent upon its work. Both lighthouse and figure were too plain to be mistaken; the harbor entrance was directly before him.

Shrouded in the drifting vapor, and unseen by the lookout, the *Osiris* drifted slowly through it and into the harbor; still unseen, she reached the wharf at the lower end of the Works, where Dalton slowly and painfully made her fast with a single hawser. There was no one there to welcome him as he strode away up through the yard, a great bulk in the fog, staggering and lurching along, until at last he reached the office.

It was the face of a dead rather than a living man which confronted Hallock as he looked up from his desk at the sound of Dalton's entrance. The hair tangled and matted with blood, the eyes sunken and bloodshot, with black circles beneath them, the lips swollen and cracked and blue from exposure to the bitter cold,— all seemed to Hallock to belong to one risen from the dead. For a fleeting moment he thought that the recent trouble and strain through which he had gone had unsettled his brain, and that the ghastly figure before him was a creature of his disordered imagination.

"Dalton," he whispered at last. It would not have surprised him to see the grim figure before him fade away into nothingness before his very eyes.

"Ay, Dalton, Mr. Hallock — Dalton. And no coward. I've brought the old *Osiris* back to you, and ——"

He faltered in his speech, wavered unsteadily to and fro, clutched wildly at his head, and fell full length upon the floor.

Dalton and the old *Osiris* no longer sail the Lakes. The old barge lies upon the sandy beach at the inner end of the harbor. And about her, day after day, an old man potters, preparing her to stand the shocks and blows of the next norther to which she will be exposed. He has but little time for speech, for he is ever too busy to waste time in idle words. It seems strange that the old *Osiris* has not long ago been broken up, for in her frame is much old iron and copper, and corporations are, at best, soulless things. But if curiosity tempts you to make inquiry concerning her, you will be told that as long as the old man lives she is not to be disturbed. If you question further concerning the old hulk and her white-haired guardian, you will hear a tale of the greatest storm that the Lakes have ever known. And the hero of that tale will be the old man —, Dalton of the *Osiris*.

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THE COLLAPSE OF THE DIAZ LEGEND

BY

WILLIAM ARCHER

AUTHOR OF "THE LIFE AND DEATH OF FERRER," ETC.

WHAT has happened in Mexico, with dramatic and startling rapidity, is the disintegration of a legend. It was not a baseless legend: few legends are. There was a large substratum of truth in it. Many men have left unalterably graven on the tablets of history reputations far less genuine than that of Porfirio Diaz. But these were men who had the good fortune to die at the right moment.

If ever man seemed exalted above the vicissitudes of things, it was President Diaz two years ago. He was acclaimed as the greatest man of the Western Hemisphere by men who were themselves in the running for that eminence. President Roosevelt wrote of him on March 7, 1908: "President Diaz is the greatest statesman now living, and he has done for his country what no other living man has done for any country." Secretary Root, about the same time, regretted that he was not a poet to write eulogies, or a musician to compose triumphal marches, in honor of the soldier-statesman. President Taft, at the historic meeting of October 16, 1909, expressed: "In the name of the people of the United States, their profound admiration and high esteem for the great, illustrious, and patriotic President of the Republic of Mexico." Sr. José F. Godoy, of the Mexican diplomatic service, has collected in his book, "The Master Builder of a Great Commonwealth," the testimonies of more than a hundred eminent men — ambassadors, governors, senators, judges, millionaires, etc. — to the transcendent merits of the Grand Old Man of Mexico. "One of the greatest rulers in the world," "One of the greatest men now living," "Will rank in history with Washington and Lincoln," — such are the eulogies piled upon his head. After this, it need not surprise us to find official biographers, such as Mrs. Tweedie and Mr. Creelman, referring to him as "the greatest figure in modern history" and "the protagonist of the American hemisphere."

The assumption on which all these eulogies rested was that President Diaz had brought lasting peace and prosperity to his grateful and adoring country. "There are no Anti-Porfiristas now," wrote Mrs. Tweedie in 1906. Mr. Creelman, only last year, scoffed at "the delirium of revolutionary dreaming" and said: "It is preposterous to talk about a reversion of the Mexican people to the old revolutionary habit." Mr. T. P. Terry, in his admirable Guide-Book to Mexico, concludes his sketch of the history of the Republic in this fashion:

1904. Porfirio Diaz is again made President. Guided by the strong hand of Porfirio Diaz, the greatest Mexican, the United Mexican States join the ranks of great nations.

1906. Great influx of foreigners and foreign capital. The Diaz Government inspires confidence, *revolutions are things of the past*, and $800,000,000 of foreign capital comes to Mexico.

1909. Unexampled prosperity marks the Diaz administration.

That was the constant burden of the songs of triumph.

Apologies for Despotism

On all hands it was admitted, indeed, that the Republic was a republic only in name; that there was no reality either in the State or in the Federal elections; that the governors of the States, the members of Congress, and the local *jefes politicos* were all, directly or indirectly, nominated by the President, who practically "ran" the country with despotic power. If these facts aroused momentary qualms, all sorts of good reasons were forthcoming to allay them. The general case of the Latin-American, always prone to revolution, was in Mexico complicated by the special intermixture of a particular brand of Indian blood. Less than twenty per cent of the population were white, and the remainder were either half-breeds or pure Indians. Now,

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the Mexican Indian and the *mestizo* were proclaimed to be congenitally and utterly incapable of responsible citizenship. It was not yet four hundred years since their ancestors had been man-eaters; and though science does not say definitely how long it takes for a cannibal to develop into a voter, four centuries were assumed to be too short a time. Moreover, the tribes of Anahuac were gravely suspected of being of Asiatic origin; and the Asiatic, as every one knows, is born to political servitude as the sparks fly upward. The evidence of Asiatic origin is very flimsy, but it enables the defenders of the dictatorship to write down the Mexicans as "Orientals," predestined to bow their necks beneath the yoke. The fact that Benito Juarez, the great statesman and patriot, was, by this reasoning, a full-blooded "Oriental" does not seem to embarrass the theorists. General Diaz himself, indeed, is partly "Oriental" — a quarter of him was a cannibal four hundred years ago.

He would, indeed, be a fanatical democrat who should quarrel with another people for finding contentment and prosperity in undemocratic rule. Certainly it was not for the United States, or any other nation, to insist on a scrupulous adherence to the Constitution of 1857 before entering into political or business relations with the Mexico of President Diaz. But, while the material prosperity of the country was unquestionable, the contentment of the mass of the people began to seem much more dubious. Ugly whispers got abroad to the effect that the Diaz dictatorship was not only unconstitutional, but unscrupulous and brutal. The whispers swelled into shouts; but, for various reasons, they were little regarded. They proceeded, it was said, from non-Mexican Socialists, in league with Mexican malcontents, such as every strong government necessarily begets. In some cases they were manifestly inspired by an almost frantic hatred of the Dictator. When a writer gravely attempted to prove that Diaz, the indomitable guerrilla leader, the De Wet of the French war, was a personal coward, the absurdity necessarily discounted all his other statements. Moreover, Mexico is so large a country that it was easy to find many foreign residents who declared, quite sincerely, that they had never seen anything of the atrocities alleged: just as a Frenchman who had lived for ten years in New Hampshire might make affidavit that he never saw a single case of lynching in the United States. Altogether, people were inclined to rest on the conclusion that the abuses had been grossly exaggerated. President Diaz — to put it paradoxically — was acquitted with extenuating circumstances. He did not do most of what was alleged, and what he did do he could not help. This large-minded verdict was freely indorsed by those foreigners in Mexico who had profited by the Diaz order of things and hoped to profit by its continuance. They were naturally unwilling to have it thought that they were accomplices in tyranny.

Thus, for years, in the face of all rumor and denunciation, the legend maintained itself. President Diaz was a strong, wise, enlightened ruler, capable of sternness, even of cruelty, when the occasion demanded it, but, in the main, the beneficent father of a country inhabited by a race of unruly children. In his sterner aspects, he was comparable to Cromwell; in his more benignant, to Washington and Lincoln. While he lived, Mexico was bound to maintain the place he had conquered for her among the splendidly solvent nations of the world. The only possible anxiety was as to what might occur when, in the fullness of time, the reins should drop from his grasp.

The Catastrophe

Then came the sudden disillusionment. In 1909 the almost octogenarian President allowed it to be given out to the world that he would not seek reelection in the following year. There are various theories as to his motive in making this announcement. Some think he believed himself so overwhelmingly popular that the nation would rise as one man and implore him to remain at his post. Others hold that he wanted to see what candidates announced themselves for his succession, in order that he might crush them in time. The only theory that finds no partizans is that to which I personally incline — namely, that he may have been sincere. If so, he certainly changed his mind. Not only did he have himself "unanimously" reelected, but he imprisoned a rival candidate, Francisco I. Madero, and insisted on the reelection to the Vice-Presidency of Ramón Corral, a man wholly inacceptable to the nation. This was more than even Mexican human nature could endure. The momentary promise of liberty, however faintly believed in, had whetted people's appetite, and the oft-repeated farce of the reelection exasperated them beyond endurance. A revolt broke out — as a trifling affair that would easily be put down in a few days or a few weeks. But the days and the weeks passed, and peace was no nearer. On the contrary, independent movements of revolt broke out on every hand, until scarcely a State remained unaffected; and the government was powerless to crush them. Chaos had come again — that chaos which had

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been declared absolutely unthinkable so long as the "strong hand of Porfirio Diaz" was there to maintain order. The rebellion paralyzed the country, frightened away capital, and constantly threatened to bring about international complications. Presently the amazed world saw the government going, hat in hand, to the rebel chief (who was not even a soldier!), begging for an armistice and a discussion of terms. It tried, at first, to assume a haughty air and pretend that the one thing excluded from all possible discussion was the resignation of Diaz. But, day by day, rebellion crept nearer the capital, and, day by day, it became clearer that the government could not cope with it. What had seemed for some time to be a stalemate turned out to be a checkmate complete and absolute. After clinging desperately to a last semblance of free will,—he would resign only when peace was restored, — Porfirio Diaz, the revered, the dreaded, the all-powerful Don Porfirio, stepped down unconditionally from his throne, the victim of one of the greatest reversals of fortune recorded in history. The catastrophes of the two Napoleons were, of course, more tremendous in scale, but not more tragic; for neither Napoleon the Great nor Napoleon the Little had seemed so secure or had received such universal homage. And neither was eighty years old.

The Mexican Army

The causes of this great downfall will be analyzed in the following pages; but its immediate cause was, of course, the hopeless failure of the Diaz army. The fact that this should have taken the world by surprise is an illustration of the blind faith instilled into even the most far-sighted people by the Diaz legend. Why should an army so recruited have been expected to fight? It is a "penal army." It is largely composed of actual criminals condemned to what may be called military servitude; and still more largely of men who are not really criminals, but have come in conflict with some *jefe politico* or other person in authority, and have been drafted into the army by an exercise of pure tyranny. Thus, it is neither a voluntary force, nor one raised by fair and equitable conscription. It is a body of slaves whose slavery was disguised by a wretched pittance of pay, until the government, under the stress of need, trebled it at a single stroke and made it fifty cents a day. These facts were known to everybody; there was no concealment about them; yet such was the glamour of Diaz's name that people actually trusted to this slave force to suppress a serious insurrection. The wonder is that the soldiers fought as they did: more especially as they were miserably provided with war material. While he ruthlessly suppressed all rivals, Diaz, in his later years at any rate, allowed himself to be hoodwinked by his confederates, who pocketed the money that ought to have been spent on munitions and stores. His case was very like that of Napoleon III in 1870. Like Napoleon, he had trumpeted to the world, "L'autocratie, c'est la paix"; and his *débâcle*, like that of Napoleon, shows the worth of a peace founded on corruption.

The Lesson of the Downfall

On the faith of the Diaz Legend, some thirty thousand American lives and from three to five hundred million American dollars have been confided to the guardianship of the Mexican Bismarck, the Strong Hand; and, all of a sudden, these lives and these dollars are found to be mere hostages and pledges in the power of a potentially and not improbably hostile people of semi-barbarous traditions. If this appear an unduly pessimistic statement of the case, let it be remembered that a hostage is not always, is not often, sacrificed. None the less is it true that the foreign nations who have "interests" in Mexico will have to walk very warily until a settled order is established — and afterward. And the moral of the crisis surely is that they should look for the reëstablishment of lasting peace, not to another Dictator, but to some one who should combine the Strong Hand (in due season) with a sincere respect for democratic institutions and a genuine love for the Mexican people. "What should you *like* to happen now?" I said to an American resident who knew the country intimately. "I should like Porfirio Diaz to grow thirty years younger," was the reply. With all respect, I think he took a very short-sighted view. The miracle for which he sighed might conceivably bring peace in his time, but would only postpone the inevitable. The plain lesson which results from a dispassionate examination of the past thirty years of Mexican history is, "Put not your trust in despots."

Diaz as a Soldier

The enemies of General Diaz are not content to attack him as a statesman: they seek to belittle him as a soldier. There they make a mistake. The testimony of French and German historians of the war of the French Intervention is all in his favor. They write of him, not only as a first-rate fighter, but as a man of honor. He kept the patriot cause alive in

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Oaxaca at a time when elsewhere it was at a very low ebb; and, on the whole, he may fairly share with Benito Juarez the credit of having baffled the schemes of Napoleon III and kept European monarchy out of the Western Hemisphere. It is a little to be regretted, perhaps, that he suffered the anniversary of his storming of Puebla (April 2, 1867) to be made a national festival. But there may have been more policy than vainglory in this course. In General Zaragoza's victory of the *cinco de Mayo*, which gave the nation its great patriotic anniversary, he had taken but a subordinate part. He may have felt that an exclusively Porfirist feast-day was necessary to complete his prestige, and may have permitted the consecration of the second of April rather to consolidate his position than to gratify his vanity.

On one point there is no conflict of evidence: he was resolutely faithful to the national cause, and sternly rejected all temptations to treason. Both Maximilian and Bazaine endeavored to undermine his loyalty, without the smallest success. Furthermore, it is certain that, after having handled large sums of money under circumstances that would amply have excused the keeping of scant accounts, he came out of the French war a poor man, with arrears of pay owing to him. When President Juarez, after the execution of Maximilian, entered the capital that Diaz had reconquered for him, he found over $50,000* in the treasury — an almost miraculous result, achieved by the ability and honesty of Diaz alone.

Though a fine tactician, Diaz was probably not a great strategist. It is true that he had little opportunity of displaying strategic power. Not until the end of his career did he ever hold independent command of any considerable army; and he never had the opportunity of scheming a large campaign. But in his *pronunciamientos* of 1872 and 1876 he made several strategic mistakes; and one of the faults of his statesmanship has been a lack of that prevision of large consequences which is an essential element in strategy.

These two rebellions, first against President Juarez and second against his successor, Lerdo, have been set down as proofs of mere personal ambition. This view, again, I can not share. Neither Juarez nor Lerdo showed much capacity for restoring internal order in the country or for rescuing it from the slough of bankruptcy in which the War of Reform and the French war had left it. Diaz felt that he could do both of these things; and when Juarez first, and then Lerdo, denied him all opportunity, by forcing their reëlection to the Presidency, what wonder if Diaz resorted to the traditional Latin-American method of correcting electoral fraud by an appeal to arms? He then denounced his opponents on precisely the same grounds on which the revolutionists of to-day denounce his own rule. He declared that forced reëlections made the Constitution a sham; that the legislature and the judiciary had become mere tools of the executive government; that the sovereignty of the States had been sacrificed to arbitrary power, and the will of the people suppressed by barbarous butcheries. Word for word, this is Madero's indictment of Diaz; but that does not prove that Diaz was insincere when he hurled the same reproaches at Juarez and Lerdo. There is nothing to show, and it is highly improbable, that, without an appeal to arms, Diaz or any one else would have been allowed a fair field for his political energies and aspirations.

Pro-Gringoism versus Anti-Gringoism

It was no mere personal rivalry — no mere military resentment of civilian rule — that led him to rebel. At the root of the feud there was a real, fundamental difference of principle. Both Juarez and Lerdo were not only careless of economic development and progress — they were deliberately opposed to it. And why? Because they knew that economic development meant intimate intercourse with the United States, and because they distrusted and feared "the adjacent Republic of the North." Juarez was bitterly opposed to the extension of the American railway system into Mexico. "Between the weak and the strong," he is reported to have said, "let the desert intervene." Diaz, on the other hand, was a child of the new age, enamoured of material progress. He knew that it would need more than a few leagues of cactus and mesquit to form a permanent barrier between the weak and the strong. He had no taste for the heroic but vain endeavor to keep out the ocean with a mop. What he wanted was to see Mexico peaceful and solvent; he felt himself to be the one man who could grapple with an appallingly difficult situation; and he saw no chance, under a practically unworkable constitution, of being suffered to try his hand at the task.

The current of the age was with him, and he conquered; but we are not, therefore, to write down Juarez a mere pedantic obstructionist. From the point of view of Mexican nationality and individuality, his fear of "the adjacent Republic of the North" has amply justified itself. The permeation of Mexico by Anglo-Saxondom has been even more thorough than

* Throughout this article, sums of money are stated in United States or gold currency, not in Mexican *pesos*.

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he could have foreseen. The real point at issue between him and Diaz was whether Mexico ought or ought not to struggle obstinately against the inevitable. It was a contest between ideal patriotism and practical sense; and practical sense, having won the day, proceeded to despise and ignore the claims of ideal patriotism. That is the sin which the victor is now expiating.

Diaz the Peace-Maker—The "Massacre" of Vera Cruz

It may be freely admitted that when Diaz came to power in 1876, he was probably the only man who could have restored peace and order in Mexico. He was strong and he was adroit. He knew how to conciliate, but he also knew how to crush. The method of "set a thief to catch a thief," whereby hundreds of bandits were converted into mounted policemen, or *rurales*, did not originate with Diaz; but he carried it out energetically and successfully. Discontented officers, his late brothers in arms, he solaced with administrative billets, for governorships downwards. The only serious attempt at a rising, the Lerdist *pronunciamiento* of Vera Cruz in June, 1879, he promptly smothered in blood. For this so-called "Vera Cruz massacre" he has been unduly blamed and unnecessarily defended. The Governor of Vera Cruz, General Mier y Teran, telegraphed to him that there were soldiers involved in the conspiracy, and asked: "If they rise, shall I shoot them?" Diaz replied, "*En caliente, si*," which his apologists interpret as meaning, "If in the heat of action, yes." Spanish scholars must decide whether this is a tenable interpretation. I will only say that the dictionary renders *en caliente* by the simple word "immediately," and that General Teran scarcely required telegraphic authority for the shooting of rebels "in the heat of action." The practical effect of the phrase was probably "without formality" or "without legal process." Teran, as a matter of fact, shot nine men, some of them civilians. It is not denied that they were plotting an armed rebellion, and it is only too certain that military executions *en caliente* were an established tradition of the country. It seems unreasonable, therefore, to reckon this among the Dictator's crimes. Madero* speaks with horror of the event, and says "it has had a great influence in instilling the basest terror into the multitude, and has paralyzed the energies of good sons of Mexico, zealous for her rights and jealous of her liberties." But, by Madero's own admission in many places, the liberty of armed insurrection was one that Diaz could not possibly acknowledge, and he did the country a great and indispensable service in putting it down. It is hard to see, then, why we should condemn him for an act which potently contributed to that end, by striking a crushing blow at the intolerable habit of military sedition. Teran was court-martialed for exceeding his instructions, and lost his post. Perhaps this was inevitable; but I confess that there is a suggestion of hypocrisy in the punishment of the agent which seems to me uglier than the fact of the "massacre."

It would be unfair, then, to look with a too critical eye into the measures of repression adopted during Diaz's early terms of office. The country was just emerging from chaos; its one crying need was peace; and though it be true, as Sr. Rafael de Zayas puts it, that the peace Diaz secured for it was "mechanical," not "organic," that was not, in those early years, to be avoided. His fault lies, not in imposing mechanical peace at first, but in taking no measures, during his long term of power, to convert it into organic peace.

Meanwhile, he actively engaged in establishing (one cannot say "reëstablishing") the financial credit of the nation. The complicated processes by which the foreign debt was consolidated and reduced (approximately) from $116,000,000 to $73,000,000 were probably not devised by the President himself; but it was his spirit that inspired, and his resolution that achieved, the great operation. National credit being placed on a firm footing, capital began to flow in, and prosperity advanced by those "leaps and bounds" which the panegyrists of Diaz love to display in picturesque diagrams and imposing columns of figures.

The Glamour of "Material Prosperity"

But it was just here that, as I read the story, Diaz broke down. Just as the legend of his greatness was beginning to crystallize, he was entering upon the course of action which proved his littleness. He broke down partly for lack of economic knowledge, but mainly from defect of character. He has been called the Moses of the Mexican people, and it is true that he led them through the Red Sea of civil war and anarchy; but, arrived on dry land, he at once proceeded to bow down and worship the Golden Calf, and thereby undid in great measure the service he had rendered his countrymen.

This is a figurative way of stating the simple

* In his book, "La Sucesion Presidencial en 1910." Madero, of course, is no impartial judge; but no one can read his book without realizing that it is a piece of honest criticism, which sincerely aims at impartiality. For access to this rare book I am indebted to the courtesy of Sr. Don Fernando Iglesias Calderón of Mexico City.

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psychological fact that Diaz was hypnotized by the idea of material prosperity. He eagerly followed, not a pillar of fire, but an ever-growing column of figures. He mistook the wealth of the country for its well being. With all his unlimited power, he encouraged the exploitation of its resources, both by foreigners and by a narrow circle of wealthy natives; and he did absolutely nothing for the welfare of the masses of the people. Meanwhile, he persuaded himself, rightly or wrongly, that his unbroken tenure of power was indispensable to the continuance of the "leaps and bounds" of prosperity; wherefore he shrank from no measure that tended to consolidate his reign or to free him from dangerous rivalry. Far from educating his countrymen for real democracy, he crushed every attempt at the manifestation of political free will. Thus his despotism has been beneficent only on paper. Measured by the one true standard, that of human well being and worth, it has been rather a curse than a blessing to the country.

Opening the Flood-gates

What is the truth, now, as to this material prosperity to which everything else has been sacrificed? At the time of Queen Victoria's jubilee, enthusiastic journalists wrote as though that conscientious and admirable woman had invented the locomotive, the telegraph, and the telephone, had laid the Atlantic cable, and had written "The Origin of Species," "Vanity Fair," and "David Copperfield." Not otherwise do the eulogists of Diaz speak as though he had personally built all the railways, sunk all the mines, erected all the factories, and asphalted all the streets which are the pride of twentieth-century Mexico. The truth is that he came into power just when the time was ripe for the industrialization of the country. He found capital and enterprise ready and waiting to flow in: all he had to do was to open the flood-gates. Did he take any pains to consider how far it was politic, for the sake of rapid development, to alienate the public domain? On the contrary, he scattered with both hands, to capitalists who had gained his favor, privileges and franchises of incalculable value. I have heard the holder of a perpetual concession, such as no wise statesman would ever have granted, tell in the most matter-of-fact way how he shows his gratitude by making a large "rake-off" in his yearly return of profits for purposes of taxation. "Everybody does it," he said; and, whether that be true or not, it is certain that he and his class think, and have been encouraged by Porfirio Diaz to think, that Mexico exists simply for their enrichment. Has the Dictator, in distributing these vast largesses, tried to secure for the people any compensation in the shape of advanced wages? On the contrary, he has consistently aided the capitalists (sometimes, as we shall see, by very "drastic" methods) in the endeavor to keep wages down. In short, he has shown neither scientific statesmanship nor enlightened patriotism. He has allowed a treasure-house to be rifled, and has taken pride in the statistics that show (imperfectly) the extent of the depredations.

That Mexico required foreign capital for her development is true enough. But there is a wide distinction between capital borrowed by native enterprise, of which the interest alone goes abroad, and capital employed by foreign enterprise, whereof the whole profits go abroad, the country benefiting only in (very low) wages and (often very inadequate) taxation. Had Diaz borne in mind this distinction, the development of Mexico would have been much slower, indeed, but also much healthier. As it was, he caught the "get-rich-quick" fever, and, in pursuit of a mainly statistical wealth, he created an extremely delicate international situation, for which a peaceful solution will be hard to find, while a solution by force of arms would be unspeakably terrible and disastrous.

Diaz and the Railways

To the international question we shall have to return later. In the meantime, let us glance at the history of the Mexican railways, so typical of the Dictator's statecraft.

In the forefront of all the panegyrics of Diaz stand these impressive figures:

1876	1910
407 miles of railways	15,000 miles of railways

This certainly looks very striking; but let us turn to the speech made by Sr. José Limantour, the able Minister of Finance, in introducing to the Chamber of Deputies the bill for the famous merger of the leading lines, which took effect two years ago. He said:

> The railways of our country have been constructed, not in obedience to a plan thought out in advance, but according as different enterprises have applied for concessions in order to unite this or that point or region with this or that other point or region. There has been a lack of any general idea in the tracing of our lines, which has been the work of circumstances, of particular interests, and of the needs of the moment. This absence of plan could not but lead to an unsatisfactory result. Very important regions are not yet united by railway to the rest of the country, while there are others which possess two and even three parallel lines for a traffic which would barely support one.

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Lines, moreover, had been carried at great expense through difficult country, merely that they might serve certain great estates, while others had been run where they were not wanted, merely because the country happened to be easy. A glance at the map is sufficient to prove the general truth of Limantour's statement, which is in effect a most damaging indictment of the railway policy, or lack of policy, of Porfirio Diaz. It is true that in some other countries railways have been suffered to spread over the face of the land in the same haphazard way; but these countries did not enjoy the advantages of despotic rule. Here, if anywhere, an enlightened autocrat might have done something to justify his existence; and here, by the testimony of his own chief minister and confederate, Diaz had hopelessly failed. He had shown no foresight, no statesmanship. He had simply allowed capital and influence to scramble recklessly for rights of exploitation, never dreaming of subordinating their eagerness to a rational scheme of development. General Diaz, as I said before, is no strategist.

The much-criticized merger, by which the government acquired a controlling interest in almost the whole railway system of the country, was the work, not of Diaz, but of Limantour. Diaz at first opposed it; and, when it was accomplished, he permitted it to be violently assailed in the press; for he endured attacks upon his ministers with considerable fortitude. After some examination into the matter, I am inclined to think that it was a wise operation honestly conducted; but I can not pretend to see very clearly through the maze of figures. Down to the outbreak of the revolt, and even later, it justified itself conspicuously through the economies which it secured, without any increase of rates or injury to the public service. But, in the event of a long period of disorder, the obligations undertaken by the government might prove burdensome enough.

Mexican Prosperity in Its True Proportions

Regarding as a whole the "Wonderful Results of Diaz's Rule," we have only to compare the statistics of other countries during a similar period to see that the results are neither particularly wonderful nor specially to be attributed to Diaz's rule. The only fair comparison, of course, lies between Mexico and other Latin-American republics. The railways of Mexico, as we have seen, increased from 407 miles in 1876 to 15,000 miles in 1910. Between 1874 and 1906 the railways of Argentina increased from 1,800 miles to 12,274; while those of Brazil (a country which offers peculiar hindrances to railway development) increased between 1880 and 1905 from 1,984 miles to 10,891 miles. Thus the Mexican increase is seen to be nothing in the least surprising, especially when we consider that the Mexican lines had for their base, as it were, the highly developed railway system of the United States.

Statistics of growth in other departments tell the same story. The following table shows the *increase* of exports and imports in Mexico during thirty-three years, in Argentina during thirty-two years, and in Brazil during only sixteen years:

	Mexico	*Argentina*	*Brazil*
Exports	$101,892,803	$276,000,000	$125,000,000
Imports	$59,458,703	$137,314,420	$51,020,205

To interpret these figures quite fairly, we should have to take into account such factors as the area and population of the respective countries — a task too complex to be attempted here.* But at least we may safely say that Mexico does not take the decided lead of her sister republics which her proximity to the United States might lead us to expect.

The diagram of total foreign commerce for 1909, published by the International Bureau of the American Republics, places Mexico in a very modest position among her peers.

So much for the material-prosperity aspect of the legend; let us now look at that side of it which represents Diaz as the benefactor of his grateful people.

The Poverty of the Peon

No one can spend twenty-four hours in Mexico without seeing more abject poverty than he would see in as many days in — I will not say the well-to-do countries of Europe, but Ireland, or Italy, or Spain. Nowhere in the Western world have I seen anything like the utter destitution that meets one on every hand in Mexico. I am not speaking of beggars: it did not seem to me that actual mendicancy was more common than in southern Europe. I am referring to the working, wage-earning populace, or the people who carry on small trades and industries. Never in any country have I seen such rags; never in any country so much unintentionally bare human flesh; never such miserable makeshifts doing duty for human habitations. I have seen families housed beneath

* It has been carried out by Sr. G. Maqueo Castellanos in his book "Algunos Problemas Nacionales"; and the result arrived at is practically that above indicated — that Mexico holds a fair average position, and no more.

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three or four strips of corrugated iron balanced against an adobe wall; or crouching in a wigwam made of old railway ties stuck up against a tree; or literally burrowing in a cliff of sand, with a sheet of canvas or corrugated iron to serve as a front wall to the cave. In some seasons, no doubt, and in some parts of the country, the climate renders such penury more endurable than it would be elsewhere; but the winter climate of the plateau of Anahuac is anything but genial. The conditions in the *mesones* or bunk-houses of the cities are, it is said, indescribably bad. It is evident that none of the boasted wealth of the country filters down to the lowest social level.

One has only to look at that peculiar Mexican institution, the *cargador*, to see how cheap is human nerve and muscle in this country. At any hour of the day, on the asphalted avenues of Mexico City,—in front of the gorgeous white marble million-dollar Opera House, a monument to Italian bad taste and Mexican prodigality, or beside the steel framework of the projected Legislative Palace, which is, or was, to eclipse in splendor all the parliament houses of the world,—you may see a couple of *cargadores* jogging along with a huge sideboard or wardrobe between them, or with half the furniture of a household piled on their backs, thus advertising the fact that legs are cheaper than even that simple piece of mechanism, the wheel. As they amble onward, like clockwork figures, your mind goes back to the runners who carried fish from the sea to Tenochtitlan in four-and-twenty hours, for the table of Montezuma. You think, too, of the huge Aztec monoliths in the Museum, which must have been handled by the ancestors of these *cargadores*, working in battalions under the slave-driver's lash. The cheapness of human life is an ancient tradition in Mexico. You see it again in the primitive plows and other implements with which regiments of peons scratch at the endless fields of the great haciendas. Diaz, it is certain, did not create these conditions of life and labor. But what has he done to amend them? Absolutely nothing. He did not create the slavery which exists in many parts of Mexico. But what has he done to check it? Absolutely nothing.

Mexican Slavery

As to the fact that men are enslaved for debt, and are treated as marketable merchandise, there is not the least shadow of doubt. Those who set forth to deny it do not in reality do so, but admit, explain, and palliate it. One favorite line of defense is to point to the so-called "peonage" of the Southern United States, and suggest that those who live in glass houses should not throw stones. Peonage (the very word comes from Mexico) is, indeed, indefensible; but it is not carried on under the aegis of a benevolent despot whose untiring solicitude for the welfare of his people we are called upon to admire. It is, moreover, a sporadic evil, a local abuse. Whole communities are not thrust into it at the bayonet's point, nor is it recruited by processes of systematic fraud and kidnapping. If conditions in the Southern States were as bad as those in Mexico, that would be no defense for Porfirio Diaz; and, as a matter of fact, there is no reason to believe that they are nearly as bad.

The Mexican Constitution absolutely prohibits slavery of any sort. "No one," it says, "can be obliged to render personal service without a fair remuneration and without his full consent, save as to labor imposed as a penalty by the judicial authority." And again, "The State can not permit the consummation of any contract or agreement having for its object the curtailment, loss, or irrevocable sacrifice of the liberty of the individual." But the State, under President Diaz, not only permitted, but enforced through its police and gendarmery, thousands of such "contracts," if so they can be called. There is conflict of evidence, and there is room for doubt, as to the amount of actual cruelty practised under this system. But two unquestionable facts may in this connection be pointed out. It would be nothing short of a miracle if a people with the ancestry, the history, and the traditions of the Mexicans were constitutionally humane. Neither their Spanish nor their Indian forefathers were particularly squeamish as to torture or massacre; and to this day their favorite sports are cock-fighting and bull-fighting. I would not for a moment imply that all Mexicans are cruel; what I mean is that there is nothing in their antecedents to render it probable that they have any special power of resisting the temptations to cruelty which slavery inevitably presents. For—this is the second fact to which attention must be called—when a man receives no wages or other reward for his labor, there is no argument by which he can be induced to work, save pain or the fear of pain. In this respect the slave is exactly in the position of a horse or other beast of burden. If a horse is lazy, we do not turn him loose and buy another, for that would be a dead loss; we do not dock his provender, for that would diminish his efficiency; we simply apply the whip or spur, and repeat the application whenever it is necessary. Some of us shrink from even this animal slavery; but most men who have to do with horses become more or less hardened to it. And

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the history of human slavery shows that slave-driving, far more than horse-driving, renders a man callous. In the case of human beasts of burden, laziness or inefficiency very soon comes to wear an appearance of contumacy, and to excite a fierce resentment such as men seldom feel toward dumb animals. It is indeed a rare character that can resist the depraving effect of unlimited power over a fellow man, and constant temptation to inflict pain upon him. Apart from the credibility of the witnesses to gross cruelties on the plantations of Yucatan and the Valle Nacional,—and their credibility seems very high,—one sees nothing in their accounts which would not almost inevitably arise from the admitted conditions of the case.

Mr. James Creelman, who visited Yucatan and found it, apparently, swept and garnished for the occasion, admits "that there are many evils attendant on the custom of allowing, or enticing, henequen workers to go heavily in debt to their employers, and that here and there a planter takes advantage of his power and isolated position to be cruel or unjust." Yet, a few pages farther on, Mr. Creelman declares that "the most persistent search could not reveal a single instance in which a man was whipped for refusing to work." If there are men, and this is not denied, who work for no wage, and with no prospect or hope of any reward, it would be curious to know by what motive, other than the lash or the fear of the lash, they are induced to go forth to their labor in the morning. What the Yucatecan proverb says of the Indian is fundamentally true of all slaves — "they hear only with their backs."

The Tragedy of the Yaqui

In most of the Mexican forms of slavery President Diaz has simply acquiesced. His acquiescence has been part of his general policy of doing and sanctioning nothing that could possibly upset the labor market or embarrass his capitalist allies. But in the case of the Yaqui Indians he has actively and decisively intervened; so that this case merits some examination.

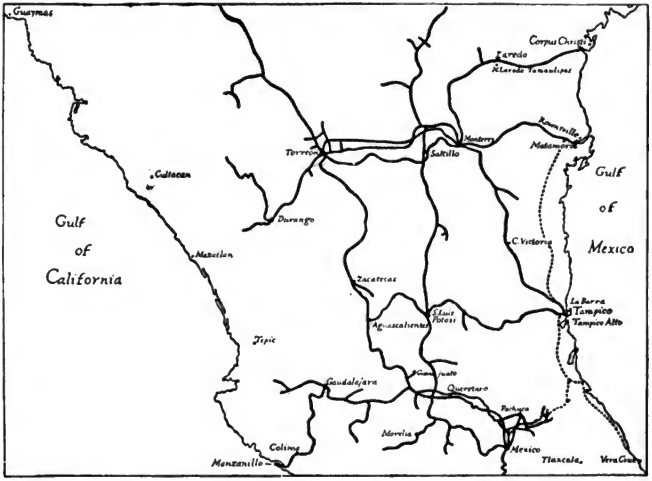
Long and complicated has been the feud between the Mexican government and this hapless tribe. The government has published an elaborate history, in three hundred and fifty folio pages, with the purpose of showing that, from 1529 onwards, each successive authority has been at war with the irrepressible Yaqui, except during the eighty-five years between 1740 and 1825. The author of this volume, under the date of April 2, 1903 (the Porfirist *fiesta*, by the way), declared that there remained only three courses open to the government: (1) A war of extermination; (2) The deportation of the whole tribe, and its dispersion over distant parts of the national territory; (3) The colonization of the Yaqui Valley. I do not know precisely what "colonization" means in this context; nor does it greatly matter, for it was the second course, not the third, that was adopted.

Now, the Yaqui Indians are declared by all impartial observers to be a very fine race of people. The great ethnologist, Dr. Karl Lumholtz, speaks of them in the highest terms. Their intelligence is as remarkable as their physical endurance. They have, what is rare among aboriginal tribes, a good deal of mechanical aptitude. They are an agricultural people, inhabiting the rich valley of the river in Sonora which is called by their name. Probably it is the desirability of their territory that has been their ruin. That they have committed murders and depredations is not denied: the question is, how far they have been badgered and harried into outlawry. It is also a question whether any possible crime or series of crimes could have merited the punishment meted out to them — that of wholesale deportation and practical enslavement. In droves of hundreds at a time,—men, women, and children,—they were transported, with the utmost brutality of treatment, from one extremity of the Republic to the other, and into a climate — that of Yucatan — known to be rapidly fatal to them. Twenty-five million dollars, says Francisco Madero, has been lavished upon this war; and he pertinently asks what might not have been accomplished by the expenditure of such a sum on works of pacification. But there were interests to be served by deportation; and the people who profited by the scandal are well known. At last the country became so depopulated that in the surrounding region no harvesters were to be had; whereupon the landowners remonstrated with the Dictator. As a result, the decree of deportation was suspended, but with the proviso that for every crime committed by a Yaqui 500 of his people should be deported.* Such is the justice of the Strong Hand.

No doubt a specious case can be made out for what Mr. Creelman calls "this stern, but comparatively merciful, policy." Indeed, one can almost trace the finger of Providence in the transaction. The land of the Yaquis was wanted in Sonora, while their labor was wanted in Yucatan. It was a manifest blessing that

* This almost incredible statement is Francisco Madero's. Is it possible that "500" is a misprint for "50"?

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MAP SHOWING THE INDISCRIMINATE WAY IN WHICH MEXICAN RAILWAYS WERE BUILT. VERY IMPORTANT REGIONS ARE NOT YET UNITED BY RAILWAY TO THE REST OF THE COUNTRY, WHILE OTHERS POSSESS TWO AND EVEN THREE PARALLEL LINES FOR TRAFFIC THAT WOULD BARELY SUPPORT ONE. IN SOME INSTANCES LONG LINES HAVE BEEN BUILT FOR THE ACCOMMODATION OF REMOTE ESTATES

their character should have been such as to afford a pretext for a rearrangement which satisfied both these needs.

The Law of Unappropriated Lands

In Diaz's whole policy with relation to the land we can clearly trace the same desire to favor the rich and strong at the cost of the poor and weak. For instance, the law of Terrenos Baldíos, or unappropriated lands, dating from 1894, practically permits the "denunciation" of any land to which the occupant cannot show a complete legal title, and so arms the great landowner with a means of "rounding off" his possessions by ousting his poorer neighbors who have merely a prescriptive claim to their holdings. A sound national policy would have dictated just the opposite course: to wit, an enactment whereby those who had held undisturbed possession of a parcel of land for a stated number of years should be enabled, on proof of that fact, to register their title and maintain it against all comers. In a largely illiterate country, where written instruments are necessarily few, to demand legal evidence of title as an alternative to ejectment was simply to give a free hand to the wealthy land-grabber. The law has covered the country with Naboth's Vineyards; and this although the concentration of land in the hands of a few territorial magnates had long been recognized as one of the great evils from which Mexico was suffering. The Terrazas family, in Chihuahua, for instance, owns about twenty-five thousand square miles of country—a territory twice as large as the State of Maryland. This is perhaps an extreme example; but enormous properties are the rule, not the exception; and as the owners of these vast estates are apt to be appointed governors or magistrates of one sort or another, the power they wield is almost unlimited. It is now recognized that one of the urgent needs of the country is a class of peasant proprietors, and measures are under discussion for the purchase of land by the government and its breaking up into small holdings. It is pointed out that the very unequal value of land, depending as it does on the abundance or scarcity of water, places great difficulties in the way of purchase

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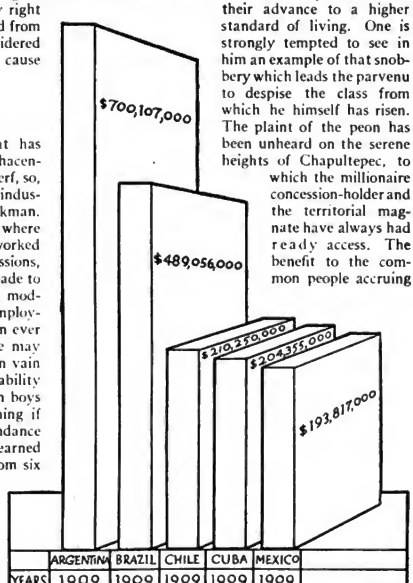
and subdivision. But these difficulties would be largely overcome by an equitable, instead of an arbitrary and unjust, system of taxation, such as should lead to a diffusion, rather than a concentration, of the all-important water rights. The way in which the rich elude taxation, while the tax-gatherer is forever and inexorably on the track of the poor, is one of the crying scandals of Mexico. One of the most terrible incidents of the Diaz rule — the so-called "War of Tomóchic" — arose upon a question of taxation.

The fact that the Dictator has never dared to antagonize "moneyed interests" is further illustrated by the absence of any serious attempts, by taxation or otherwise, to check the drink traffic, which is one of the curses of Mexico. The thousands of acres given up to the cultivation of maguey, for the making of pulque and mezcal, may look well in agricultural statistics; but Madero is certainly right when he says that the profits derived from this source "ought not to be considered as a form of national wealth, but a cause of decadence."

Capital and Labor

And if the benevolent autocrat has consistently sided with the great hacendado, as against the peon and the serf, so, too, has he invariably favored the industrial employer as against the workman. One would have supposed that, where so many factories and mines are worked under more than generous concessions, some endeavor might have been made to secure an offset in the shape of moderately favorable conditions of employment. No such sentimental notion ever occurred to President Diaz. One may search the Mexican statute-book in vain for any factory act or employers' liability act, or child-labor act. I have seen boys of ten or twelve doing nerve-straining if not actually laborious work in attendance on huge, clattering machines, and learned on inquiry that their hours were from six to six and their earnings twenty-five cents a day. Mining companies and other large employers have their own police; and they often contrive to get one of their staff, a secretary or bookkeeper, appointed *comisario*, or justice of the peace, so as to hold the workmen in the hollow of their hands. In labor disputes Diaz has always sided with the masters and has frowned upon trade-unionism. There is little doubt that he ordered the terrible massacre that followed upon a strike riot at Rio Blanco, near Orizaba. His object probably was to paralyze discontent and show that labor organization would not be tolerated. The same policy accounts for the indiscriminate shooting by which the troubles at the Cananea copper-mines were put down. "Is the government entirely powerless in such cases," asks Madero, "to protect the interests of the Mexican workman? . . . It did not care though the miners died of hunger, so long as they died in an orderly fashion, silently, without protest."

It is said that Diaz has actually issued orders to employers who were willing to raise wages forbidding them to do so. This may or may not be true: what is certain is that he has never displayed the smallest solicitude for the economic progress of the Mexican proletariat, or their advance to a higher standard of living. One is strongly tempted to see in him an example of that snobbery which leads the parvenu to despise the class from which he himself has risen. The plaint of the peon has been unheard on the serene heights of Chapultepec, to which the millionaire concession-holder and the territorial magnate have always had ready access. The benefit to the common people accruing



THE DIAGRAM OF TOTAL FOREIGN COMMERCE FOR 1909, PUBLISHED BY THE INTERNATIONAL BUREAU OF AMERICAN REPUBLICS, GIVES MEXICO A VERY MODEST PLACE AMONG THE SOUTH AMERICAN REPUBLICS

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from thirty years of benevolent despotism is well summed up by Madero when he says: "Of all America, Mexico is the only country whose inhabitants emigrate. In spite of the humiliations they suffer in the United States, they are better off there."

Judging the Diaz rule, then, by its results, and trying to express them in terms of human happiness and welfare, we find the sum total insignificant, if not a minus quantity. The legend rests upon columns of figures which look very imposing until we place other columns of figures beside them. Thirty-five years of peace and solvency may undoubtedly be put down to the Dictator's credit, along with an eager alacrity in the fostering of industrial development, not to say exploitation. But of constructive, or even regulative, wisdom there is little trace. Certain public works, indeed, with the drainage of the valley of Mexico at their head, have been substantially beneficial. But it is hard to point to a single legislative enactment which has benefited the mass of the people, reformed an unjust or retrograde condition, or helped to place on a firm basis the well being of the coming generations.

The Methods of the Super-Man

If, now, we look a little further and inquire by what means the thirty-five years of peace have been secured, we find still less reason to regard Porfirio Diaz as the benefactor of his country. He was the first, and probably the sincerest, dupe of his own legend. He very soon came to regard himself as the man of destiny, indispensable to the welfare of Mexico; and he shrank from no conceivable method of safeguarding and consolidating his power. "Who wills the end, wills the means"; and Diaz possessed not only an indomitable will, but a robust conscience.

Sr. Francisco Bulnes, a well-known politician and deputy from Lower California, has applied to the Diaz rule an often-quoted phrase, which scarcely calls for translation. It has been characterized, says Sr. Bulnes, by *"el mínimum de terror y el máximum de benevolencia."* "If you substitute 'corruption' for 'benevolence,'" an eminent historian said to me, "you come nearer the mark." Another gentleman present proposed another emendation. "It is not true," he said, "that Diaz has employed 'a minimum of terror'; but it is true that he has preferred corruption to terror, and has fallen back upon terror, as a rule, only where corruption has failed." This is one of the reproaches which a stern patriotism levels against him. "A frank dictatorship," says Madero, "is only a parenthesis in the democratic development of peoples, which then sets in afresh in a powerful reaction. But a hypocritical dictatorship, which appears to respect constitutional forms, undermines the foundations of liberty. The citizens see themselves suavely oppressed by a hand that caresses them, by a hand always prodigal of material good things."

When one speaks of corruption in this context, one does not mean — at least, I do not — that Diaz is personally corrupt. His enemies, of course, aver that he is. They declare that he has amassed a fortune, of which they do not hesitate to give you the exact figures. Some place it at thirty million dollars,* others at forty-five million. After diligent inquiry, I can find no evidence of personal "graft" on his part, and several people have told me of facts within their own knowledge which point in the opposite direction. The legends of his actual poverty are probably no less untrue; but I see no reason to believe that Diaz has made illegitimate profits out of his position. The accusation is not that he has taken bribes, but that he has given them. He has always preferred buying a man to crushing him — that is to say, where the man was at all worth buying.

The "Cientificos"

This is little more than a restatement of the fact that he has secured peace and ruled the country by making friends with the Mammon of Unrighteousness. His government has been an autocracy based upon a plutocracy. He has gathered round him a band of devoted adherents by distributing to them political and administrative offices which enabled them to act up to the first commandment of the Porfirist decalogue — "Get rich quick!" If he has not robbed the country himself, he has winked with both eyes at systematic robbery by others. I should be very sorry to believe that all the *Cientificos* are dishonest. Some of them, I am sure, are honorable gentlemen — men whose wealth antedates the Diaz period, and who are incapable of baseness and fraud. Even these men, however, were bound to the dictatorship by ties of interest. In no unworthy or reprehensible sense, they had "come in on the ground floor." The origin and meaning of the term *Cientifico* is not clear, but it may fairly be taken to imply one who has "inside information," who is behind the scenes, who is in a position to take advantage of any wind that blows. And, honest or not, these men felt the security of their city palaces and their country principalities to be

*Madero rejects this rumor as a calumny and says: "As an administrator he has always been upright."

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dependent on the endurance of the Diaz administration. They formed a solid body-guard around the throne. They did their best to promulgate the Diaz legend, some of them, I dare say, devoutly believing in it. One of them said to me, with perfect gravity and simplicity, that what the country now needed was some one who should continue "the noble and liberal policy of the President." The more clear-sighted, however, would scarcely demur to Sr. de Zayas' definition of his policy as "compromise with all parties in the attempt to convert into accomplices both friends and enemies."

Accomplices! That is the word! His great art has lain in finding accomplices for his autocracy, native and foreign, honest and dishonest, conscious and unconscious. And he became a master in this art, not only through inborn astuteness, not only through conviction that the end justified the means, but through the extraordinary personal magnetism to which every one who has come in contact with him bears witness. That he is a born master and chieftain there can be no doubt. He has all the makings of a great man — except greatness.

But, in addition to the men who can be bought, there are always a few who can not be bought, and many who are not worth buying. With these the Dictator has dealt, and suffered his instruments to deal, remorselessly. It is related that when an interviewer once said to him, "I suppose you have many enemies, Mr. President?" his reply was, "I *had*." I do not vouch for the anecdote; but it is by no means improbable.

Death as an "Intelligent Ally"

"Death," says Sr. de Zayas, "has been a most powerful ally of General Diaz. Every one who has crossed his path or who had the power to oppose him has fallen by death. . . . This does not mean that I suspect General Diaz of having aided in the disappearance of those men. . . . Death has come of its own accord as an intelligent and opportune ally; that is all." The odd thing is that in three conspicuous cases — the cases of the Dictator's most formidable rivals and opponents — the "intelligent ally" should have operated, not in the form of disease or even of accident, but through the assassin's knife or bullet. This fact is absolutely undoubted. General García de la Cadena is believed to have been actually plotting against the Dictator. He came by his end in the State of Zacatecas, nobody quite knows how, but certainly by violence and certainly without process of law. General Ignacio Martinez was living as a political refugee at Laredo, Texas, and was attacking the Diaz government in the press. He was assassinated by a negro, who, it is said, immediately crossed the frontier. Finally, General Ramón Corona, one of the heroes of the French war, "to whose epic figure," says Madero, "the eyes of the lovers of liberty were anxiously turned," was stabbed one fine evening by a low-class Indian, said to have been of unsound mind; but, as the police killed him practically on the spot, I do not know by what inquisition the state of his mind was ascertained. If the Dictator was neither directly nor indirectly concerned in these three murders, one can only say that his ally, Death, did not show the intelligence with which Sr. de Zayas credits it; for it made him the innocent victim of a most remarkable coincidence.

Belem and San Juan de Ulua

And these are only conspicuous instances of the "drastic" methods by which Diaz has kept his supremacy unassailed. "Disappearances" have been terribly frequent. The slightest symptom of insurgence against his "solely sovereign sway and masterdom" — whether in the press, by public meeting, or by private organization — has been ruthlessly suppressed. The incident which made a politician, and finally a rebel, of Francisco Madero, was the murderous attack upon a peaceful and orderly procession at Monterey on April 2 (the Porfirist festival), 1903. Without any warning, the demonstrators were mown down by bullets in front of the Ayuntamiento of the capital city of the State of Nuevo Leon. Diaz, of course, is not personally responsible for all such incidents. This particular one is commonly laid to the charge of General Reyes, then Governor of the State. But the whole repressive machine has been perfected and kept in action by Diaz and no one else. He has either captured or crushed not only every form of opposition, but every attempt at political organization or education. Not long ago a *Club Organizador del Partido Democratico* was formed in Mexico City, only to fall into such complete subservience that its initials, C. O. D. P. D., came to be interpreted, *Como Ordena Don Porfirio Diaz* —" As Don Porfirio Diaz decrees." But it was no laughing matter to incur the suspicion or enmity of Don Porfirio or his henchmen. Before you knew where you were, you found yourself in Belem, the terrible prison of Mexico City, or, it may be, consigned without any trial to the dungeons of San Juan de Ulua, the fortress island in the sweltering harbor of Vera Cruz.

Belem is admitted, even by the most ardent partizans of the dictatorship, to be a blot on its

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fair name. "We call it the Mexican Chicago," a Mexican said to me. "Why?" "Because there are 5,500 people in one block" — and of these a large proportion are political prisoners. It is simply an old convent (the name means Bethlehem) scarcely, if at all, reconstructed to serve its present purpose. It has been described to me by men who have passed through it; and the condition of overcrowding, together with the absolutely medieval lack of any tolerable sanitation, would be incredible if one had not similar evidence as to the state of the prisons in the mother country of Mexico — Spain. It is things like this that make one a little impatient of the "benevolent autocrat" legend. Every time he drove from his house in the Calle Cadena to his summer palace at Chapultepec, Diaz must have passed close to Belem. He must have known that hundreds of men, whose only crime was hostility to his rule, were penned in verminous and putrid halls or galleries, at such close quarters that the legs of one row of sleepers, when stretched at full length, dovetailed, so to speak, with the legs of the opposite row. He must, or ought to, have known that the jailers enriched themselves by pocketing one third of the allowance of six cents a day made for the food of the prisoners. He must have known that a word from him would alter all this; and for more than a quarter of a century, while his press agents, official or unofficial, were vaunting the benignity and enlightenment of his rule, that word remained unspoken. There is a sort of hypocrisy in this with which one finds it difficult to deal tenderly.

Liberty of the Press

If you want information as to Belem, you have only to apply to any liberal, and not overcautious, journalist. The following little incident amused me a good deal. I had been asking a journalist friend whether the government gave him much trouble. "Oh, no!" he declared, "no trouble at all. Now and then they would remonstrate against some item which was actually untrue; but in the expression of opinion, so long as you were reasonably decent and discreet, no one interfered with you." I parted from my friend at the corner of the Alameda, and went toward my hotel. I had not left him three minutes when, in a side street, a notice written in chalk on a blackboard attracted my attention. It ran thus:

DIARIO DEL HOGAR
April 27

To-day at 1.30 P.M. the seals which the police had placed upon our offices, by order of the Third Correctional Court, were taken off. The paper will reappear on Monday, May 1, advocating the same political program as before.

I bought the issue of Monday, May 1, and found in it a lively account of the editor's experiences during some months in Belem. The reason for the suppression of the paper I had not time to discover; but it did not greatly matter, for in all probability the alleged reason was something trifling and irrelevant. It was part of the Diaz policy to proceed against an offending paper on some side issue, some matter of personal and private libel, as to which Mexican law is absurdly strict. By this means the paper can be suspended or suppressed — the whole printing plant is sometimes thrown into the street — while the editor has not the advantage of figuring as a martyr to political principle. Sometimes the unwary journalist is provisionally released, and allowed to carry on his calling during good behavior, with a prosecution suspended over his head. At other times he goes to Belem for an indefinite term, there to meditate, under conditions to which sackcloth and ashes would be vastly preferable, upon the blessings of a benevolent despotism.

The "Ley Fuga"

Compared with the lot of the prisoners, the fate of victims of the *ley fuga* — the law of flight — seems almost enviable. The *ley fuga* is not really a law, but a convenient custom whereby any person who, having been arrested, attempts to escape, may then and there be shot down, without further ceremony. It may be said that in any country a prisoner who attempts to escape from an armed guard is apt to have a bullet sent after him; but the allegation is that in Mexico prisoners are habitually tempted or compelled to run away, in order that they may be disposed of, under the *ley fuga*, without any formality of trial or inquest. The fact is undisputed; but there are naturally no statistics to show how commonly the *ley fuga* is put in force. People who are loud in their praise of the *rurales* will at the same time tell you that this licensed murder is an every-day affair. "I heard a man once," said a young English engineer who had spent most of his life in Mexico, "appeal against a sentence of sixty days' imprisonment inflicted on him by a local *comisario*. 'Very well,' said the *comisario*, 'then I shall have to send you to Monclova under guard' — and he ordered a *rural* to be called. On hearing this, however, the man promptly withdrew his appeal and accepted his sentence. When the *rural* presently appeared, and heard what he had been wanted for, 'Oh,

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that fellow!' he said. 'He's not worth taking to Monclova!' He evidently agreed with the prisoner that there would probably have been an accident on the way." At the same time, this Englishman declared the *rurales* to be a splendid body of men, second only to the Northwestern Mounted Police of Canada. Other people, more squeamish as to methods, call them "Porfirio's Cossacks." But it is not only the *rurales* who can, and do, deal expeditiously with captives who are "not worth" imprisonment or trial. The ordinary policeman carries, in addition to his club, a revolver and belt of cartridges. Madero's comment on the *ley fuga* is that, established for the putting down of bandits, it has been extended to the getting rid of political opponents. "How many infamies," he says, "have been buried at the cross-roads! How many martyrs immolated to their love of liberty!"

The Hated "Jefe Politico"

It is manifest that a country where such customs prevail is not a civilized country. The lives and liberties of all Mexicans, but especially of those who have neither money nor influence, are always at the mercy of arbitrary power. The great despotism at the top has ramified into thousands of petty despotisms, from whose malice and extortion no one is secure. "Beneath the national government," we are told, "are the 27 State governors, with their 295 *jefes politicos* or prefects, and 1,798 municipal presidents." It would be absurd to say that among those officials there are no just and humane men; but, as a matter of fact, the local outbreaks from which, during the past six months, scarcely a State of the Union has been free, were almost all the result of pent-up rage against the tyranny of the *jefes politicos*. Many of these gentlemen had long scores to pay off — and have duly paid them. There was no appeal against their tyrannies, save to the Dictator; and the Dictator heard only those appeals that were backed by a member of his ring, or by a great corporation, or by an ambassador.

It is urged in defense of Diaz that this is the form of rule which the Mexicans understand and expect: that, in other words, the instinct to tyrannize and be tyrannized over runs in their blood. "Every Mexican has to have another Mexican to kick," an old resident said to me. Even if we take this statement with the necessary discount, we can not but see that no lasting government can be built on such a principle — least of all in the present age of the world, when, for good or ill, ideals of humanity and social justice are abroad in the air, and can not be silenced or suppressed. I said, and it was true, that Diaz had no taste for the futile effort to keep out the tide of material progress with a mop; but he has done his best to keep out moral progress with a revolver, and the effort has proved, in the long run, not only futile, but disastrous.

Diaz and Education

In examining his policy, one sometimes wonders whether he had not actually come to believe himself immortal, so little preparation did he make for what was to come after. If he realized that he must one day die, and if he had the good of the nation truly at heart, one of two courses was clearly imposed on him. He must either educate the people to govern itself, or educate a successor to govern the people. The true wisdom, indeed, would have been to adopt both courses — to begin the education of the people, and to educate a successor to carry it on. Diaz carefully did neither the one thing nor the other.

To education in the narrow sense of the word he was always doing lip-homage; but it is very doubtful whether he really cared for it. Certain it is that his thirty years of power did little to reduce illiteracy. The census of 1900 showed eighty-four per cent of *analfabetos* throughout the country, and sixty-two per cent even in the Federal District. Since then some advance has probably been made, but nothing of importance. The difficulties of popular education in a sparsely peopled mountainous country are no doubt great, especially when we consider that about thirty-eight per cent of the population are of pure Indian race, and that perhaps about half of these speak no Spanish. But, making every allowance for these difficulties, we can not but feel that Diaz has done little more than the irreducible minimum for the cause he professed to have so much at heart.

In the United States about one fifth of the whole population are enrolled school children; in Mexico, according to statistics of 1906, only about one twenty-fifth. And even these figures are probably quite deceptive. When a new Minister of Education took office some months ago, one of the first things he did was to call for the pay-roll of teachers in the Federal District; whereupon a long and imposing list was presented to him. "Now," he said, "I want within three days to have every one of these teachers presented to me" — but those who could be whipped up in answer to his summons were only about half of those who figured on the list.

As for education in the larger sense of the

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term,— political organization, free discussion, and so forth,— we have already seen how Diaz encouraged that. Death, Belem, or exile was the reward of those who showed any enthusiasm for it.

Limantour, Corral, and Reyes

The second course — that of forming and developing a competent successor — was even less to the Dictator's taste than the first. Competence was, in his eyes, scarcely less criminal than ambition. Only one man of first-rate ability has remained in favor with Diaz for many years in succession: the great Minister of Finance, José Yves Limantour. Sr. Limantour is a man of rare distinction and of very unusual mental power. But, for one reason or another, he has always declared himself wholly averse from the idea of ever becoming President. Some people say that he is ineligible under the Constitution, on account of his foreign (French) parentage. I have his own authority for stating that this is not so; but I have also his own authority for declaring that under no circumstances would he accept the Presidency. "I am an administrator," he says, "not a politician." Sr. Limantour apart, Diaz has suffered no one to make a name for himself in politics. Sr. Corral, whom he practically named as his successor by having him elected Vice-President, would simply have been a vastly inferior Diaz. When Governor of Sonora, he was not unpopular, as governors go; but he was largely responsible for the Yaqui scandal, and he was Minister of the Interior at the time of the Orizaba massacre. General Bernardo Reyes became sufficiently prominent as a possible candidate for the Presidency to merit banishment (under the guise of a military mission) to Europe. He has now returned, and the immediate future of the country must depend largely upon the question whether he chooses to work with or against Madero; for he has undoubtedly a considerable following. Of young men one hears nothing at all. "The whole trouble might have been avoided," some one said, "if Diaz had only put in as Vice-President, instead of Corral, some younger man who should be acceptable to the nation." "What younger man would you suggest?" I asked. "I really don't know," was the answer. I repeated the question to perhaps a dozen different people, Mexicans and foreigners; and the answer was always the same — they knew of no one of the younger generation who had made a sufficient mark to be a possible nominee for the Vice-Presidency. That is an inevitable result of personal rule such as that of Diaz. Even if ability be not violently repressed, it has no room for development. In a Chamber of Deputies of which the elections are a farce and the debates an empty formality, how should power make itself felt? In a ministry "run" by a martinet, how should originality develop? Well might Bolivar say: "The nation whose existence depends on a single man can have no enduring polity."

Is Madero the Man of the Future?

Where, then, lies the hope for the future? I can not tell, unless it be in Francisco I. Madero. Judging him by his book, I take him to be a sincere patriot and a man of enlightened intelligence. Is he also a strong man? That remains to be seen; but some things reported of him point in that direction. He knows very well that the salvation of Mexico lies in the gradual introduction of humanity and justice into the workings of the administrative machinery; the gradual uplifting, both material and spiritual, of the masses of the people; and the gradual approximation of political facts to constitutional theory. To this end, it is probable that not only the facts but the theory ought to be altered; the approximation should be effected from both ends. But it is clear that, so long as facts and theory are at heaven-wide variance, the Constitution is nothing but a weapon in the hands of revolutionists.

Mexico is at this moment as prolific in theoretical constitution-builders as was Paris in 1790. The legislature has already passed rigorous laws against reëlection, not only to the Presidency, but to State governorships. It was even proposed that no relative of a President, within the fourth degree, should ever be eligible for the office — an enactment evidently aimed at the Dictator's nephew, Felix Diaz. The restriction of the franchise to those who can read and write has been widely canvassed; and it has been calculated that, excluding women, minors, etc., this would reduce the whole voting population of the country to a little over half a million, and would practically mean that Mexico City would rule Mexico. Another proposal is that Congress should be elected by universal suffrage, but that an educational qualification should be required of voters for individual office-holders, such as the President and the State governors. It is pointed out that such an enactment would have the effect of making all parties keen to promote education. But the trouble in Mexico is that, for the present, there are no political parties, no Republicans or Democrats, no Conservatives or Radicals, but only the adherents of individual men — Porfiristas, Reyistas, Dehesistas, Maderistas.

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Yet I do not see why, with a government acting honestly up to the principle of "effective suffrage," parties should not rapidly develop. I am told that there are signs of the crystallization of a Clerical-Conservative party; and a Socialist, a "land-for-the-people," party is already in existence in the Flores-Magon group. Should Madero come to power, he would find this hostile "extreme left" ready to hand.

A just, humane, and strong man — that is what Mexico requires. Is Madero he? Or look we for another? That is the great question. Whoever he may be, he will have no light task before him; for the moment he attempts reform, he will run up against powerful vested interests, and there will assuredly be counter-revolutions afoot. Such a legacy of wrong as Diaz leaves behind him can not be set right in a day.

The American in Mexico

And what, meanwhile, is the position of American capital and American lives? It is not quite an agreeable one. No Mexican government that one can with any probability foresee would be actively hostile to the foreigner; but under no probable government can he reasonably look forward to such a good time as he has enjoyed under Diaz. On the fall of a tyranny there will naturally follow a tidal wave of patriotism; and to patriotism it can not be agreeable to see a country so permeated by foreign, and especially American, power and influence as Mexico assuredly is. The central district of the capital is almost as much an American as a Mexican city. The new and splendid Post Office bears official evidence to the conquest by infiltration, in the quadruple division of its letter-slits. They are labeled: "Federal District" — "Interior" — "United States" — "Exterior": thus giving the United States an intermediate place, neither within nor without the country, which figures the situation very exactly. During my stay in the capital I was a guest of the (American) University Club; and while I saw with admiration the tall, square-shouldered, energetic, efficient young fellows by whom it was peopled, I could not but wonder how I should feel, were I a Mexican, on seeing this masterful race descend in swarms upon my country.

But, given settled government, all may be well. The danger lies in a long period of unsettlement. Already the American government has shown a great deal of patience. During the crumbling away of the Diaz rule there have been more unredressed wrongs and outrages than the American public perhaps realizes. They are, in my judgment, what people have to expect who put their trust in power dissociated from integrity and humanity. But there might possibly occur some great outrage, such as no nation could overlook; and then it is hard to see how a terrible disaster could be avoided. The position of foreign, and especially American, residents is certainly none too secure. They are not loved by the masses, and they have (broadly speaking) no friends of their own class who would stand by them in case of necessity. Really cordial social relations between Americans and Mexicans do not exist — Mexican social habits, and especially the position and prejudices of Mexican women, absolutely forbid them. Thus Mexico can only be described as a potentially hostile country, which some comparatively trifling occurrence might easily cause to break out in a blaze of active hostility. "I am a bear on Mexico," an old resident said to me — a man who was assuredly no alarmist by temperament. His wife and children were in the United States.

Doubtless an American army could march through Mexico as a ship sails through the sea; but the sea would close up behind it. Unless Mexico had an ally* who could prevent a blockade of her coasts, the actual war might not be a very long one; for Mexico would soon run out of the ammunition required by modern rifles. But what could follow such a conquest? I am sure that no sane man in the United States contemplates or desires any aggression upon Mexico. The danger lies in occurrences that might absolutely force it; and to avoid such occurrences I suggest that the United States should, with all its power, directed by all its tact, support any Mexican government that seemed to have the good of the people really at heart, even if such support meant the sacrifice or postponement of immediate pecuniary "interests."

* There is no reason to think that the Diaz government seriously coquetted with Japan; but it is certain that the Mexican masses look with eagerness in that direction.

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His Baby

by Annie W. Noel

Illustrations by F. Y. Cory

FOR four years he was the Baby. He and his mother, as they rocked in the big chair, grew possessed of all the treasures of the world.

Then suddenly she set him down; he was no longer the Baby—he was Petie.

He minded the Baby.

Sometimes he minded her in the kitchen, sometimes he minded her in the parlor. In the parlor, he would roll her under the sofa (for safety), and climb up on a chair and gaze far, far down out of the window.

Suddenly, one day, he saw a Petie on the street. Petie on the street wore blue pants. But where was his Baby? He walked up the street, and then he sat down and, lifting an iron horseshoe, let it fall upon an iron manhole-cover. He lifted the iron horseshoe ——

"They's a Petie on the street!" Petie, driven from the window, pulled at his mother's skirts.

She shook her skirts. He rolled his Baby under the stationary tubs (for safety). Petie on the street lifted the iron horseshoe. He let it fall on the iron manhole-cover. He lifted the iron horseshoe ——

"Is that the way you mind your Baby?" a voice cried shrilly, and Petie at the window was jerked in by his blue pants. Then he minded his Baby in the kitchen.

He could not open the parlor door. He could hear nothing at the keyhole. He went and stood where, as she turned from her work, his mother stumbled over him.

"There's a sure Petie on the street," he said, as he went over.

She picked him up and put him to bed. As his head touched the pillow his heart broke. He sobbed once; and then all at once he found himself on the pavement (minding his Baby) and pounding the iron manhole-cover with an iron stove-lifter — pounding ——

Such are the dreams sent to mock us. For presently he awoke in a silent world. He could not open the parlor door; he could hear nothing at the keyhole.

"The Baby's sick!"

His mother's foot and hand dropped from her whirring machine and she gazed startled into Petie's fathomless dark eyes.

"She — needs — f'esh — *air!*" Petie's heart poised on the high note, anxious, triumphant.

But his mother, with her hand already stretched out toward the machine, gave one deep glance at him and half a glance at the rosy Baby asleep under the stationary tubs.

"The Baby needs f'esh air." Petie stood in her path as she rose, at last, from her work.

He shook the parlor door; he could hear nothing at the keyhole. "She needs f'esh air," — he turned to his mother whenever his eye caught her moving. "She'll get sick," he followed his mother about. "She'll die!"

And then suddenly he wound himself in his mother's skirts.

"The Baby needs f'esh air!" he sobbed, as she unwound him. "She'll get sick," he sobbed. "She'll die!"

She found the Baby's coat, and took them down the stairs — down long, dark stairs, down long, dark stairs, again and again, until Petie with a leap burst through the door.

"Here, mind your Baby!" his mother called shrilly.

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He came back and took the Baby's hand. He set her down in the Mission Chapel porch (for safety), and there, right before him, on the pavement, was the iron manhole-cover. Oh, the street — the street!

One day, as he played at ships-in-the-gutter (and minded his Baby), a new whistle shrieked down through the street into Petie's heart.

"Better run," screamed a little boy at him, darting past, as Petie straightened from the gutter.

The whistle shrieked again.

"Better run!"

He seized his Baby's hand.

"Better run!"

Men were running. Thousands upon thousands of little boys sprang past him. He started to run, and suddenly a clamor of bells filled the air.

His Baby stumbled and fell.

"Better run!"

He lifted his Baby, and, straining, fell on top of her.

"Better run!" yelled a big boy, passing him.

He got behind the Baby and pushed her. He got in front and pulled her. He knocked her down and began to roll her. Silent tears flooded his cheeks.

Suddenly a floury white arm wrapped itself around him and he was shot through the air. "Here she comes!" yelled the baker in his ear, as he was set down and the Baby's hand thrust into his. Then the fire-engine passed.

After a long time he found himself sitting on the Mission Chapel steps, minding his Baby. Why are some people made little boys and some made fire-engines? A little girl sat near.

"Where's your Baby?" he asked her unconsciously.



"'HE'S PETIE,' ANSWERED THE BABY"

"Mama says there's lots of time for babies yet." The little girl sat mournful.

He half heard. Then slowly he came back from where he had seen the fire-engine.

"You can have mine!" he cried to the little girl.

With a shout, he landed from the Chapel steps full in the flooded gutter. The water leaped above his head; his heart leaped above the houses; he had barely time to throw back,



"'WHERE'S YOUR BABY?'"

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"You can keep her," when the clamor of bells filled the air, the whistle shrieked, his feet flew up and down, up and down the street. Any minute he might turn into a fire-engine.

And the next morning, as he sprang into the street, there the little girl sat — without a baby still.

"Here she is." He ran back and brought his Baby. "You can have her."

"We're movin'." Mournfulness enveloped the little girl like a mist.

"You can take her with you — you can keep her."

But the little girl grew more mournful. "My mama says there's lots of time for babies yet," she answered.

The fire-engine might come back any minute. Petie took his Baby by the hand and led her up the long, dark flights of stairs to where his mother sat at her machine.



"HE COULD HEAR NOTHING AT THE KEYHOLE"

"I'm afraid she'll get hit with a stone."

His mother's glance lifted from her work.

"I'm afraid she'll get runned over."

Her glance rested on the two faces upturned to her — Petie's eyes unfathomable, the Baby's deep with the blue depths of heaven.

"I'm afraid she'll get drownded — drownded dead."

His mother turned back from her two faces.

"Your father ain't workin', Petie," she said, her foot groping for the pedal. "He ain't worked since the Baby was born."

Presently Petie, from where he lay face down on the kitchen floor, felt something stirring above him. He turned, and tears dropped on his face from above. So he got up and took his Baby down, and minded her on the street.

But he wished he had been born a fire-engine.

One day he played until the street lamps suddenly flared up. He woke the Baby, sleeping in the Chapel porch, and dragged her up the stairs. His mother always called him from her high window; but now, as he came in, she was not there. He led his Baby through the flat, looking for her. He looked everywhere for her — in the wardrobe, behind all the doors, under the bed, out on the fire-escapes; he pushed a chair up to the stationary tubs and peered in.

Another lady came in and took them to her house to supper. She came in the next morning, and scrubbed the kitchen floor. She and the other ladies in the house took turns, after that, scrubbing the floor and giving Petie and his Baby their meals.

One day Petie found a woman cooking on their stove. He knew it was not his mother (some one had told him that she was dead), so he pulled his Baby silently up on a chair at the table, and they waited.

She turned presently, and her gaze passed from Petie's dark eyes to the Baby's, blue with the deepest blue of heaven. "You'll have to mind the Baby," she said, turning back quickly to the stove. "I'm your new mother." She gave them their dinner, and they went down to the street again.

Petie, conscious of the new mother, played and played, waiting for the shrill call from her window, until suddenly the street lamps flared up. Their new mother must be dead, too. He woke his Baby and dragged her upstairs. But the new mother was there when they came in. After that she always had a warm supper ready for them.

Day succeeded day, and a strange thing evolved in the heart of the city. Amid unnumbered petty tyrannies, amid monstrous enterprises enslaving thousands, a little boy attained to liberty. No one knew, no one asked, where Petie was. Crowds ebbed and flowed, and among them Petie played. His



"SILENT TEARS FLOODED HIS CHEEKS"

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days were given him, flung out to him prodigally from the Source of days. He did what he pleased; ate, slept, played as he pleased — in the flat, on the stairs, on the street. All day, all night, he was free! It was well, perhaps, that he knew only the flat, the stairs, the street — well, perhaps, that he was a little child and could not know the size of the world.

Yet, if he had been quite free, so perfect a thing could not have been hidden. He must have been found out — his little figure sculptured in immortal marble and set over the city, or splendidly emblazoned upon her arms.

But he had to mind his Baby.

He found tea on the stove and money for rolls every morning after he had dressed his Baby. Their new mother went out early to work. At noon they drank the rest of the tea and ate what was left of the rolls. She came back every night and gave them a big, warm supper. They were grateful to her for coming back every night, and gazed silently at her over their supper.

The days grew warmer, and a rumor stirred all hearts like the breath of spring. In May, Hogan had his May-party, and every one had all the ice-cream he wanted.

Every one!

"We'll go," Petie said to his Baby, on the street. There was no more cold, no more shivering rain. The street filled, filled, overflowed with children.

"We'll go!" shouted Petie to his Baby where she sat in the Chapel porch. The Baby, hidden modestly in the porch, slipped off her petticoat, clasped it close about a stick, and wandered, singing, up and down the street.

In May. But, though the sun shone and shone, May did not really come.

Was Hogan dead?

The sun shone and shone.

"I ain't had no ice-cream fer years." Petie sat heavily beside his Baby. Tea and rolls are plenty in hot weather, if they are plenty.

"Fer years!"

"They's cows in the country," announced a little boy playing near.

"I ain't never had none."

"They's really fish in the country. An' chickens. They's a swimmin'-pool."

Petie was silent. He shied a stone at a passing Italian, indifferently, unconsciously. Tea and rolls are enough, if they are enough; but are they always enough?



"SHE WANDERED, SINGING, UP AND DOWN THE STREET"



"'ICE-CREAM!' HE SANG

The little boy sneered, roused by such indifference. And then, even as he sneered, his lips straightened, his eyes began to shine; for a vision of the country, visited, remembered, known, rose before him.

"They's a circus," he said, to gain time. And then the vision grew clear, and he found words.

"They's candy," he said, steadily gazing and speaking steadily what he saw. "An' ice-cream soda"— finding gradually words for what he knew was so, for what he remembered:

"An' a band, an' a Christmas tree, an' turkey, an' a circus, an' ——"

Petie rose, clasping his Baby's hand.

"An' more candy, an' ice-cream soda, an' a band, an' turkey, an' a Christmas tree, an' another circus —— "

"We'll go," Petie spoke.

"Every day they let you go to the Hippodrome."

"Me an' the Baby'll go."

"The lady's in there." The little boy pointed directly at the Mission Chapel door, and Petie turned and pushed it open.

There sat the lady.

Petie's eyes clouded as he gazed at the lady. He grasped his Baby's hand tightly. Ice-cream, candy, the Hippodrome ——

He stood before her. He half heard the murmur of her voice.

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"Ice-cream" — his heart spoke to her, not with his tongue, but directly, eloquently, up through the depths of his dark eyes meeting hers; and when they had passed from before her, he looked back. "Ice-cream," his eyes said to her.

He leaped to meet the little boy at the Chapel door; but the little boy suddenly stopped half way.

"Yez ain't goin'," he said.

Petie shouldered him, assured. "Aw — ain't we seen the lady?"

"She didn't give ye no tickets."

"Yer a liar. Ain't we seen the lady?"

"What's the matter, what's the matter?" Screaming, laughing, pushing, the children of the street swept up around them. "Did he get a lickin'? Did he get a kickin'? Ain't he goin'?"

"They's lousy!" shrilled one voice, triumphant. "They's lousy, an' no lousy children can't go."

Petie and his Baby climbed to the silent flat. "Nev' mind, Petie," murmured the Baby, patting him as he lay, face down, on the floor. She found her dolly-stick and played beside him. "Nev' mind, Petie," she sang all afternoon. "Nev' mind, nev' mind, Petie."

Suddenly he sat up. He had remembered the lady on the first floor who had given him a penny once.

"My Baby's lousy," he said, pushing open her kitchen door and taking his Baby up to her. "An' no lousy children can't go to the country."

"You'd better get some one to wash a dress an' petticoat for her," answered the woman, as she stood the Baby on a convenient table.

He mounted on a chair at his stationary tubs, and as he washed his Baby's dress and petticoat his heart filled — filled and overflowed. "Ice-cream!" he sang. He sang aloud as he washed his Baby's dress and petticoat. "Ice-cream!" Louder and louder he sang, lifting up his head: "Ice-cream! Ice-cream — every — day!"



"FAR DOWN OUT OF THE WINDOW HE SAW A PETIE"

He awoke in terror the next morning, for the sun already flooded the kitchen. They left their tea untasted; they took the money for their rolls and hurried.

They ate their rolls in the Mission Chapel porch. Presently they would be eating ice-cream under a Christmas tree! "You ain't never been to the country," Petie told his Baby. "Neither ain't I. But you're goin' now. You ain't never been to the Hippodrome, neither. Neither ain't I. But you're goin' now."

Down the street the lady came, and Petie rose to meet her, grasping his Baby's hand.

"We're ready," he said.

The lady, with a smiling nod, hurried into the Chapel, and the door closed.

Petie and his Baby waited. Presently the door opened, and children began to come out, two and two — shining little children, their wings neatly folded under their starched dresses and blouses, ready for the country. The lady came, smiling happily as she came.

"We're ready now," Petie said.



"FOR FOUR YEARS HE WAS THE BABY"

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The lady stopped, hesitated, then looked further down, surprised. A warm little hand lay in hers. Sky-blue? No skies were ever so blue as the eyes upraised to hers. "You're late," said the lady, clasping the little hand, blooming under those blue eyes.

"Yes," said Petie.

"Have you your tickets?"

"Yes," answered Petie.

suddenly she missed the sweet warmth in her hand, and looked down. She looked up disappointed, and met the blue eyes gazing at her from the Baby at the little boy's side.

"He's Petie," answered the Baby.

"Who's Petie?" The lady delayed, lingering under the blue eyes.

"We're going to the country," answered the Baby. She took the little boy's hand and led



"'YOU'RE GOIN' NOW, PETIE'"

The lady smiled down into the blue eyes; she kept the Baby's hand warmly in hers.

Petie's feet clung close to the rear of the little procession. His heart led it. With roll of drum, with whistle of fife, his heart led it like a band.

He followed into the car. He followed through the station; but at the gateway to the train the gateman held back his ragged shoulder.

Petie looked at the lady.

"I don't know who he is," she said. Then

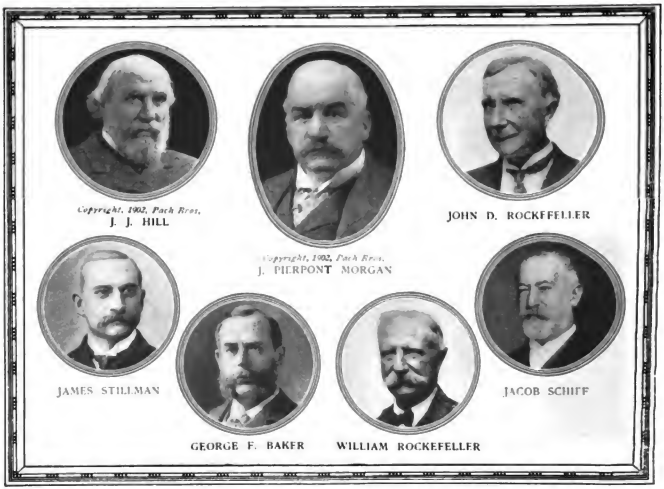
him through the gate, while the gateman fell back. With her other hand the Baby took the lady's. They all three mounted into the train.

The Baby made the little boy sit down next to the lady. She took his hand and laid it in the lady's (for safety).

As the train started, she leaned toward him across the lady's lap. Her blue eyes reassured him.

"You're goin' now," she said. "You're goin', Petie."

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THE SEVEN MEN

MASTERS OF CAPITAL IN AMERICA

THE SEVEN MEN

BY

JOHN MOODY AND GEORGE KIBBE TURNER

SEVEN men in Wall Street now control a great share of the fundamental industries and resources of the United States. Every year they and their successors will control more. They dominate, with their allies and dependents, the national machinery for the making and holding of great corporate monopolies, into which a greater and greater part of the capital and business of the country must inevitably be drawn.

Three of these seven men — J. Pierpont Morgan, James J. Hill, and George F. Baker, head of the First National Bank of New York — belong to the so-called Morgan group; four of them — John D. and William Rockefeller, James Stillman, head of the National City Bank, and Jacob H. Schiff, of the private banking firm of Kuhn, Loeb & Co. — to the so-called Standard-Oil-City-Bank group.

Not one of these seven men ever invented a mechanical operation or created a great industry. They are one thing, and one only — makers and traders in monopoly; the oldest and most reliable makers of monopoly in America. They began work in widely separated fields, when the movement toward monopoly began to shape itself, shortly before 1880; came together ten or fifteen years ago in the two famous

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groups of monopoly-makers in Wall Street; and since 1907 have been drawn closer and closer into one central group by the irresistible movement toward concentration in our industries.

It is interesting to see just how large a share of the wealth and industries of the country have already been drawn into the hands of these seven men, and just how they hold them.

A Dozen Billions in Railroads

The largest mechanical enterprise of the country is the steam railroad. It contains property valued at over fourteen billion dollars — about an eighth of the total wealth of the United States. Over a million and a half men are employed directly by it, and hundreds of thousands more indirectly in the making of its tools. The only larger industry in the country is farming, with property of some twenty-five billions, all told. There are some seven million farms in the United States; their owners must number over five million. About eighty-five per cent of the railroads are under the ownership or permanent control of the central Wall Street group — the seven men and their close allies.

According to the figures in *Poor's Manual of Railroads* for 1910, the securities of railroad companies actually in the hands of investors amount to nearly fifteen billion dollars. The market value of these, calculated on the prices of January, 1911, was about fourteen and a half billion. About sixty per cent of the railroads represented by these securities was under the direct and permanent control of the seven men and their nearest allies. About twenty-five per cent more is under a partial but still sufficient control. The remaining fifteen per cent of the railroads is made up of a few weak systems and small unrelated scraps of road. A detailed statement of this control follows:

CONTROL OF STEAM RAILROADS

Capital (*Poor's Manual*)	Per-centage	Market Value, Jan., 1911	Per-centage	
Central group	$9,080,853,307	61	$9,562,523,976	66
Central group alliances .	3,782,304,488	25	3,098,343,016	25
Other Wall Street groups	1,013,340,000	7	839,810,000	6
Outside interests	1,013,399,465	7	360,600,000	3
Total	$14,889,797,260	100	$14,457,676,992	100

Central group — Union Pacific, Southern Pacific, Illinois Central, Hill roads, St. Paul, New York Central, New Haven, Erie, Reading, Southern, Rock Island, Atlantic Coast Line, etc.
Alliances — Pennsylvania, Baltimore & Ohio, Atchison, Gould lines.
Other Wall Street groups — Hawley roads, Yoakum-Hawley roads.

How to Take and Hold Billion-Dollar Railways

A billion dollars is a great sum of money. It would take a man working eight hours a day over ninety years to count and stack it at the rate of a dollar a second. The control of so many billions of dollars in railroad property by so few men is probably the most sensational development of modern industry. It seems by itself almost incredible; as a matter of history it came about by a simple and almost invariable formula: The progressive bankruptcy of American railroads, under fierce competition, threw them into the hands of security merchants in New York; these men wiped out competition between them, tied them up into monopolies, and, with their allies and dependents, held those monopolies under their own control.

The control of the insolvent systems is usually held by the device of the voting trust. By this the holders of the practically valueless stock give their voting power to the security merchants who bring the road new money, and leave this power with them until the road comes out of bankruptcy. J. P. Morgan has demanded this voting trust control for thirty years. By means of it he holds to-day over a billion of the fifteen billion dollars of the country's railroad capitalization.

As railroads worked out of bankruptcy and became solvent, the security merchants devised a practical method of controlling them. They had the management to start with; and they found that the ownership of from eighteen to thirty per cent of a solvent railroad's stock in the hands of the management gave them just as absolute control as if they owned fifty-one per cent. They could always count on enough votes from other stockholders to secure a majority of the stocks voted.

Now, these men, having charge of the railroads' management, knew what roads would be prosperous. As long as roads were bankrupt, they held them under voting trusts. As various roads rose out of bankruptcy, the security merchants and their business allies bought about a quarter of their stock, at about a quarter of its par value. The stock, which in America has the only voting power, makes less than half the road's capitalization, bonds having no voting power here. So a cash outlay of a quarter of a quarter of a half — that is, a thirty-second part of the capitalization of a railroad — was all that was necessary to control it. And two thirds of this thirty-second could be borrowed from banks. Then, as occasion offered, the railroad itself would buy fractional control of the roads. In this way control of railroads could be extended in rapid geometrical progression, starting with a comparatively small sum of money and ending in billions.

By variations of this plan the railroads were first concentrated into the hands of various

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Wall Street security merchants, and came from these into the hands of the seven men and their allies. The situation now is this:

The Ownership of Trans-Mississippi Roads

West of the Mississippi, Hill, Morgan, and Baker, with a little group of multimillionaire fortunes, hold ownership of twenty or twenty-five per cent of the commanding stocks in the billion and a quarter dollar "Hill system." William Rockefeller, Stillman, and Schiff — with a very few associates — own nearly a third of the commanding stock in the billion and three quarters Union Pacific system. William Rockefeller and another group of multimillionaires own a smaller but practically controlling interest in the half billion St. Paul system; and John D. Rockefeller is the financial backer of the whole billion-dollar Gould system. It is now tending out of the Gould hands into Rockefeller's exclusive control. The eastern link, which bound the system to the Atlantic seaboard, has already fallen definitely into Rockefeller's ownership. The western end narrowly escaped going into Rockefeller's and Schiff's hands last spring.

The Rock Island system is controlled by the Moores, one of the closest subsidiary groups of the Baker-Morgan banking interests in Wall Street. The Atchison had from fifteen to twenty per cent of its stock in the ownership of the Union Pacific and its directors until a few years ago, when fear of suits for monopoly by the government caused the sale of the railroad's holdings. But the Atchison still remains closely allied to the central group by members of its directorate, and undoubtedly by considerable stock-holdings. In this trans-Mississippi territory there is only one railroad system not directly controlled by the seven men or closely allied to them; that is, the new system which Edwin Hawley and B. F. Yoakum — two outside Wall Street men — are working to build out of minor roads from Chicago to the Southwest.

This three fifths of the United States west of the Mississippi — collapsing financially in the '90's and ever since growing in resources faster than any other section — created more wealth for railroads than any other part. A great share of the power of four of the seven men — of Hill and Schiff and Stillman and William Rockefeller — came from the money accumulated here, and its use inside or outside of the district in extending their control.

The control in other districts, although along different lines, is not less complete. In the South, Morgan holds the Southern Railway by a voting trust; the Atlantic Coast Line is owned by Henry Walters, one of Morgan's closest allies, and is tied closely by inter-ownership of necessary terminals to the Southern Railway; the Union Pacific Railway holds the Illinois Central by stock ownership; the Illinois Central, the Georgia Central; and Henry M. Flagler, of the Standard Oil Company, the Florida East Coast Railroad. The only railway system of consequence not directly under control by the seven men is the Seaboard Air Line.

The Monopoly in the Central District

Railroad monopoly in the great central railroad territory of the United States, between Chicago and St. Louis and the Atlantic seaboard, was established by tying bankrupt roads to the two commanding systems — the Pennsylvania and the New York Central. Morgan brought this about very largely, with the assistance, later, of George F. Baker. The other men in the group of seven entered the control of this monopoly still later. Together the seven men and their allies now control all the prosperous roads in the section. Only one line, controlled outside the group, passes through the territory — the system that Edwin Hawley is now trying to piece together out of minor and discarded railroads from Chicago to Newport News, Virginia.

The dual railroad monopoly created by the New York Central and the Pennsylvania railroads in the central territory of the country is the most important in the United States. It is in the control of the seven men. The New York Central is controlled by a stock ownership of over twenty per cent. The Union Pacific and the Vanderbilt family — Morgan's oldest alliance — each hold about eight per cent; the rest is held by members of the Standard Oil and Morgan groups.

The Pennsylvania Railroad is always displayed as the one great independent railway system in the country. Theoretically this may be so. Actually it is tied up with the New York Central and Union Pacific in the common ownership of the large competing railroads of the district into practically one concern. And the seven men and their allies not only own a stock control of the Union Pacific and the New York Central, but they own or vote nearly all of the largest blocks of stock in the Pennsylvania itself. Out of the control of this dual monopoly they have advanced to take control of the New England States.

How New England is Sealed Up

New England is sealed up in an almost absolute transportation monopoly held by the New

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York Central and the New Haven Railroad. The New Haven is held by a stock ownership in the hands of the Pennsylvania, the New York Central, and three institutions under the absolute control of the Morgan-Baker group of the seven men — the Adams and the American Express companies, and the Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York. These hold nearly fifteen per cent of the New Haven's stock, and holdings of some half dozen individuals bring the group's ownership up to nearly twenty per cent. The New Haven and the New York Central own every steam railroad in New England, except two spurs from Canadian systems to minor seaports, and a small Maine road which gets most of its income from handling lumber. The New Haven Railroad also owns all the larger trolley lines in Connecticut, Rhode Island, and western Massachusetts, and all the important coastwise steamers between New England and New York.

The seven men and their allies or dependents now have, by the various devices just described, a firm hold on the railroads of the United States. At first sight it might seem that this control over so many billion dollars' worth of property would be temporary and artificial. It is far from it. The progress of thirty years has been steady and uninterrupted. It has gone continually from destructive competition to growing and profitable monopoly; ownership has slipped continuously out of weaker hands into stronger. The men who have created the monopoly in the railroads have naturally taken charge of it. And they and their successors will continue to do so.

Curious Tools of Monopoly

The control of railroads over other industries — especially in a country of wide area like the United States — is familiar. Two enterprises most obviously controlled are the express and sleeping-car concerns, which are dependent for their existence upon their contracts with the railroads. In some cases they are owned directly by the railroads; in all the rest they are controlled within the group of seven men.

It was only about eight or ten years ago that the peculiar possibilities of the express companies began to be understood by the central Wall Street group. In that time they have made them into the most ingenious and interesting tools for creating monopoly in the country. The greatest of the express companies — the Adams and the American — are in form curious survivals of the time, fifty years ago, when they were created. They are not corporations, but joint-stock associations. One of the peculiarities of this form is that the board of managers hold office and elect their own successors continuously — unless the shareholders demand a special election and depose them. In practice the board of managers is immortal.

The American Express Company is tied to the central group through ownership of its shares. A sixth of these are held by the New York Central Railroad; individuals have other large blocks of stock. The American absolutely owns the National Express Company, and holds stock control of the Wells, Fargo Company — the third largest in the United States — by the ownership of one fifth of its stock.

The Adams Express Company has, as the two most influential members of its board of management, Charles Steele, a partner of J. P. Morgan, and George F. Baker. These managers could be changed only by a two-thirds vote of the stockholders, taken at a special meeting No such meeting has been held in the fifty years of the concern's history.

The Adams Express Company — with one old alliance, the Plant fortune — owns the Southern Express Company. With the American, it owned a stock control of the United States. Because of fear of government prosecution on account of monopoly, this was sold, in 1909, to individual ownership in the central group — where it is now held. This holding completes the control of all the express companies of consequence in the United States by the seven men and their allies.

This express business has been very profitable, but its greatest interest is in the ingenious use that is now being made of it by the central group in maintaining monopoly control. For some time, and especially in the last ten years, these express companies have put a large part of their great profits into investments in sound securities. A large amount of this investment is in stock, and in the last few years — especially since the great insurance companies have been compelled to stop stock investments — the central group has used them to hold the various railroad stocks they needed for control. Among the stocks held in large blocks have been the New York Central, Pennsylvania, and Norfolk and Western roads. At present the express companies are especially useful in holding the central control of the New Haven.

The Pullman Company has a complete monopoly of the sleeping-car business in the United States, outside of three lines which operate their own cars. Since 1900, when it absorbed the Wagner Palace Car Company by the exchange of stock, it has been under the domination of J. P. Morgan and the Vanderbilts, who together control the Wagner Company.

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The Anthracite Coal Monopoly

These subsidiary railway corporations, outside of the value of the express companies as stock-holding concerns, are small affairs. Their total capitalization is not over $259,000,000, with a market value of under $350,000,000. The anthracite coal monopoly created by Morgan and Baker through the railroads is of more consequence.

About $160,000,000 worth of anthracite coal is produced annually in the United States. All of this comes from a small area of Pennsylvania. The railroads have been for forty years buying control of these anthracite coal lands. The first important work of Morgan as a maker of monopoly was the eliminating of competition by buying control of a competing railroad line for the New York Central. The second was an attempt to create an anthracite coal monopoly through railroad combination. He worked at this for twenty years; George F. Baker nearly as long; and ten years ago the monopoly was formed. The roads that hold it are now all in the control of the seven men. These roads now own lands containing about ninety-five per cent of the anthracite coal in the United States. They produce only eighty-two per cent. It is their policy to let the independent operators work out their deposits. This will give them in the future a still greater control of this mineral.

It has been difficult to create any monopoly of the bituminous coal of the country — it covers so great an area. But this, like anthracite, is naturally controlled by the railroads, which take it to the consumer; and there are many effective local monopolies. Morgan has been very active in creating these in connection with Eastern roads. West of the Mississippi a great share of the usable coal is controlled either by the Union Pacific, the Gould system, or the Hill lines.

87 per Cent of Steel Industry

The steel industry has been dominated by or closely connected with the railroad from its beginning in America. To-day one third of its business is supplied directly by railway companies, and still more indirectly. On the other hand, the rates that railroads give the steel business on its heavy low-grade materials and products can make or unmake its profits. The seven men in control of railroads would very naturally hold a strong influence in its affairs. But they have, in fact, taken a much more direct part in its affairs. It came into their hands in very much the same way that the railroads and other industries have done — through actual or threatened collapse from competition — and was made into a monopoly.

The United States Steel Corporation — the greatest industrial corporation in the world — was formed by J. P. Morgan to avoid the immediate danger of ruinous competition. He has held the management of the concern from the first; and the operators of the company are his choice, and a good share of the directors are either members of his firm or his direct business associates. Nothing short of financial revolution could take it from him. George F. Baker is now a director of the concern; John D. Rockefeller was at one time its largest stockholder.

The Steel Corporation has always held to its announced program never to control more than sixty per cent of the steel output of the country. A much greater control of the industry, however, is held in the hands of the seven men and their allies. The Colorado Fuel and Iron Company is directly under this control. The Pennsylvania and Cambria Steel companies are owned by the Pennsylvania Railroad. Together with the United States Steel Corporation, they had about eighty-seven per cent of the capitalization of the steel business of the country, as given by *Poor's Manual* for 1910; and they had nearly eighty per cent of the output. But any statement of the present hold of the seven men and their allies upon the steel situation is inadequate. It is the future in which they are strongest.

The Ultimate Supply of Ore

Elbert H. Gary, the operating head of the United States Steel Corporation, appearing before the Ways and Means Committee of Congress in the winter of 1909, made this statement concerning his company's ore supply:

Question: You practically do control the ore supply of the country?

Mr. Gary: No, not now; not for the immediate future.

Question: Well, the ultimate supply.

Mr. Gary: Yes, I think so; that is, pretty nearly.

Mr. Gary's meaning was this: There is an indefinite amount of low-grade ore in this country. The Steel Corporation has never owned any great percentage of this whole. It does own a great proportion of the richer ores of the country. Mr. Gary estimates that it now holds about three quarters of the richest ore in the country (that containing from fifty-five to sixty per cent of iron) and nearly the same per cent of all the known ore of the country that is profitably workable under present prices. Its competitors are working out their richest ores much faster than it is doing; ultimately it will have a great share of all of this highest type of ore that re-

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mains in this country. In the meanwhile, its corps of trained engineers are continually searching the Western Hemisphere for new ore bodies.

Concentration by Bankruptcy

The Steel Corporation was brought into Morgan's hands by a threat of ruinous business competition. All of the best of these ore bodies dropped into the hands of the Steel Company, either directly or through members of the central group in Wall Street — to whom they gravitated, as the railroads had done, through bankruptcy.

John D. Rockefeller secured the best of the wonderful Lake Superior ore deposits in the panic of 1893 by the foreclosure of a mortgage of a few million dollars on a small ore railroad. He invested a few million dollars more in improvements and transportation; and transferred the entire thing to the Steel Corporation at its foundation for $77,500,000 in securities.

James J. Hill also secured his Lake Superior ore deposits — second only to Mr. Rockefeller's — by the failure of a small railroad in the panic of 1893. He took it in the interest of the Great Northern Railroad, and, after spending a few million dollars in the purchase of more lands, leased the mines to the Steel Corporation, and distributed certificates representing them to his Great Northern shareholders. At present prices these certificates are worth nearly $100,000,000.

The third great ore body, the Tennessee Coal & Iron Company's, was taken by the Steel Corporation direct, with the advice and assistance of Mr. Morgan, in the panic of 1907. The holders of the Tennessee company's controlling stock were over-extended by the panic, and the Steel Corporation simply took over the stock of the company in exchange for an issue of bonds.

One after another — always through the same route to actual or threatened business ruin — the iron resources of the country passed from the weaker hands to the stronger monopoly. And, as in the railroads, it was the hands of the chief monopoly-makers of the country who took them up and placed them there. Every year the Steel Corporation grows stronger. It holds the future not only by its raw materials, but by the strategy of its position. With its plants in Pittsburg, Chicago, Alabama, and now on the Pacific coast, it has so covered the country that there are great areas where it can make profits over its competitors by its saving of freight charges alone.

The future of the steel business belongs to the great corporation. But more than that is coming to it. Like the railroads, the steel industry is now extending into a control of other great industries which are bound to it by physical necessity. Two of these are now apparent.

Gas and Cement, By-Products of Steel

The first is the lighting of great cities. Until the last few years the gas produced in steel-making was thrown away — millions of dollars' worth every year. In the Steel Corporation's new plants this gas will now be carefully saved. In the great new plant at Gary enough gas will be generated, not only for its own use, but to light the whole city of Chicago as well. This gas is a by-product; it is lost entirely by the Steel Corporation's competitors. It can be piped twenty-five miles to Chicago and sold at a price that is but a fraction of the cost of specially manufactured gas. Sooner or later Chicago will be lighted by this gas, and sooner or later the other steel plants of the country will supply the cities about them with illuminating gas.

The use of a second by-product is at the present time putting the Steel Corporation and Morgan in command of another new industry, the most remarkable growth of the past ten years — the manufacture of cement. The output of this industry is now valued at some $60,000,000 a year. In the last ten years it has quadrupled; in the next year it will certainly double.

The Steel Corporation, at its beginning, inherited from the Federal Steel Company, one of its underlying corporations, a method of using the waste of its furnaces for making cement. A considerable part of its material, in this way, costs it nothing; and it has built up a cement business of its own with enormous rapidity.

In the past five years there has been murderous competition in the general cement business, in spite of the rapid growth in demand. It culminated about a year ago. At that time J. Rogers Maxwell, a close associate of George F. Baker, who controlled the Atlas Company,— the largest producer in the country,— found that he had over-extended, and was forced to drop his controlling interest. It was taken up by Morgan and his close associates. With this company and the Steel Corporation plant, Morgan now controls about a third of the cement business of the country. Both of these corporations have great extensions under way; in a year or two half of the cement of the country will probably be produced by corporations controlled by Morgan.

The Tightening Hold on Oil and Natural Gas

The greatest chain of monopoly control in the country started from the railroad; but the second and scarcely less important one has grown

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out from the petroleum trade — the oldest of successful monopolies in the United States. For thirty-five years this monopoly has never been broken. It was never stronger than it is to-day — after the order for its dissolution from the United States Supreme Court.

The Standard Oil monopoly, like all others, is built upon the principle of progressive bankruptcy in its trade. Never was that principle in more active operation than now. In the past five years there has been a tremendous gush of petroleum. The Standard Oil, with its tens of millions of available money, has bought it at half price, stored it, and extended its pipe system for carrying petroleum, so that it delivers oil to the entire country at a minimum cost. Its system of distributing oil is now almost perfect.

This same gush of oil has started a trade war in petroleum which is covering the entire world. As a result of it, competitors in the United States are being either wiped out or brought into working alliance with the Standard Oil. At the present time concerns in these alliances handle some eighty-five per cent of the petroleum of the United States; the Standard Oil concern itself handles all of two thirds. No situation could be better for the Standard Oil Company than the present condition in the oil trade. It is an exaggerated form of the very business conditions that created it.

Meanwhile, in the past two years the Standard Oil concern has been acquiring greater and greater control of another field — the lighting of cities by natural gas. For years the Standard has been in this business — in competition with other companies. It is now bringing the advantages and savings of monopoly to this by a readjustment and division of the field. In the one territory of the United States where natural gas supplies are near a great market — in Ohio and West Virginia and western Pennsylvania — the Standard has established a practical working monopoly, in which it controls, itself, a large share of the production of the gas, and sells much of it direct to the consumer. The profits of this business, under its readjustment, will be immense.

So, between the Standard Oil Company and the Steel Company and the Consolidated Gas Company of New York (controlled by the central Wall Street group), a great new business is entering directly into the hands of the seven men — the lighting of the cities of the United States by gas.

Lead, Alaska, and Copper

The railroad and petroleum enterprises have brought in the chief assets of the seven men and their allies in the past. But other enterprises, especially in the last few years, have been coming into their control with equal rapidity. They come direct, seeking the aid of the only group in the United States that now has the apparatus to create successful monopolies of the size that present conditions demand.

The monopoly of the lead output of the United States centers about the American Smelting and Refining Company. This handles eighty per cent of the lead produced from ores requiring smelting, and sixty per cent of the total lead of the country. By controlling the National Lead Company — the big consumer of lead for paints — it holds a strong domination over the lead business of the country.

Men closely allied to the Standard Oil group were instrumental in starting this American Smelting and Refining Company. Soon afterward it passed into the hands of a Hebrew family,— the Guggenheims,— who came into smelting from the lace business.

The Guggenheims have been very ambitious, and have extended out of the smelting business into the general production of metals — into lead and silver and gold, and especially copper. They have become a nucleus for the centralization of the metal business. As they have extended they have sought the assistance and alliance of Morgan.

Alaska, the new mineral field of the United States, was opened up at just about the right time to come into the hands of the Guggenheim family. In developing it they joined themselves with Morgan in the Alaskan syndicate. This now controls most of the steamers entering the district; all of the railroads of any consequence; and from time to time acquires the best of the mineral resources. Its general control of the district is assured by its control of railroad transportation.

This association of the chief metal interest of the country with J. P. Morgan will undoubtedly be further cemented within a comparatively short time in some form of consolidation in the production of the copper of the country.

The monopoly of copper was first attempted by the Standard-Oil-City-Bank group of monopoly-makers in the late '90's, through the formation of the Amalgamated Copper Company. This was unsuccessful. Since then the Guggenheims have taken the central position in the copper business by the development of great low-grade copper deposits which can be worked very cheaply. These two interests, between them, control about sixty per cent of the copper production of the country.

In the meanwhile the copper business has gone from bad to worse through over-competition.

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The usual conditions preceding combination exist, and for some time a general consolidation of copper companies has been under consideration by the Morgan house. In view of the recent suits by the government against large corporations as monopolies, this new combination has not been attempted. It is now generally expected. Its formation would bring three quarters of the production of copper in the country under the control of Morgan and the central Wall Street group.

Taking Hold of Electricity

Together with their plans for building the metal business into a working monopoly, the central group is now performing the same service for the electrical business. The largest consolidation now going on is the tying up of the telephone and telegraph systems.

The American Telephone and Telegraph Company is the largest electrical corporation in the country, with a total capital of nearly a billion dollars. In 1906 it had been growing so rapidly that it could no longer get enough money outside of New York. It then made an arrangement with Morgan and Schiff to finance it.

It had not long been financed in New York when the Western Union Telegraph service was joined to it. For thirty years control of this had been in the hands of the Gould family. In 1909 George Gould sold it to the telephone company. The combination of the two concerns was a logical arrangement which had been under consideration for twenty-five years. It will make for economy and better service.

Almost at the same time the American Telephone Company began to absorb independent telephone concerns. In the preceding six or eight years these had developed very rapidly; the formation of a national system was being worked out. The usual over-extension followed. In 1909 financial collapse came, and the largest and most ambitious of the independent concerns were ready to pass through the usual route to consolidation.

They were at first sold directly to the American Telephone and Telegraph Company. State laws forbade this. Then Morgan took them over himself. The loss of these telephone concerns, located in the central and most important section of the country, greatly weakened the other independent telephone systems of the country. Since then the larger of these other independent telephone concerns have been negotiating with Morgan for absorption into the central concern. The American Company and Morgan now hold at least three quarters of the telephone business of the country. The long-distance lines are practically all in their hands, and all or most of the profitable business in the various larger cities of the country.

During just about the same time that the control of the telephone business was coming into the hands of the central Wall Street group, the smaller business of electrical manufacturing came under their control to a greater degree than ever before. Morgan has been the financier and a large stockholder in the General Electric Company from the first; his firm is represented in its directorate. In the panic of 1907 the Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing Company was thrown into the hands of its creditors, and New York banking interests, in which Schiff is a leader, now manage the concern for them. These two concerns have now between them from seventy to ninety per cent of the different larger branches of the electrical manufacturing business.

An Estimate of the Central Group's Control

It is impossible to express in exact terms the ownership or control of the seven men and their allies in American industry. But a rough expression of the percentage of their control of the various greatest operations and resources of the country follows. The percentages, where not otherwise indicated, are calculated from the figures of capitalization appearing in *Poor's* and *Moody's Manuals:*

PERCENTAGE OF INDUSTRIES AND RESOURCES CONTROLLED

	Central Group	Alliances	Outside
Railroads	61	25	14
Express and Pullman	93½	..	6½
Anthracite Coal (supply owned)	88½	6½	5
Steel	82	5	13
Cement (output)	33⅓	..	66⅔
Petroleum (output handled)	67	18	15
Lead (output)	..	60	40
Copper (output)	..	60	40
Telephone	74	..	26

This table gives a general idea of the control that the seven men and their allies have gained in certain specified industries. But it is, at best, only a rough and only a partial statement. The control of these men has gone everywhere that it is possible to create a practical working monopoly of any kind. Steamship lines, cracker-baking, the manufacture of farm machinery — these and many other industries as widely varied have been combined into the so-called "trusts" controlled by them. And the list is always extending.

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The New Monopoly Power

Monopoly, as has been very clearly shown in connection with the recent decision of the United States Supreme Court, is a somewhat hazy and difficult thing to define. Local monopolies may be practically absolute; but there are no absolute general monopolies in any great product in the United States. The corporation form, which has been the subject of government prosecution, rarely, if ever, has secured control of more than two thirds of any great industry. The new monopoly power, formed by the seven men and their allies, is a much more perfect and efficient thing.

By the growing custom of personal understanding or alliance between the individual holders of corporations, the control of great industries has been increased from two thirds to three quarters and four fifths. This is the arrangement which holds up prices and secures the various advantages of monopoly to-day.

But the power of the seven men and their allies is not given to them by this control over any one industry alone. It is formed just as much by their power over industry as a whole — by the power of the railroad over the steel trade, and the steel trade over the manufacture of cement. It is also made certain by the centralizing of the money power — that is, of the cumulative control of investable capital in their hands.

The Savings of the Individual

Capital can come from only two sources — the savings of individuals or the savings of enterprises; practically speaking, that is, of individuals or of corporations. It is perfectly natural that the reliable security-makers of New York should come to control the investment of individual savings. They created with their railroad monopolies the best type of corporate security known in America. And the more the power of monopoly perfected and concentrated itself in the hands of the seven men and their allies, the more the investor's confidence in them grew.

For this reason the seven men were drawn into the boards of various institutions for the investment of the public's funds as the most expert advisers on the subject in America. They advanced to the head of the greatest institutions of New York. The Equitable Life Assurance Society and the Mutual Life Insurance Company, with their billion and a quarter of assets, are very clearly under the control of Morgan and Baker — essentially for this reason. Morgan — as is well known — owns a majority of the stock of the Equitable, and Baker dominates the management of the Mutual. And in the firms of Morgan and Schiff and the banks of Baker and Stillman centers the great apparatus of making and distributing corporate investments to the public.

A Billion of Corporate Cash

With the creation of successful monopolies, another source of capital came into the hands of the group — the savings and profits of corporations. How funds of this kind have aggregated in New York is well shown by the following statement of the cash holdings of railroads and large industries controlled in New York, taken from the figures given in *Poor's Manual:*

CASH HOLDINGS OF RAILROADS AND INDUSTRIALS UNDER NEW YORK CONTROL *

	Railroads	Large Industrials	Totals
1880.....	$11,281,626		$11,281,626
1890.....	51,872,152	$17,468,090	69,340,242
1900.....	160,561,811	46,536,909	207,098,720
1909–10...	640,545,178	267,337,175	907,882,353

The larger part of this money lies in the control of the seven men whose great monopolies have grown to overshadow all the rest. Together with it, they hold in absolute ownership individual fortunes of their own, running from fifty to four hundred million dollars, and the alliance with the fortunes and resources of the many lesser men — their associates and dependents. This money power completes their control over the corporate capital of the country — invested and uninvested. They own, together or apart, a controlling stock interest in the dominating industries of the country; they hold control, through these and other means, of industry as a whole; and, finally, they hold control of the capital which is yet to be spent for the use of the great corporate enterprises of the United States.

Now, holding this money power, they distribute the profits of industry between the various sources of capital. It is not a division of their making, but one as old as corporate investments in America. It has become practically automatic.

The securities of corporations are divided, roughly speaking, into two classes — bonds and preferred stocks, and common stocks. The former, between them, represent the actual money put into a corporation; they are entitled to a fixed rate of interest. The common stock, in the creation of American corporations, has largely represented hope. It gets all the remaining profits after the other two securities get their interest. It takes virtually all the increment of the future.

* Standard Oil holdings not given.

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The individual investor, the great general public, wants one thing in its investments — security. It buys bonds and preferred stocks. But, more than that, large classes of the population have all their corporate investments practically limited by law to these.

The Share of the Public

The laboring man is not in a position to buy stocks; his savings are not large enough. They are invested in corporation securities only through the savings bank. The savings bank, practically everywhere, is forbidden by law to invest in corporate stocks.

The greatest collector of the savings of men of moderate means is the insurance company. The insurance company is now forbidden by law to invest in corporate stocks.

The surplus money of the merchants of the country lies in the national bank. The national bank is forbidden by law to invest in corporate stocks.

A great body of money in estates is left to administrators under the provision of the general trust fund laws. These laws quite uniformly forbid the investment of money in corporate stocks.

The money of the institutions that hold the savings of the general investor goes by law into bonds. The money of the individual invested in securities goes into practically the same form — bonds or preferred stock.

The savings of the general public pay for the great enterprises of the country. They secure a fixed return for their money from their bonds and preferred stock, and no more. There remains the common stock, which represents the future development of industry and the country. This goes, and always has gone, to the maker or remaker of corporations. They take the common stock for little or nothing, manage the corporation by it, and when at last successful monopoly conditions are created, the increment of the future goes largely to them and their allies. Into the hands of the central monopoly-making group of the United States a great part of the unearned increment of the value of the United States is now pouring.

The seven men are simply the nucleus of this new central monopoly power. In some cases they have no direct personal relations. They were brought together as a result of a general economic movement, not according to any preconcerted plan. Their relations and the parts they play are merely what circumstances have dictated.

The active leadership in the movement of concentration is in the hands of Morgan. He and Baker and Schiff and Stillman control the machinery for the distribution of securities to the public. But Morgan himself by temperament is the one aggressive constructor of monopolies. Since Harriman's death he has had no competitor. He is naturally the leader.

John D. Rockefeller is not directly a maker of monopoly to-day; neither is William Rockefeller. But both are great factors in holding the present monopoly control. The hundreds of millions in their fortunes turn out tens of millions every year for investment in the great corporations; and these investments play a constantly growing part in the control of corporate industry. Hill is engaged, wherever possible, in sealing up his particular monopoly in the Northwest.

The individuals in the group are old men — all over sixty, all but two over seventy. They will soon be dead. But others will take their places. The group is the thing — the central machine for the control of corporate capital. When these men are gone, others will immediately arise to take control of it, and to enlarge and very likely centralize its power still more.

The Central Monopoly and the Future

This central group is a perfectly natural evolution — the final product of thirty and forty years of unchecked movement toward monopoly. It has not been created by any man's or men's arbitrary acts or theories. It has risen day after day and year after year upon the progressive bankruptcy of general industry under competition. The old economic axiom has been reversed in the past twenty-five years. Competition has not been the life of trade; it has been the death of industry in the United States. Monopoly has been built up on its ruins, and it is built to stay. The last and most perfect form of monopoly is this central financial machine, now focussing in the seven men.

It is a splendid machine — never stronger than it is to-day. Through its various feeders, the enterprises and resources of the country are brought into it. The Northwest is constantly patrolled and watched by Hill. No new development escapes him. Through the West and Southwest the Union Pacific gathers its detailed reports from every little station. The Standard Oil Company, with its own private telegraphic system from the North Atlantic to Mexico, watches the credit and activities of its trade, and of business at large. The City Bank, with almost two thousand corresponding banks, watches the credit of the enterprises of the continent.

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Through all these channels and hundreds more, the central machine of capital extends its control over the United States. It is not definitely organized in any way. But common interest makes it one great unit—the "System," so called.

It sits in Wall Street, a central power, directing the inevitable drift of great industry toward monopoly. And as the industries of the country one after another come into it for control, it divides the wealth created by them. To the producer, steady conditions of labor; to the investor, stable securities, sure of paying interest; to the makers of monopoly and their allies, the increment of wealth of the continent, and with it the gathering control of all mechanical industry. It is a cumulative power inconceivable half a century ago. The apprehension and hostility of the whole population of the United States is directed against it. But its absorption of the machinery and resources of the country go on. The process is not only economically logical: it is now practically automatic.

Die Wanderlust

by Fritz Krog

Illustrations by Wladyslaw T. Benda

IN Missouri, about sixty miles west of St. Louis, there is a creek — in New England it would be called a river; no matter: it is not the stream that counts, but old man Elfinger; and it was only due to my love for fishing in the creek that I won his confidence. He was a German, big, rugged, sentimental, nearly a hundred years old — not like the impossible "Dutchmen" of the vaudeville stage who say "iss it," and "vunce," and all that; but an intellectual German, with that wonderful poise of his kind; a German who could talk English, real English, straight from the shoulder, as he could likewise talk French and Italian and Spanish. He made our language sound like something; he made it boom and hum; and when he said the wind roared, I could hear it roar, and when he said the wolves howled, I could hear them howl. He used his own words and phrases, and he had his soul in them.

He did not tell this story to every one. He liked me, and he told it to me every spring for five years, and that's why I know it so well. Whenever the fish refused to bite, I would go to his house, and he would give me *Maiwein* and tell me this story. . . .

"It is wonderful, this America"— old man Elfinger always began this way. "Wonderful! So young, so strong, so short the span of years from its youth to its strong manhood; so great will it be. There are many of us around here in these hills who can still remember the time when the naked Osage begged for a scrap of bread or a bit of red cloth, when we used bear fat for tallow, when we went hungry if the crops failed; and that was ten years after Missouri became a State, and thirty years before the Great Rebellion. St. Louis was a village then, and, though it was only sixty miles away, it was as distant as Europe is now.

"I came here in 1834, pushed overseas as you have seen a mill-pond push a stick through a broken dam, as the wind drives a seed. If I had not been the son of the Baron von Elfinger, with the young red blood and the stiff neck, perhaps I would never have seen the Mississippi Valley.

"My father's forester had a daughter — now you see? Her name was Elsa, and she had been permitted to play with me when we were children. But when I returned from Bonn — ah, then playing with Elsa was another matter; yet

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we played. We played with fire. She was eighteen then, and I was twenty-two.

"Her father found out and went straight to my father. I was young, and the love had sunk too deep to be broken away. Never did parents try harder to break that grip which my Elsa held on that heart of mine. But I had the stiff neck. I was patient, I was courteous and respectful; but I swore first and last that this girl would I marry, and never another.

"I would have disgraced our family even on our own estate if the *Wanderlust* had not fallen on the village of Holmstedt in my father's principality. Even to this day I wonder at it all. While I was still at Bonn, a certain Dr. Hoefen of Holmstedt had wandered to America. At that time we had heard little of it, except that it was a great wilderness and no place to live. Then this Dr. Hoefen's letters came. He had the soul of a poet, that man. And no doubt he was an adventurer. Also, he could write.

"He had gone deep into the wilderness, here to this place where there were no white men except sometimes a trapper, or an adventurer like the doctor. He settled on the Hoefen Hill, as we still call it. You can see it there over the river. And from his lonesome cabin he wrote his letters. The schoolmaster in Holmstedt read them to the people as fast as they came in.

"Dr. Hoefen described this place as a second Paradise. He said that it never snowed here, that the climate was as that of Sicily. He had only spent one winter here, and it had undoubtedly been such a mild one, as you know is sometimes the case. He said that land could be bought here from the Congress of the United States for near nothing, that the soil was so rich crops grew almost overnight, that anything could be raised here with hardly any work. He described the endless forests full of game, to be shot at all seasons and no game laws to be observed, the rivers full of fish, and the gentle, childlike savages.

"The people of Holmstedt went wild with enthusiasm. They talked of nothing else except these letters and this wonderful new land. You see, the doctor's letters bred the *Wanderlust*, and by the time the third letter had been read, all Holmstedt was on fire to taste this new life in this new land. No wonder, for there were too many of those children on my father's acres, and there was unrest in the air. With the letters from the Promised Land came stories of freedom and rights from France. Loafers in the village discussed liberty, equality, and self-government over their beer, and sang revolutionary songs. There was one I learned to know from beginning to end, with its thirty-four verses. But more of that in its place.

"The whole affair worried my father blue in the face. What a good man my father was! And he was fond of those great, foolish children who had begun the restless growling. He was afraid to let them go. Not for himself — ah, no! For them. He feared they might come to harm.

"'It is nonsense, nonsense,' he would repeat to me over and over again. 'Who knows how terrible that wilderness might be? And the journey overseas and long miles through the woods.'

"I only gave half an ear to such expressions, and, indeed, to the whole business. My own trouble filled my heart so full, there was no room for any more. Seldom I spoke to my father of the affair with Elsa, for it would lead to nothing except a distressful scene. My father could get angry, I tell you! For, truth, I believe that sometimes every drop of blood in his body would rush into his head, when I could see his temples throb and his neck swell.

"All things must have an end. My father made up his mind very suddenly. Never shall I forget the night he called me into his study and made clear his plan to me. I had promised to meet Elsa at the deer lodge, and was so vexed when my father sent for me that, when he first began to talk, I did not listen with a good grace.

"'Carl,' he said, 'you know that the village has set its heart on wandering to America, to the Missouri River, where Dr. Hoefen lives. I have been much troubled about this, but now I have reached a conclusion.'

"Then he went over the whole affair from beginning to end. He was very long and very thorough about it, and I was burning to be off.

"'And your determination?' I asked at last, unable the longer to hold my impatience.

"'Whoever will may go,' my father answered. 'But they ought not to try it alone. Some one with authority should go with them.'

"'They can choose a leader,' I suggested. 'They will probably choose the worthy schoolteacher.'

"'A chosen leader never leads,' said my father acidly. And then, looking me right in the eye, 'How would you like to go?'

"'Father!' I exclaimed. I was thunderstruck. What was the meaning of this?

"'Listen, Carl, my only son,' my father went on. 'I am in earnest. I wish to make a bargain with you.'

"He stopped there, and when I saw the red blood rise into his face, I understood. Elsa, Elsa, Elsa! I was to be separated from Elsa! I raised my hand to protest, but my father shook his head. Ah, yes, he was kind as he explained, laying his hand on my shoulder and his

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great father affection softening his voice when he could let it.

"'Carl,' he said, 'I know my son — so like his father. I know that the love you bear the forester's daughter is a great one, and that neither I, nor your mother, nor any human power — only your own — can* break it. You are my only child; the future of our house lies with you. A *mésalliance* — oh, my son, a *mésalliance* ——'

"Not a word while my father gripped my shoulder, and when his hold softened I knew he had himself in hand again.

"'I want you,' he continued, 'to leave the forester's daughter for a year or so. When those children go to the Missouri, go you with them. They will have need of you, is my thought. When you have brought them safely to their goal, then come back to me.'

"My poor father! His voice shook and tears stood in his eyes. I knew what a sacrifice he was making to demand this dangerous mission of me, and I was overcome with pity that he should be made to suffer so on my account. In the end he could control himself no longer, but threw himself on my breast and wept without restraint.

"'Oh, Carl, my son,' he cried, 'if you could put her aside now!'

"'That can never be, father,' I said gently.

"The days of preparation, though there was excitement enough, were sad ones for me. My mother would weep at the mere sight of me, and my father grew as silent under the situation as a tomb. Both hoped, up to the last moment, that I would yield to their hearts' desire. Elsa, when she heard of the scheme, went almost wild with grief and anger. To begin with, she accused me of growing lukewarm in my love, that I was more than half willing to be rid of her, and that my father and her father were monsters. In this mood she refused to see me at all, and I wandered about nearly distracted. When at last she spoke to me, again her mood had changed.

"'Your father is right,' she said in a lifeless voice, 'and we are wrong. You must leave me forevermore. You need not risk your life in America. Leave me now.'

"But when I had her in my arms and she had looked into my eyes, she knew how little her words had helped. Her next idea frightened me almost out of my wits. She vowed she would go with me, and when I steadily refused to talk seriously about such nonsense, she was seized with another fit of anger and ran away from me. Never was a man so harassed and so beset from all sides as I, in that period of preparation for the great undertaking.

"We left Holmstedt on the fifteenth of May, 1834 — two hundred and eighty-six men, women, and children. Everybody carried baggage; the artisans took their tools with them, and the farmers their oxen, which drew heavily loaded wagons. Cows we could not take, but Schmidt, the butcher, took two nanny-goats, because his wife had a sick baby which, the doctor declared, must have goat's milk. There was a great deal of weeping at the parting, and our preacher, who went with us, prayed for our safe keeping for over ten miles. My father and mother rode with us to the edge of our land, where they bade me a final farewell. I had taken leave of Elsa the night before, so I was spared that ordeal at the last.

"When my father pressed me to his breast for the last time, the immigrants were singing, '*Ein feste Burg ist unser Gott.*' It was a terrible moment for me. I knew that he still hoped to see me turn back. I could see the question in his eyes when he spoke the last '*Auf Wiedersehen.*' I turned from him, hastily mounted my horse, and galloped after the people. But, believe me, I needed a stiff neck to do it.

"In the beginning our advance was more like a funeral march than anything else, there was so much sadness among us. But already the second day out the good spirit returned, and thenceforward we might have been bound for a fair, such a holiday mood possessed the people. We excited wonder wherever we passed, and there was much good cheer given and taken. In the towns and villages the folk poured out of their houses to see us pass, and gave us their best greetings, besides a deluge of beer and coffee and bread, whenever we had time to halt. And, after we had left the towns behind, hosts of children would follow us, and they had to be watched and turned back, for they were bent on joining us.

"We sailed from Hamburg on two ships, *Die Lustige Frieda* and *Friedrich der Grosse*. Our band was equally divided, and myself, I was on the second boat. Ah, that terrible sea journey! The second week a terrific storm fell on the boats, and every last one of us was seized with the seasickness. It was a sad sight, indeed, to see the poor children locked in the dark hold, with no light, day or night, except such as got out from one swinging, stinking lantern hung from an overhead beam by a bit of chain which creaked and creaked all the time. Everybody lay in his hammock, except such miserable ones as ventured forth to crawl on the pitching floor and pray for fair weather.

"Fifteen days the storm lasted, and then the sun shone again. But,— oh, can I ever forget it? — most monstrous horror, the cholera broke out among us. We pitched more than half our band into the sea before it was over, and only God knows how any of us escaped. The crew

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"WE LEFT HOLMSTEDT ON THE FIFTEENTH OF MAY, 1834—TWO HUNDRED AND EIGHTY-SIX MEN, WOMEN, AND CHILDREN"

suffered also, and had there been another such a storm as the first, we would surely have gone to the bottom of the sea. One poor fellow, Johann Wehmueller — his wife, we dropped her into the deep ten days before we landed, and always afterwards he was possessed with only the one idea: 'If she had only been buried in the ground — decent, in the ground. . . .'

"Ah, my young friend, that was so long ago; but such things always happen on yesterday. Well, the day came, the fortieth out from Hamburg, when we sighted the shores of the United States. The Sahara would have seemed the Promised Land to us then, and there were few of us who did not weep for joy at the prospect of setting foot on firm ground again. We landed at Baltimore, Maryland. There we waited two weeks for *Die Lustige Frieda*, which we had lost sight of the first day out and never saw again. When she did not arrive, we thought surely she had been lost in the great storm, and began the journey westward.

"Afterward we found out that she was not destroyed, but only blown out of her course, and put into port three days after we had left Baltimore. Her passengers, having escaped the cholera and being not much the worse for a long sea journey, decided to remain with her to the end of the cruise, which was New Orleans. It was the notion of the fool school-teacher that it were better to avoid a land journey by sailing to New Orleans and traveling thence by steamboat up the Mississippi to St. Louis. I had chosen better than I knew, for the school-teacher led his children into the ravages of yellow fever, and only a handful escaped to tell the tale. But more of that in its right place.

"Was it not a strange caravan that set out under the white-hot sun that summer day from Baltimore! They who could, walked, while the old women and the little children rode in the wagons, which creaked with their loads of our worldly goods. I, too, walked, because it was not practical to take horses with us. The younger men carried all manner of guns, and long deer-slayers swung from their sides. We thought, in our ignorance of the country, that large game, buffalo and bears, would be common in the wilderness of Pennsylvania. Schmidt, our butcher, against all counsel, declared he would take at least one nanny-goat to Missouri, and on the morning of the start he tied around her neck

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a rope, which he fastened to a wagon-axle. But the goat, on the very first day, refused to walk and allowed herself to be dragged. To put an end to this torture, I myself killed the poor beast.

"The few Germans whom we met while we waited in Baltimore had shaken their heads when it had been told them that we were going to Missouri. There, they held, we would be in great danger of being scalped by Indians. The whites there were robbers and murderers, and one would not dare stir from the house on account of prowling wild beasts and poisonous reptiles. But these foolish tales frightened no one with a stout heart, and only one, a certain Schmutz, turned back. Afterwards he sailed again to the old home. In our village he had been one of the loudest growlers for liberty, and behind his beer glass he had been a most powerful king-eater. He came to his just punishment when he sneaked back, because our friends in Holmstedt shunned the coward the rest of his days, and even the bar-maid in his favorite beer-hall turned her back on him.

"It was a slow business, that journey through Pennsylvania. We could lay back of us no more than fifteen or eighteen miles a day, though there was not such a bad road. We met people here and there, and sometimes some of our countrymen, who were glad to see us and wished us good luck. Our hunters with their big guns shot nothing except squirrels and wild pigeons. The deer-slayers were laid away in the wagons before we reached Wheeling.

"One day in the woods an unpleasantness befell me. Kraus, our apothecary, and I were going alongside the train to see that all was as it should be, when an old woman put her head out of one of the wagons and called on me to stop. It was the Rosalsky widow, a Jewess with a grown daughter.

"'What is the trouble?' I asked.

"'Trouble!' she answered me bitterly. 'Trouble for me, but also trouble for you, proud Baron Elfinger!'

"I looked at her without knowing what more to say, she was speaking to me so hatefully.

"'*Die Lustige Frieda* is rotting on the floor of the sea,' she took up the word again. 'She rots, and a hundred strong hearts rot with her. Why does not the mighty Baron weep?'

"'If it be true,' I replied, 'it is sad, and I pity the mourners.'

"'I know it's true,' the Rosalsky goes on, 'and your pity is all a miserable lie. I know how much feeling an Elfinger can have; I know your heartless race; I know why you came to this wilderness.'

"Believe me, I was thunder-struck. I had thought that none of the children knew exactly why I had undertaken the journey. Father and I had thought it best to say nothing.

"'Go on! Go on!' the woman continued further. 'If you knew all I know, good Baron with the heart full of pity, you would not carry your head so high. Oh, no!'

"Then she dropped back into the wagon and laughed very disagreeably. Kraus and I continued on our way.

"It took over twenty days to finish the journey from Baltimore to Wheeling, where we embarked on an Ohio River steamer, the *Fairy Queen*. She was such a little boat that it was necessary to load our baggage and beasts — such as continued with us — on a barge which was towed alongside the steamboat. Not all of the oxen could we take, and also we kept only a few of the wagons. The rascals who bought of us cheated us thoroughly, for when, in St. Louis, we undertook to replace the beasts and wagons — hah! — how high the prices had risen! Between losses by accident and losses by ignorance, we found ourselves at last in the wilderness without enough of all the necessaries. But more of that later.

"The captain of the *Fairy Queen* was a friendly and accommodating man, and when he heard our songs he was the more delighted. You see, the men of our band liked to gather in a corner on the deck, in the warm nights when sleeping was a burden, and sing the home songs. With a little homesickness in the heart, there was feeling in the music. The captain liked best a revolutionary song of thirty-four verses, in each of which some kind of misfortune was hoped for the necks of the German nobles. The dear, silly children! But that captain had them sing every verse every night, and he was most pleased with the chorus, which was just this:

"Sum, sum, *sum*, sum,
Sum, sum, sum,
Sum, sum, *sum*, sum,
Sum, sum, sum.

"The singing was a pleasure to me also, though I did not join the singers, but listened and smoked. You see, I was still the Baron Elfinger, and when I sat with those big children there was always a little stiffness in the air and the talk and the song were not so free. If I had had it in my mind to stay in this new country with the others it might have been different, but I had no such thought. My heart was longing for the end of the journey, when I could turn back home. Was I learning to think less of Elsa? Ah, my young friend, there was never a time in all the journey when my love was not growing; and as we slid down the Ohio, while the

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"IT WAS ELSA, MY ELSA! AND IN HER ARMS SHE CARRIED OUR CHILD, BORN ON THE DEEP"

songs were sung and I sat alone and smoked, I had nothing in mind except Elsa.

"The mouth of the Ohio was not far behind us and we were steaming up the Mississippi when, near sunset, a cry suddenly rang out, 'Woman overboard!' No one of us knew who it was that had fallen into the river, but all of us, in great alarm and excitement, crowded up to the railing to look. We could just see in the twilight a dark round spot racing away in the current; it was the woman's hair we saw. Though we were so excited and helpless, the crew were collected enough; for we had scarcely been warned of the accident when a rowboat shot down the river with the speed of an arrow. In a few minutes the unfortunate was reached, drawn into the boat, and, still living, was brought back to the steamer's deck. It was the Rosalsky. We found out afterwards that she had tried to dip water out of the river and had lost her balance. She was taken into the captain's cabin. That night we did not sing; we feared for her, she so old and the shock.

"Very late, Kraus, who was the only one of us who knew anything about medicine and had been attending her, came to me and said the Rosalsky had something to tell me.

"'She will no longer be with us by morning,' he whispered.

"The cabin was hot and stuffy, and lighted only with a smoky lantern hung from the ceiling. The Rosalsky lay on a narrow bed, making little crying noises.

"'The Baron,' said Kraus.

"'Leave me alone with him,' the Rosalsky answered, looking at me with big eyes. 'He is a proud man, the Baron Elfinger, and he will not care to be watched when I tell him.'

"Kraus went out on the deck, while I was filled with wonder. The woman seemed collected enough, and I was only half in doubt that she would talk nonsense. When we were alone, she lay still so long, I had to remind her that I was waiting.

"'So you are there, Baron,' she again took up the word. 'What I will tell you I might have told in Baltimore, in Germany. I might have told you any time. But I waited. I wanted to let you find out when you returned to your home—so it would hurt more.'

"'How do you know I am going back?' I asked.

"'Let that be,' she went on; 'I know. I knew from the beginning how little you cared for us or for America. You came here for a far different reason. Yes, yes, I know your purpose.'

"The poor woman was finding it hard to go on. Several times she tried to talk, but not a

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word came out of her mouth. I bent my head to listen better.

"'It is getting late'— so much I heard. '*Die Lustige Frieda* — when she went down — hah! proud Baron! When she went down, down, down ——'

"That was all. I called Kraus and he said it was over with. Whatever the unfortunate had to tell me, I never knew. Afterwards I had a suspicion. But I never knew.

"We stopped at St. Louis only a few days. It was a town of ten thousand at that time — quite a place in that wilderness. But west of it there was nothing. Seven families altogether, we were told, lived on the banks of the Missouri, in all the region between the Mississippi and the Rocky Mountains. Hunters sometimes shot bears and deer along the Meramec. No more than ten miles from the town and sixty miles west, my old friend Roark shot sixteen bears the first winter we arrived. It was a good thing that this was so, and that Roark was spending his winter near us. Some of our band were content to stay in St. Louis, but most of us pushed on westward. We wanted to reach that land which Dr. Hoefen had written about, and to see the doctor himself and talk with him. It was to the most of us as if we had come for no other reason. Foolish? Ah, yes. But it was the *Wanderlust* that pushed us; only we did not know her.

"In St. Louis we heard news again of *Die Lustige Frieda*. A trader who had made a trip to New Orleans said a boat had arrived there with Germans aboard; but no more had they put foot on land than they had been seized with the yellow fever, and perished to a man. The bearer of this sad news could not be certain of the name of the ship, so we hoped it might not be ours.

"There was a rough road leading from St. Louis into the west on the south side and near the Missouri. Over it, in the fall, with frost every morning on the leaves, we set out to find Dr. Hoefen. We never found him. He had been dead six months when we came.

"It was a slow business, that last journey, and we were over two weeks in going sixty miles. We slept under the wagons nights, and often I lay awake listening to the woods. Always I came closer to my people. You see, it is hard to be a baron, sleeping on the ground and hearing wolves howl. Something in a deep, black forest pulls at the spirit. It was all so long ago, but I know that in those two weeks I grew steadily less the baron and more the man.

"When we reached this creek, we met my friend Roark, and he knew Dr. Hoefen; he said he lived just across the river. So here we stopped and began to prepare for the winter, as Roark advised us. We could visit the doctor in the spring, he said. Ah, that terrible winter! It set in early — by the middle of November snow began to fall, and bitterly we blamed the doctor for the letters that had narrated of a climate like that of Sicily. Also, our people did not know how to chop trees nor build log houses. There were only a few farmers among us, and they knew nothing of such work. The rest of us had to learn. I, too, seized the ax. No, no, I could not then leave my people. I had made up my mind that in the spring, after I had had a talk with the doctor, when the worst was over, I would go back. I could not leave this miserable colony in such a sad plight, without a knowledge of what to do, without enough to eat, without shelter for themselves and the beasts, without even enough bed-clothes — nothing, not even knowing how to track game.

"But see, my young friend, the sun is going down. I must hurry.

"One day, near Christmas, a bitter cold day, while the men were in the woods chopping, Mrs. Kraus rushed to us and told us, with great excitement, to hurry to the houses. She said only so much and then ran away. We thought of everything,— Indians, death, wild beasts,— and hurried after. At the edge of the clearing all our women met us, shivering in the cold.

"'Two left from *Die Lustige Frieda!*' they cried.

"They fell back when they saw me, and there were two women almost in rags. I did not recognize them at once. Ah, no. The one carried a babe wrapped in a shawl and hugged tight to her breast.

"'Where are the others?' I asked.

"Then the woman with the babe raised her head. Oh, thou dear, great God! It was Elsa, my Elsa! And in her arms she carried our child, born on the deep.

"Ah, my young friend, it was all so long ago. Twenty-five years now my wife sleeps over there in the orchard. Forty years now my son sleeps on the banks of Wilson Creek, where he fell in the Great Rebellion. Seventy-five years now the Baron sleeps, and I am a citizen of the United States. Not so long, and I, too, will rest."

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LAW-MAKING BY THE VOTERS

HOW THE PEOPLE OF OREGON, WORKING UNDER THE INITIATIVE AND REFERENDUM, HAVE BECOME THEIR OWN POLITICAL BOSSES

BY

BURTON J. HENDRICK

AUTHOR OF "GOVERNOR HUGHES AND THE ALBANY GANG," "McADOO AND THE SUBWAY," ETC.

IN the last nine years there has been a general transformation in political conditions in Oregon. The public life of the State, which for nearly half a century had been a scandal in practically every department, has become clean and respectable. The mercenary lobby has disappeared from the legislature. The purchasing of votes at primaries and elections, which ten years ago was an almost invariable practice, has absolutely ceased. The corporations no longer dictate the official acts of the legislature and the executive. In the United States Senate and in Congress, Oregon's representatives stand for the people of the State, and not for special privileged classes. In local and State affairs political machines no longer exercise appreciable influence; the party voters control the party organization and dictate party nominations. And, coincident with this reformation in political conditions, Oregon has adopted a new code of laws which have immensely stimulated the social and business life of the State.

More remarkable than these reforms, however, is the manner in which they have been obtained. The legislature has passed practically none of the laws that have brought about this changed situation. The people have improved conditions themselves by depositing slips of white paper in the ballot-boxes on election day.

Political Power in the Hands of Non-Official Groups

Other States in recent years have added the Initiative and Referendum to their scheme of government. South Dakota, indeed, adopted this amendment before Oregon did; and Missouri, Maine, Montana, Nebraska, and other States have had it for several years. None of them, however, can show any results comparable with those obtained on the Pacific Coast. Certain fundamental defects in the Referendum system of these other States may partly explain this inactivity; more important, however, is the fact that they have not had, as had Oregon, groups of public-spirited men who have made the reformation of the State their exclusive business. These men, working through the Initiative and Referendum, have practically succeeded to the legislature as the great law-making power in the State. The story of Oregon for the last ten years is simply a story of the shifting of political power from the corporations, which had abused it for so many years, to the farmers, the small merchants, and the working classes.

There is, for example,—and this group may be taken as typical of all the others,—the People's Power League of Oregon. Its members include nearly all of the men who were especially active in the original agitation for the Referendum law. In the early days this movement was distinctly proletariat in its character; farmers and workingmen chiefly figured in the agitation; now, however, the membership includes all classes—bankers, corporation lawyers, Supreme Court judges, newspaper editors, United States senators, as well as a plentiful representation of farmers, orchardists, and labor-union men. The most active member of the People's Power League is inevitably William S. U'Ren—the man who led the ten years' agitation for the reform. Senators Jonathan Bourne and George E. Chamberlain are extremely influential in its work. An especially

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interesting member of its Board of Trustees is Mr. C. E. S. Wood — a man who, in spite of his radicalism and avowed socialistic inclinations, still manages to maintain his practice as a corporation lawyer. Another influential factor is Mr. C. S. Jackson, the editor of the *Oregon Journal*. Mr. Jackson is a Virginian who came to Oregon as a young man and worked for several years in the eastern part of the State as a stage agent, finally drifting into a newspaper office and acquiring fame as a local humorist. Like many of the Oregon reformers, Mr. Jackson became a devoted follower of Henry George and the single tax, worked hard in the early days for the Australian ballot, and in his newspaper, the *Eastern Oregonian*, strongly supported the Referendum law. Mr. Jackson became a convert to pure democracy through reading his favorite author, Mark Twain, especially his "Connecticut Yankee," and it was quite natural, when he came to Portland in 1901 to establish a paper of his own, that he should champion the popular cause. In those days, Harvey W. Scott's *Oregonian*, the leading newspaper on the Pacific Coast, advocated the popular reforms; as the years have gone by, however, this paper has passed from a position of tolerance to one of open hostility, and Mr. Jackson has come to the front as the leading journalistic spokesman of the democratic movement.

Initiative Measures Not Hastily Framed

With these various forces working in harmony, Oregon has developed a unique informal system of legislation. Its Initiative measures are not hastily constructed, and do not originate in the cracked brains of irresponsible enthusiasts. In fact, the procedure does not compare unfavorably with that followed by the average legislature. As elections take place only once in two years, the people have practically two years for preparing and discussing new laws — whereas the legislature has only forty days. In the last eight years the people have registered their judgment upon sixty-four measures; the largest number which they have had under consideration at any one election has been thirty-two. In this same period the legislature has acted upon from three to four thousand, and, at a single session, has before it anywhere from seven to eight hundred. And the starting-point with popular measures is quite as respectable and responsible as with those that are introduced at Salem. A new law, of course, whether introduced in a legislative chamber or proposed under the Initiative, always originates in the same place, and that is the brain of a single man. A citizen of Oregon may think, for example, that it would be an excellent thing to have a direct primary, a corrupt practices act, or an employers' liability law. He turns the thing over in his mind, and perhaps discusses it with a few of his friends. If the idea strikes them favorably, he receives encouragement, and gradually a small group of citizens is formed to discuss and frame a measure. In some cases an existing organization, such as the People's Power League, may adopt the suggestion as its own. Luncheon parties are then held, at which the subject is threshed out in its various phases and tentative drafts of a law are considered. Before the idea is definitely framed in a bill, a committee is sometimes formed and correspondence entered into with prominent citizens of Oregon and other States. Letters are sent broadcast, containing detailed accounts of the suggested legislation, with arguments pro and con, and asking for expressions of opinion. And so, after many consultations, the idea is whipped into shape and framed in a definite bill. Usually there are lawyers interested who are capable of arranging the material in complete legal form; if not, outside lawyers are pressed into service.

"Signature-Getting" at Five Cents a Name

And now the bill is formally offered to the people. In order to have it placed on the ballot at the succeeding election, eight per cent of the registered voters must file a petition requesting that this be done. The business of obtaining these signatures has developed an entirely new occupation in Oregon — that of signature-getting. At all times these "signature-getters" keep busy, though they are most active during the April and May following a legislative session. They are found in practically every part of the State. They invade the office buildings, the apartment-houses and the homes of Portland, and tramp from farm-house to farm-house. Young women, ex-book-canvassers, broken-down clergymen, people who in other communities would find their natural level as sandwich-men, dapper hustling youths, perhaps earning their way through college — all find useful employment in soliciting signatures at five or ten cents a name. The canvasser bustles into an office, carrying under his arm a neat parcel of pamphlets, the covers perhaps embellished with colored pictures of the American flag. He gives his victim a few minutes to read the printed matter, and then, placing his finger on a neatly ruled space, says, "Sign here." Very likely the person ap-

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proached will demur. The proposed law is foolish, unnecessary — the work of a group of harebrained cranks. Perhaps a protracted argument takes place which may ultimately ramify into the fundamental principles of constitutional government. Everywhere that the canvassers go there is a flood of talk. There is no State in the Union so perpetually argumentative and voluble as Oregon. This is especially true when the solicitors are not paid workers, but enthusiasts. And at times these workers do not receive a cordial welcome; there are plenty of Oregonians who regard the whole system as a nuisance and treat its representatives accordingly.

In other instances people sign petitions thoughtlessly — sometimes without reading the measures or even understanding their contents. "I could easily get ten thousand signatures to a law hanging all the red-haired men in Oregon," one cynic on popular government remarked to the writer. It is not at all unlikely that he could. The business of getting names, as everybody knows, depends more upon the individual than upon the merits of the particular cause at issue. This new profession in Oregon has its well-recognized experts; and not infrequently one group of canvassers will return disheartened, having absolutely failed in pushing a particular measure, only to have another group go out and return with all the signatures the law requires.



C. S. JACKSON, EDITOR OF THE "OREGON JOURNAL," THE LEADING NEWSPAPER SPOKESMAN OF THE POPULAR MOVEMENT

An Open-Air Forum

As soon as enough people have signed the petition, public discussion of the measure begins. In the main, the Initiative and Referendum bills receive far more attention than do those presented to the legislature. They are not debated by a dozen men in a legislative chamber, but by a hundred thousand voters scattered all over the State. Oregon's population follows two main lines, the Columbia and the Willamette valleys; here are the wheat farms, the fruit orchards, and the logging camps that form the economic foundation of the State. Farther east, on the other side of the Cascade Mountains, frequently far removed from railway transportation, lie many thousand square miles of grazing lands — thinly populated by lonely roving sheep-herders. In all these places, those close to civilization as well as those remote, a high order of intelligence prevails. The Oregon farmer has his comfortably furnished home, his well-stocked library, his piano, and not infrequently his automobile; here, even in the most inaccessible regions, the newspapers and the weekly and monthly magazines freely circulate. Everywhere, as inevitably as in New England, is found the schoolhouse — not the old red district school, but a building of brick or granite, heated with steam, and graded along the most modern educational lines. Far away as these people may be, they have no difficulty in keeping well in touch with the world. Probably the average frequenter of an Oregon country store knows more of what is going on in Congress and in the State legislature than the hangers-on of the most exclusive city clubs.

And now that every Oregonian is his own legislature, he takes his responsibilities seriously. The children debate the Referendum measures in the public schools, the farmers in the granges, the workingmen in the unions. Many of the voters, at stated seasons, spend their time out of doors — in the apple orchards, the hop fields, and the sheep and cattle ranches. All through the summer and fall these open-air workers — sometimes a solitary pair under the shadow of Mount Hood, sometimes an animated group ranged on ladders in the apple trees —

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A FAIR SAMPLE OF THE OREGON PROLETARIAT

fight their legislative battles. Itinerant lecturers go from town to town, meeting the people at first hand in the schoolhouses and the granges and perhaps at railway stations. Particular causes, such as woman suffrage and prohibition, bring famous exhorters from other States. The advocates fill the newspapers with their advertisements and flood the community with "literature." Perhaps the largest single educational force is the grange, whose monthly lectures and debates form a university extension course in popular government.

Reading the "Publicity Pamphlet"

The State of Oregon itself does important publicity work. To see the Referendum really in operation, one should visit a farmer's house almost any evening during the legislative campaign. There by the dinner-table sits the head of the family, poring over a well-thumbed, buff-covered pamphlet. Perhaps he will be reading monotonously to an attentive group gathered around the fireplace. A running comment — "He's wrong there"; "No, that's all right"; "He can't fool us this way again"; "That's a good idea" — punctuates the proceedings. Next day, at the village store, more copies of this same volume are discovered; they turn up everywhere — in the clubs and offices at Portland, in the public schools, on the trains and trolley cars. At midday the farmer or the berry-picker snatches a few minutes at this popular fount of knowledge; even the lonely sheep-herder, resting on the hills hundreds of miles from the nearest habitation, passes many silent days with this volume as his only companion. It is the famous "Publicity Pamphlet" of Oregon — a book of nearly three hundred pages, printed by the State, which contains all the measures to be voted on at the coming election. Its really entertaining and instructive features are the informal discussions. "Argument (Affirmative)" and "Argument (Negative)" — under these headings, lined up, side by side, the people discuss the measures pro and con. Here the Oregon State Suffrage Association proposes a measure giving women the right to vote, and submits their favorite pleas. On the very next page, their sisters, the "antis," fall savagely upon their bill, accusing its proposers of bad faith, and attempting to riddle their arguments. Further on in the same book, "Home Rule Associations" and "Anti-Saloon Leagues" animatedly discuss the merits of prohibition; workingmen explain the need of a decent employers' liability law; State universities and normal schools plead for generous

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appropriations; and single-taxers call attention to the necessity of radical tax reform. Each contributor pays a certain price per page for space — to cover the cost of white paper and printing; and the Secretary of State, thirty days preceding election, mails a copy to every registered voter.

The political pessimist declares that the people do not read these pamphlets, and that the State is littered from end to end with clean, uncut copies. Possibly this may be true in certain parts of the cities — in the clubs, the houses of the "higher social classes"; but it is certainly not true in the farming country. The chief reason why these arguments should be read is found in the pamphlets themselves. They are well worth reading and are inherently interesting, even to outsiders. In the main, the arguments are well written and dignified. Only rarely do they lapse into demagogism; sometimes they are unduly acrimonious; but, for the larger part, the contents are sane, wise, pointed, and shed abundant light upon the questions at issue.

About Seventy-five per Cent of the Electorate Vote on Referendum Measures

Unquestionably, therefore, the average farmer goes to the polls on election day well instructed. If he does not, it is certainly his own fault. An analysis of the elections for the last eight years disposes of one important point: it shows that a majority of the people do have sufficient interest in the Initiative and Referendum measures to vote. On an average, about seventy-five per cent of the actual voters express their opinion on these matters. The highest vote ever cast was ninety per cent — against woman's suffrage; the lowest, sixty-three per cent. On the whole, this must be regarded as an excellent showing. Inevitably, in a State where there is no educational qualification for the suffrage, a certain percentage will not vote on laws, for, in order to vote on these, one must be able to read — as they are entered on the ballot by long and sometimes complicated titles. An analysis shows, indeed, that the largest percentage of non-voters on proposed laws is found in the city slums, where the greatest percentage of ignorance and illiteracy prevails. In other words, this new scheme of legislation seems to act automatically as a disfranchisement of the ignorant or careless. Any State in which seventy-five per cent of its voters take part in the Referendum elections may justifiably regard itself as fortunate; the twenty-five per cent who remain silent unquestionably repre-



THE FRUIT ORCHARDS BECOME FORUMS FOR DISCUSSING PROPOSED LEGISLATION

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OREGON APPLE ORCHARDISTS. OPEN-AIR ARGUMENTS ON REFERENDUM MEASURES ARE A REGULAR FEATURE OF RURAL LIFE

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sent the classes that any really adequate suffrage qualifications would exclude.

An Insight into the American Conscience

These sixty or seventy thousand freemen who regularly engage in law-making every two years may be regarded as the "composite citizen" — a typical illustration of the middle-class American conscience. For the first time in history, they furnish a detailed picture of the workings of this American mind. Hitherto the American citizen has had no opportunity to say, directly and concretely, just what kind of government he desired. He has had many chances to register his opinions of public men, but seldom of public measures. He has voted for party platforms, it is true; but party platforms contain dozens of different ideas; the voter has to accept them as a whole — he can not separate one issue from another. In Initiative and Referendum measures, however, this is precisely what he can do. And here, for the first time, a large group of American citizens have become concretely articulate in their political ideals.

The "Mob" Stands for Decency

And it appears, in spite of all the harsh things said of the American "mob," that this same "mob" does stand for political decency. Clearly, the kind of government that the political parties had been giving Oregon for years was not the kind of government to which the Oregon people aspired. The composite citizen seems unalterably opposed to all the practices that have brought American public life into such general disrepute. He does not believe in vote-buying, in political bosses, or in corporation rule. Every time he has an opportunity to vote for measures that are intended to abolish these abuses, he does so overwhelmingly. In spite of these "insurgent" tendencies, the composite citizen seems by nature conservative. He does not readily go in for new-fangled ideas or for attacks upon property. The noisy agitator, the labor-union leader, the "advanced thinker" apparently do not voice the sentiments of the rank and file. A striking evidence of this is that the Oregon voter does not believe in woman's suffrage. At five different elections he has had to express his opinion on this movement, and has voted it down every time with a steadily increasing majority. This is all the more remarkable because women played an important part in the original Referendum movement, and, especially in the farming sections, still take the greatest interest in public affairs. Nor does the Oregon voter believe in State-wide prohibition, though he has given the State its first county option law. In spite of the fact that the leaders in the popular movement are strong single-taxers, the composite citizen has voted down this idea overwhelmingly. Above all, the "plain people" do not indulge in radicalism against the corporations. Business interests are always afraid to intrust the voters with this law-making power, but in Oregon it has not become a popular instrument for corporation-baiting. The only law that could even remotely be regarded as anti-corporation is one mildly taxing the earnings of telephone and telegraph companies. Only once have the workingmen attempted to use the new agency in behalf of their "class," and that was last fall, when they succeeded, with the aid of a large majority of the voters, in placing on the books an excellent and fair employers' liability law.

The "Plain People" Stand for the Higher Education

Again, this composite citizen believes in education — even in the higher education. He has voted public money for one good normal school and a generous annual appropriation for the State University. One year the university appropriation was held up on a referendum; but the people, when it came to a vote, emphatically approved it. The Oregon voter is likewise opposed to graft in all its forms. He has abolished by initiative petition railroad passes and stopped legalized plunder in the State printer's office. He has likewise established home rule in cities, by giving municipalities the power to make their own charters, without the constant interference of the legislature. He has enacted a law providing for the recall of all elective officers, including judges — though he has not yet made any extensive use of it. He does not believe that matters of strictly local interest, such as the organization of new counties, should be submitted to a popular vote, and shows his disapproval by voting them down whenever they are so submitted.

The Composite Citizen is "Close-Fisted"

Again, the experience of the past eight years has displayed certain human failings in this composite law-maker. Like the legislature itself, he makes mistakes, and sometimes ludicrous ones. The people solemnly approved a law in which the enacting clause had been omitted — an amusing blunder that legisla-

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tures, and even Congress, are sometimes guilty of. The law-maker *en masse* is also inclined to be close-fisted with public money, especially in the matter of salaries. Oregon pays the members of its legislature one hundred and twenty dollars a session, and the voters have emphatically refused to increase this compensation. Last fall a law was submitted increasing the pay of a county judge from three to four thousand dollars a year; but the farmers and workingmen ruthlessly voted it down.

"Jokers" in the Referendum

Can this composite voter be fooled? Do jokers slip into measures voted at the polls, as they constantly do in those passed by legislatures? Last fall the woman suffrage leaders attempted something of this kind. After trying three times, with steadily decreasing success, to amend the Constitution so as to get the word "male" out of its suffrage requirements, they concocted an ingenious law which they called a "woman's tax-paying suffrage amendment, granting to tax-payers, regardless of sex, the right of suffrage." Any one reading this bill would certainly suppose that it permitted only women who were tax-payers to vote. In reality, it was an amendment that granted general woman's suffrage, irrespective of whether the women were tax-payers or not. The "tax-payer" phrase, in other words, was simply a "joker"—and particularly discreditable to these particular advocates of a cause which is chiefly defended on the ground that its triumph would improve political morals. But the composite citizen was not caught. Two years before he had voted down woman's suffrage by a majority of twenty thousand, and last fall he disapproved it in this new form by a majority of twenty-four thousand.

At this same election, however, another amendment, which concealed something in the nature of a "joker," did slip through. The single-tax amendment, as already voted, ignominiously failed in 1908. In certain counties, however, it nearly succeeded, and the people back of the agitation decided to try a new turn. They drafted a constitutional amendment in which nothing was said of the single tax, but which provided that any county should have the right to adopt any form of taxation that pleased it. They made no secret of the fact that this bill was "a step in the direction of the single tax"; indeed, they flooded the State with literature advocating its passage on that very ground. A particularly ingenious enthusiast, however, conceived the idea of tacking on to this measure a provision that had no relation to it — a clause abolishing the poll or head tax. "That's a splendid idea," remarked an associate, when this vote-catching device was suggested to him; "only you haven't got it in the right place — it should be at the head of the bill, not the tail." There is nothing quite so unpopular with the average farmer and workingman as a poll tax. The single-taxers knew this and included its abolition in their bill merely as a means of attracting votes. And this time they succeeded. The farmers indorsed a measure which otherwise they would probably have disapproved, simply because it freed them from an unpopular tax.

Vested Interests Try to "Put One Over" the People

Occasionally, also, vested interests have attempted to use the Referendum to "put one over" the people. But they have not been nearly so successful as they have been customarily with legislatures. An interesting case of the kind occurred five years ago. For many years there had been an old toll road over the Cascade Mountains, near Hood River. When originally built, this highway served some useful purpose, but in recent years it has been practically abandoned. A group of speculators, however, obtained an option on it in 1908 for eight thousand dollars, and then conceived the idea of unloading it on the State for twenty-five thousand dollars. They circulated their petitions, got the measure on the official ballot, and carried on an active campaign. The voters, however, easily saw through the scheme, and voted it down overwhelmingly. Since then no one has attempted to wade into the State treasury by way of the Initiative.

Warfare Between the "Gill-Netters" and the "Fish-Wheelers"

It would be possible to cite many instances in which particular interests have attempted to fool the electorate and have failed. In the main, the people have voted with discrimination and consistency, though no one would be so extreme as to insist that they have not made mistakes. Perhaps their handling of a problem peculiar to Oregon — the salmon fisheries — brings out clearly the discrimination with which the Referendum has been used. For many years the Columbia River has been the scene of a fiercely contested warfare, waged between the fishermen at its mouth and those operating two or three hundred miles upstream. Many have been the Homeric battles between the "gill-netters" and the "fish-wheelers." Every

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AN OREGON FARM AT THE FOOT OF MOUNT HOOD

day in the year, including Sundays and holidays, and twenty-four hours a day, the gill-netters could be found industriously working at the Columbia River bar. Here were thousands of small boats and miles of nets and fishing-gear. Scores of vessels, attempting to plow through the mass, had had their wheels entangled in fish-nets and had drifted about helplessly for hours; and the enraged fishermen had frequently driven them away with shot-guns. Many boats plying up and down the Columbia River still bear these bullet scars on their bows. For the fishermen themselves the occupation was exceedingly dangerous; on an average, from fifty to sixty of them were drowned every year. But the greatest sufferers were the precious salmon. They entered the river, of course, in search of their spawning-grounds, and here at its mouth they had to run the gauntlet of miles of nets. If they ever got beyond, there were plenty of dangers farther upstream. Here lay in wait the white man with his pitchfork and the Indian with his spear; everywhere the salmon were hunted with hooks, wheels, guns, and even dynamite. And, finally, they met the fish-wheels — ingenious contrivances, placed in shallow water, by which the fish were lifted into boxed-in inclosures and removed at leisure. Oregon was deriving many millions annually from this activity, but at the expense of her industry. It was a waste of national resources on a large scale. "Canned fish don't spawn," said the *Oregonian*. The State had built large hatcheries upstream, but they were little used, because not many fish survived their harassing journey. The United States Fisheries Commission had investigated the Columbia River situation, and reported that, unless radical measures were taken soon, the Columbia River salmon would simply follow the course of the buffalo and other extinct American species.

The fishermen all along the river agreed on the necessity of immediate reform. The only point they differed on was as to where this reform should begin. Each believed that he should be allowed to fish undisturbed, and that his neighbors should do the work of conservation. The gill-netters on the Columbia bar and the fish-wheelers in the mountain passes had been hurling epithets at one another for years. "The thing to do," said the fish-wheelers, "is to abolish the gill-netters, and then plenty of salmon will come upstream to spawn." "We let millions of fish go through," replied the gill-netters, "but the fish-wheelers catch them all just as they arrive at the breeding-grounds." In 1908 the two hostile camps decided to fight their battles at the Referendum. One side framed a law that practically prohibited fishing with nets at the mouth of the Columbia River at night-time and on Sundays, and established a closed season from October 1 to January 1. The gill-netters immediately retaliated by placing upon the ballot a bill that would practically have prohibited fish-wheel fishing in shallow waters. The two sides carried their warfare into the Publicity Pamph-

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let, a reading of which is a liberal education upon the salmon industry as well as on the particular merits of the dispute. No one can go over these pages carefully, indeed, without concluding that the voters settled the question with remarkable wisdom.

They decided that both sides were telling the truth about each other, and approved both bills! In other words, the electorate absolutely stopped all fishing on the Columbia River. As a consequence, both sides, now in a mood for compromise, rushed to the legislature. The legislatures of Oregon and Washington got together and settled the difficulty in a way that was reasonably fair to both States and to all parties in the controversy — including the fish, which are now allowed to reach the breeding-grounds in sufficient quantity to insure the preservation of this industry.

Legislature Turns Down a Direct Primary, People Vote It

Reforms of this kind, however, are more or less incidental: what the leaders in Oregon have really aimed at has been the transformation of the whole system of government. With this idea in mind, they have quite naturally turned their attention to the organization of political parties. That same democracy which they had introduced into law-making they now attempted to introduce into political organizations. "Let's fight the thing that has the fewest possible friends," remarked one of these leaders, in the early days; and, in accordance with this idea, they went after the political machines. In Oregon this political machine was just as much an oligarchy as the legislature had always been. The Oregon reformers believed that this was largely explained by the fact that the rank and file, the party members who did not make political manipulation their exclusive business, had practically nothing to say in the party management. These party members ruled their party organizations precisely as the citizens ruled their legislatures — that is, through chosen representatives. In party organizations these representatives were known as "delegates." The party voters, under the old system, had the privilege, at certain so-called primary elections, of choosing delegates to political conventions. These conventions sometimes themselves selected the party candidates; at others, they selected delegates to the conventions that actually made the selections. This curious and roundabout system, which had prevailed for nearly three quarters of a century in most American States (and still prevails in many), has an interesting history. It really arose because of a remarkable lapse in the American constitutional system. The fathers deliberately provided, when they framed the federal and State constitutions, against government by political parties. Unquestionably, many of our political troubles are caused by the fact that we have developed a system of party government, using a governmental machinery entirely unadapted to it. One of the earliest problems that the politicians were called upon to face was a method of selecting party candidates for office. For the first thirty or forty years they did this work through a party caucus. In Washington, the members of each party in Congress selected the candidates for President; in the States, the members of the legislatures selected the candidates for governor and other State offices.

This system gave rise to gross abuses; and the dethronement of "King Caucus" was one of the greatest triumphs of the Jacksonian Democracy. In place of the caucus, these reformers, about the year 1832, established the political convention. They provided for the election, by popular vote, of delegates to nominating conventions, in whose hands ultimately they placed the entire party control. It is rather difficult to imagine, in these degenerate days of the party convention, that this institution was once popularly acclaimed on the ground that it freed the rank and file from machine control; that, however, is its history. But the new method soon fell into almost as great a disrepute as the old. The convention machinery was too complicated. It soon appeared that the party voters, while they manifested the utmost interest in voting for particular candidates, had practically no interest in voting for the delegates who were to select them. Primary elections thus became a farce: very few people ever attended them. The political machine absolutely dominated the proceedings, and, through them, the selection of candidates and the government itself. Oregon illustrated in detail the viciousness and absurdities of this system. Take, for example, the primary election of the Republican party held in Portland in 1896. On this occasion there were certain important public questions at stake, and many members of the rank and file attempted to cast their votes. To prevent them from doing this, the party leaders corralled all the thugs and vagrants for several miles around. They paid this army, at the rate of two dollars and a half apiece, to vote for the regular candidates and prevent the decent, orderly element from voting at all. In this work they had as allies the police department, which was part of the machinery which then controlled affairs. When a citizen attempted

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THE LONELY SHEEP-HERDER, HUNDREDS OF MILES AWAY FROM CIVILIZATION, HAS BECOME AN INFLUENTIAL FACTOR IN LAW-MAKING

to get in line, a policeman would usually drag him out, and, if he protested, carry him off to jail.

A Political "Convention" in Oregon

Out of gatherings of the kind came Oregon's political conventions. These assemblies were frequently worthy of their origin. In 1898 there was a factional row in the Republican party, as a result of which the two opposing crowds held conventions on the same day, in the same hall, and at the same time. There were two sets of delegates, two presiding officers, and two complete organizations, all going at the same time and making a most horrid bedlam. Finally the two chairmen, evidently determined to settle the difficulties of their respective armies according to the medieval fashion of single combat, engaged in an animated fisticuff. From politics of this kind self-respecting Oregonians had long been praying for deliverance. Why not give the voters a chance to control their own organization — to provide them with the simple mechanism by which they could directly select their candidates? As they had placed the legislative power in the people's hands, U'Ren and his associates now decided to restore to them the greatest of all political powers — the selection of party candidates. The method was simple enough: other States, notably Wisconsin and Minnesota, had already worked it out. Both these States had enormously improved their political conditions by the adoption of a direct primary. This is nothing but an election, based on universal suffrage, within the party, for the selection of party candidates. The political convention is abolished; party voters, instead of selecting delegates to choose their candidates, choose them directly themselves.

In other States this direct primary law has been secured only as the result of a long struggle with the party machines. That is quite natural, as its avowed purpose is to destroy these same machines. In New York State, ex-Governor Hughes spent two years in a harassing fight for a decidedly attenuated direct primary, and finally left office without obtaining it. If Governor Hughes had had at his hand the instrument that Oregon held, he could easily have secured his desired law in a few weeks; for the people of New York State almost unanimously demanded it. In Oregon the progressive leaders framed their law and twice humbly asked the legislature to enact it. The law-makers and the bosses simply ridiculed

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A TYPICAL OREGON FARM. IT IS HERE THAT THE LAWS ARE REALLY MADE, AND NOT AT THE STATE CAPITOL

them. Had it not been for the Initiative, the matter would have ended there. But the Direct Primary League circulated a petition and quickly secured the required number of signatures. In the election of 1904 the sovereign legislators of Oregon, the people at the polls, passed this measure by a vote of 56,000 to 16,000!

"Statement No. 1"

In this same direct primary law U'Ren and his associates introduced a novel provision — something that has given a peculiar distinction to the Oregon system. This is its famous "Statement No. 1" — a measure that provides for the election, by popular vote, of United States senators. In writing this clause, U'Ren took a leaf from the experience of the machines. For many years there had been one and the same rule for the election of United States senators in Oregon. The party bosses made their own nominations to the legislature, and pledged their candidates, usually in writing, to vote for a particular man for United States senator. When these people took up their duties at Salem, therefore, they simply became voting machines, automatically registering the decisions of the party bosses, who, in turn, were merely the spokesmen of the corporations that provided the funds. U'Ren and his associates believed that that system, as a system, was not so very bad; certainly the members of the legislature ought not to be permitted to elect Oregon's representatives in the United States Senate. And so the reformers decided to adopt this machine system of pledges. Their only modification was to take away from the bosses and the corporations the power of pledging. Following their usual democratic program, they provided that the people should do this pledging themselves. They arranged, in their direct primary law, that the party voters in "senatorial years" should select their party candidates for United States senator. Then every candidate for the legislature was permitted to sign one of two pledges. One of these was to the effect that during his term of office he would vote for the candidate for United States senator whom the voters elected at the polls. This was "Statement No. 1." "Statement No. 2" was a declaration that the legislator would regard this popular vote as nothing but a recommendation, and that he would hold himself at liberty to exercise his own judgment. This machinery is not only remarkably ingenious in the way that it gets around that requirement of the federal Constitution for the election of senators by the State legislature, but it shows a wonderful insight into political psychology. Its practical working, as well as that of other fea-

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tures of the direct primary, will be described in the next article.

People Adopt a Rigid Corrupt Practices Act

Another measure that the people have attempted to extort from their legislatures, usually without success, is a corrupt practices act. The Australian ballot has worked wonders in freeing political elections from the taint of money, but the reform is by no means complete. In Oregon, especially, bribery had become a commonplace. There two-and-a-half-dollar gold pieces were the favorite considerations for votes — they were small and easily palmed. As recently as 1904, these convenient coins had figured prominently in elections in Portland. In his senatorial campaign under the Direct Primary Act in 1906, Senator Bourne had likewise spent large sums of money — not in the corrupt purchasing of votes, but in general publicity and "education"; and it became evident that the whole new system would soon fall into disrepute unless this practice ceased. Excellent as the new direct primary was, there was needed, as an essential corollary, a rigid and enforceable corrupt practices act. The reformers went to work in the usual way. As they had adopted their ballot laws from Australia, their Initiative and Referendum from Switzerland, and their direct primary from Wisconsin, so now they went to England for their corrupt practices act. They formulated a rigid measure and presented it to the legislature. All the politicians, however, received it with the usual roars of derision. The measure, they said, was complicated, unworkable, and represented an unattainable ideal. Quite naturally, therefore, the legislature refused to enact it. Subsequent events showed precisely to what extent this legislature represented the people. On Initiative petition, the proposed corrupt practices act went upon the ballot in the election of 1908, and the people passed it by a vote of 52,000 to 28,000.

Many Things a Candidate Can Not Do

Under the new régime, elections in Oregon to-day are as clean and orderly as they are in England itself. Money has ceased to play any part in the proceedings. Its use, even in the most remote and roundabout ways, is made a crime. The candidate for public office can spend, in election expenses, twenty-five per cent of a year's salary of the office for which he is running — but no more. The most detailed account of expenditures must be kept and sworn to. The law provides that no descendant, no ascendant, no brother, sister, uncle, aunt, nephew, niece, wife, partner, employer, employee, fellow official, or fellow worker of a corporation can contribute in excess of this amount. No corporation, or anything resembling a corporation, can contribute a penny. Any one who asks a candidate to buy tickets to any entertainment, or to make contributions for any charitable or religious purpose, commits a crime. The candidate can not furnish any person with "food or meat, or other entertainment, or clothing, liquors, cigars or tobacco," with the idea of predisposing one favorably to his cause. He can not "hand out" anticipatory jobs before election. He can not buy "reading notices" in newspapers or pay editors for friendly comment; whatever space he uses must be openly designated as paid advertising, and the source from which it comes



AN OREGON LAW-MAKER

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must be specifically indicated. All ministers of the gospel, all preachers and all priests, are prohibited from inducing members of their flocks to vote for or against any candidate as a religious duty, and the threatening of "spiritual injury" in itself is a corrupt practice. Outside of these prohibitions the election is made free for all. Any one may talk, argue, speak, or write in behalf of one candidate, so long as he is not compensated for doing so. The State of Oregon pays part of the candidate's expenses. It publishes a pamphlet — modeled somewhat after the Publicity Pamphlet for the discussion of proposed laws — in which the candidate may print his picture and his claims to official honors. It charges a sum for this which represents actual cost, and mails a copy to every registered voter.

Oregon's Quiet and Orderly Elections

Under the new régime, an election in Oregon is a solemn and God-fearing occasion. Even in the cities, a Sabbath stillness prevails. The town is closed tight. The voter casts his ballot, not in a dirty room back of a barber shop or a cigar store, but in a neat white, municipally owned tent. These tents are pitched in the open streets, with all sides exposed, so that everybody may have a full view of what is going on. On his way to the polls the voter does not have to run the gauntlet of a line of bleareyed "workers." Election day, under the new law, is strictly given up to voting, not to electioneering. It is made a crime for any one, on that day, so much as to solicit any man's vote. One may answer questions, provided the voter asks them, but no one may volunteer information or advice. There are no hired "workers" at the polls, except the challengers, watchers, and counters of votes. Badges, campaign buttons, or other insignia are illegal on election day. An especially serious offense is to transport the voter to the polls in a hired carriage, automobile, or other conveyance. He must get there himself or he can not vote. Thus in a few years, by the enactment and enforcement of a plain, matter-of-fact law, elections in Oregon have been transformed from riotous mobs into proceedings as quiet and dignified as ordinary church services. And this change — it may be repeated — is the result of a law which the legislature refused to enact and which the people themselves had to adopt at the polls.

People Abolish the "Fellow Servant" Rule

Precisely the same procedure was followed in the matter of employers' liability. An attempt to modify antique judicial rulings so that workingmen engaged in hazardous occupations may stand some chance of justice in injury cases is a regular feature of the progressive program in every State. The chief absurdities of the law are, of course, those which prohibit recovery when the employer can show that injury or death resulted from the act of a "fellow servant," or that the injured person himself was guilty of a certain purely fictitious offense known as "contributory negligence." Both these principles are "judge-made law"; no legislative body anywhere ever enacted them. They date from 1836, when an English justice, for the first time in recorded history, created the famous "fellow servant" rule directly out of his own consciousness. When this idea was first enunciated, Oregon was a wilderness; there were only a few handfuls of white men in the country; whether it should be English or American territory was still undecided. The march of civilization, however, carried this "fellow servant" principle across the American continent along with the other blessings of civilization. For eighty years the dead hand of this English jurist has taken millions out of the pockets of the children of Oregonians injured or killed in ostensibly peaceable occupations. England itself years ago abandoned the "fellow servant" rule; attempts in Oregon to legislate it out of existence, however, had failed. In 1909 the workingmen and their friends prepared a fair employers' liability law and asked the Oregon legislature to enact it. The legislature promptly refused it.

And then the people did what they have done in so many other instances: they enacted this law themselves. The State Federation of Labor placed the Employers' Liability Law on the ballot by Initiative petition. The Employers' Association attempted to circumvent and mislead the people by putting on the same ballot another "employers' liability" bill — a measure which, when examined, proved to be nothing but one providing for a commission to study the subject and report to the legislature. The presence of these two contradictory measures on the same ballot furnished an excellent test of the discrimination of the voter. Had the people, in other words, approved both measures, they would have placed themselves in a rather ludicrous situation. But they adopted the Employers' Liability Law by a vote of 56,000 to 33,000 and, at the same time, defeated the employers' measure by a vote of 32,000 to 51,000. It is impossible to study these returns and not come to the conclusion that the people vote intelligently.

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Referendum Succeeds Because There is No Representative System in Oregon

In the eight years' record in Oregon it is difficult for any impartial investigator to point out many cases in which the people have actually gone wrong. Probably the average person of intelligence in any part of the country would vote upon nearly all of the sixty-four measures precisely as the people of Oregon did. Even the bitterest enemies of the system admit this. The present writer spent one evening in discussing the Oregon plan with a well-known corporation lawyer of Portland who is outspoken in his opposition to it. At the conclusion this gentleman was asked in detail precisely how he himself had voted on each of the sixty-four measures considered in the last eight years. With two or three exceptions, the popular judgment on these measures coincided with his own! The other interesting fact is that most of these Referendum laws, in spite of the fact that they represented real public needs, the legislature itself had specifically refused to enact. In other words, the popular conscience in this great Western State seems to have been absolutely sound. That public opinion which, as Mr. Bryce so well explains in his "American Commonwealth," is, after all, the governing force in the United States, has been here tested on a large scale, and has been found to have decided wisely in nearly every case. At the same time, an average American legislature has been tested, and has proved to be absolutely untrustworthy and non-representative. The inevitable conclusion is that the Referendum has won its great triumphs in Oregon simply because the representative system has broken down. The legislature, as far as really important "constructive" work is concerned, has ceased to exist. The people have resorted to the Initiative and Referendum only because that was the only possible means of securing needed reforms. The voters at the polls have done no work which a really representative legislature might not have done equally well. If, during the last nine years, really representative institutions had existed in Oregon, the Referendum would probably have fallen into disuse.

"Voting a Bed-Quilt"

The recent history in Oregon, however, has not demonstrated that this form of popular legislation is an ideal way of conducting a government. Of course it is not. The Referendum and Initiative will always be valuable powers for the people to hold as clubs over the heads of the legislature. They will be extremely useful in uprooting many evils and in transforming fundamentally certain discredited features of American government. They can also be used at certain critical times when public opinion is thoroughly aroused on particular issues and when the legislature is not responsive. Only a few extremists believe, however, that this popular system can ever supersede really representative institutions. The absurdities inherent to the system were clearly illustrated at the election last November. On that occasion the electorate had to pass upon thirty-two different measures, and the results clearly showed that this was altogether too severe a tax upon the average voter. Of these thirty-two measures the people passed only nine. In nearly all of these cases they undoubtedly decided wisely; that is, the laws approved were nearly all good ones. It does not necessarily follow, however, that the twenty-three measures that they disapproved were rejected on their merits. The people voted "no," not because, after mature consideration, they had decided that they were unwise, but because they had no particular interest in them. A considerable number dealt with purely local questions, such as the creation of new counties, upon which the mass of the voters could have no intelligent opinion. Others proposed important governmental changes which the people did not understand and which had not yet become issues of sufficient prominence to develop any real public opinion. It is not improbable that many of these rejected measures represented worthy causes which, on a just consideration of their merits, should have passed. The point is that it is absurd to expect public interest to be stimulated to a white heat upon thirty-two different issues at the same time. The mere size of the ballot on such an occasion is itself appalling. "It's like voting a bed-quilt," remarked a policeman at the polls.

Legislature "Money Honest," but Still Non-Representative

The most far-reaching test that can be applied to the popular system is its effect upon the legislative bodies. The sanest advocates of the Referendum are convinced that its greatest usefulness consists in the fact that normally it ought to work an improvement on the character and efficiency of the representative chambers. What, then, has been the experience of Oregon? With the Referendum in full operation, the corrupt lobby has little excuse for

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existence. A corporation is not likely to purchase legislation when it knows that anything the legislature does can be undone by the people. Again, the legislative "striker" — the industrious person who makes a specialty of introducing bills only for the purpose of being bought off — loses most of his vocation if the man or corporation at which he levels his attacks can carry their cases to the people. In other words, the political cormorants who have sought election from purely mercenary motives should disappear, for there will be no opportunity left for the exercise of their peculiar talents, and their places should be taken by men of a more honest type. This has been the case in Oregon. There is now no venal lobby at Salem. The old-fashioned striker has also retired from public life. A few years ago one of these strikers introduced a bill aimed directly at the interest of one of the leading capitalists in the State. This same capitalist had many times paid money to this and other members of the brotherhood as a consideration for withdrawing obnoxious bills. This time, however, he refused to "come across." "Go on and pass your bill," he told the enemy, "and I will referendum it. I am perfectly willing to trust the merits of this dispute to the people of Oregon." The mere threat of such a referendum in itself was enough to discourage the blackmailer, who promptly withdrew his bill. Whatever may be said of the legislature, therefore, it is at least honest in the sense that money no longer influences legislation. This in itself certainly is a great gain.

But the advocates of the Referendum have hoped for more than this. They have believed that the mere possession of this power by the people would in itself prove a powerful stimulus for good upon the representative body. Ordinary psychology would teach one that a really public-spirited legislature would not leave important legislation to be enacted by the people, when it has the power to enact this legislation itself. It would be only too anxious to do the reform work and "get the credit." If there were real leaders at Salem, they would not let unofficial citizens in the granges and labor unions and business offices assume the brunt of battle. But the Oregon legislature is far from being a useful or intelligent body. It is not aggressively a force for civic righteousness; it is dull, ignorant, reactionary, sullenly on bad terms with its public. The new system in Oregon has failed in that it has not yet brought out the best public talent of the State. It must be remembered, however, that the work is by no means yet finished. In the course of a few years there may be developed really representative institutions which will do acceptably the work that the people at the polls do now. In that event it will not be necessary for the people to vote upon thirty-two measures at a single election, for the legislature will handle these matters itself. The Initiative and Referendum will be reserve powers — to be used only rarely on questions upon which the people are thoroughly aroused and informed. The usual routine business of legislation, however, will be left, where it certainly belongs, in the hands of honest and efficient specialists. Until the Initiative and Referendum does work this reform, its greatest admirers can hardly regard it as a complete success. Meanwhile, there is no particular reason why the people should not experiment with law-making. The record shows that the voters of Oregon are a far abler and more conscientious body of lawmakers than their legislature, as at present constituted.

IN THE NEXT ARTICLE MR. HENDRICK WILL DESCRIBE THE ELIMINATION OF THE POLITICAL MACHINE IN OREGON AND THE STRUGGLE FOR SUPREMACY BETWEEN THE CITIZENS AND THE CORPORATIONS

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The Case of Richard Meynell

by Mrs. Humphry Ward

XVII

WHEN Catherine returned to the little sitting-room, in which the darkness of a rainy October evening was already declaring itself, she came shaken by many emotions in which only one thing was clear — that the man before her was a good man in distress, and that her daughter loved him.

If she had been of the true bigot stuff she would have seen in the threatened scandal a means of freeing Mary from an undesirable attachment. But, just as in her married life her heart had not been able to stand against her husband, while her mind condemned him, so now. While in theory, and towards people with whom she never came in contact, she had grown even more bitter and intransigent since Robert's death than she had been in her youth, she had all the time been living the daily life of service and compassion which — unknown to herself — had been the real saving and determining force. Impulses of love, impulses of sacrifice towards the miserable, the vile, and the helpless — day by day she had felt them, day by day she had obeyed them. And thus all the arteries, so to speak, of the spiritual life had remained soft and pliant — that life itself in her was still young. It was there, in truth, that her Christianity lay — while she imagined it to lie in the assent to certain historical and dogmatic statements. And so strong was this inward and vital faith — so strengthened, in fact, by mere living — that when she was faced with this second crisis in her life, brought actually to close grips with it, that faith, against all that might have been expected, carried her through the difficult place with even greater sureness than at first. She suffered, indeed. It seemed to her all through that she was endangering Mary and condoning a betrayal of her Lord. And yet, she could not act upon this belief. She must needs act — with pain often, and yet with mysterious moments of certainty and joy — on quite another faith; the faith which has expressed itself in the perennial cry of Christianity: "Little children, love one another!" And therein lay the difference between her and Barron.

It was, therefore, in this mixed — and yet single — mood that she came back to Meynell, and asked him, quietly, the strange question: "What shall I do — what do you wish me to do or say — with regard to my daughter?"

Meynell could not for a moment believe that he had heard aright. He stared at her in bewilderment, at first pale, and then in a sudden heat and vivacity of colour.

"I — I hardly understand you, Mrs. Elsmere."

They stood facing each other in silence.

"Surely we need not inform her," he said at last, in a low voice.

"Only that a wicked and untrue story has been circulated — that you can not, for good reasons involving other persons, prosecute those responsible for it in the usual way. And if she comes across any signs of it, or its effects, she is to trust your wisdom in dealing with it, and not to be troubled. Is not that what you would like me to say?"

"That is indeed what I should like you to say." He raised his eyes to her gravely.

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"Or — will you say it yourself?"

He started.

"Mrs. Elsmere!" — he spoke with quick emotion — "you are wonderfully good to me." He scanned her with an unsteady face — then made an agitated step towards her. "It almost makes me think — you permit me ——"

"No — no," said Catherine hurriedly, drawing back. "But, if you would like to speak to Mary — she will be here directly."

"No!" he said, after a moment, recovering his composure. "I couldn't! But — will you?"

"If you wish it." Then she added: "She will, of course, never ask a question; it will be her business to know nothing of the matter — in itself. But she will be able to show you her confidence, and to feel that we have treated her as a woman, not a child."

Meynell drew a deep breath. He took Catherine's hand and pressed it. She felt with a thrill — which was half bitterness — that it was already a son's look he turned upon her.

"You — you have guessed me?" he said, almost inaudibly.

"I see there is a great friendship between you."

"*Friendship!*" Then he restrained himself sharply. "But I ought not to speak of it — to intrude myself and my affairs on her notice at all at this moment." He looked at his companion almost sternly. "Is it not clear that I ought not? I meant to have brought her a book to-day. I have not brought it. I have been even glad — thankful — to think you were going away, although ——" But again he checked the personal note. "The truth is, I could not endure that through me — through anything connected with me — she might be driven upon facts and sorrows, ugly facts that would distress her and sorrows for which she is too young. It seemed to me, indeed, I might not be able to help it. But, at the same time, it was clear to me to-day that at such a time — feeling as I do — I ought not in the smallest degree to presume upon her — and your kindness to me. Above all," — his voice shook, — "I could not come forward — I could not speak to her — as at another time I might have spoken. I could not run the smallest risk — of her name being coupled with mine — when my character was being seriously called in question. It would not have been right for her; it would not have been seemly for myself. So what was there — but silence? And yet I felt — that through this silence — we should somehow trust each other!"

He paused a moment, looking down upon his companion. Catherine was sitting by the fire near a small table on which her elbow rested, her face propped on her hand. There was something in the ascetic refinement, the grave sweetness, of her aspect that played upon him with a tonic and consoling force. He remembered the frozen reception she had given him at their first meeting, and the melting of her heart towards him seemed a wonderful thing. And then came the delicious thought, "Would she so treat him unless Mary — Mary!"

But, at the same time, there was in him the voice of the practical man, which plainly and energetically disapproved her! And presently he tried, with much difficulty, to tell her so, to impress upon her — upon her, Mary's mother! — that Mary must not be allowed to hold any communication with him, to show any kindness towards him, till this cloud had wholly disappeared and the sky was clear again. He became almost angry as he urged this — so excited, indeed, and incoherent, that a charming smile stole into Catherine's grey eyes.

"I understand quite what you feel," she said, as she rose, "and why you feel it. But I am not bound to follow your advice — or to agree with you — am I?"

"Yes, I think you are," he said stoutly.

Then a shadow fell over her face.

"I suppose I am doing a strange thing," — her manner faltered a little, — "but it seems to me right; I have been *led* — else why was it so plain?"

She raised her clear eyes, and he understood that she spoke of those "hints" and "voices" of the soul that play so large a part in the more mystical Christian experience. She hurried on:

"When two people — two people like you and Mary — feel such a deep interest in each other — **surely it is** God's sign?" Then suddenly the tears shone. "Oh, Mr. Meynell! — trial brings us nearer to our Saviour. Perhaps — through it — you and Mary — will find Him!"

He saw that she was trembling from head to foot; and his own emotion was great.

He took her hand again, and held it in both his own.

"Do you imagine," he said huskily, "that you and I are very far apart?"

And again the tenderness of his manner was a son's tenderness.

She shook her head; but she could not speak. She gently withdrew her hand and turned aside to gather up some letters on the table.

A sound of footsteps could be heard outside. Catherine moved to the window.

"It is Mary," she said quietly. "Will you wait a little while I meet her?" And, without giving him time to reply, she left the room.

He walked up and down, not without some humorous bewilderment in spite of his emotion. The saints were persons of determination! But,

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after a minute, he thought of nothing, realised nothing, save that Mary was in the little house again, and that one of those low voices he could just hear as a murmur in the distance, through the thin walls of the cottage, was hers.

The door opened softly, and she came in. Though she had taken off her hat, she still wore her blue cloak of Irish frieze, which fell round her slender figure in long folds. Her face was rosy with rain and wind — the same wind and rain that had stamped such a grey fatigue on Alice Puttenham's cheeks. Amid the dusk, the fire-light touched her hair and her ungloved hand. She was a vision of youth and soft life; and her composure, her slight, shy smile, would alone have made her beautiful.

Their hands met as she gently greeted him. But there was that in his look which disturbed her gentleness — which deepened her colour. She hurried to speak.

"I am so glad that Mother made you stay — just that I might tell you." Then her breath began to hasten. "Mother says you are — or may be — unjustly attacked — that you don't think it right to defend yourself publicly — and those who follow you and admire you — may be hurt and troubled. I wanted to say — and Mother approves — that, whoever is hurt and troubled, I can never be — except for you. Besides, I shall know and ask nothing. You may be sure of that. And people will not dare to speak to me."

She stood proudly erect.

Meynell was silent for a moment. Then, by a sudden movement, he stooped and kissed a fold of her cloak. She drew back with a little stifled cry, putting out her hands, which he caught. He kissed them both, dropped them, and walked away from her.

When he returned, it was with another aspect.

"Don't let's make too much of this trouble. It may all die away — or it may be a hard fight. But, whatever happens, you are going to Westmoreland immediately. That is my great comfort."

"Is it?" She laughed unsteadily.

He, too, smiled. There was intoxication he could not resist — in her presence, and in what it implied.

"It is the best possible thing that could be done. Then — whatever happens — I shall not be compromising my friends. For a while — there must be no communication between them and me."

"Oh, yes!" she said, involuntarily clasping her hands. "Friends may write."

"May they?" He thought it over, with a furrowed brow, then raised it, clear. "What shall they write about?"

An exquisite joyousness trembled in her look. "Leave it to them!"

Then, as she once more perceived the anxiety and despondency in him, the brightness clouded; pity possessed her. "Tell me what you are preaching — and writing."

"*If* I preach — *if* I write. And what will you tell me?"

"'How the water comes down at Lodore,'" she said gaily. "What the mountains look like, and how many rainy days there are in a week."

"Excellent! I perceive you mean to libel the country I love."

"You can always come and see!" she said, with a shy courage.

He shook his head.

"No; my Westmoreland holiday is given up."

"Because of the Movement?"

And, sitting down by the fire, still with that same look of suppressed and tremulous joy, she began to question him about the meetings and engagements ahead. But he would not be drawn into any talk about them. In his heart of hearts he thought it quite possible — though perhaps not probable — that he might soon be ostracised from them all. But upon this he would not dwell; and though her understanding of the whole position was far too vague to warn her from these questions, she soon perceived that he was unwilling to answer them as usual. Silence, indeed, fell between them; but it was a silence of emotion. She had thrown off her cloak, and sat looking down, in the light of the fire. She knew that he observed her, and the colour on her cheek was due to something more than the flame at her feet. As they realised each other's nearness, indeed, in the quiet of the dim room, it was with a magic sense of transformation. Outside, the autumn storm was still beating — symbol of the moral storm that threatened them. Yet within were trust and passionate gratitude and tender hope, intertwined, all of them, with the sacred impulse of the woman towards the man, and of the man towards the woman. Each moment as it passed built up one of those watersheds of life from which henceforward the rivers flow broadening to undreamt-of seas.

When Catherine returned, Meynell was hat in hand for departure. There was no more expression of feeling or reference to grave affairs. They stood a few moments, chatting about ordinary things. Incidentally Hugh Flaxman's loss of the two gold coins was mentioned. Meynell inquired when they were first missed.

"That very evening," said Mary. "Rose always puts them away herself. She missed the

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two little cases at once. One was a coin of Velia, with a head of Athene ——"

"I remember it perfectly!" said Meynell. "It dropped on the floor when I was talking to Norham, and I picked it up, with another — if I remember right, a Hermes!"

Mary replied that the Hermes too was missing — that both were exceedingly rare, and that in the spring a buyer for the Louvre had offered Hugh four hundred pounds for the two.

"They feel most unhappy and uncomfortable about it. None of the servants seem to have gone into that room during the party. Rose put all the coins on the table herself. She remembers saying good-bye to Canon France and his sister in the drawing-room,—and two or three others,— and immediately afterwards she went into the green drawing-room to lock up the coins. There were two missing."

"She doesn't remember who had been in the room?"

"She vaguely remembers seeing two or three people go in and out — the Bishop! — Mr. Dornal!"

They both laughed. Then Meynell's face set sharply. A sudden recollection shot through his mind. He beheld the figure of a sallow, dark-haired young man slipping, alone, through the doorway of the green drawing-room. And this image in the mind touched and fired others, like a spark running through dead leaves.

When he had gone, Catherine turned to Mary; and Mary, running, wound her arms close round her mother and laid her head on Catherine's breast.

"You angel! — you darling!" she said, and, raising her mother's hand, she kissed it passionately.

Catherine's eyes filled with tears, and her heart with mingled joy and revolt. Then, quickly, she asked herself, as she stood there in her child's embrace, whether she should speak of a certain event — a certain experience — which had, in truth, though Mary knew nothing of it, vitally affected both their lives.

But she could not bring herself to speak of it.

To the Catherines of this world — in matters of the soul — words are always a deflowering and belittling force. All that is most intimate and sacred must, as far as possible, be protected from them.

So that Mary never knew to what, in truth, she owed the painful breaking down of an opposition and a hostility that might in time have poisoned all their relations to each other.

But, when Mary had gone away to change her damp clothes, the visionary experience of which Catherine could not tell came back upon her; and again she felt the thrill, the touch of bodiless ecstasy.

It had been in the early morning, when all such things befall; for then the mind is not yet recaptured by life, and is no longer held by sleep. There is in it a pure expectancy, open to strange influences — influences from memory and the under-soul. It visualises easily, and dream and fact are one.

In this state Catherine awoke on a September morning, and felt beside her a presence that held her breathless. The half-remembered images and thoughts of sleep pursued her — became what we call "real."

"Robert!" she said aloud — very low.

And, without voice, it seemed to her that some one replied. A dialogue began into which she threw her soul. Of her body she was not conscious. And yet the little room, its white ceiling, its open windows, and the dancing shadows of the autumn leaves, were all present to her. She poured out the sorrow, the anxiety about Mary, that pressed so heavy on her heart; and the tender voice answered, now consoling, now rebuking;

"And we forbade him because he followed not us. . . . Forbid him not — *forbid him not!*" seemed to go echoing through the quiet air.

The words sank deep into her sense; she heard herself sobbing, and the unearthly presence came nearer — though still always remote, intangible, with the same baffling distance between itself and her.

The psychology of it was plain. It was the upthrust into consciousness of the mingled ideas and passions on which her life was founded, piercing through the intellectualism of her dogmatic belief. But, though she would have patiently accepted any scientific explanation, she believed in her heart that Robert had spoken to her, bidding her renounce her repugnance to Mary's friendship with Meynell — to Mary's love for Meynell.

She came down, the morning after, with a strange, dull sense of change and disaster. But the currents of her mind and will had set firmly in a fresh direction. It was almost mechanically — under a strong sense of guidance — that she had made her hesitating proposal to Mary to go with her to the Upcote meeting. Mary's look of utter astonishment had sent new waves of disturbance and compunction through the mother's mind.

But if these things could not be told, even to Mary, there were other revelations to make.

When the lamp had been brought in and the darkness outside shut out, Catherine laid her

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hand on Mary's and told the story of Alice Puttenham.

Mary heard it in silence, growing very pale. Then, with another embrace of her mother, she went away upstairs, only pausing at the door of the sitting-room to ask when they should start for the cottage.

Upstairs Mary sat for long in the dark, thinking. Through her uncurtained windows she watched the obscure dying away of the storm, the calming of the trees, and the gradual clearing of the night sky. Between the upfurling clouds the stars began to show; tumult passed into a great tranquillity; and a breath of frost began to steal through the woods and over the water.

Catherine, too, passed an hour of reflection — and of yearning over the unhappy. Naturally, to Mary her lips had been sealed on that deepest secret of all, which she had divined for a moment in Alice. She had clearly perceived what was or had been the weakness of the woman, together with the loyal unconsciousness and integrity of the man. And, having perceived it, not only pity, but the strain in Catherine of plain simplicity and common sense, bade her bury and ignore it henceforward. It was what Alice's true mind must desire, and it was the only way to help her. She began, however, to understand what might be the full meaning of Alice's last injunction — and her eyes grew wet.

Mother and daughter started about eight o'clock for the cottage. They had a lantern with them, but they hardly needed it, for through the tranquillised air a new moon shone palely, and the frost made way. Catherine walked rejoicing apparently in renewed strength and recovered powers of exertion. Since her dream, some mining, crippling influence seemed to have been removed from her. And yet, even at this time, she was not without premonitions, physical premonitions, as to the future — faint signal voices that the obscure life of the body can often communicate to the spirit.

They found the cottage all in light and movement. Servants were flying about; boxes were in the hall. Hester had come over to spend the night at the cottage, that she and "Aunt Alice" might start by an early train.

Alice came out to meet her visitors in the little hall. Catherine slipped into the drawing-room. Alice and Mary held each other enwrapped in one of those moments of life that have no outward expression but dimmed eyes and fluttering breath.

"Is it all done? Can't I help?" said Mary at last, scarcely knowing what she said, as Alice released her.

"No, dear; it's all done — except our books. Come up with me while I pack them."

And they vanished upstairs, hand in hand.

Meanwhile Hester in her most reckless mood was alternately flouting and caressing Catherine Elsmere. She was not in the least afraid of Catherine, and it was that, perhaps, which had originally drawn Catherine's heart to her. Elsmere's widow was accustomed to feel herself avoided by young people who discussed a wild literature and appeared to be without awe towards God or reverence towards man. Yet, all the time, through her often bewildered reprobation of them she hungered for their affection, and knew that she carried in herself treasures of love to give — though, no doubt, on terms!

But Hester had always divined these treasures, and was, besides, as a rule, far too arrogant and self-centred to restrain herself in anything she wished to say or do for fear of hurting or shocking her elders.

At this moment she had declared herself tired out with packing, and was lounging in an armchair in the little drawing-room. A Japanese dressing-gown of some pale pink stuff sprayed with almond blossom floated about her, disclosing a skimpy silk petticoat and a slender foot from which she had kicked its shoe. Her pearly arms and neck were almost bare; her hair tumbled on her shoulders; her eyes shone with excitement provoked by a dozen hidden and conflicting thoughts. In her beauty, her ardent and provocative youth, she seemed to be bursting out of the little room, with its artistic restraint of colour and furnishing.

"Don't, please, do any more fussing," she said imploringly to Catherine. "It's all done — only Aunt Alice thinks it's never done. Do sit down and talk."

And she put out an impatient hand and drew the stately Catherine towards a chair beside her.

"You ought to be in bed," said Catherine, retaining her hand. The girl's ignorance of all that others knew affected her strangely — produced a great softness and compunction.

"I shouldn't sleep. I wonder when I shall get a decent amount of sleep again!" said Hester, pressing back the hair from her cheeks. Then she turned sharply on her visitor.

"Of course you know, Mrs. Elsmere, that I am simply being sent away — in disgrace."

"I know" — Catherine smiled, though her tone was grave — "that those who love you think there ought to be a change."

"That's a nice way of putting it — a real gentlemanly way," said Hester, swaying backwards and forwards, her hands round her knees. "But, all the same, it's true. They're sending me away

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because they don't know what I'll do next; they think I'll do something abominable."

The girl's eyes sparkled.

"Why will you give your guardians this anxiety?" asked Catherine, not without severity. "They are never at rest about you. My dear! — they only wish your good."

Hester laughed. She threw out a careless hand and laid it on Catherine's knee.

"Isn't it odd, Mrs. Elsmere, that you don't know anything about me, though — you won't mind, will you? — though you're so kind to me and I do like you so. But you can't know anything, can you? I wonder whether you know anything about girls — like me?"

And, looking up from where she lay deep in the arm-chair, she turned half-mocking eyes on her companion.

"I don't know — perhaps — about girls like you," said Catherine, smiling and shyly touching the hand on her knee. "But I live half my life — with girls."

"Oh — poor girls? Girls in factories — girls that wear fringes, and sham pearl beads, and six ostrich feathers in their hats on Sundays? No, I don't think I'm like them. If I were they, I shouldn't care about feathers or the sham pearls; I should be more likely to try and steal some real ones! No, but I mean really girls like me — rich girls — though, of course, I'm not rich, but you understand. Do you know any girls who gamble, and paint,— their faces, I mean,— and let men lend them money and pay for their dresses?"

Hester sat up defiantly, looking at her companion.

"No, I don't know any of that kind," said Catherine quietly. "I'm old-fashioned, you see — they wouldn't want to know me."

Hester's mouth twitched.

"Well, I'm not that kind, exactly! I don't paint because — well, I suppose I needn't! And I don't play for money because I've nobody to play with. As for letting men lend you money ——"

"That you would never disgrace yourself by doing!" said Catherine sharply.

Hester's look was enigmatic.

"Well, I never did it. But I knew a girl in London — very pretty, and as mad as you like. She had no mother, and her father didn't care twopence about her. She got into debt, and a horrid old man offered to lend her a couple of hundred pounds if she'd give him a kiss. She said no. And then she told a young uncle of hers who was supposed to look after her. And what do you suppose he said?"

Catherine was silent.

"'Well, you *are* a little fool!' That was all she got for her pains. Men are villains — *I* think! But they're exciting!" And Hester clasped her hands behind her head and looked at the ceiling, smiling to herself, while the dressing-gown sleeves fell back from her rounded arms.

Catherine frowned. She suddenly rose and, kneeling down by Hester's chair, she took the girl in her arms.

"Hester, dear! — if you want a friend — whenever you want a friend — come to me! If you are ever in trouble, send for me. I would always come — always!"

She felt the flutter of the girl's heart as she enfolded her. Then Hester lightly freed herself, though her voice shook.

"You're the kindest person, Mrs. Elsmere. You're awfully, awfully kind. But I'm going to have a jolly good time in Paris. I shall read all kinds of things — I shall go to the theatre — I shall enjoy myself famously."

"And you'll have Aunt Alice all to yourself."

Hester was silent. The lovely corners of her mouth stiffened.

"You must be very good to her, Hester," said Catherine, with entreaty in her voice. "She's not well — and very tired."

"Why doesn't she *trust* me?" said Hester, almost between her teeth.

"What do you mean?"

After a hesitating pause, the girl broke out with the story of the miniature.

"How can I love her when she won't trust me!" she cried again, with stormy breath.

Catherine's heart melted within her.

"But you *must* love her, Hester! Why, she has watched over you all your life. Can't you see — that she's had trouble — and she's not strong!"

And she looked down with emotion on the girl thus blindly marching to a veiled future — unable, by no fault of her own, to distinguish her lovers from her foes. Had a lie ever yet in human history justified itself? So this pure moralist! — to whom morals had come silently, easily, irresistibly, as the sun slips into the sky.

"Oh, I'll look after her," said Hester shortly. "Why, of course I will. I'm very glad she's going to Paris — it'll be good for her. And as for you," — she bent forward like a queen and lightly kissed Catherine on the cheek,— "I dare say I'll remember what you've said — you're a great, great dear! It was luck for Mary to have got you for a mother. But I'm all right — I'm all right!"

When the Elsmeres were gone, Hester still sat on alone in the drawing-room. The lamp had burnt dim, and the little room was cold.

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Presently she slipped her hand into the white bodice she wore. A letter lay there, and her fingers caressed it. "I don't know whether I love him or not — perhaps I do and perhaps I don't. I don't know whether I believe Uncle Richard — or this letter. But — I'm going to find out! — I'm not going to be stopped from finding out."

And, as she lay there, she was conscious of bonds she was half determined to escape, half willing to bear — of a fluttering excitement and dread. Step by step, and with a childish bravado, she had come within the influences of sex, and her fate was upon her.

XVIII

MEANWHILE, amid this sensitive intermingling of the thoughts and feelings of women there arose the sudden tumult and scandal of the new elements that had arisen in what was already known to the religious world throughout England as the "Meynell case." During November and December that case came to include two wholly different things: the ecclesiastical suit in the Court of Arches, which, owing to a series of delays and to the illness of the Dean of the Court, was not to be heard, in all probability, before January; and the personal charges brought against the incumbent of Upcote Minor.

These fresh charges were formally launched by Henry Barron — the chief promoter also, as we know, of the ecclesiastical suit — in a letter written by him to Bishop Craye on the very night when Alice Puttenham revealed her secret to Catherine Elsmere. But, before we trace the effect of the letter, let us look for a moment at the general position of the Movement when this second phase of Meynell's connection with it began.

At that time the pending suits against the Modernist leaders — for there were now five instituted by different bishops, as test cases, in different parts of England — were already the subject of the keenest expectation and debate, not only in Church circles, but amid sections of the nation which generally trouble themselves very little about clerical or religious disputes. New births of time were felt to be involved in the legal struggle; passionate hopes and equally passionate fears hung upon it. There were old men in quiet country parsonages who, when they read the *Modernist* and followed the accounts of the Movement, were inclined to say to themselves, with secret joy and humility, that other men were entering into their labours and the fields were at last whitening to harvest; while others, like Newman of old, had "fierce thoughts towards the Liberals," talked of Meynell and the whole band of Modernist clergy as traitors with whom no parley could be kept, and were ready to break up the Church at twenty-four hours' notice rather than sit down at the same table of the Lord with heretics and Socinians.

Between these two groups of men, each equally confident and clear, though by no means equally talkative, there was a middle region that contained many anxious minds and some of the wisest heads in England. If, at the time of Norham's visit to Maudeley, Bishop Craye of Markborough, and many other bishops with him, were still certain that the Movement would be promptly and easily put down, so far at least as its organic effect on the Church of England was concerned, yet, as November and December wore on, anxieties deepened and confidence began to waver. The passion of the Movement was beginning to run through England, as it seemed to many, like the flame of an explosion through a dusty mine. What amazed and terrified the bishops was the revelation of pent-up energies, rebellions, ideals, not only among their own flocks, but in quarters and among men and women hitherto ruled out of religious affairs by general consent. They pondered the crowds that had begun to throng the Modernist churches, the extraordinary growth of the Modernist press, and the figures reported day by day as to the petition to be presented to Parliament in February. There was no orthodox person in authority who was not still determined on an unconditional victory; but it was admitted that the skies were darkening.

The effect of the Movement on the Dissenters — on that half of religious England that stands outside the national Church, where "grace" takes the place of authority and bishops are held to be superfluities incompatible with the pure milk of the Word — was in many respects remarkable. The majority of the Wesleyan Methodists had thrown themselves strongly on the side of the orthodox party in the Church; but among the Congregationalists and Presbyterians there was visible a great ferment of opinion and a great cleavage of sympathy; while among the Primitive Methodists, a body founded on the straitest tenets of Bible worship, yet interwoven none the less with the working-class life of England and Wales, and bringing day by day the majesty and power of religion to bear upon the acts and consciences of plain, poor, struggling men, there was visible a strong and definite current of acquiescence in Modernist ideas that was inexplicable until one came to know that among Meynell's friends at Upcote there were two or three Primitive local preachers

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who had caught fire from him and who were now active members of his Church Council and ardent though persecuted missionaries to their own body.

Meanwhile, the Unitarians — small and gallant band!—were like persons standing on tiptoe before an opening glory. In their isolated and often mistaken struggle, they had felt themselves for generations stricken with chill and barrenness. Their blood now began to feel the glow of new kinships, the passion of large horizons. So, along the banks of some slender and much-hindered stream, there come blown from the nearing sea prophetic scents and murmurs, and one may dream that the pent water knows at last the whence and whither of its life.

But the strongest spectacle of all, perhaps, was presented by the orthodox camp. For in proportion as the Modernist attack developed was the revival of faith among those hostile to it or unready for it. For the first time in their lives, religion became interesting — thrilling, even — to thousands of persons for whom it had long lost all real savour. Fierce question and answer, the hot cut and thrust of argument, the passion of honest fight on equal terms — without these things, surely, there has been no religious epoch, of any importance, in man's history. English orthodoxy was at last vitally attacked, and it began to show a new life and express itself in a new language. There were times when men on all sides felt that stretching and straining of faculty which ushers in the days of spiritual or poetic creation — times when the most confident Modernist of them all knew well that he, no more than any one else, could make any guess worth having as to the ultimate future.

Of all this rapid and amazing development the personality and the writings of Richard Meynell had in a few months become the chief popular symbol. There were some who thought that he was likely to take much the same place in the Modernist Movement of the twentieth century as Newman had taken in the Oxford Movement of the nineteenth; and men were beginning to look for the weekly article in the *Modernist* with the same emotion of passionate hero-worship on the one hand, and of angry repulsion on the other, with which the Oxford of the '30's had been wont to look for each succeeding "Tract" or for Newman's weekly sermon at St. Mary's. To Newman's high subtleties of brain, to Newman's magic of style, Richard Meynell could not pretend. But he had two advantages over the great leader of the past: he was the disciple of a new learning that was inaccessible to Newman; and he was on fire with social compassions and enthusiasms to which Newman, the great Newman, was always pathetically a stranger. In these two respects Meynell was the representative of his own generation, while the influences flowing from his personal character and life were such that thousands who had never seen him loved and trusted him wholly. Men who had again and again watched great causes break down for want of the incommunicable something that humanity exacts from its leaders, felt with a quiet and confident gladness that in Meynell they had got the man they wanted, the efficacious, indispensable man.

And now, suddenly, incredible things began to be said. It was actually maintained that the leader around whom such feelings had gathered had been, since his ordination, the betrayer of a young and innocent girl belonging to a well-known family; that, although it had been in his power for twenty years to marry the lady whom he had wronged, he had never attempted to do so, but had rather, during all that time, actively connived at the fraud by which his illegitimate child had passed as the daughter of Sir Ralph Fox-Wilson; while over the whole period he had kept up relations—and who knew of what character? — with the child's mother, an inhabitant of the very village where he himself was Rector.

Presently it was added that Mr. Henry Barron, of Upcote, one of the prosecutors in the ecclesiastical suit, had obtained unexpected and startling confirmation of these extraordinary facts from the confession of a woman who had been present at the birth of the child, and had identified the Rector of Upcote as the father. Then, very soon, paragraphs of a veiled sort began to appear in some of the less responsible newspapers. The circulation of the anonymous letters began to be known. And the reader of a Modernist essay at an Oxford meeting caused universal consternation by telling an indiscreet friend, who presently spread it abroad, that Barron had already written to the Bishop of Markborough, placing in his hands all the facts relating to "this most lamentable business."

At first Meynell's friends throughout the country regarded these rumours as a mere device of the evil one. Similar things, they said, and with truth, are constantly charged against heretics who can not be put down. Slander is the first weapon of religious hatred. Meynell, they triumphantly answered, would put the anonymous letters in the hands of the police and proceed against Henry Barron. And they who had taken up such a weapon should themselves but perish by it the sooner.

But the weeks passed on. Not only were no proceedings taken or, apparently, in prospect by Meynell against his accusers; not only did the anonymous letters reappear from time to time,

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untracked and unpunished: but reports of a meeting held at Upcote itself began to spread, a meeting where Meynell had been definitely and publicly challenged by Barron to take action for the vindication of his character, and had definitely and publicly refused.

The world of a narrow and embittered orthodoxy began to breathe again, and there was black depression in the Modernist camp.

Let, us, however, go back a little.

Barron's letter to the Bishop was the first shot in the attack. It consisted of six or seven closely written sheets, and it reached the Bishop at breakfast just after he had concluded a hot political argument with his little granddaughter Barbara.

"All Tories are wicked," said Barbara, who had a Radical father, "except Grandpapa; and he, Mummy says, is weally a Riberal." With which she had leaped into the arms of her nurse and was carried off gurgling, while the Bishop threatened her from afar.

Then, with a sigh of impatience as he recognised the signature on the envelope, he resigned himself to Barron's letter. When he had done it, sitting by the table in his library, he threw it from him with indignation, called for his coat, and hurried across his garden to the Cathedral for matins. After service, as with a troubled countenance he was emerging from the transept door, he saw Dornal in the close, and beckoned to him.

"Come into the library for ten minutes. I very much want to speak to you."

The Bishop led the way, and as soon as the door was shut he turned eagerly on his companion.

"Do you know anything of these abominable stories that are being spread about Richard Meynell?"

Dornal looked at him sadly.

"They are all over Markborough, and there is actually a copy of one of the anonymous letters — with dashes for the names — in the *Post* to-day!"

"I never hear these things!" said the Bishop, with an impatience which was meant half for a scandal-mongery world and half for himself. "But Barron has written me a perfectly incredible letter to-day. He seems to be the head and front of the whole thing. I don't like Barron, and I don't like his letters!"

And, throwing one slender leg over the other, while the tips of his long fingers met in a characteristic gesture, the little Bishop stared into the fire before him with an expression of mingled trouble and disgust.

Dornal, clearly, was no less unhappy. Drawing his chair close to the Bishop's, he described the manner in which the story had reached himself. When he came to the curious facts concerning the diffusion and variety of the anonymous letters, the Bishop interrupted him:

"And Barron tells me he knows nothing of these letters!"

"So I hear also."

"But, my dear Dornal, if he doesn't, it makes the thing inexplicable! Here we have a woman who comes home dying, and sees one person only,— Richard Barron,— to whom she tells her story ——"

The Bishop went through the points of Barron's narrative, and concluded:

"Then, on the top of this, after her death — her son denying all knowledge of his mother's history — comes this crop of extraordinary letters, showing, you tell me, an intimate acquaintance with the neighbourhood and the parties concerned. And yet Barron — the only person Mrs. Sabin saw — knows nothing of them! They are a mystery to him. But, my dear Dornal, how *can* they be?" The Bishop faced around with energy on his companion. "He must at least have talked incautiously before some one!"

Dornal agreed, but could put forward no suggestion of his own. He sat drooping by the Bishop's fire, his aspect expressing the deep distress he did not shape in words. That very distress, however, was what made his company so congenial to the Bishop, who felt a warmer affection for Dornal than for any other member of his chapter.

The Bishop resumed:

"As you see, I have not had a word from Meynell himself." Then he sighed. "I suppose he regards our old confidential relation as broken off. To me, until the law has spoken, he is always one of my clergy,"— the Bishop's voice showed emotion,— "and he would get my fatherly help just as freely as ever, if he chose to ask for it. But I don't know whether to send for him. The fact is, one feels the whole thing an outrage!"

Dornal looked up.

"That's the word!" he said gratefully. Then he added, hesitating: "I ought, perhaps, to tell you that I have written to Meynell — I wrote when the first report of the thing reached me. And I am sure that he can have no possible objection to my showing you his reply." He put his hand into his pocket.

"By all means, my dear Dornal!" cried the Bishop, with a brightening countenance. "We are both his friends, in spite of all that has happened and may happen. By all means show me the letter."

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Dornal handed it over. It ran as follows:

My dear Dornal:

It was like you to write to me, and with such kindness and delicacy. But even to you I can only say what I say to other questioners of a very different sort. The story to which you refer is untrue. But, owing to peculiar circumstances, it is impossible for me to defend myself in the ordinary way, and my lips are sealed with regard to it. I stand upon my character as known to my neighbours and the diocese for nearly twenty years. If that is not enough, I can not help it.

Thank you always for the goodness and gentleness of your letter. I wish with all my heart I could give you more satisfaction.

The two men looked at each other, the same conjectures passing through both minds.

"I hear the Fox-Wilsons and Miss Puttenham have all gone abroad," said the Bishop thoughtfully. "Poor things! I begin to see a glimmer. It seems to me that Meynell has been the repository of some story he feels he can not honourably divulge. And then, you tell me, the letters show the handiwork of some one intimately acquainted with the local circumstances, who seems to have watched Meynell's daily life. It is, of course, possible that he may have been imprudent with regard to this poor lady. Let us assume that he knew her story and advised her. He may not have been sufficiently careful. Further, there is that striking and unfortunate likeness, of which Barron, of course, makes the most. I noticed it myself, on an evening when I happened, at Maudeley, to see that handsome girl and Meynell in the same room. It is difficult to say in what it consists, but it must occur to many people who see them together."

There was silence a moment. Then Dornal said:

"How will it all affect the trial?"

"In the Court of Arches? Technically, of course, not at all. But it will make all the difference to the atmosphere in which it is conducted. One can imagine how certain persons are already gloating over it — what use they will make of it — how they will magnify and embroider everything. It is the degradation of a great issue!"

The little Bishop frowned. As he sat there in the dignity of his great library, so scrupulously refined and correct in every detail of dress, yet without a touch of foppery, the gleam of the cross on his breast answering the silver of the hair and the frank purity of the eyes, it was evident that he felt a passionate impatience — half moral, half aesthetic — towards these new elements of the Meynell case. It was the fastidious impatience of a man for whom personal gossip and scandal ranked among the defiling indulgences of life. "Things, not persons!" had been the time-honoured rule for conversation in the Palace — persons, that is, of the present day. In those persons who had already passed into biography and history the Bishop's interest was boundless. All this tended to make him a little super- or infra-human; but it enhanced the fragrance and delicacy of his personality.

Dornal was no less free from any stain of mean or scandalous gossip than the Bishop; but his knowledge of the human heart was far deeper, his sympathy far more intimate. It was not only that he scorned the slander, but, hour by hour, he seemed to walk in the same cloud with Meynell.

After some further discussion, the Bishop took up Barron's letter again. "I see there is likely to be a most painful scene at the Church Council meeting — which, of course, will be one of their campaign meetings — the day after to-morrow. Barron declares that he means to challenge Meynell publicly to vindicate his character. Can I do anything?"

Dornal did not see that anything could be done.

"It is a miserable, miserable business!" said the Bishop unhappily. "How can I get a report of the meeting — from some one else than Barron?"

"Mr. Flaxman is sure to be there?"

"Ah! — get him to write to me!"

"And you, my lord — will send for Meynell?"

"I think," said the Bishop, not without soreness, "that, as he has neither written to me nor consulted me, I will wait a little. We must watch — we must watch. Meanwhile, my dear fellow!" — he laid his hand on Dornal's shoulder,— "let us think how to stop the talk! It will defile everything. Those who are fighting with us must understand there are weapons we can not stoop to use!"

As Dornal left the Palace, on his way past the Cathedral he met young Fenton, the High-Churchman who some months earlier had refused to recognise Meynell after the first Modernist meeting in Markborough. Fenton was walking slowly and reading the local newspaper — the same that contained the anonymous letter. His thin, finely modelled face, which in a few years would resemble the Houdon statue of St. Bruno, expressed an eager excitement that was not unlike jubilation. Dornal was virtually certain that he was reading the paragraph that concerned Meynell, and certain also that it gave him pleasure. He hurriedly passed over to the other side of the street, that Fenton might not accost him.

Afterwards he spent the evening partly in writing urgently in Meynell's defence to certain of his own personal friends in the diocese, and

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partly in composing an anti-Modernist address, full of a sincere and earnest eloquence, to be delivered the following week at a meeting of the Church party in Cambridge.

The meeting of the Church Council of Upcote was held in the Church House of the village a few days after the conversation between the Bishop and Dornal. It was an evening long remembered by those who shared in it. The figure of Meynell, instinct with a kind of fierce patience; the face rugged as ever, but paler and tenderer in repose, as of one who, mystically sustained, had been passing through deep waters; his speech, sternly repressed, and yet, for the understanding ear, enriched by new tones and shades of feeling — on those who believed in him the effect of these slight but significant changes in the man they loved was electrical.

And three fourths of those present believed in him, loved him, and were hotly indignant at the scandals that had arisen. They were, some of them, the élite of the mining population, men whom he had known and taught from childhood; there were foremen and sub-inspectors; there was a miner's agent, who was also one of the well-known local preachers of the district; there were half a dozen women,— the schoolmistress, the wife of the manager of the coöperative store, and three or four wives of colliers,— women to whom other women in childbirth, or the girl who had gone astray, or the motherless child might appeal without rebuff, who were, in fact, the Rector's agents in any humanising effort.

All these persons had come to the meeting eagerly expecting to hear from the Rector's own lips the steps he proposed to take for the putting down of the slanders circulating in the diocese, and the punishment of their authors. In the rear of the Council — who had been themselves elected by the whole parish — there were two or three rows of seats occupied by other inhabitants of the village who made an audience. In front sat the strange spinster, Miss Nairn, a gaunt and thread-paperish woman of fifty, in rusty black clothes, holding her head high; not far from her the ex-publican who had been Maurice Barron's companion on a certain walk some days before. There, too, were Hugh and Rose Flaxman. And, just as the proceedings were about to begin, Henry Barron opened the heavy door, hat in hand, came in with a firm step, and took a seat at the back, while a thrill of excitement went through the room.

It was an ancient room, near the church, and, like it, built of red sandstone. It had once been the tiny grammar school of the village. Meynell had restored and adapted it, keeping still its old features — the low ceiling heavily beamed with oak, and the rows of desks inscribed with the scholars' names of three centuries. Against the background of its white walls he stood, thrown out in strong relief by the oil lamp on the table in front of him, his eyes travelling over the rows of familiar faces.

He spoke first of the new liturgy, of which copies had been placed on the seats. He reminded them that they were all — or nearly all — comrades with him in the great Modernist venture; they had given him the help of their approval and support at every step, and were now rebels with him against the authorities of the day. He spoke of his approaching trial, and of the probability — nay, the certainty — of his deprivation. He asked them to be steadfast with him. And then he spoke of the amazing spread of the Movement, of the immense responsibility resting upon its first leader and disciples, of the Spirit of God with them, and the need for gentleness and charity. The room was hushed in silence.

Next he proceeded to put the adoption of the new liturgy to the vote. Suddenly Barron rose from his seat at the back. Meynell also rose. The audience looked in suppressed excitement from one to the other.

"I regret," said the Rector courteously, "that we can not hear Mr. Barron at this moment. He is not a member of the Church Council. When the proceedings of the Council are over, this will become an open meeting, and Mr. Barron will then, of course, say what he wishes to say."

Barron hesitated a moment, then sat down.

The revised liturgy was adopted by twenty-eight votes to two. One of the two dissentients was Dawes, the colliery manager, a sincere and consistent evangelical of the Simeon School, who made a short speech in support of his vote, dwelling, in a voice that shook, on the troubles coming on the parish.

"We may get another rector," he said, as he sat down. "We shall never get another Richard Meynell."

A deep murmur of acquiescence ran through the room.

Meynell rose again from his seat.

"Our business is over. We now become an open meeting. Mr. Barron, I believe, wishes to speak."

The room was now densely crowded, and every face turned towards the tall and portly form that rose from the back. In the flickering lamplight it could be seen that the face, usually so ruddy and full, was blanched by determination and passion.

"My friends," said Barron, "it is with sorrow and grief that I rise to say the few words that I

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intend to say. You have just been led — misled — into an act of heresy and rebellion by the man who should be your pastor in the faith, who is responsible to God for your souls. *Why* have you been misled? *Why* do you follow him?"

He flung out his hand towards Meynell.

"Because you admire and respect him — because you believe him a *good* man — a man of honest and pure life. And I tell you — or, rather, remind you, for, indeed, you all know it — that your Rector lies at this moment under a painful and disgraceful charge; that this charge has been circulated — in a discreditable way, a way for which I have no defence and of which I know nothing — throughout this diocese, and indeed throughout England; that your fair fame as well as his are concerned; and nevertheless he refuses to take the only steps that can clear his character and repay you for the devotion you have shown him! I call upon you, sir!" — the speaker bent forward, pointing impressively to the chairman of the meeting and emphasising every word,— "to take those steps at once! They are open to you at any moment. Take them against myself; I have given, I will give you, every opportunity. But, until that is done, do not continue, in the face of the congregation you have deceived and led astray, to assume the tone of hypocritical authority in which you have just spoken! You have no moral right to any authority among us; you never had any such right; and, in Christian eyes, your infidel teaching has led to its natural results. At any rate, I trust that now, at last, even these your friends and dupes will see the absolute necessity, before many days are over, of either *forcing* you to resign your living—or *forcing* you to take the only means open to honest men of protecting their character!"

He resumed his seat. The audience sat petrified a moment. Then Hugh Flaxman sprang to his feet, and two or three others, the local preacher among them. But Meynell had also risen.

"Please, Mr. Flaxman — my friends!"

He waved a quiet hand towards those who had risen, and they unwillingly gave way. Then the Rector looked round the room for a few silent instants. He was very pale, but when he spoke it was with complete composure.

"I expected something of this kind to happen — and, whether it had happened or no, I should have spoken to you on this matter before we separated. I know—you all know—to what Mr. Barron refers—that he is speaking of the anonymous letters concerning myself and others which have been circulated in this neighbourhood. He calls upon me, I understand, to take legal action with regard both to them and to the reports that he has himself circulated by word of mouth. Now I want you plainly to understand" — he bent forward, his hands on the table before him, each word clear and resonant — "that I shall take no such action! My reasons I shall not give you. I stand upon my life among you and my character among you all these years. This only I will say to you, my friends and my parishioners. The abominable story told in these letters — the story that Mr. Barron believes, or tries to make himself believe — is untrue. But I will say no more than that — to you or any one else. And if you are to make legal action on my part a test of whether you will continue to follow me religiously — to accept me as your leader — or no, then, my friends, we must part! You must go your way and I must go mine. There will still be work for me to do. And God knows our hearts — yours and mine."

He paused, looking intently into the lines of blanched faces before him. Then he added:

"You may wish to discuss this matter. I recognise it is natural you should wish to discuss it. But I shall not discuss it with you; I shall withdraw. Mr. Dawes, will you take the chair?"

He quietly beckoned to the colliery manager, who automatically obeyed him. The room broke into a hubbub, men and women pressing around Meynell as he made his way to the door. But he put them aside, gently and cheerfully.

"Decide it for yourselves!" he said, with his familiar smile. "It is your right."

And in another moment the door had opened and shut, and he was gone.

He had no sooner disappeared than a tumultuous scene developed in the church room.

Beswick, the sub-agent and local preacher, a sandy-haired, spectacled, and powerfully built man, sprang to the platform, to the right hand of Dawes, and at last secured silence by a passionate speech in defence of Meynell and in denunciation of the men who, in order to ruin him ecclesiastically, were spreading these vile tales about him and "a poor lady that has done many a good turn to the folk of this village, and nothing said about it, too!"

"Don't you, sir," he said, addressing Barron with a threatening finger — "don't you come here, telling us what to think about the man we've known for twenty years in this parish! The people that don't know Richard Meynell may believe these things if they please — it'll be the worse for them! But we've seen this man comforting and uplifting our old people in their

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last hours; we've seen him teaching our children — and givin' just a kind, funny word now and again to keep a boy or a girl straight. Aye, an' he did it, too — they knew he had his eye on 'em. We've seen him go down these pits, when only jest a handful would risk their lives with him, to help them as was perhaps past hope; we've seen him skin himself to the bone, that other men might have plenty; we've heard him Sunday after Sunday. We *know* him!" The speaker brought one massive hand down on the other, with an emphasis that shook the room. "Don't you go talking to us. If Richard Meynell won't go to law with you and the likes of you, sir, he's got his reasons — and good ones, I'll be bound. And don't you, my friends,"— he turned to the room,— "don't you be turned back from this furrow you've begun to plough. You stick to your man! If you don't, you're fools — aye, and ungrateful fools, too! You know Albert Beswick isn't a parson's man! You know that I don't hold with Mr. Meynell in many of his views. There's his view about 'election' and the like o' that — quite wrong, in my 'umble opinion. But what does that matter? You know that I never set foot in Upcote Church till three years ago — that bishops and ceremonies are nothing to me — that I came to God, as many of you did, by the Bible class and the penitent form. But I declare to you that Richard Meynell and the men with him are out for a big thing! They're out for breaking down barriers and letting in light; they're out for bringing Christian men together and letting them worship freely in the old churches that our fathers built; they're out for giving men and women new thoughts about God and Christ, and for letting them put them into new words if they want to. Well, it's a *big thing!* And Satan's out, too, for stopping it! Don't you make any mistake about it! This bad business — of the libels that are about — is one of the obstacles in our race. Now I put it to you — let us clear it this very night, as far as we're concerned! Let us send the Rector such a vote of confidence from this meeting as'll show him just enough where he stands in Upcote — aye, and show others, too! And as for these vile letters that are going round — I'd give my right hand to know the man who wrote them! — and the story that you, sir,"— he pointed again to Barron,— "say you took from poor Judith Sabin when her mind was clouded and she near her end — why, it's base minds that harbour base thoughts about their betters. He shall be no friend of mine — that I know! — that spreads these tales. Friends and neighbours, let us keep our tongues from them — and our children's tongues! Let us show that we can trust a man that deserves our trust. Let us stand by a good man that's stood by us. Let us pray God to show the right!"

The greater part of the audience, sincerely moved, rose to their feet and cheered. Barron endeavoured to reply, but was scarcely listened to. The ex-publican sat twirling his hat in his hands, sarcastic smiles going out and in upon his fat cheeks, his furtive eyes every now and then consulting the tall spinster who sat beside him, grimly immovable, her spectacled eyes fixed apparently on the lamp above the platform. Flaxman wished to speak, but was deterred by the reflection that as a newcomer in the district he had scarcely a valid right to interfere. He and Rose stayed till the vote of confidence had been passed by a large majority,— though not so large as that which had accepted the new liturgy,— after which they drove home, rather depressed and ill at ease. The plague of anonymous letters was rather increasing than abating. Flaxman had had news that day of the arrival of two more among their own country-house acquaintance of the neighbourhood; and he intended to go to London on the morrow to consult his own solicitors as to the best means of tracking the writer.

Meynell received the vote of confidence very calmly, and wrote a short note of thanks to Beswick. Then, for a week or two, while the discussion of his case in its various aspects, old and new, ran raging through England, he went about his work as usual, though the earth he trod seemed to him very often a strange one. He prepared his defence for the Court of Arches; he wrote for the *Modernist;* and he gave as much mind as he could possibly spare to the unravelling of Philip Meryon's history. For this matter, however, he made but very slow and disappointing progress. He became more and more convinced, and his solicitor with him, that there had been a Scotch marriage some eighteen months before this date between Meryon and the sister of a farmer in the Lothians, with whom he had come in contact during a fishing tenancy. But what appeared in the course of investigation was that the woman concerned and all her kindred were now just as anxious — aided by the ambiguities of the Scotch marriage law — to cover up and conceal the affair as was Meryon himself. She could not be got to put forward any claim; her family would say nothing; and the few witnesses hitherto available were tending to disappear. No doubt Philip was at work corrupting them; and the supposed wife was evidently quite willing, if not eager, to abet him.

Still Meynell persevered; and meanwhile he heard every week from Alice Puttenham.

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Hester seemed to be in love with Paris, was taking lessons in dancing and elocution, and turning the heads of her teachers. The family who had taken her in were doing their best; but there was no doubt that her provocative beauty and reckless ways made her an anxious charge to a quiet household. Alice wrote with passionate yet always disappointed affection; it was evident that, as far as she was concerned, Hester took all and gave almost nothing.

But of Philip Meryon there were apparently no signs. And of the situation at Upcote — the letters, the tales in circulation — Hester clearly knew nothing. So far, so good. They might save the child yet.

One night in December Meynell came in late from a carpentering class of village boys. The usual pile of letters and books awaited him, among them one letter the sight of which sent a thrill through his tired nerves. He took it up, kissed it, and read it. The littered room melted from his sight. The fells rose about him, touched with snow; a stream rushed foaming through a winding dale; and beside it walked Mary, her eyes shining into his. He read it twice; smoked a pipe over it by the fire, among his dogs; and read it again.

Then reluctantly he began upon the unopened letters beside him. And as he read them and put them aside, one by one, his face steadily changed and darkened. He recalled a saying of Amiel's about the French word *considération* — what it means to a man to have enjoyed unvarying and increasing *considération* from his world, and then, suddenly, to lose it. Life and consciousness drop, all in a moment, to a lower and a meaner plane.

Finally he lit on a letter from one of his colleagues on the Central Modernist Committee. For some months it had been a settled thing that Meynell should preach the sermon in Dunchester Cathedral on the great occasion in January when the new liturgy of the Reform was to be inaugurated with all possible solemnity in one of England's most famous churches.

His correspondent wrote to suggest that, after all, the sermon would be more fitly entrusted to the Modernist Bishop of Dunchester himself. "He has worked hard and risked much for us. I may say that some inquiry has been made, and we find he is willing."

No apology — and very little explanation. Meynell understood.

He put the letter away, conscious of a keenly smarting mind. Catherine Elsmere's advice — to go to the Bishop — recurred to him, as it constantly did; and there was a certain perplexity in his thoughts — humiliation, too. He had counted on the power of his mere word, backed by his character and reputation, to put the thing down; and they did not seem to be strong enough. No doubt many friends had rallied warmly round him; but the activity of Barron and his supporters was immense, and seemed to be increasing. A proud and sensitive man forced himself to envisage the possibility of an eventual overthrow.

He opened a drawer in order to put away the letter. The drawer was very full, and, in the difficulty of getting it out, he pulled it too far and its contents fell to the floor. He stooped to pick them up — perceived, first, the anonymous letter that Barron had handed to him, the letter addressed to Dawes; and then, beneath it, a long envelope deep in dust, labelled, "M. B.— Keep for three years." He took up both letter and envelope with no distinct intention. But he opened the anonymous letter, and once more looked searchingly at the handwriting.

Suddenly an idea struck him. With a hasty movement, he lifted the long envelope and broke the seal. Inside was a document headed "A Confession." And at the foot of it appeared a signature — "Maurice Barron."

Meynell put the two things together — the "Confession" and the anonymous letter. Of course! — there could be no question about it.

The handwriting of the anonymous letter was disguised; but certain characters, certain strokes, certain words here and there, were unmistakable. He now understood the vague recollection that had disturbed him when he first saw the letter.

He stood motionless a little, expressions chasing one another across his face. Then he locked up both letters, reached a hand for his pipe, called a good night to Ann, who was going upstairs to bed, and, with his dogs about him, fell into a long meditation, while the night wore on.

TO BE CONTINUED

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SEPTEMBER 1911 FIFTEEN CENTS

McCLURE'S MAGAZINE



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Improving upon Nature

At the first blush it seems a bold thing to suggest the possibility of improving upon nature, but when we come to consider the matter fairly, it is what is being done every day.

The gardener is improving on nature all the time, by giving her the scope of improved conditions. So a woman can improve her beauty by improving the conditions which control that beauty. By daily use of

Pears' Soap

the skin is softened and refined and brought to its true primitive condition affording nature, the greatest of all beautifiers, her full opportunities of imparting, with her own infallible touch, the grace and charm of a lovely complexion.

Under the pure emollient influence of Pears the skin assumes its natural delicate pink and white, whereby the whole expression of the face is endowed with an enhanced radiance.

Matchless for the Complexion

OF ALL SCENTED SOAPS PEARS' OTTO OF ROSE IS THE BEST

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A CITY AFTERNOON

BY

EDITH WYATT

GREEN afternoon serene and bright, along my street you sail away
Sun-dappled like a ship of light that glints upon a rippled bay.
Afar, freight-engines call and toll; the sprays flash on the fragrant grass;
The children and the nurses stroll; the charging motors plunge and pass.
Invisibly the shadows grow, empurpling in a rising tide
The walks where light-gowned women go, white curb, gray asphalt iris-dyed.
A jolting trolley shrills afar; nasturtiums blow, and ivy vines;
Wet scents of turf and black-smoothed tar float down the roof-trees' vergent lines.
Where will you go, my afternoon, that glints so still and swift away,
Blue-shaded like a ship of light bound outward from a wimpled bay?
Oh—thrilling, pulsing, dark and bright, shall you, your work, your pain, your mirth,
Fly into the immortal night and silence of our mother earth?
She bore all Eden's green and dew, and Persia's scented wine and rose,
And, flowering white against the blue, acanthus leaf and marbled pose.
And deep the Maenad's choric dance, Crusader's cross, and heathen crest
Lie sunk with rose and song and lance all veiled and vanished in her breast.

And all those afternoons once danced and sparkled in the sapphire light
And iris shade as you have glanced, green afternoon, in vibrant flight.
As, down dim vistas echoing, dead afternoons entreat our days,
What breath of beauty will you sing to souls unseen and unknown ways?
How close and how unanswering, green afternoon, you pulse away,
So little and so great a thing—deep towards the bourne of every day.

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MAX BLANCK AND ISAAC HARRIS

THE PROPRIETORS OF THE TRIANGLE SHIRTWAIST FACTORY, IN WHOSE EMPLOY ONE HUNDRED AND FORTY-SIX GIRLS AND MEN MET THEIR DEATH, MARCH 25, 1911. HARRIS AND BLANCK WERE INDICTED FOR MANSLAUGHTER IN THE FIRST AND SECOND DEGREES

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McCLURE'S MAGAZINE
VOL. XXXVII SEPTEMBER, 1911 No. 5

FIRE AND THE SKYSCRAPER

THE PROBLEM OF PROTECTING THE WORKERS IN NEW YORK'S TOWER FACTORIES

BY

ARTHUR E. McFARLANE

NEW YORK is the largest factory town in America, but it has no factory district. Its manufactories are disguised behind façades of stone and marble — splendidly lodged in the tallest, most costly and imposing buildings that line Fifth Avenue and Broadway. The great skyscrapers which within the last ten years have shot up like a tropical growth from the famous old residential quarter about lower Fifth Avenue and Washington Square to the great retail shopping district about Twenty-third Street and Madison Square (and on up to the Waldorf and above it) — these are New York's factory buildings. They are factories in exactly the same sense as the brick and wooden buildings in Fall River and Lynn. But in this factory district there are no tall chimneys belching smoke, and the push-cart takes the place of the dinner-pail. The buildings in which the factories are housed look like great hotels or office buildings, and the stranger in New York daily comes and goes through the factory district without knowing it. Yet in these splendid skyscrapers there are more factory hands at work than are to be found in Paterson, Lowell, and Fall River all put together.

If you stand at the corner of Fifth Avenue and Twenty-third Street and look south, or stop on Sixth Avenue among the big department-stores and look east or west, your eye will follow, block after block, a succession of great buildings running from twelve to twenty stories in height. Their fronts are of granite, stone, terra-cotta, or ornamental brick, dressed with burnished copper and bronze. The agents' signs upon them describe them as "loft buildings."

A modern loft building is — to gather together several trade definitions — a building from six to twenty stories high, of iron or steel frame, the floors or lofts rising one above another, alike and undivided, for the storing or display of goods. Enter one of these buildings and explore. You will feel at once that you are looking at the most modern fire-proof construction. Everywhere is stone and tiling and metal sheathing; and there is a masonry-surrounded stairway which contains no wood whatever save its hand-rail. Go up in one of the elevators. While you are still in the car you will begin to hear a low, vicious hum, which, when the elevator door is opened, becomes a snarling roar. You stand bewildered, unable to see what is going on because of the wooden partitions that ramify in every direction. But, if you are allowed access to the "loft" itself, you will find yourself in a single great room, its floor area that of a concert-hall, filled from end to end with men and girls working at motor-driven machines — a hundred, two hundred, five hundred to a floor. You are now in one of New York's factories.

Loft Buildings Never Constructed to Be Factories

Loft buildings were never constructed to be factories, and they first came to be used as such

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almost by accident. Some fifteen years ago certain garment-makers from the tenements of the East Side and the old dark warehouses of Canal and Grand streets began to look for factories in the regulation sense. The "tenement-made" label was coming, and they wanted cheaper light and power and insurance. But there were no regular factories to be had. They tried the loft buildings, and in these "lofts" they found exactly what they wanted. They got cheaper insurance, because loft buildings were fire-proof. The installation of motors and shafting allowed them to use electricity instead of the old gasolene engines, and electricity was cheaper. There was daylight until five o'clock, even in winter, which meant a saving of gas. Their subcontractors, or sweat masters, could put a quarter more operatives into the same space, and for this reason: The New York factory laws say that every factory worker shall have 250 cubic feet of air. A tenement ceiling is not more than eight feet high; a loft ceiling ten or eleven. And obviously the more space there is above the worker, the less need there legally be around him. Considering the very great amount of floor area always taken up by tables, men and girls and machines could be packed as closely as the chairs could be put and the factory owner still be within the law. There was a saving on every side.

The cloak- and suit-makers began the emigration into the loft towers. They were followed by the manufacturers of waists and white wear, by the hat and straw-braid makers, the celluloid manufacturers, the hair and feather workers, the furriers, the lace and necktie and novelty and fancy-goods manufacturers. They filled up all the lofts available, and the speculative builder began to erect more. Tower factories went up from Canal Street to Fortieth. The higher the building, the cheaper it could profitably scale its rentals; the more central it was, the easier to attract employees; and in this way New York got its "mid-town loft zone" — its factory district.

The Average Factory Employee in New York Works Seven Stories Above the Ground

Under the building code, apartment-houses were limited to a height equal to one and a half times the width of the street. But loft buildings might go up to the sky. Above twelve stories, or one hundred and fifty feet, there were certain restrictions, and accordingly the twelve-story loft has become the type. Many, however, lift themselves six or eight stories higher. In the ten years between 1901 and 1910, 790 tower loft buildings were erected, representing, without the tremendously valuable land they stood on, an investment of $137,669,000. Not all of these became factory lofts; and, indeed, in practically all of them the lower and darker floors were used for their original purpose — for the sale or display of goods. But as early as 1906 a labor census showed that one three-and-a-half-acre block on Broadway contained seventy-seven loft factories, with 4,007 employees. In September, 1910, there were 29,901 factories, in all, in Greater New York, and 611,738 employees — fifty thousand more than there are in the whole State of Massachusetts. There is no authoritative statement of what the emigration into the "towers" has been up to the present time. But this may furnish some indication: Figures compiled at the beginning of the present year by the Women's Trade Union League indicated that the average factory worker in New York is now working seven stories above the ground. The average loft worker would probably be between nine and ten stories above ground. This condition made a new industrial problem.

No Fire Department Will Guarantee to Fight Fire Successfully Above the Seventh Story

And, up to the time of the Triangle fire, New York did nothing whatever to meet it. The Committee on Congestion pointed out that this meant congestion worse congested. The Fifth Avenue Association demonstrated that at the noon hour thirty-five thousand garment-workers crowded a short half mile of this chosen thoroughfare alone. One big retail store after another indignantly closed its doors and moved uptown. Interested property-owners protested loudly, or built lofts themselves. But in the ten years between 1901 and 1910 neither the city nor the State enacted a single new building or factory law that recognized that there was a new situation to meet.

For example, when you permit five hundred workers, four fifths of them women, to be put into a single room one hundred and fifty or two hundred feet above the asphalt, it is necessary to know what you are going to do in case of fire. The most efficient of fire departments will guarantee to fight fire successfully only to a height of eighty-five feet — about that of the seventh story — the height to which water-towers can reach and throw their streams in *levelly*. Streams can be thrown much higher, but they then have no penetrating power. As firemen say, they merely "hit the windows." Chief Croker of the New York department would guarantee to

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WATER-TOWER EXTENDED TO ITS FULL HEIGHT, PLAYING ON THE ASCH BUILDING. WATER-TOWERS CAN FIGHT FIRE SUCCESSFULLY ONLY AS HIGH AS THE SEVENTH STORY. BY THE TIME THE WATER REACHED THE EIGHTH AND NINTH FLOORS IT WAS LITTLE MORE THAN SPRAY

take care of nothing above the seventh story. He said this to every one who would listen to him. But New York did, in the case of her loft factories, what it has become our national habit to do in the matter of danger from fire — decided that there really was no danger, or that, if there were, one could always "take a chance on it."

And this attitude was perfectly natural on the part of the New York Bureau of Buildings. For, officially, *there were, and are, no loft factories in New York.*

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A CORNER OF THE WORK-ROOM ON THE NINTH FLOOR OF THE ASCH BUILDING. IT WAS FROM THESE WINDOWS THAT MANY OF THE GIRLS JUMPED. FEW JUMPED UNTIL THEIR CLOTHING WAS ON FIRE

The structures that housed them were erected as loft buildings — buildings for "the storing or display of goods." As such they were inspected and passed. And, though the machinery was put into them the day after, loft buildings, in the opinion of the Bureau of Buildings, they immutably remained. The truckman and the elevator-man and the push-cart man on the corner knew that they had been turned into factories. But to know a thing officially it is necessary to be officially informed. And so far as the Building Department went, they were loft buildings — warehouses containing watchmen by night, and by day half a dozen wholesale customers and salesmen. And this will explain the paragraphs to follow.

Being merely buildings for the storing and display of goods, with elevators giving access to the same, there was no need of taking any great thought as to stairways. But there is a sense of fitness in giving a building a stairway, and loft buildings were given stairways. Even if your loft building covered only a single city lot, twenty feet by a hundred,— and there are many such,— it had to have a stairway. But nothing troublesome was said about the height of the building as affecting the stairway — though it should rise to twenty floors or more; nor about the number of people that might be upon these floors — legally there might be more than fourteen hundred; nor about the *width* of that single stairway. And in consequence we find the stairways averaging about three feet in width, with "winders" or wedge-shaped treads at the turns, so that one can fall down even in the daylight. For loft buildings of a floor area greater than 2,500 square feet more stairways were required. But a fire-escape might be substituted for one of them.

Loft Factories Not Required to Have Any Fire-Escapes

Regarding fire-escapes themselves the New York building code was non-committal. It did not, apparently, wish to go too far. It said that the above buildings "shall be provided with such good and sufficient means of egress in case of fire as shall be directed by the department of buildings." This is what, in law-making, is known as a "joker." Some speculative builders decided to build their loft buildings without any fire-escapes at all. Others put them in the air-shaft, which in case of fire becomes its natural flue. Others bolted on the antique, all but vertical, eighteen-inch

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THE ONLY FIRE-ESCAPE ON THE ASCH BUILDING. IT HUNG IN A CLOSED COURT WHICH WAS FULL OF FIRE IN A FEW MOMENTS. BY THIS FIRE-ESCAPE IT WOULD HAVE TAKEN THREE HOURS TO EMPTY THE THREE UPPER FLOORS OF THE BUILDING

ladder escapes, such as could not legally have been placed upon even a three-story tenement house. In the Asch Building, hereafter to be described, it was estimated by the Fire Commissioner that the occupants of the three upper floors could not have got down by the fire-escape in less than three hours.

Furthermore, in 1903 a decision of the Appellate Division of the Supreme Court, in what is known as the Sailors' Snug Harbor case, took the jurisdiction over factory fire-escapes in New York City — and consequently their *after inspection* — out of the hands of the State Department of Labor, and vested it, likewise, in the Bureau of Buildings. But, save for elevators, the Bureau of Buildings *does no after inspecting.* It passes upon a building, and the fire-escape appertaining thereto, when the building is opened. Unless some specific complaint is made, that fire-escape is held to be good for all time.

Passageways to the Exits Are Purposely Made Narrow

When a factory building is not a factory building, it can, manifestly, make no great difference what you put into it. Even celluloid can be manufactured in these unrecognized factory buildings. Suppose you visit a loft factory of the most common type — one where waists or white goods are made.

You are stopped at first by the partitions about the doors,— flimsy oak veneer or plain deal board,— turning the crooked alleyways leading to the exits into a kind of labyrinth. If there are two sets of stairways and elevators, you will soon learn that one is set aside, by caste prerogative, for the use of the management and staff. The machine operatives, cutters, and pressers have to use the second. And the partitions generally keep the operatives from knowing that there *is* any but the one exit. When the girls go home at night, they have to pass through a narrow door or down a narrow alleyway of their own, one by one; it is made narrow purposely, so that the watchman outside it can look into their open hand-bags as they pass.

Rooms Crammed with Tissue-Paper, Lace, and Muslin Goods

The labor laws call for a clearway of four feet around the exits. If the factory has only one floor, the space for twenty feet about this clearway will be occupied by the "stock- and shipping-rooms." And not infrequently they

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contain pasteboard boxes and pine packing-cases enough to fill a freight-car. Box shelving is everywhere, loaded with rolls of flimsy lawn and muslin, cards of lace, and tissue-paper. It would be hard to say what is most inflammable. At the windows hang great bunches of paper patterns. The wooden machine-tables, forty inches wide and stretching from one side of the room to the other, leave at their ends little more aisle space than is needed for the motors and the shafting. The latter is carried to and fro under the table, and, of course, supplies power for the machines. Down the top of the table runs a big wooden trough for the garments to be sewed. And beside every operative stands a large pasteboard or pine box, or a wickerwork basket, for the finished garments. Girls do most of the machine work, and they are seated back to back like the "double two" in dominoes; there is so little room in the aisles that their chairs dovetail. In some factories the high-class garments, when finished, are hung upon lines crossing the room above the heads of the girls. Often gas is used for lighting; and, to get a draft of fresh air through rooms so large, the windows must be kept open. The pressing is done with gas irons; that is, the flame is inside the open iron, within an inch of the goods to be pressed. Some factories do their cutting with an electric knife.



THIS LOCK, WITH THE BOLT SHOT, WAS FOUND AFTER THE FIRE, IN THE DÉBRIS ABOUT THE NINTH-FLOOR DOOR THROUGH WHICH MORE THAN A HUNDRED GIRLS ATTEMPTED VAINLY TO ESCAPE. THE LOCKING OF THIS DOOR WAS ONE OF THE CHARGES ON WHICH MAX BLANCK AND ISAAC HARRIS WERE INDICTED FOR MANSLAUGHTER



DOOR ON THE EIGHTH FLOOR OPENING UPON THE GREENE STREET STAIRWAY. THE DOOR IS BURNED AWAY, THE STAIRWAY AND CASINGS CHARRED, ON THE FLOOR IS THE ROTTEN HOSE WITH WHICH THE EMPLOYEES TRIED TO PUT OUT THE FIRE

Wooden Floors Soaked with Oil

In a loft factory containing two or three hundred machines a great deal of oil is needed. There is ordinarily one thirty-gallon safety can — about a barrelful — to a floor, with smaller cans for hand use. The shaft gearings act at high speed; they must be given oil frequently, and there is a constant drip from them; in front of every operative hangs a heavy cloth apron, to prevent her work from being spotted. But the floor, which up to the twelfth story may be of wood, becomes so oil-soaked that it will hold no more. The rags, too, which get under the tables or around the motors and oil cans, become oil-soaked. In a factory turning out lawn and muslin garments by the thousand dozen, the floors are littered deep within a few hours. In some lofts they are swept up every night, or twice daily, and left at the door in bags. In some they are allowed to accumulate for a week or more, until it is worth while for the ragman to come for them. In others they are sorted for size in the bins under the men's cutting-tables. Almost all of the cutters are inveterate cigarette-smokers. They smoke in the halls and washrooms. And after the Triangle fire it did not take the Fire Marshal long to find out that, whenever there is an opportunity, they smoke at work.

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HOLE IN THE GLASS AND CONCRETE WINDOWS OF THE SIDEWALKS, BROKEN BY THE IMPACT OF THE BODIES OF THE GIRLS WHO JUMPED FROM THE EIGHTH AND NINTH FLOORS OF THE ASCH BUILDING. THE GIRLS WERE ON FIRE WHEN THEY JUMPED, AND WHEN THEY BROKE THROUGH THE SIDEWALKS THEIR BURNING CLOTHING STARTED A CELLAR FIRE

They hide the cigarette in the palms of their hands, and blow the smoke under their coats. "You would get little work out of your men if you would prevent it," explained a boss on the floor below the Triangle factory. And some of the bosses themselves smoke.

Ninety-seven per Cent of the Doors Open Inwardly, and in Many Cases the Doors Are Locked

As you work your way back to the door you will see that it opens inwardly — in ninety-seven per cent of the factories devoted to one trade it was shown that they opened inwardly. And in many cases the door is locked.

There you have it — goods more inflammable than paper, the whole great room crammed with them, pine tables and boxes and partitions, spitting motors, oil and rags and cigarettes. And, remembering all the while that you are a hundred or a hundred and fifty feet in the air, what do you think about it? In New York alone there are hundreds of factories like this. And, as always, other cities are already aping her. We are assured by the builders of these loft factories that they are the factories of the future. Manhattan has had them for more than ten years, and there have been countless little fires in them. Is it not by the pure mercy of Providence that, so far, there has been only one unspeakable holocaust? Newark gave us a fire in the factory that was not fire-proof, New York the fire in the one that was. The story of it is told here to show just what these New York tower factories are, and to give the country a chance to decide what is going to be done about them.

The Asch Building Safer than Most Loft Buildings

The Asch Building was, and is, safer than most loft buildings. It is a handsome ten-story structure just off Washington Square. It is only a hundred feet by a hundred in area, without irregularities. It has a stairway and two elevators side by side on its Washington Place front, and the same equipment diagonally across the building on its Greene Street side, the latter elevators being used for freight and the operatives. It had a four-inch stand-pipe with hose in racks on every stairway landing, and on every floor there were fire-pails. It had no sprinkler system — without which no cotton mill in New England can buy insurance. But sprinkler systems are not compulsory in New York factories. And the owner, Joseph J. Asch, took a chance on it.

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About Fifteen Hundred People at Work on the Afternoon of the Fire

The Triangle Waist Company occupied the eighth, ninth, and tenth floors. It was in this shop that the New York shirtwaist-makers' strike of 1909 first started. The officers of the Women's Trade Union League stated that the proprietors Harris & Blanck, had stood for all the bad conditions which brought this strike about. In the actual matter of danger from fire, the Triangle factory was safer than the average. It had no clothes-lines of combustibles, or gas-lights, or electric knives. Its stock- and shipping-rooms were on the tenth floor, where only about sixty people were employed; and its gas-iron pressing was also done there. It had automatic alarms. On the day of the fire fifty or sixty of the employees were at home, because of Saturday being the Jewish holiday; but Max Blanck, the senior partner, estimated that ordinarily there were 225 operatives on the eighth floor and 350 on the ninth, besides the sixty people on the tenth floor. It was the rush season. The factory was under a pressure that kept it working till late Saturday afternoons and even on Sundays. And when the law allows a factory owner to have three hundred and fifty people on the ninth floor, that is exactly how many he is going to have. Many of the girls were constantly in fear. There are stories enough to make that evident. And in 1900 an insurance inspector suggested that it would be the part of safety to arrange fire drills. He had Mr. H. F. J. Porter, the father of factory fire drills, write to Harris & Blanck offering to organize one. His letter was not answered. Of 1,243 cloak and suit factories investigated two years later by the Joint Board of Sanitary Control, a fire drill was found in only one. There might, legally, have been 1,100 people working in the Triangle factory instead of 625; and in the whole building 3,600 instead of the 1,200 or 1,500 that there actually were. Again, the Triangle factory was the only one at work after four o'clock that Saturday afternoon. Throughout this story you are to remember what would have happened had this fire broken out on the second floor or the third when the whole building was full.

The Fire Starts on the Eighth Floor, Just at Closing Hour

There have been various explanations of how the fire started. "A cutter let a match fall on some old waste." "Some one stepped on a match on the floor." "A man was cleaning his coat with gasolene." It really does not make much difference how the fire started, when there are so many ways in which it could have started. On the cutting-tables of the eighth floor the "stretches" of lawn — one hundred and seventy-five or eighty layers of the flimsy stuff to a "stretch," with as many alternating layers of tissue-paper — were waiting ready for the Sunday work. It was a quarter to five. The bell had just rung for "power off," and most of the girls had left the tables for the dressing- and wash-rooms, when one of them, Eva Harris, ran to tell the superintendent, Samuel Bernstein, that the boys were putting out a fire over between two tables on the Greene Street side. (There had been fires before. Blanck had put out one himself with his coat.) Bernstein caught up two fire-pails and went over to put this fire out.

But this was not the fire that was put out. "It was in a rag-bin, and it jumped right up." Some of the girls got pails and tried to help. "But it was like there was kerosene in the water; it just seemed to spread it." Frank Formalek, one of the elevator-men, left his car and ran in to help. Louis Senderman and a boy, Leo Todor, tried to use the stand-pipe hose in the hall. They couldn't turn the valve-wheel. "It was rusted," they said, "and the hose, wherever it was folded, was rotten." The whole Greene Street side was burning now, and the fire had begun to come over the tables. Diana Lipschitz, the bookkeeper, sent in an alarm, and then telautographed up to the office staff on the tenth floor to run for their lives. The girl who received the message thought that Diana was "stringing" her. Already the fifty cutters had begun to run for *their* lives. It was what firemen call a "flash fire"; and all such factory fires, when once they get started, are going to be flash fires. Bernstein yelled to Louis Brown, a machinist, that they couldn't do anything, to get the girls out.

On the street, a hundred feet below, the fire was heard before it was seen. An Italian named Cardiane, standing at the Greene Street entrance, heard a sound "like a big puff." He saw smoke and flame come out with it, and a noise of falling glass started a horse to running away. The falling glass came from the first eighth-floor windows that blew out.

The Flames Spread to the Ninth and Tenth Floors Inside of Three Minutes

You will be told that when a building is fire-proof the fire can't spread from one floor to another. Foreman Howard Ruch, of Engine Company 18, arrived on a high-pressure truck two or three minutes after the eighth-floor win-

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dows blew out. "I saw a sheet of flame come out from the eighth floor," he testified.* "It veiled into the street, and then it veiled into the windows of the ninth and tenth floors as if drawn by a magnet." Firemen generally call that "lapping in." The flame will suck straight into the windows if they are open; if they are closed — unless they are of wire glass — it will crack them. Inside the ninth-floor windows of the Triangle factory, bunches of paper patterns were hanging. On both the ninth and tenth floors the Greene Street door to the stairs was open, and by this time a door to the roof on the Greene Street side was ajar also. Taking everything together, it was much the same as the opening of the dampers and the pipe drafts on two hollow-tile stoves, one above the other, and both filled with every sort of thing that will catch fire and burn most rapidly.

For all three floors it was now a question of getting out.

Triangle Employees Could Not Have Got Down by the Fire-Escape in Less than Three Hours

On the eighth floor the boy Todor and an operative named Starkofsky ran for the fire-escape. For there was a fire-escape — a series of landings, eighteen inches in the clear, leading to stairways little better than ladders. It ended five feet from the ground in a closed court. The court itself was soon to be full of fire, and on some of the landings the fire-escape was blocked by iron shutters which had been fastened open. As we have said before, the employees on those three upper floors could not have got to the ground by such an escape in less than three hours; and the fire allowed them perhaps three minutes.

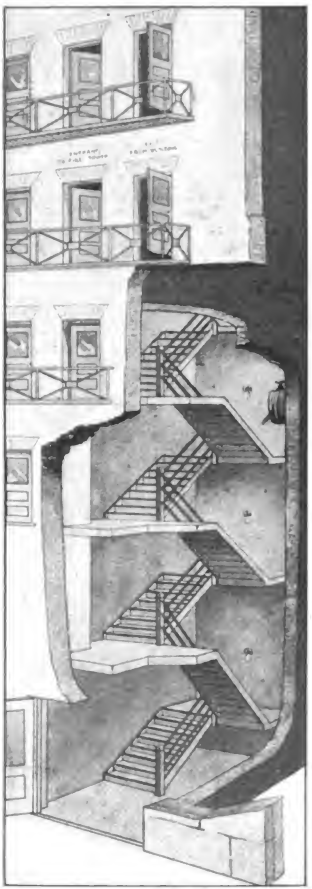
Yet ten or twelve girls and men threw themselves out after Todor and Starkofsky, and began to fight their way down, one upon another. Several fell from landing to landing. One man let himself down by knotting two sections of machine belting together. Most of them managed to break their way in through the windows of the sixth floor, where they were found later, bleeding and moaning. But the boy Todor went all the way to the bottom; falling most of the way, he broke the skylight in the court and got out through the cellar. From the *ninth* floor one girl, Comella Vetere, got down the fire-escape, shielding her head from the flame with her big hat. But that belch of smoke and flame



TYPICAL TOWER LOFT BUILDING WITH OUTSIDE FIRE-ESCAPE, TO WHICH FIRE HAS DIRECT ACCESS. IT TAKES THREE AND A HALF MINUTES TO COME DOWN THIS FIRE-ESCAPE WHEN THERE IS NO FIRE TO MAKE THE DESCENT DIFFICULT

* After the fire there were investigations by the Board of Coroners, the Fire Marshal, and the Bureau of Buildings. All that appears hereafter in quotation marks comes from the evidence of witnesses and survivors, taken under oath; or, in cases where there was vagueness, of amplifying statements made to the writer.

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"PHILADELPHIA FIRE-TOWER." THE TWO DOOR WINDOWS WHICH GIVE UPON THE BALCONIES FROM THE RIGHT AND LEFT OPEN OUTWARDLY FROM THE BUILDING PROPER, OR COULD GIVE EGRESS FROM TWO SEPARATE BUILDINGS. THE CENTRAL DOOR OPENS INWARDLY INTO THE MASONRY-SURROUNDED "TOWER"

from the eighth floor did not let many more get down. Out of nearly six hundred, this "good and sufficient means of egress" (to quote the Building Code again) saved fewer than twenty.

There is no more to tell about the fire-escape. Its condition after the fire, as shown in the photograph on page 471, was caused, not by the weight thrown upon it, which was little enough, but by a heat that warped the iron shutters on the building across the court, twenty feet away. It must be plain that it would be the same with any fire-escape, however large and stairway-like, if it opens directly from the nest of fire itself. The writer has been able to find only one factory in New York where the fire-escape does *not* so open. And, where doors give access to them, most of those doors open inwardly.

Again, if the weight of five hundred or a thousand people were suddenly thrown upon one of these "trellis" escapes it is very doubtful if it would support their burden. No New York factory escape is tested for weight, and it would be quite possible for a fire, trifling enough in itself, to produce a horror such as would make the death list of the Asch Building seem almost commonplace.

Girls Testify that the Doors Were Locked

Some of the girls on the eighth floor had followed the fleeing cutters to the Greene Street door. But to get to it they had to go through one of those narrow passages where their handbags were examined at night. The fire was already over the top of it; in another minute it was entirely cut off. Blocked on the Greene Street side, the girls who knew where the Washington Place door and elevators were ran screaming to them. Downstairs the elevator bells began to ring,— they never stopped ringing,— and then the wire glass of one of the elevator doors was pushed in.

The door into the Washington Place stairway opened inwardly,— that is, toward the girls,— and they testified that it was, as always, locked.* They screamed and beat upon it with their fists, but it would not open. Louis Brown, the machinist, denies that it was fastened. But he "wanted to *see* if it was locked," he says queerly. "I tried to turn the key, and it would not turn. I seen I could not turn the door (*sic*). I pulled the knob open, and the girls rushed out." Behind them the superintendent, Bernstein, kept telling them to "go nice."

* There were two stairways, one on the Greene Street side and one on the Washington Place side. The charge is that on the ninth floor Harris & Blanck kept the doors on the Washington Place side locked, compelling all the girls to leave the building by the narrow passage on the Greene Street side where the hand-bags were examined.

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There were about a hundred and twenty-five girls to go down by that stairway. It was thirty-three inches wide, and practically a winding stair. According to both the girls and the firemen, no lights were burning in it. Even when people are cool, they can hardly go down a stairway such as that without stumbling. One of the girls fainted or fell at the seventh floor, others fell on top of her, and that "backed them up,"— that, too, when most of the girls were still in the room and the fire rapidly coming nearer.

"There were many girls at the door," says Irene Szivos, a Hungarian tucker. "They were screaming and crying. There were so many I could not get out. I went on a window and I would like to jump. But on the other side of the street I saw some girls that was working there wave their hands that I must not." "A girl's clothes caught fire, and a man's, and they jumped," says Rose Bernstein; "I seen one girl run to a window, and when I got down to the sidewalk I had to step over her." Brown, and a policeman named Meehan who had run in and up the stairs, managed to break that jam on the seventh floor, and every girl who got into the stairway from the eighth floor got out alive. It must be remembered that below the eighth floor the stairs were empty.

The Rush for the Roof

The tenth floor received the alarm before the ninth. And on the tenth nearly every one escaped, most of them through the Greene Street stairway to the roof. "Never go to the roof," Chief Bonner used to say. But here the roof saved lives. Both partners were on the tenth floor. Blanck had two of his children with him. That day he was taking a chance, like everybody else. But students of the University of New York climbed over from their roof adjoining and helped. One of them, Frederick Newman, groped his way down into that tenth-floor loft itself. And they thought they had taken out everybody. Four girls, however, had been left behind in the dressing-room. "When I came out," says one of them, Anna Dorrity, an Irish girl, "I saw them all gone, and I didn't know what was the matter." They went to the Greene Street door, and saw the Greene Street stairway below them full of smoke and fire. They didn't know that there were any exits on the Washington Place side, and they didn't know that the Greene Street stairs would take them to the roof. One girl jumped at once. The others started to pile up chairs and tables, in the hope of getting out through the skylight.



"FIRE-TOWER" UPON THE BRUNSWICK BUILDING, NEW YORK. ON EVERY FLOOR THE SMALL BALCONY GIVES ACCESS THROUGH ITS MIDDLE DOOR TO THE "TOWER" *WITHIN* THE BUILDING, WHILE NOT RECOGNIZABLE FROM WITHOUT AS A FIRE-ESCAPE AT ALL, THIS IS THE BEST FORM OF FIRE-ESCAPE AS YET INVENTED

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What Happened on the Ninth Floor

On the ninth floor, after that first "lapping in" of the flames from below, there were two or three minutes in which almost every one who was going to escape, escaped. The passage leading to the Greene Street door and to the elevators was just twenty inches wide. The little door in it opened inward, and men and girls tore the clothes from one another, trying to get through. Yet a hundred and fifty or more did get through, and three fourths of that hundred and fifty got down alive.

But on the ninth floor, as on the eighth, it was the Greene Street door, the *open* door, that was cut off first. And nearly two hundred people, most of them girls, remained inside. The thing that was to happen, happened there.

Natie Weiner, a thick-set little Jewish girl, who with eight others worked in one of the aisles cutting out lace, "saw a fellow who knew there was a door on the Washington Place side." And she joined a rush of girls for it. Once more, those girls had no way of knowing for themselves that there were two doors. The partitions hid them, as they do in all such factories. And there were no ruby incandescents and red arrows pointing the way to fire exits, such as you have even on the ground floors of theaters. "We run first to the elevator," says Natie Weiner, "and he was not up. We knocked on the door, and he didn't come." Then they turned to the stairway door. "It was locked and there was no key there. . . . I tried to break it open, and I couldn't. . . . There was a woman forty years old there who was burned — Mary Herman — and Bessie Bischofsky, and there was others, and they were next to me and with me at the door; and I said to the woman, 'You try. You may be stronger.' She said, 'I can't.' So then I said, 'Let us all go at it!' And we did."

By that time, even had they been able to get the door open, could they have got past the fire now pouring itself up that stairway from the eighth floor? However, they never got it open. The lock, with the bolt shot, was found later in the débris, a few paces in front of where the charred remnants of floor-board and paneling still held together till the firemen burst them in.

Elevators Run Until Broken by the Falling Bodies

But why talk of fire-escapes and stairways when there were elevators? Every one knows it is upon their elevators that high buildings depend, just as it is the elevator that has made the high building possible.

On the Greene Street side one of the elevator-men ran away at the first cry of fire. His car stood useless till an elevator-man from the street, a young fellow named John T. Gregory, who happened to be passing, threw himself into the car and made trip after trip in a building that was already a nightmare. He ran the car until he was half dead himself, and until the bodies of those who could not wait and flung themselves down the shaft kept the car from running any longer.

Thomas Horton, a negro porter, helped keep the machines going in the basement. "They ran until they couldn't run," he testified; "we were putting in the switch cables till they were overrun with water. They stuck. The circuit-breakers were blowing out."

On the Washington Place side, to which the hundreds cut off on the eighth and ninth floors were crowding, there were two elevators, measuring five feet by six. They went first to the eighth floor, because it was on that floor that the fire broke out; and then to the tenth, to save the proprietors and staff. One of the elevator-men, Giuseppe Zito, ran his car until he fainted; and he still shows the effects of what he went through. But his companion, Gaspar Mortillaro, tells the story:

"I had too much on the car. The car gave way. They jumped down and everything, on top of me." (Because of the smoke the operators could not see where the floor levels were, and had to open their doors at random.) "They were holding my hands and pulling my hair and jabbing me in the face. I do not know what I hit. The door would not close and all the glass came down on me. They fell on me and I could not stop them. They slid down the ropes." (Many tried to slide down the "ropes." An Italian woman, Levantina, gave another the center cable "because it would be easier." And when somehow she got to the bottom herself, she found herself putting her foot on a dying girl who said, "Please don't step on me.") "They jumped on the roof of my car. About twenty jumped on top of the roof." Even when the cars were far below them, the girls continued to jump, and their bodies wedged in between car and shaft. Above one elevator on the Greene Street side nineteen bodies were found so. It did not take long to finish with the elevators.

The Fire Department Helpless

But the New York Fire Department,— four thousand men, with aërial trucks and water-towers and a high-pressure system — why wasn't it doing anything?

There was a delay of only two or three min-

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utes in sending in the alarm. The pipemen of Engine Company 72 met the first mob of men and girls at the bottom of the stairs. But some had jumped, by then. "They were down quicker one way than the other," said a truckman. And more were crowding out on the sills. Battalion Chief Worth used his first two lines to cool down the building above their heads. "That was the only reassurance we could give," he said. And a minute later, when the wind swung the flames around, that was of no avail. There was hardly time to get the scaling-ladders out of the truck. And when they ran up the extension-ladder, that reached only to the sixth story. High-Pressure Company 18, with some citizens helping, stretched a new fourteen-foot rope net. Three girls jumped together from the ninth — and firemen and citizens together were jerked headlong in upon their mangled bodies. A mathematical calculation made afterward showed that the impact of those three bodies was equal to a dead weight of *sixteen tons*. Within two minutes, so many bodies had piled themselves on top of the first high-pressure line that it had to be left where it was and another was stretched in. Hook and Ladder Company 20 spread its big twenty-foot Browder net. "There were so many bodies hitting the ground," Worth testified, "that it was impossible to see them. You did not see them. You heard the sound of the impact of the body hitting the ground. They came down entwined in bunches and with their arms around each other. It tore the springs out of the canvas of the net and tore open the steel frame." They broke holes that a horse could have fallen into through the glass and concrete vault lights over the cellar. You might as well have sent a fire department to handle a powder-mill explosion. Why talk of fire departments, when fire departments have no power to take those measures that will prevent fires, when the fireman is not called in until the case is hopeless?

Stories of the Girls Who Escaped

But the story is still to tell of what was taking place within those ninth- and tenth-floor lofts. It is told by five or six survivors who escaped, they themselves know not how.

The day after the fire there were a great many people who hastened to explain that the loss of life was due almost entirely to panic. Panic has always been a good explanation. When those girls saw themselves trapped a hundred feet above the street, some of them tried to fight the fire with the pails. One little girl was still holding fast to her pail when her body was taken up from the sidewalk. But the flames were coming in from outside, and there wasn't anything to fight. "I broke the window with my pail," says Anna Gullo, of the ninth floor, "and more came in." "We started to run all around," says Yetta Lubitz, "and the flames came out all around." Some of them began to catch fire. Almost none jumped till they were on fire. And those who weren't had to keep away from those who were. "The flames were near me. My mouth was full of smoke," says Natie Weiner; "I wanted to get on a table and jump. But the windows were too crowded, and I seen so many bodies laying dead on the ground that I thought I would be dead, too. . . . But the smoke and flames were terrible, and some of the girls said it was better to be smashed than burned, and they wanted to be identified." "They didn't want to jump," says little Rosie Yusum; "they was afraid. They was saying their prayers first, and putting rags over their eyes so they should not see." Up on the tenth they were jumping, too. "Her name was Clotilde," says the Irish girl, Anna Dorrity. "She was an Italian. She said, 'You jump first.' But when she had said her prayers she said, 'No; let me jump now.'"

On the ninth floor fifty-eight girls crawled into a little corridor or cloak-room. "I saw them *piled*," testified fireman Jacob Wohl, one of the first to enter. "They had their faces toward a little window." In the Black Hole, which a whole empire has never forgotten, there was only the heat of an Indian midsummer night.

The Jewish Girl, Sallie Weintraub, Who Jumped from the Ninth Story

They were still jumping. It was all happening together, it is necessary to remember. A Jewish girl, Sallie Weintraub, had got out on a ledge on the Washington Place side. "For a minute," says an onlooker, "she held her hands rigid, her face upward, looking toward the sky." The fire was coming nearer to her. But, before she jumped, "she began to raise her arms and make gestures, as if she were addressing a crowd above her."

What was she saying? We have all of us a pretty good idea of what she was saying. But it isn't the kind of thing we want to let ourselves think about. If we were in war, and one of our torpedo-boats had been surrounded by the enemy, and her crew would not surrender — if after they had been ringed around and shot to pieces, sent to the bottom smashed and drowned and burned till it came to the last man of them — and if he, as he went down, raised his hands for

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a token, we would know what he was saying, and he would get his answer. But Sallie Weintraub and her comrades were not in war, and they had not the least chance in the world. Or, to put it another way, the chance that we thought we were taking ourselves we were making them take.

In New York, two days after the fire, the officials of the Bureau of Buildings posted a notice on the door of the Asch Building to inform its owner, as was their official duty, that, under the requirements of the department, his building could no longer be regarded as safe. It was unsafe, among other reasons, "because the treads on the rear stairs from the tenth floor were cracked and broken"; because "the fire-escape on the rear was warped, twisted, and unsafe"; because "the doors of the elevator shafts were burned, damaged, and in an unsafe condition"; because "*the vault lights on Washington Place and Greene Street, together with the supports for the same, were broken and unsafe.*" These were the vault lights that were broken by the impact of the falling bodies. If those holes had been left open, and any one had fallen into them, the said owner, Joseph J. Asch, would almost certainly have been held to be responsible. Damages might have been collected from him. It is even possible that responsibility might have attached to the great city of New York itself. Therefore, before he could open his building for loft factories again, the said owner must make these detailed and necessary repairs.*

Ex-Chief Croker's Statement

Chief Croker was present at the Asch fire; and he says:

"There are certain things that should be done at once, things that do not require either new laws or building alterations.

"Every exit should be plainly marked, and all employees should be made familiar with every exit. All passages should be at least as wide as the door they lead to. And if in future any factory owner locks his doors in working hours, the case is one that calls for a penalty so prompt and drastic that there will be no need of inflicting it a second time.

"Fire drills in factories should be made compulsory. They are so now in Pennsylvania. Five days after the Triangle fire there were two small fires in New York schools. Between them they contained more than 3,300 pupils. But, as a result of regular drills, both schools were emptied within two minutes. And what can be done by children can be done by grown people. In the case of our schools, too, fire drills have shown whether the old stairways were physically capable of emptying the building within a period of safety. And compulsory drills, with some one to time them, would tell the truth about every kind of factory.†

"Elevator-men should be instructed, in case of fire, to carry their loads *only to the floor below the fire.* The time that would be gained by such a rule is obvious. When a fire occurs on a lower floor, the elevators are practically useless.

"In many factories, as they are built now, to make the doors open outwardly would only block the stairs. But it is an easy matter to install some simple form of sliding door.

Sprinklers Compulsory in Theaters — Why Not in Loft Factories?

"Sprinklers should be made compulsory. It is claimed that the first death is yet to be recorded in a sprinklered factory; and their value in a hundred ways is beyond all question. No man can now build a theater without them; and what is enforced by law for places of amusement ought to be enforced for places where people have to go to earn their living. What is more, a theater is three stories high, and a loft factory may be ten or fifteen. If the manufacturers of certain sprinkler systems have formed a combination, there are other sprinkler systems that are not controlled by a combination; and nine in all have been tested and approved by the National Board of Underwriters. Sprinklers add about four per cent to the cost of a building. But they increase the renting value of a building, and they so decrease the price of insurance as to pay for themselves within five years. When the mere raising of the temperature of a room to 140 or 150 degrees first sends in an automatic alarm, and then turns the whole ceiling into a sort of spray cascade, that is bound to have its effect. The Triangle fire might not have been extinguished altogether, but it would almost certainly have been held in check till the employees got out and the firemen arrived.

"There is no excuse for passing upon the structure of a building and ignoring the contents. When we keep our library books in stack-rooms that contain no wood, why not our working-girls? It ought to go without saying that in loft factories doors and flooring,

* The damage done to the Asch Building amounted to a little more than $10,000. The building was insured for $300,000, and the contents of the Triangle Waist Factory for $200,500. Under an employers' liability law setting a price of only $1,000 upon the life of a worker, the additional loss would have amounted to $146,000. With a law preventing the factory owner from transferring his liability, could any employer afford to take the chance which brought the Triangle fire about?

† The whole subject of factory drills will be taken up in a subsequent article.

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window trim, and machine boxings should be fire-proof. Section 105 of the New York Building Code says that if a loft is divided for renting to two different tenants, the partition between them must be of fire-proof material. That means simply this: The use of any other material would allow one tenant to put another to uncalled-for risk. But what of inside partitions, and the tenant's own people?

How Inflammable Stock May Be Safeguarded

"If it is necessary for a loft factory to keep a freight-car full of inflammables in stock, there is no reason why stock- and shipping-rooms should not be inclosed and divided off so as to constitute no risk. Partitions of metal and wire glass now cost very little; and wire glass will stand fire like metal itself. When every kind of office furniture is now reproduced in steel, and at a moderate price, why not plain machine tables? Those for the cutters could be given a half-inch skin of wood. Wicker baskets should be replaced by metal boxes; tin plate is cheap enough. Cans for rags should have spring covers; and the rags should be gathered twice a day. Oil and gasolene should in all cases be kept in safety cans. A loft factory so equipped would reduce the danger from fire to a quarter. Why allow people to go on taking a chance?

"If a factory is equipped with the old-style fire-escape, or even with one of the new, wide, steel-stairway constructions, to which the fire can get direct access, the risk is plain. The Triangle fire showed New York what that risk is, and the time has come to think about these things.

"Some cities have thought about them. In Section 38 of the Philadelphia Building Code, a code going back twelve years, we read:

The Philadelphia Fire-Tower — the Fire-Escape of the Future

"'Stores in which any of the stories above the second have a clear floor-space of four thousand (4,000) square feet, and manufactories three or more stories in height, of the floor area, per story, of three thousand (3,000) square feet [the Asch building had more than 9,000], shall have *a tower stairway, completely inclosed, on the interior of the building*, with brick walls or other such fire-proof materials as shall be accepted by the Bureau of Building Inspection.'

"This is what is known as the 'Philadelphia fire-tower.' Lives are not lost in it. And when the building containing one burns down, the fire-tower stands up behind it like a monument. It is the form of fire-escape recommended by the National Fire Protection Association, the National Board of Underwriters, and by every architect, engineer, and fire chief who knows his business.

"The diagram on page 476 will show how the tower is used. On every floor the employees can walk out through floor-level, outwardly opening, fire-proof doors to a wide outside balcony, and in the middle of that balcony turn back into a solidly built stairway shaft into which no fire can possibly follow them. The stairway is wide and well lit and opens upon the street; and one such is worth three ordinary stairways, if only because of the sense of absolute security it gives. Moreover, it requires no more space. One Philadelphia department-store has five of them. Another has an excellent practice of making its employees use the 'towers,' from time to time, instead of the regular exits.

"Architects have always complained that fire-escapes of the old style spoil the appearance of a building. The fire-tower balcony escape is an ornament. The illustration on page 479 shows such balconies giving access to the tower which Mr. Francis H. Kimball, a well-known New York architect, has put into the Brunswick Building on Fifth Avenue. But, in all New York, it is one of only two or three buildings so equipped. On every loft factory to be erected in the future, such tower escapes should be made compulsory.

Fire-Proof Partitions for Loft Factories

"Under the Philadelphia laws, all loft and factory buildings, exceeding a certain area, must be divided vertically by a fire-proof wall, pierced by fire-proof doors. If fire breaks out on one side of the building, the employees need only pass through to the other side. This is, of course, another almost perfect form of escape. And both it and the Philadelphia tower have a double value from the fact that their principles can be readily worked out in loft and office buildings already erected. For example:

"If the Brunswick Building were cut into two buildings, the fire-tower, being between them, could, plainly, be used by both. If there were no fire-tower there at all, but access by balcony could be had on every floor from the windows of one building to those of the next, that, too, would plainly be a splendid form of escape. The New York Tenement House Department regards it as the best of all fire-escapes, and has had numbers of such "connecting balconies" installed by law. And the same idea

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can be applied to every pair of high loft or office structures that adjoin. The expenditure of a few dollars and a little natural neighborliness can make them both secure. Or — making use of the principle of the fire-proof bisecting wall — the knocking away of a little masonry and the setting in of fire-proof doors on every floor can make every pair of adjoining buildings mutual fire-towers. If there is a court between them, bridges can be used. But access to both bridges and 'balconies' should be had through wide 'door windows' on the floor-level.

"Where a loft building stands alone, the fire-tower principle can still be applied. It is only a matter of building a masonry vestibule about the stairs, with swinging or other self-closing doors on the side toward the interior. In this way a 'fire-proof stairway' (which is not fire-proof) can be turned into something which is at least the next thing to a 'tower.'

"After every bad fire a certain number of buildings are voluntarily made right. After the Triangle fire the managers of the oldest hotel in New York decided to put up fire-escapes. But they had been seventy-nine years deciding to do it. We all of us just let things slip along. We need laws; we have to be compelled, or we want to be able to compel each other.

Factory Owners Who Fight Fire Laws

"For factory owners who *fight* fire laws there is one thing that can be done. On the New York East Side, when a baker continues to keep his premises in a filthy condition after he has had his warnings from the factory inspectors, they go down there with a square of red cardboard on which is printed the word 'Unclean.' It is nailed on his bakery door, the door is locked, and the trade of that bakery comes to an end. And that one red card is quite enough to reform all the dirty bakeries in the vicinity. Now, if a city has fire-trap factories, that city can be certain that its fire department knows about them. It has them marked, because, sooner or later, they are going to cause the death of some of its best men. And if, while State legislatures are passing general legislation, fire departments were provided with red labels reading 'Unsafe,' the work of State legislatures would be very greatly expedited. Every architect and builder knows what ought to be done, and how easily it can be done. It all comes down to dollars and cents against human lives. There is no 'fire-proof' building that can not be made death-proof as well."

A month after the Triangle fire, Chief Croker resigned. For twelve years he had been our most famous fire-fighter; and he had, by common consent, brought the New York department to the highest point of fire-fighting efficiency. It is significant that he resigned to go into the work of *fire prevention*. "Fire-fighting has gone as far as it can go," he said. "We've come to the place where we've got to keep fires from starting."

THE FIRE QUESTION IN THE UNITED STATES

EDITORIAL

IN 1910 the portion of the fire loss for the United States and Canada which came before the National Board of Underwriters amounted to $234,470,650. The actual fire loss was more than $500,000,000, and this does not include mine, marine, and forest fires.

The Federal Government began, in 1907, an investigation, through our consulates, into fire conditions in Europe. Almost every consular reply stated, in effect, that our fire departments and fire-fighting methods are vastly superior, *but that fire losses in European countries are, of course, much smaller.* For example, in 1910 we find that thirteen of the largest cities of Germany, with a combined population of 5,616,822, suffered a fire loss of $1,067,205. Five American cities, Chicago, Philadelphia, Boston, St. Louis, and San Francisco, with a combined population one hundred thousand less, 5,510,897, suffered a fire loss, in the same year, of $14,250,183! New York, with a population of 4,766,883, added its $8,591,831 — about five times the loss for London and nine times that of Paris.

Between 1901 and 1910 it cost every man, woman, and child in the United States and Canada an average of $2.30 a year for fire. The European was paying thirty-three cents; the German, for his part, only nineteen. Between 1900 and 1909 our population increased 73 per cent; our fire loss increased 134 per cent. What is more sinister, the *number* of our fires *per capita* is steadily increasing. The puzzled

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foreigner may be pardoned for finding it hard to decide whether we are a nation of children playing with matches or a nation of incendiaries. We now burn up every year half the value of the buildings we erect in the same year.

But the loss of property is not the worst loss. Figures gathered by the United States Geological Survey for 1907, and drawn from a little more than a third of our total population, give a loss of life from fire of 1,449, and a list of injured of 5,654. Mr. Charles Whiting Baker, editor of the *Engineering News*, has reduced this to a gruesome statistical image. "The buildings consumed," he writes, "would line both sides of a street extending from New York to Chicago. A person journeying along this street of desolation would pass in every thousand feet a ruin from which an injured person was taken. At every three quarters of a mile in this journey he would encounter the charred remains of a human being who had been burned to death." Since 1903 five fires alone — the Collingwood schoolhouse, the Boyertown moving-picture show, the Iroquois Theater in Chicago, and the steamer *General Slocum* and the Asch Building in New York — give a total of more than 2,100 deaths! This is barbarism. What was merely a national waste has become a national shame.

And — human nature being substantially the same thing in America as it is in Europe — those who are in a position to know place the blame upon our criminally lax fire laws, and upon the criminally bad construction of our buildings. "Most of the building laws now in force," reports the Chief Inspector of the Fire Prevention Bureau of St. Louis, "are inadequate and obsolete." And he is echoed by every fire chief, fire commissioner, and underwriting authority throughout the country. There is the same unanimity as to the remedy. In place of fire-fighting, heroic and inefficient, we need the quiet and effective methods of prevention. "New York is paying $8,000,000 for the maintenance of its fire department," said ex-Chief Croker recently, "and about $15,000 a year to prevent fires!" In that lies the whole situation. Modern medicine takes all its broad and vital value from its power to prevent disease. What civilized country now waits for its citizens to develop smallpox or cholera or yellow fever? Fires ought properly to be regarded as so many cases of a malignant disease, a disease fearfully contagious. In uncivilized countries certain diseases are *endemic*. In Yunnan, for instance, there is always bubonic plague; the natives have come to think of it as a natural thing. For about fifty years fire has been endemic in America.

Nor is it any matter of having to wait for the proper serum or anti-toxin to be discovered. The fire disease has long ago had its Pasteur and Koch. The New York tenement was once unsurpassed as a fire-trap; but for ten years a "new model" has been compulsory, and the first loss of life by fire in it has yet to be recorded. The "picker-room" of a New England cotton-mill was formerly held to be, as a fire risk, about the equivalent of a badly protected powder magazine. But now New England cotton-mills, "picker-rooms" and all, can buy their insurance more cheaply than the palaces of our Newport millionaires. It is not so long since the breaking out of fire on shipboard meant almost certainly the destruction of the ship; and cotton was the most dangerous of all bulk cargoes. Baled cotton is still inflammable; iron bands still chafe together, and the "spontaneous combustion" gases still accumulate. All modern ships carry cotton, some of them representing a value of ten millions of dollars, and there are few long voyages in which fires do not break out at some time in one of the cotton holds. But the very heat they generate at once starts the machinery that puts them out again.

We have the preventive medicine for fire. It can be administered by the youngest civil engineer out of the institute of technology. And the same logic which has compelled government, through its boards of health,— municipal, State, and federal,— to take up the practice of one sort of preventive medicine must in the end bring it to take up the practice of the other. In the meantime, much can be accomplished by the individual.

In a series of articles to follow, this magazine proposes, with the help of the best authorities obtainable, to show what the fire disease now is, what its outbreaks mean, and how upon every kind of fire we can most easily write the word "prevented."

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Ten Pieces of Silver

by Lucille Baldwin Van Slyke

Author of "The Rug of Her Fathers," "The Tooth of Antar," etc.

Illustrations by Wladyslaw T. Benda

FATHER SHISKIM'S little sitting-room, shabby and comfortable, was filled with the chatter of women's voices. Umn Salim, who kept house for the venerable priest, and Umn Fâris, her neighbor, were smoking nargileh together. They were shaking their heads dolefully over a rare bit of gossip. Umn Fâris had heard that day the rumor that had set all the Syrian women in Dix Street babbling — that some fellow countrywoman had parted with what should have been her dearest treasure, her "pieces of silver," that curious little chain of coins peculiar to the Oriental woman.

Awe thrilled their voices as they talked; for well did these old women know the meaning of the marriage coins, emblematic of the ancient law that allowed the bride ten pieces of her dowry money, and well they knew the superstitious terror that the loss of even a single coin meant to the loser. Yet somewhere in this land of their adoption was a woman who had lost or sold her treasure, and pretty Molly Connors, the Irish saloonkeeper's daughter, was carelessly wearing the once significant coins as a bracelet on her freckled wrist.

"Alas!" moaned Umn Fâris, in dismal Arabic, "what is to become of our people! In this land we forget our most precious heritage! It is disgraceful that the daughter of a heathen innkeeper should flaunt a thing so sacred — jingling it as a child does a toy!"

Umn Salim sucked thoughtfully at the amber mouthpiece of the pipe.

"It is as you say, neighbor," she made answer gravely. "In the land of our fathers this would not have happened. Jealously should we guard our bridal treasure. For 'what woman having ten pieces of silver, if she lose one piece, doth not light a candle, and sweep the house, and seek diligently till she find it?' Yet, in this land, all customs mean naught to the foolish younger generations — their destruction will fall upon their own heads."

"'Two ravens sat on a limb and croaked,'" teased a guttural voice from the doorway.

Umn Salim looked quickly, a little frown of annoyance wrinkling her usually placid face.

"Umn Fâris," she said, with gentle Oriental courtesy, "heed not the rudeness of a saucy one who came only a year since from Syria. This is a child of my sister; she was born on a Christmas day, and named therefrom Miladeh — too great rejoicing spoiled her. Miladeh Khouri, give greeting to my good neighbor, Umn Fâris."

The sturdy little figure in the doorway made the Syrian gesture of greeting with mock dignity. She might have been a child or a woman, such an odd mixture of youthful impudence and womanly poise had she. She wore a gown of messy pink, ludicrously stylish, that had evidently been discarded by some more mature wearer, and her brown wrists jingled with much brassy jewelry as she salaamed. The wiry black hair grew unprettily low on her swarthy forehead; but her eyes were dusky and lovely, and her teeth flashed in deliciously impish laughter.

"Oxcuse," she answered, in the prettily guttural English that she knew would perplex them. "I deed nod ondestan' thad you haf so beeg a swell een here." She plumped herself beside them and snatched the mouthpiece of the pipe from her aunt's fingers, puffing long and contentedly. "Thees ees nod styleesch," she sighed, "but — gee, eet ees nice!"

"What dost thou in Brooklyn?" demanded Umn Salim, in ponderous Arabic.

Miladeh yawned elaborately.

"Notheeng — I haf no othaire where to go. Meesis Haddad — she don' want me aroun' no more."

Umn Salim broke into a chatter of cyclonic abuse. Miladeh was a sore trial to the usually

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"THE STURDY LITTLE FIGURE IN THE DOORWAY MADE THE SYRIAN GESTURE OF GREETING"

calm woman. No sooner did she think her niece industriously working in a factory and safely stowed in a household near by than some new disturbance arose, either in shop or boarding-place, that sent the mischievous girl back to her reluctant guardian.

"You dare come tell me such news again?" she scolded in shrill Arabic. "Of a truth, bad cuckoos always crowd in good birds' nests, and lazy jackals never kill their own prey!"

"I ees no cuckoo," laughed Miladeh; "I ees no jackal — I haf nod lose my job thees time. Me, I ees makin' five doll'rs a week" — she jingled her purse craftily. "Leesten ad th' song of th' coin!"

Umn Salim sighed with relief, but continued her grumbling in a lower key.

"No good comes with you, I dare say," she muttered. "I am ashamed to ask the good father to shelter you again; you are too wicked a one to dwell in the house of a priest."

Miladeh shrugged her shoulders.

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"La, la!" she laughed. "Don' you care. He can preach ad me — he leekes thad — eet ees hees business!"

Umn Salim lifted her hands in Oriental disgust.

"The impudence of the young in this day," she cried to her neighbor, "*shu b'amal fih?* [what shall we do about it?]"

Umn Fâris shook her lean old head.

"I know not," she answered. "I have five grandchildren; they stay all day in the gutter — soon they will be as impertinent as that one."

Miladeh's laugh rippled out impishly at this thrust.

"Would thad nod geet th' goat!" she taunted.

Umn Fâris' dark eyes flashed.

"Like you, they learn impudence from Americans," she retorted, and rocked herself angrily. "They scorn our own people — they frolic only with heathen."

Her passionate outburst made Umn Salim forget her own wrath; she settled herself comfortably, her dark eyes twinkling with amusement at her lean old neighbor.

"Friend of my youth," teased Umn Salim, "if thy grandchildren were frolicking with the angels, thy pride would complain of the unfitness of the angels." She puffed contemplatively at the mouthpiece until the water bubbled high in the pipe. "Why do they not play with the children of Umn Antar?" she asked idly. "Nazli, she is a good child, and Antar" — she chuckled as she imitated little Nazileh Sewaya's halting English, "he ees th' mos' bes' nice babee een Ameerca!"

Her neighbor nodded a grudging agreement.

"They are good children," she admitted, "but Antar — he is too small to run about, and Nazli" — she shrugged her shoulders meaningly — "I taught the lazy little thing to make lace for her mother, so she has no time to sport in the gutter like my grandchildren."

"Thad leetle owl I see las' spring dancin' een th' sunlight?" interrupted Miladeh. "Ah, you ma-ak me tired! She ees onlee a babee — she should nod work!"

"The poor must live," answered Umn Fâris sententiously. "Their children must learn toil early."

Miladeh sprang up angrily, her bracelets jingling as she gestured.

"Thad ees th' weesdom of fools!" she cried. "Eef thad they toil — th' leetle ones — they ees no mor' sheeldren. Me I know; toil haf made me ole leeke thee! — 'Ow mooch thad leetle one earn?" she asked abruptly.

Umn Fâris' eyes narrowed as she made the slow reckoning.

"Three doll'rs a week," she answered in English.

Miladeh caught up the dilapidated baggage she had dumped on the floor when she entered.

"Ah!" she breathed, her teeth flashing in good humor, "thees ees a ceench! Me — I go to be thees Meesis Sewaya's boarder — so thad Nazli need work no more."

Umn Salim lifted her hands in dismay.

"Miladeh," she made quick protest, "thees weel nod do! Leila Sewaya, she ees gentle born — she weel be offen' — she ees ver' proud!"

"Eet ees onlee fools who ees proud!" scolded Miladeh, her thick lips pouted in disgust. "Eef she ees a fool — me, I don' care — " The bag thumped heavily on the floor. "I hate fools! I goin' to stay righd here."

For an anxious moment Umn Salim considered; then she reached for a shawl to hide the gay *uka* that covered her curly gray hair.

"Oxcuse thad I go," she murmured politely to Umn Fâris; "I mus' go ask Umn Antar" — she was smiling triumphantly at her own diplomacy — "eef she weel be so keend to watch ovaire thees bothersom' gee-url for me."

Miladeh laughed.

"Thou art a wise one!" she answered in admiring Arabic, but slipped easily back to her adopted language. "Tell her I goin' to pay one doll'r to be a sleepin' boar-rder," she added shrewdly, "or thr-ree doll'rs to be a eatin'-sleepin' boar-rder. Hustl' me there!" She turned back to fling a taunting good-by to Umn Fâris. "Farewell, ole raven! Onless you weesch to come along to see me throw th' lace of thad babee, Nazli, cento th' street!"

She chattered brusquely on the way, boasting of what she would do in her new abiding-place in a manner that made Umn Salim shake her head dubiously. But, when they stood in the bare room where the gentle Leila lifted her tired eyes from her work to greet them, and the shy nine-year-old Nazileh rose with a pretty gesture of welcome, Miladeh's sharp eyes softened and the harshness of her voice melted. And, while her aunt explained their business with elaborate courtesy, the girl stooped suddenly to pick up the wee Antar and kiss him with Oriental extravagance. Over his fat shoulders she lifted pleading eyes to his mother.

"Eef thad you let me stay," she half whispered, "me — I goin' to be ver' nice."

Leila, breathless and wondering, answered her sweetly: "Eet ees honor you do me."

Miladeh flung herself at the little widow's feet.

"Eet ees no honor," she confessed humbly,

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"Me — I ees a ver' bad one! Nobodee wants me! I laugh all times — ver' mooch noise I ma-ak — an' I haf lovaires — all wan' to marry weeth me! Sometimes ladees' husban's" — she added it naïvely — "where thad I board ees ma-ak lovin's on me — me, I ees always mooch troubles!"

Leila put her slender, toil-worn hand on Miladeh's heaving shoulders.

"Art thou good, Miladeh?" she whispered.

Miladeh smiled back proudly.

"I am good," she boasted in Arabic; "I am good because I am wise; I have wisdom in my heart, and therefore I am good." She sprang up, laughing once more. "Go along home," she commanded her aunt; "here will I dwell."

And, when the farewells were said, she ran along the hallway to shout a last bit of impudence after her retreating relative.

"Sa-ay," she shrieked, "tell thad ole raven, Umn Fâris, to come see me! Tell her to ask my styleesch Ameercan name here — eet ees nod goin' to be Miladeh any more — eet ees Meelly Khelly!"

The coming of "Meelly Khelly," undoubtedly a decided relief from a financial standpoint, was not an unmitigated source of joy to the Sewaya household. To be sure, she made the room gay with her droll Oriental versions of popular songs and the bits of finery that she strewed about, in reckless defiance of Antar's mischievous fingers; but she teased them all inveterately with crude practical jokes that made them angrily bewildered. To her credit was the fact that she was not at all finical about her sleeping quarters — a somewhat rickety cot purchased from the "Jew second-hander" — or the rather slender and undainty provender that the larder afforded. But Abu Asaad, the children's old grandfather, who dwelt in the house next door, shook his head forebodingly.

"She is of a Bedouin people," he said; "no good comes ever of wanderers."

"La, la!" laughed Milly impudently, overhearing him from the doorway. "Th' geepsy — th' devil nevaire geets her — she dance too fast!" And she began to shake herself in a queer Oriental dance, snapping her fingers derisively under Abu Asaad's beard.

"Croak leeke a frog, ole man!" she ended impertinently. "Thy daughtaire would go all sc-masch eef I deed nod boss thees joint!"

But after the old man had departed, sputtering maledictions on her saucy head, Miladeh sat meekly at Leila's feet to make her peace with his daughter-in-law.

"Do nod scold," she coaxed sweetly. "Thees Antar" — she waved her hand toward the sleeping baby — "he ees so smar-rt thad thad ole man, hees grandsire, seem fooleesch."

And, when Leila would not smile, Miladeh sighed with mock grief that ended in the delicious giggle, and settled herself cross-legged.

"Watch mageek worked," she commanded Nazileh. "Play thad I ees a good speerit thad work charms."

She pulled some wonderful bits of red and yellow leather from her left stocking-top, leather that she had smuggled from the factory where she spent her days embroidering Turkish slippers. And, while Nazileh watched excitedly, the girl pulled out from the other stocking-top some puffy silk pompoms and bits of gold thread, and began to make darling little shoes, with straggling A's on their cunning curved toes, for Antar. Nazileh grew breathless with joy as the shoes neared completion, and flung her arms around the boarder's neck with extravagant caresses.

"Miladeh — Meelly Khelly!" she cried, "you haf angel fingers an' a heart of gold!"

"I haf weesdom!" corrected Miladeh proudly; "eef thad I haf nod, you would still sit all day doin' lace, and now —— "

"Now I go out weeth thad nice babee," sighed Nazileh happily. "Ah," — she paused to run across the room to embrace her mother,— "ees eet nod bad, my mothaire — those days that I mighd nod go play?"

Leila nodded her head, but she sighed heavily; even in these days of comparative financial security, some hidden burden seemed to crush the little woman.

"Ah, me! I ees boss thees joint ver' good — eh?" cried Miladeh, her bracelets jingling gaily. "An' let me tole you more. We ees goin' to move ad those nice rooms downstairs, Leila; then Antar may play een th' door-yard, while you watch an' work een th' weendow. An' thad rent — *poof* — eet weel be one doll'r less!" And, while they chattered together at this startling but agreeable arrangement, a peremptory knock startled them.

A burly figure blocked the doorway, the big Irish bulk of Tim O'Brien, the once dreaded "collec' man."

"I called for th' rint," he began pompously.

Nazileh ran for the little knitted purse, proud that it held more than enough coins. She cast a triumphant glance at her mother. But the little woman would not smile. She arose timorously and began speaking to the visitor in low, pleading tones, lifting her hands in Oriental supplication and bending her head meekly.

Miladeh and Nazileh could not hear what she was saying — indeed, Nazileh could not com-

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"SHE BEGAN TO SHAKE HERSELF IN A QUEER ORIENTAL DANCE, SNAPPING HER FINGERS DERISIVELY UNDER ABU ASAAD'S BEARD"

prehend her mother's terror; but the older girl watched shrewdly, frowning a little while she tried to listen. She looked very pretty, this dusky daughter of the East, sitting in a little Oriental huddle with the bits of scarlet and gold about her. Tim O'Brien had already spied her and was staring greedily over Umn Antar's shoulders.

Leila struggled on with her shyness, her great desire, and her scanty English, all in vain.

"I don't know what it is you want, ma'am," lied Tim carelessly; "here is your rint receipt, so hush up, will ye? An' give me a chance to speak to th' quane of th' harem over there!"

The astute little "quane of th' harem" sprang up suddenly from the pretty litter about her, and walked boldly to the doorway. First she flung a few sharp sentences in Arabic at her trembling friend; she nodded meaningly at the faltering answers, and then she turned her great dark eyes upon the waiting man.

"You say you do nod ondestan'?" she de-

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manded. "Yes, you do, you beeg Ireescher. You know whad Meesis Sewaya ees sayin' — she ees beg thad you geeve her thad theeng thad she haf geeve you las' winter, thad day thad she haf nod th' rent monee for you — an' she ees tryin' to geeve thad monee now, so thad you geeve her thad theeng which you haf!"

Tim actually stammered under her sharp scrutiny.

"I did have th' matter of some bangles off her," he admitted. "But I haven't thim now; me lady frien' has thim."

And, when he backed away from the door five minutes later, he was blinking with surprise and speechless for the first time in his quick-witted life. For Miladeh Khouri had given him his first glimpse of Oriental rage. She had berated him in all the languages at her command,— Arabic, Syriac-Arabic, broken French, and slangy "Ameercan Engleesch," — and she ended tempestuously with curses on his "blood-red hair" and slammed the door in his astounded face. Then, before he had reached the bottom of the stairs, she opened it a bit to fling a last taunt at him.

"Come around next time downstair," she shrieked. "We goin' to live where we can watch you, you beeg fool! An' you ask me for thad rent next time — me — I ees th' boss of thees joint! An' I ees goin' to sc-masch you — eef you geet frees-ch weeth me!"

The frightened Leila was crouching in the corner.

"Miladeh! Miladeh!" she wailed, "I was mad to part with my treasure! And now you will tell your aunt! And all women will know how wicked a woman is Leila. Umn Antar! — who lets her great treasure escape her! Whose 'pieces of silver' adorn the betrothed of a wicked foreigner!"

Miladeh patted her gently.

"Be a good spor-rt, my Leila!" she laughed lightly. "Nobodee ees know thees, onlee Meelly Khelly, an' she ees nod goin' to tell! An' eet ees th' mos' sure theeng you know" — she paused impressively — "thad she weel geet th' goods back!"

"But 'ow?" queried Leila weakly, slipping into Miladeh's vernacular English. "Me — I haf try all ways. Thees man weel nod leesten; he onlee eensult me." She beat her breast mournfully and ended in Arabic: "Disgrace is upon me!"

The sturdy little boarder caught Nazileh's two hands in hers and began to dance lightly about the room.

"Smile again; thy mother is scared of shadows," she comforted the frightened child. "Laugh again and teach her this song. From a wise woman in a desert I learned it, before ever I came unto a foolish land."

And, while they danced, she laughed until the child laughed too, and even Leila smiled faintly; for Miladeh was singing in Arabic, her voice rising and falling in shrill minor cadences; and she sang:

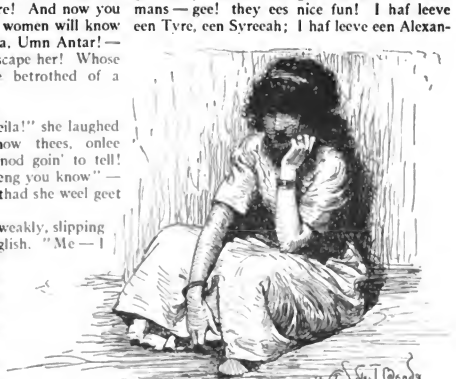
"Conciliation, weapon of the wise!
Wheedled wherewith by woman's quick device
Man often lets his ears betray his eyes!
Hola! Hola!
Hola! For the craft of woman!"

She snapped her fingers contemptuously.

"Whad ees thees Teemee-oó-breen?" she demanded, when the dance had stopped for lack of breath. "Jus' a red-hair Ireescher weeth hair leeke a parrot's weengs. Me — I don' care a damn for heem!"

In the days that followed, the coming of the "collec' man" rapidly lost its terror for Nazileh. For, to her intense mystification, the once dreaded being became merely one more of "Meelly Khelly's ker-rushes." Her gentle mother was much hurt at this state of affairs. But, whenever she tried to remonstrate with the flirtatious boarder, the amazing creature would laugh derisively.

"You say thad I know he ees a bad men?" she would answer nonchalantly. "Leesten ad me, Leila. Thad ees th' fun of eet! No ge-url geets any funs weeth good mans; but bad mans — gee! they ees nice fun! I haf leeve een Tyre, een Syreeah; I haf leeve een Alexan-



"THIS DUSKY DAUGHTER OF THE EAST SITTING IN A LITTLE ORIENTAL HUDDLE"

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dria, Egeept; I haf leeve een Washin'ton Street, N' York, an' een thees land of Br-rooklyn; an' I haf know many mans, but the good ones ees nod any fun! Th' bad ones — me, I lofe to geet them mad! La, la! I geet them crazee. They say, 'Marry weeth me!' But me, I say I nod goin' to be marry ladee — I goin' to be a suffergeet!"

Nazileh caught at her last words wonderingly.

"Whad ees suffergeet, Meelly?"

"La, la!" laughed Miladeh. "You nod know whad suffergeets ees? Suffergeets ees ladies whad bite p'leecemans, so thad p'leecemans ees put theem een chails; an' when thad they ees coome out, they ees make a beeg circus weeth theemself an' walk een Fee'th Ave'," — Miladeh marched militantly up and down the little room, waving an imaginary banner,— "yellin', 'Votes for womans!'"

"But whad ees votes?" Nazileh demanded. "Whad ees votes for womans?"

Miladeh stopped. She shrugged her shoulders artlessly.

"Me, I nod know," she confessed naïvely; "but eet sound ver' swell eef you holler eet, Nazli. An' they ees nevaire haf to wor-rk, nevaire geet marry, jus' walk aroun'," — she resumed her mock parade, her dark eyes shining with fun, — "yellin', 'Geeve us righds! Votes for womans!'"

The little girl giggled merrily.

"You can nod be suffergeet, Meelly Khelly," she teased. "Th' collec' man, thad oncle of Tommee-oó-breen, he say he ees goin' to marry weeth you."

Miladeh wrinkled her nose.

"Sa-ay, Nazli," she admonished, "don' you believe eet! I nod goin' to be such a beeg fool — but I need heem een my business."

She put on her gaudy American hat and rouged her swarthy cheeks and chuckled diabolically.

"Me — I goin' out by th' front step," she announced. "They ees a whole bunch of kerrushes waitin' to jolly weeth me. Eet ees good we leeve downstair now, Leila; you weel haf a free seat ad th' show!"

But Umn Antar sighed anxiously as she listened to the noisy mirth outside her window. Most of Miladeh's suitors were her own countrymen, black-eyed sons of the desert; and though they looked very innocent in their New York finery of starch and neckwear, Leila worried much, for she knew that they still lived by the code of the desert, and that many a modern pocket hid an ancient old-world knife. Nazileh leaned beside her mother, ogling delightedly at the little group on the door-step.

"Miladeh — Meelly Khelly," she giggled, "she talk weeth many a beeg swell; but me, I jus' talk weeth one leedle swell — Antar Sewaya." She leaned back to tuck the sleeping baby in his rug. "Some ladees," she murmured drowsily, for she too was very sleepy, "they leeke beeg bad mans — but me, I leeke jus' one good leedle one!"

Her head rested lightly on the window-sill.

"Miladeh — she ees say good-by ad all those Syrian mans," she announced; "th' oncle of Tommee-oó-breen — he alone talks weeth her."

Leila's eyes flashed. "Miladeh ees a fool!" she said.

"Miladeh ees ver' lovin' weeth heem," reported Nazileh; "she ees lovin' hees hand — look out an' see, my mothaire."

But Leila would not look. She held her head very proudly.

"Watch for star children," she commanded, abruptly changing the subject. "Count them for their moon mother — to-night she may be too busy." And Nazileh quite forgot the loving pair on the door-step in her eagerness to play with the stars.

But Leila could not forget them, although she could not hear what they were saying as they chatted together in a queer patter of slang.

"Ho, ho!" gurgled Miladeh, "Meester Teemee-oó-breen! You ees say lovings weeth me — an' you haf a sweethear-rt off your own people!"

Tim squirmed uneasily, but he could not drag his gaze away from the fascinating little Oriental who smiled at him in the twilight.

"I've give her th' go-by," he stammered, "an' all for ye — ye little quane of th' harem!"

"But you ees nod a good spor-rt!" she taunted him. "You haf nod th' nerve to geet thad charm off her!" She leaned artfully toward him, her dark eyes shining alluring in the violet and green gleaming of the corner arc light. "You deed nod dare do thad, deed you, Meester Teemee-oó-breen?" she whispered.

"But I did," answered Tim proudly, his tones growing boastful. "An' I let her down aisy-like, too, tellin' her I heard how it was onlucky!" He nudged Miladeh slyly. "An' now do I git me kiss — hain't there somethin' comin' to me for me cuteness?"

Miladeh drew a long, sighing breath; her eyes narrowed shrewdly until the dusky lashes almost hid their exotic glitter.

"You ees ver' cute, Teemee-oó-breen," she murmured, "but me — I do nod believe you! I guess you ees bluffin'." She mouthed her words quaintly and her voice was seductively sweet. "I mighd leeve een Meesouri some day — so you haf to show me!"

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"'MEELLY KHELLY,' NAZILEH CRIED, 'YOU HAF ANGEL FINGERS AN' A HEART OF GOLD!'"

Tim laughed delightedly at her absurd use of slang.

"'Nd a fool I'd be to hand it you, if you're that crazy about it," he teased. "I'll show it to ye, ye wheedler, but I'll not give it ye — not till I've something in exchange." His blue eyes crinkled with fun as he pulled the queer chain of jingling coins from his pocket, to dangle them before her. "What do I get?" he chuckled.

Her hands flashed upward, the shining trinket slipped from his fingers, and, before he could realize what had happened, the heavy outer door had slammed between them. Her gruff little voice, faintly muffled, sounded far away through the thick panels, but he heard the words distinctly.

"You don' geet notheeng," she cried triumphantly; "you jus' geet fooled, Meester Teemee-oó-breen!"

At first he shook the door carelessly. He was laughing like a child who is balked in some delicious game of pursuit. But, after he had pounded and called several times in vain, his mirthful chuckle died away. The unyielding door and the remembered echo of her impish laughter infuriated him. The longer he strug-

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gled with the closed door, the angrier he grew. Suddenly he threw his great bulk against it, and stumbled inward as the lock gave way.

His eyes burned hotly as he groped along the dark hallway.

In her eagerness to return the treasure to Leila, Miladeh had forgotten to fasten the inner door. The light shone faintly through its crevices; it pushed open easily.

At first they were too intent to observe him. He was vaguely aware of the sleeping children; he saw the coins gleaming on Leila's dusky hair, and Miladeh bending over her, laughing softly but exultantly.

Leila's tremulous voice made him pause.

"An' thees ees my own?" she faltered, lifting the shining coins from her forehead, that she might feast her eyes upon them. "Thad man — he weel geeve theem back?"

Miladeh put a reassuring hand on the woman's shaking shoulders.

"Sures' theeng you know," she murmured. "Eet ees th' — " And then she paused abruptly, for she saw that the door was open. The menace of his clenched fists and the glitter of his angry eyes made her heart cold with dread. For the first time in her reckless life she was afraid, really afraid, of a man she had mocked. She drew a long breath, and let her hand rest more firmly on the shoulders of the woman, who still saw nothing save her recovered treasure.

"Eet ees th' sures' theeng thad eet ees your own," she went on bravely; "thad Meester Teemee-oó-breen, he don' want eet any more. He ees a ver' kind man — " The man's angry eyes narrowed, and the frightened girl let the attempted cajolery die away unfinished.

In her desperate need, she reached stealthily toward the table for a cigarette, never taking her eyes from the doorway. Her hand was steady, she seemed quite calm; but she breathed tempestuously when she drew her first breath of smoke, and she let it drift away before she tried to speak. Her superb audacity kept him silent; twice he opened his lips to pour forth his fast diminishing rage, but her steady gaze still kept him speechless. Then, very slowly, never taking her eyes from his, she began to cross the room.

"Thad Meester Teemee-oó-breen," she was drawling deliciously, as if for idle gossip, but her deep voice was vibrant with strength, "he ees nod goin' to tell hees sweethear-rt, Mees Mawlee Connor, 'ow beeg a fool ees he — me, I ees nod goin' to tell her — she would nod theenk eet a funnee joke ——"

The sturdy little figure was quite close to the doorway now. Suddenly her dark eyes shifted; they looked beyond Tim O'Brien and through the opened street door. Her lips parted and she smiled.

"Ameercan ge-url," she drawled coolly, "she ees sometime 'fraid of beeg mad Ireescher man; but Syreean ge-url, she jus' look out een street an' see beeg p'leeceman, an' she — laugh!"

She had reached the door at last, and pushed it shut weakly, leaning breathlessly against the closed panels, straining her ears to hear what might come from without.

"Aha, Tim!" teased a rollicking voice, "were ye courtin' th' quane o' th' harem again? 'Nd how's herself?"

For a full moment the big man stared at his friend without answering; he was trembling, and he rubbed his forehead as one who brushes away a grotesque dream. He put out his hand and steadied himself against the matter-of-fact buttons and the familiar blue coat.

"Th' quane o' th' harem's all right, Denny," he said thickly, "but she's not for th' loikes of you nor me, Denny. Th' Lord made Mollie Connorses for us, lad, I'm thinking, for, whisper," — Tim's senses came back to him with a rush of Irish whimsy as he watched his friend's big smile,— "thim harem ge-urls, they's too wise to men!"

Inside the door, Miladeh slipped weakly to the floor at the comforting sound of their laughter. By the table the little widow was swaying, clasping her treasure to her heart and murmuring over and over in the musical speech of her people, "Rejoice with me, for I have found the piece I had lost!"

Hysteria swept over the sturdy little figure on the door-sill.

"Nix on thad joy song, Leila," she ordered, half laughing, half crying. "I ees all een. Me, I don' leeke thees bad man een Ameerca — *they geet too damn mad for me!*"

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"WHEN A MAN MARRIES"

SELECTION AND HEREDITY AS THEY APPLY TO THE INDIVIDUAL

BY

E. T. BREWSTER

[This article is a discussion of certain points suggested by Mrs. Merrick's "John and Simon Newcomb: The Story of a Father and Son"]

MANY a reader of the delightful idyl in the issue of this magazine for October, 1910, must have wondered in what wise the father of Professor Simon Newcomb would have selected a mother for that eminent man of science, if he had had our modern knowledge of genetics. John Newcomb was a believer in phrenology. But phrenology, despite its popular following, never had any respectable scientific standing. Now, of course, we know it to be, from top to bottom, utterly absurd. Nevertheless, John Newcomb, on the basis of a bad theory, picked out a good wife. It becomes, then, an important practical question, in what way, in this year of grace, might a young man, equally open-minded and serious, having at his command all the new science of the last ten years, proceed to select his wife?

Curiously enough, so wise a young man of this period would act virtually as the country schoolmaster of the 1830's did — but he would give a totally different reason for it. For, in the first place, on one fundamental point John Newcomb deceived himself. He thought he was taking a wife whose qualities were diametrically opposite to his own; in reality, husband and wife were fundamentally alike.

The Folly of Phrenological Courtship

Newcomb reasoned that, because he chanced to have a long nose, straight eyebrows, low forehead, long skull, and straight hair, his wife ought to have a short nose, arched eyebrows, high forehead, round skull, and curly hair. In this he was altogether wrong. Certain of these features are in certain cases signs of race, and for that reason are sometimes important to the anthropologist. But, in a mixed stock like our own, any one of these features may occur with any other, and none of them has any particular significance. In America and northwestern Europe, the configuration of a man's head has little more significance than has the cut of his beard.

As a matter of fact, in spite of all our folklore concerning broad foreheads and wide-set eyes, most of us do most of our thinking in a somewhat restricted area over the left ear. At least, when anything happens to that portion of the brain, we suddenly and permanently stop thinking. But, since some men think farther up toward the top of the head, and some farther round toward the back, while persons who are naturally left-handed do their thinking on the right side of the head, the commonly reputed signs of character and ability are for the most part negligible.

John Newcomb, therefore, chose a wife whose differences were not of the least consequence, but whose likenesses to him were of the most fundamental and important sort. She was of the same stock, but not of the same village, of much the same station in life, with the same standards and ideals. A modern scientific John Newcomb would have fallen in love with the same woman — and then given precisely the opposite reason for it.

Most Men and Women Marry Persons Like Themselves

Fortunately, in spite of a common impression to the contrary, a native impulse drives men

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and women to marry persons like themselves. Karl Pearson, of the University of London, and his assistants, have made an elaborate study of this tendency — a study based on some thousands of couples, and conducted by a mathematical analysis of the data, an analysis so elaborate that few non-mathematical persons have been able either to follow his reasoning or to realize the importance of his conclusions. Pearson devised a means of computing accurately the degree to which any two objects tend to resemble each other — father and son, for example, two fingers of the same hand, any portion of the arm and the corresponding part of the leg. Not to go too far into detail, Pearson found that English husbands and wives are slightly more alike, on the average, than are great-grandparents and great-grandchildren, and slightly less alike than uncle and niece or than first cousins. In mental and moral qualities, though these can not be accurately measured, the resemblance is probably much closer; so that husband and wife, in these respects, may well be about as much alike as brother and sister.

An earlier and better known investigation of Galton's showed that English statesmen, soldiers, judges, divines, men of science, oarsmen, and wrestlers have married into one another's families to such an extent that the special talents of each son are in no small degree an inheritance from his maternal grandfather. After all, most of us marry our friends' sisters or our sisters' friends, and so get wives of our own sort — to the very considerable advantage of the body politic.

Why a Man Should Marry in His Own Class

For a modern state has no use for average men. A useful citizen must be big enough to handle freight, or brave enough for the police or fire department, or patient enough to keep books, or stupid enough to dig contentedly in the ditch, or able enough to sit behind a manager's desk. Society needs specialized types — one sort of man to build a skyscraper, quite a different sort to work in it afterward; one kind of man is suited for the locomotive cab, another for the director's chair. One equally well fitted for all these occupations would be of little use in any.

It is, then, a fortunate impulse that inclines men and women toward others of their own sort, and thus reinforces their special talents in their children. A man should range far for his acquaintances, but he should marry in his own class.

In one other respect, also, John Newcomb builded better than, as a believer in phrenology, he presumably knew. He chose a wife whose admirable qualities ran in her family. She was, then, not an exception to the general run of her relatives, but, on the whole, a fair average sample of them. This is important, not for the wife herself — her virtues are her own — but for the sake of her children. The chances that any child will inherit a parent's qualities are just doubled when these qualities, in addition to appearing in the individual man or woman, run also in the parent's family.

This principle is known as Galton's law. In fuller form, it is that, of the total inheritance of any living being, plant, animal, or man, each parent has contributed a quarter, each of the four grandparents a sixteenth, each of the eight great-grandparents a sixty-fourth, and so on; while the influence of each generation is just equal to that of all the generations that have preceded it.

Taking Risks in Grandparents

The principle is of much practical importance. Let Mr. A, an able man of an able family, marry Miss B, of like endowments. All the little Masters and Misses A should, barring accidents, grow up to be a credit to their parents. But suppose that Mr. A marries beneath him. Miss C is personally the equal of Miss B, but her family is a poor lot. Now, a quarter of the little A's will be stupid or vicious, or in some way or other unable to keep step with the rest. Or suppose a family, otherwise excellent, has one black sheep in it. If the delinquent is a parent of husband or wife, they are taking a one-to-sixteen risk of a like blemish in each of their own flock — a serious hazard, sometimes, for a prudent man. On the other hand, the influence of a parent's grandfather, counting for only one part in sixty-four, may reasonably be chanced.

Dr. Frederick Adams Woods, of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, has applied Galton's law to the royal families of Europe. Such-and-such a royal personage,— runs his study,— having such-and-such ancestors, married So-and-so. They should, therefore, out of so many children, have so many stupid, so many depraved, so many crazy, so many mediocre, able, gifted, red-haired, Hapsburg-lipped or Bourbon-souled; and such, with monotonous uniformity, they have turned out to be. The theoretic prediction comes true in about ninety per cent of the cases — which is quite as good a guess as can be made for to-morrow's weather.

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In short, then, a modern scientific John Newcomb, not too much in love, who looks to joy in his children as well as to happiness in his wife, will seek rather to reinforce his own good qualities than to supplement his own deficiencies. On the whole, the more alike husband and wife are the better, both as to individual qualities and as to family traits. The difference of sex alone is quite sufficient to add spice to life.

No Reason Why First Cousins Should Not Marry

If the two young people happen to be so much alike as to be related, even as nearly as first cousins, there is no harm done, provided, of course, that the common stock is a sound one. The idea that two cousins, both entirely fitted to marry at all, should not marry each other, is sheer superstition, for which modern science gives no warrant. Where, for example, in private life can one find a more admirable family group than that of the present ruler of Germany? And yet, the Hohenzollerns have so frequently married their near relatives that William II., though theoretically entitled to 4,096 ancestors of the twelfth generation, actually has only 533.

Cousins or strangers, then, serious-minded people, before they make the great adventure, may well reflect that all human qualities — contour of body, health, longevity, mental abilities, moral excellences, even handwriting — are strongly inherited. The individual counts for half, and the family counts for half; but, once two people have taken each other for better or for worse, the fate of their children is settled. Alcohol, alkaloids, and toxins may cut down their patrimony; no possible effort can in the least increase it. "In the place where the tree falleth, there it shall be."

General opinion has it that babies are all pretty much alike; that we are born, if not free, at least equal; and that our formal education, our home training, our mother's wisdom, and our father's bank account, make us what we are. Modern science certainly lends no countenance to any such view. Babies are alike to the precise degree that seedlings are. They are somewhat indistinguishable as the first two leaves unfold. But one becomes an oak, still young and vigorous after a hundred years; another blossoms and dies in a summer. Normal children keep along pretty well together through the lower schools. The offspring of mediocre stocks stop growing at adolescence; the better endowed go on and become able men.

The Actual Parent Takes Himself Too Seriously

The actual parent, then, tends to take himself somewhat too seriously, the parent *in posse* not quite seriously enough. Every man of science who has taken up by exact methods the old case of nature against nurture has reached the conclusion that inheritance is the important matter, and that environment counts for comparatively little.

Thus Dr. Woods, in his study of heredity in royalty, proved that, contrary to the commonly received opinion, the trying environment of a prince's family has not the slightest effect on the qualities of the stock. Mad kings and wicked appear only when somebody marries a Hapsburg or a Bourbon wife.

Pearson studied the inheritance of English school-boys with respect to eye color, hair color, curliness or straightness of hair, head length, head breadth, head height, general health, muscular strength, skill at games, vivacity, assertiveness, tendencies toward introspection, popularity, conscientiousness, temper, general mental ability, and quality of handwriting. In all of these respects the boys tended to resemble other members of their families to almost precisely the same degree. Moreover, the strength of the likeness between parent and child in these various qualities proved to be just about the same as Pearson and others had already found for divers qualities of peas, poppies, horses, dogs, plant-lice, and water-fleas.

The conclusion is inevitable. All living things, from poppies and water-fleas to men, inherit from their progenitors to the same degree; and all qualities that are inherited at all are inherited to the same degree. Nobody pretends that any amount of thought can affect the color of our children's eyes. As little will it affect their native temper or their natural ability. It is a hard saying — but it takes a load of responsibility off the shoulders of the parent. Initial good judgment or good fortune in choosing a spouse will completely swamp any ordinary error of bringing up.

Ideally, then, as especially enlightened persons in a highly scientific age, we all ought to marry into the best-endowed families, and thus make sure that our children will be able and righteous and long-lived, a credit and a joy to their parents. Practically, alas, the best-endowed families are few; and their daughters, being also highly enlightened and scientific, decline to marry us. We find ourselves, in short, in the situation of the king in the nursery tale who searched the earth to find a princess

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who could bake pepper-nuts, only to discover that she had determined to wed no prince who could not play upon the jew's-harp. After all, a certain degree of congenital stupidity is the common lot of men; and, dreadful as may be a hereditary liability to disease, one must die of something. The most we can hope for as husbands or wives is that we shall reinforce our mild excellences in our children, and help them to dodge the gravest of our inborn faults.

With this most praiseworthy object in view, our hypothetical John Newcomb, whom we are supposing to be very scientific as to his ideas and very up-to-date as to his information, will give special heed to the truly remarkable studies of inheritance in plants, animals, and men that have been going on since the rediscovery of "Mendel's law" — since, let us say more exactly, the year 1902. Thanks to these, what was once an illimitable mystery is rapidly becoming an exact science. Witness, for example, our new spineless cactuses, seedless plums, frost-proof oranges, rust-proof wheats, wilt-resistant cabbages, our modern corns, bred for every desired proportion of gluten and starch, and the other scientific triumphs of Burbank, Biffin, Nilsson, and the United States Department of Agriculture.

Of all this new insight into the workings of heredity, nothing is of more practical value to a scientific young man in search of a wife than the so-called "presence-absence theory," a doctrine so recent that it has hardly yet taken final shape in the minds of its adherents.

Take, for example, that ancient and still unsolved puzzle, the inheritance of sex. Half of our ancestors were men, half were women. We, in about equal numbers, inherit completely from one set and completely ignore the other. Evidently, here is a definite, indivisible quality that each child takes from a single parent, all or nothing, like a watch or a piano. Current scientific opinion has it that the particular chromosome, enzym, or what not, which is the physical basis of this quality is borne by mothers only. These pass it on to their offspring, on a pure head-or-tail chance. Those children who happen to get the hereditary atom are girls; the rest are boys.

Impossible to Inherit the Lack of a Quality

Every month brings to light more cases of this type, in which two men, two plants, or two animals differ from each other, not because each possesses his own quality, but because one has the quality and the other has it not. Colored blossoms, for example, are caused by various pigments; but white blossoms do not have a white pigment — they simply have no coloring matter at all. Brown eyes are due to a pigment in the fibers of the iris. In blonds the pigment is wanting, entirely or in part, and the eye is blue for the same reason that the sky is. Our sweet corns have a wrinkled kernel because they lack the capacity, which the commoner sorts possess, to convert all their sugar into starch, and the water in the sugar dries out. A red sweet-pea differs from a purple in the absence of a blue pigment. Almost all brown-haired persons have more or less red pigment present also, but masked by the stronger color. In certain families the brown pigment has a way of skipping a generation. When it drops out, somebody has auburn locks or plain red hair. Waltzing-mice lack a portion of the inner ear. "Angora" sheep, cats, calves, or rabbits lack the "inhibitor" that should stop the growth of each hair at a fixed length. Men, as I have already pointed out, are probably males because they lack something that would have made them women.

All this is practically most important. One can inherit a quality: one can not inherit the absence of one. What either parent has will come to the children — to all of them if both grandparents had it also, to half of them if, like sex, it descends from only one. But the parent who hasn't something simply hasn't it, and that is all there is to be said. His children get it from the other side, or they go without it. Thus the children of a Spaniard married to a Swede are all brown-eyed; but the children of two congenital idiots are invariably idiotic.

Insanity and Consumption Not Inheritable

This is, I say, practically most important. Some objectionable characteristics are due to something added to the normal man or woman. Such, for example, are a tendency to extra fingers, liability to many diseases of the hair or skin, to night-blindness, presenile cataract, to *diabetes insipidus*, and to an especially serious form of St. Vitus' dance. An individual afflicted in any of these ways can never hope to mend matters by marrying into a sound family. The evil inheritance is there, and there it will remain. Fortunately, however, such disabilities are rarely carried latent. If they are there at all, they usually show; and two normal persons out of defective stocks should have all the descendants normal, even though they themselves are first cousins and the only sound members of either family.

Most departures from the normal condition, on the other hand, are due to an inherent lack.

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Such, for example, are albinism, deaf-mutism, hereditary imbecility, the liability to certain affections of the eyes, to respiratory and other diseases, to some types of insanity, and to the milder nervous diseases. These defects, unlike the other sort, tend to disappear quickly when their victims marry into sound families. The insane or consumptive parent passes on no actual disease; he merely fails to contribute the full measure of disease resistance, and the other parent has to make it up. Fortunately, an inheritance from either parent is usually very much more than half as good as an inheritance from both. Often, so far as the children are concerned, it is practically as good; though, if these marry unwisely, the difference may show in the grandchildren. Indeed, it is by no means impossible that the reason for having two parents is based on precisely this capacity of a well-endowed parent to do considerably more than average up with a deficient one.

The worst of abnormalities of this sort is that, unlike the other sort, they may be carried latent, so that an individual apparently sound may really not be quite up to the mark. When, therefore, husband and wife, though all right themselves, have relatives with the same inheritable lack of something that they ought to have, some of their children also may have to go short; and therefore cousins of this sort should never marry each other.

Evidently, then, our new science of genetics is by no means a simple one. Certain qualities that mankind has always supposed to be strongly hereditary turn out not to be so at all; certain others that we have taken for granted as the product of training and circumstance prove to be rigidly predetermined. In one class of cases, an alliance between evil and good contaminates the good; in another class, the good redeems the evil. Some sorts of inheritable attributes remain latent, skip a generation, "throw back"; other sorts do not. Some disabilities prevent the marriage of like persons and cousins; some leave such unions entirely safe. A few characteristics, such as color-blindness, though transmitted through any member of a family, tend to appear only in the men. Sometimes, on the other hand, the fathers' eating of sour grapes sets only the daughters' teeth on edge.

Altogether, choosing a wife scientifically is much like picking mushrooms — the expert can do safely much that looks risky to the unlearned. Barring an expert acquaintance with this rapidly growing science, there is no better working rule than the practice of John Newcomb, who married a wife his like in all essential excellences, his opposite in minor faults.

Note.—Many of the facts that I have cited are the first-fruits of a study, now under way, by the American Breeders' Association. In conjunction with virtually all of the American experts in this field, including Mr. Luther Burbank. There is urgent need for more data. I hope that every reader who has had the interest and patience to follow me thus far will spend the next five minutes in writing to the Director of the Station for Experimental Evolution, Cold Spring Harbor, Long Island; and having secured a set of blank forms on which to record his own heritage, will do his part toward the solution of these most important problems. E. T. B.

"GO, PLOWMAN, PLOW"

BY

JOSEPH CAMPBELL

GO, plowman, plow
The mearing lands,
The meadow lands,
The mountain lands:
All life is bare
Beneath your share,
All love is in your lusty hands.

Up, horses, now!
And straight and true
Let every broken furrow run:
The strength you sweat
Shall blossom yet
In golden glory to the sun.

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Bombay Horses

by Randolph Bedford

Author of "A Tale of the Coral Sea," etc.

Illustration by C. B. Falls

THE two tried mates, the prospector and the sailor, went east from Central Australia to Townsville, and there Wagstaff was called to Thursday Island, and Crayth went with him. And from Torres Straits Wagstaff was despatched south, as first officer of a British India steamer laden with jute for Sydney and Melbourne.

They parted with regrets, Crayth saying that he would work at something in the Straits till the sailor returned. It was a question, not of waning mateship, but of the expedience of money-making. Wagstaff was always short of money. Crayth, so many times on the threshold of a fortune, was, as he phrased it, "up against it again"; and, as he could be neither thief nor beggar, he must dig. He watched the *Indaba*, with Jack Wagstaff aboard, drop behind Goode Island and make a tortuous way between the reefs to clear Cape York, and watched the *Indaba* again as she came in sight for a moment between Horn and Tuesday islands; and then he felt his loneliness, and for a moment he was very sorry for himself.

But it was only for a moment. He looked for work, and found it in an hour, as supercargo of the *Marawa*, the store-ship of the biggest pearling fleet in Torres Straits. In a fortnight he had settled down to the work as if he were born to it.

He stood, one day, looking down upon the deck of the store-ship, a confusion of shell, dead oysters, colored men, and diving-gear — the red rubber spiraled tubes that are the diver's life. The warm sea was dotted with turquoise-blue jelly-fish, taking their color from the water, which had had its shallowness disturbed by a big blow. Two coffee-colored men pulled against the eight-knot tide a dinghy so loaded with stores that only an inch or so of freeboard kept the boat afloat on the fresh little seas. The water lapped and bobbled at the store-ship's ladder and anchor chain, and at the gunwale of the overloaded dinghy — making noises like the lip-sounds of a guzzling drinker.

And Crayth heard the noises, and was irritated thereby, for he was trying to think a way out of a tight place. He held in his hand a telegram delivered that day, but dated yesterday from Sydney, twenty-five hundred miles south:

> Stranded. Wire thirty pounds before Saturday.
> JACK WAGSTAFF.

And he hadn't thirty pence; and yet the thirty pounds must be found and telegraphed. It never entered Crayth's mind to make excuse or refusal.

"He's my mate," said Crayth. "We did that perish in the Lancewoods. He's my mate. But where's the thirty pounds to come from?"

He addressed the gorgeous sunbirds, as they flew between the shining masts of the schooner, unpainted, but glossy with oil, and tapering gracefully to the brown trucks.

"Lady-bird, lady-bird, fly away home, and bring me thirty pounds for Jack Wagstaff."

Getting no satisfaction from the sunbirds, he stared for five minutes at the flying-fish, steeplechasing from their enemies in the quick, continuous seas. After that he stared at a Japanese carpenter casing the pearl shell, and stenciling on it the address of a firm in Hatton Garden, London, and then at the men who trimmed the shell,— Rotumahs, Japanese, Kiwais from New Guinea, Binghis from Australia, and a Nova Scotian,— and inspiration would not come. And then he spoke to the white men who opened the shell and searched for pearls in the corruption of the dead oysters.

"I want to go up to Thursday," he said.

"You'll have to wait the tide," they told him.

So he sat down to worry and wait for five hours, and in the slack water of the afternoon two Cingalese rowed him up the narrow channels, and met a new current at every point. The indigo of sky and sea was splashed rudely with the brown of the bare islands, for this was in the

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southwest monsoon, and all the life of the soil was dead.

Crayth felt as dead and despairing as the bare rocks looked to be. He was not a drinking man, but he wanted to think, and he went into Dinny O'Rourke's hotel and ordered a drink, and sat quietly in the bar, smoking.

"Ye seem throubled," said Dinny O'Rourke.

"I am — a bit."

"What's it about?"

"A — a — friend has wired to me for money, and I haven't got it. I wanted to send it to — to him. He's a mate — a friend."

O'Rourke smiled to himself at the hesitation. "'Tis a woman do be the friend," he thought, but he said only, "How much?"

"Oh, I can't get it — it's thirty pounds."

"H'm — t'irty pound is t'irty pound. But I don't like to see a good felly in throuble. I'll lind it to ye."

"You will?"

"Yis, I'll lind it."

"But I don't know when I can pay you."

"Oh, pay me when you can." He had taken a pen and ink from the shelf, and a crumpled, dog-eared check-book from the till drawer, and proceeded, with many grimaces and apparently much agony of spirit, to write the check.

"But," persisted Crayth, "you don't know me well enough."

"Luke here," said Dinny, stopping in his writing and pointing the bitten end of the pen-handle at him; "I know a man when I see 'im, and y'ave a good eye an' you'll pay me, I know."

So Crayth took the check, thanked him, and said: "He asked me to wire it through the post-office."

Dinny smiled again at the "he," but politely accepted the sex of the needy one, and advised other procedure.

"Ye'd better sind it t'roo a bank," he said; "an' thin 'twill go to the right one whin she's oidentified."

"She? *He*."

"Oh, he or she, 'tis no matter. Sind it t'roo a bank."

So, through the Bank of Capricornia, Crayth sent the money, and then advised Wagstaff, and waited at Thursday Island for a reply, but none came from Wagstaff. Instead, the bank informed him that the money was ready in Sydney, to be paid over to Wagstaff on proof of identity. And, by the time Crayth knew that, he had missed the last daylight tide, and was forced to stay at Thursday Island for another night. He spent most of the time worrying as to the means to pay his debt, and hoping that Wagstaff could send the money soon.

That night in O'Rourke's bar the talk was loud and general, for there was a new thing in wrecks.

"Another man trying to sail overland," said Druce, the pilot. "Some of these oversea men beat hell. One of 'em took an observation ten miles off Booby Island, and when we worked it out, it put the position of the ship eighteen miles in the Jungle."

They laughed at the exaggeration, but became quickly serious again.

"What do be the name of the ship ashore?" asked Dinny O'Rourke, and the answer came from half a dozen men.

"The *Rangoon*. . . . She had six hundred horses for Bombay. . . . Hit a reef north of Cape Flattery. . . . Engine-room sound. . . . Bulkhead door amidships open. . . . No, no, bulkhead door broken. . . . Well, they think they c'd shut it or repair it, or something; pump her out, and she'd float enough to tow. . . . A lot of horses drowned. . . . Couple of hundred on the main deck got ashore — all the others done in. . . . They want a diver; nearly all the shell-divers are away, and the fellows spelling ashore won't take the job. . . . She sunk in five or six fathoms. . . Water up to the main-deck, but they think she's only injured in one place, and they might pump her."

A new thought brought a new hope to Crayth. He had never dived yet — but ——

"Where's Bill Tunks?" asked Dan'l Haynes, the withered, bloodless cripple who had found paralysis in twenty-eight fathoms.

"Didn't you know?" said Druce. "Bill's dead — drowned in a dress last week."

"Dead, is he? An' I'm left," quavered Dan'l Haynes — "I'm left. An' Jim Marsh is dead, too; they hauled him up dead in his dress, they did — an' torn was the dress, too, pushed in be a devilfish. An' a big-horned ox-ray — they'll never let you go wance they touch air-pipe or life-line, me man — it tore Andy Blake's air-pipe to smithereens."

Crayth listened to these horrors of the work, and found himself discounting them in consideration of the money.

"Well, the agents are tearing their hair, looking for a man," said Druce. "I met Jeffries just now, and he's got a tugboat ready to start, and no diver. He might have to take a Jap on yet, and he hates Japan like poison. Where's Kermander got to?"

"Jack Kermander?" said Dinny O'Rourke. "He'll never dive again. No, he isn't dead; he's buried. He married a shypoo shop over in Broome, an' a widder wit' it — gave himself away to a woman for a watch an' chain, an' a byshickle; an' he sit all day behind the bar an' take money for beer, an' he do be gettin' fat."

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"It's better to die of a widder than get paralyzed in thirty fathom," said Druce. "Gimme a pleasant death, if I must die."

"The min come an' go, an' then don't come back ag'in," said Dan'l Haynes. "Bintura, the Manila man, his gear fouled, an' shuffocated he was; an' Willie Ikers, the Rotumah, he die of paralysis; an' ——"

"There's plenty of 'em," interrupted O'Rourke. "Mshimura, an' Mshioka, Kimiakichi, an' Filiciano, an' Sankichi, Takahasio, an'——"

"You'll die of lockjaw, talking all them monkey names," said Druce.

Crayth had been intently regarding O'Rourke and thinking of the thirty pounds. "You're a man, Dinny O'Rourke," he said to himself, "and you'll never lose by me. What does it matter if I haven't dived before? I'll take my chance and dive for that horse-boat."

And he left the bar and sought Jeffries, the agent for the wrecked *Rangoon*.

Jeffries was a man of few words, and his anxiety to begin clouded his judgment.

"You're a diver, Mr. ——?"

"Crayth. I can dive."

"And d'ye think y' could rig a temp'ry door in the middle compartment?"

"Yes; I've done bush carpentering, and I can use a drill and make a horseshoe."

"Well, all right. I've got the gear on the tug. Will you start?"

"Yes; but what do I get?"

"Fifty pound anyhow, and a hundred if it's right."

"Good! Plenty of people standing by the wreck?"

"No; the ship's company all went to Cooktown, but one or two of the officers go on by the next boat to Thursday."

Crayth avoided Dinny O'Rourke's hotel on the way down to the wharf, for a statement of his intentions might provoke inquiries and the consequent loss of his job.

"Can't take any risks," he said to himself, and departed to take the greatest risk of his life.

The tug ran the three hundred and fifty miles in a day and a half,—Bushy Island, Oxford-Ness, Cape Grenville, Quoin Island, and Cape Sidmouth, past Claremont light, reaching Flinders Group late in the next afternoon,—and all the way Crayth thought hard. He had no fear for himself, but many misgivings as to his capacity for the work. And, in the attempt to appear to be an old hand, he overlooked the air-pump, and helmet, and corselet, and air-pipe, and life-line, while the tug sped south and brought the trial nearer. This was the worst test of courage — thirty-six hours of waiting, of steaming safely over the treacherous element that was soon to cover him.

The outer course for ships north of Cape Hattery is between Lizard and Eagle islands. The *Rangoon*, taking the inner passage between Nares Reef and Decapolis Island, had foundered in five fathoms. They reached the wreck and anchored. The masts of the *Rangoon* stuck out of the water; her open hatches, open always for air for the holds full of horses, showed the clear light of water, by contrast with the blackness of horse-boxes and decks.

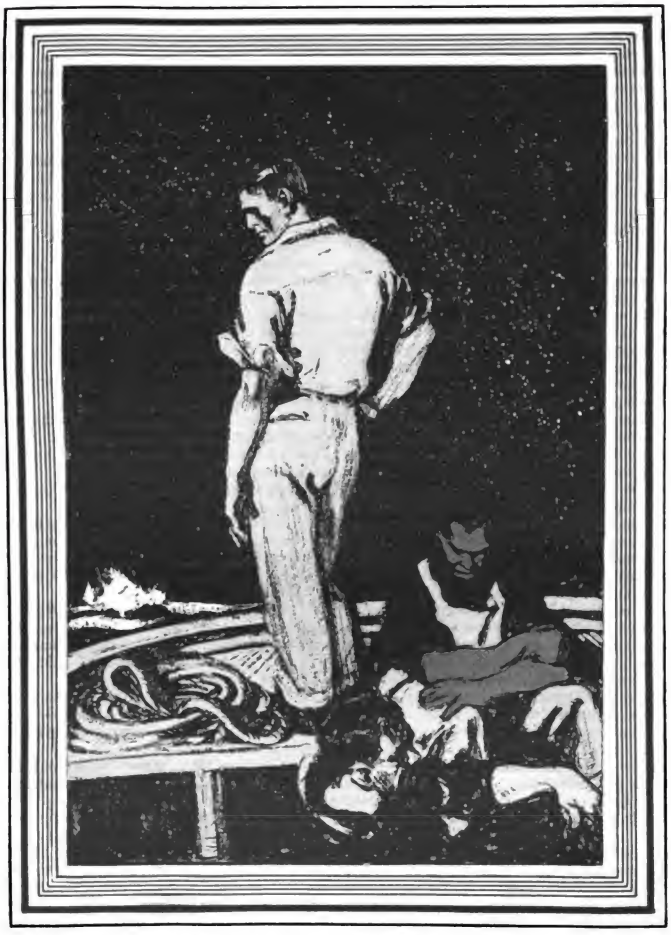
Crayth, drifting in the tug's dinghy over the wreck, just before the sudden darkness closed in, saw with gladness that the rushing water had carried the horse ramps and stagings upward as the ship sank. Thus he would have a clear hold. Many hundreds of horses, drowned and living, had floated out of the ship and drifted to safety or destruction. But some horses were still there, drowned and held from floating by their head-stalls; for the ship, after the first rush, had sunk gradually and evenly—so that Crayth was moved to hope that the damage was not great, and that the *Rangoon* might be raised. And then he saw something else — great, gray, rapacious shapes, showing in the lighter water above the hold like a moving picture in a frame — sharks tearing the drowned horses; and at that Crayth shuddered.

He went back to the tugboat, trying to prevent imagination from exaggerating fear, thinking of things to lighten the shock of the new experience that must be his to-morrow. He shaved clean, and then got the cook to shave his neck, so that there would be no hair to catch the thread of a screw. And he talked to himself thus: "I mustn't forget — sink quickly, and rise slowly — and not to be afraid."

But immediately he was afraid again, when, in the dark night, he saw the black water below torn by rushing white fire — the phosphorescent strugglings of the sharks, as they bit and dismembered. But he went to sleep without any thought of backing out, slept well, and awoke to a dull morning. He breakfasted heartily, as the condemned do on their last day; and then he stripped, and clothed himself in thick woolen undergarments, and the tenders dressed him in the canvas dress, with the rubber bands at the ankles and the wrists, and gave him fifty pounds' weight of brass-toed boots to wear. They laced his corselet, and put him on the ladder, put his heavy helmet on, and screwed his chest and back weights; and then the two Papuans began to pump, and the tender screwed on the face-glass and tapped on it.

He was alone, separated from the world. A free and abundant supply of air thudded irri-

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"HE STOOD LOOKING DOWN UPON THE CONFUSION OF SHELL, DEAD OYSTERS, COLORED MEN, AND DIVING-GEAR"

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tatingly into the helmet, and his breathing was not difficult. But excitement made it rapid. That isolation, immediate and complete removal from the breathing world, while still being in it, made the apple of his throat rise, and he choked over the swallowing of it. The air had lifted the weight from his back and chest, but he felt he was a monstrous thing — leaden-footed, bloated with clothes. The surprised tender tapped the face-glass again to signify that all was ready for the descent. Shame of his fear and the pride of a man forced him to let go the ladder; he opened the valve, and sank into feathers. It was entrancingly soft and caressing. He saw the reflected daylight on the keel of the tug-boat, and opened the valve wider, and fell more rapidly. The pace made the impression of feathers change to the feeling of liquid silk.

He was over the reef, and a little current swirled across it, but not enough to fatigue him in struggling against it. His feet sank in the coral trash and weed; groves of rose and madder and purple corals were about him, and grottoes of heliopora corals blazed in indigo. But Crayth was too busy troubling about his sensations to have an eye for beauty.

He talked to himself, as the loneliness of the bush had taught him to do, and his own voice startled him as it reverberated in the helmet. He gasped relief as his feet reached the coral, and then he thanked the luck that had sent him on the port side of the ship, and by the hole that had sunk the ship. It was not a great hole; a few buckled plates, and some more strained, had admitted enough water to sink her to the level of the great square ports in the between-deck used for cleaning ship, and these were always open to ventilate the hot ship. Only a foot or so of freeboard she had had; the broken plates had sunk her to the level of the open doors, and the *Rangoon* was sunk by twelve inches of water. Crayth bent and measured the broken plates, and wrote them on his slate, and gray shapes swam up to him.

He looked about him and saw the gray forms — forms of horrible edacity — rising above and around him. The exhaust air from the helmet, swinging to the surface in great bubbles of mobile silver, seemed to frighten the cruel cowards above him, and those near the bottom backed from the advance of this strange creature that seemed neither helpless nor afraid. But, as he signaled to be drawn to the surface, they closed in, finding courage to follow a thing that ran, and Crayth wished with all his soul that he might be drawn up slowly.

"They only attack the thing that seems to be helpless or running away," he said aloud. Then, with a new idea, he tied his hammer-headed ax to the end of the light line he carried coiled at his waist, dropped it almost to the bottom, raised it again half way, and again dropped it. Interest immediately centered on the object that showed the greatest speed. The sharks sank after the ax, and Crayth rose, and gripped the ladder with the grip of a drowning man. On the rung, clear of the water, he drew the ax up swiftly, and the sharks pursued it in flashes of gray light.

"Sharks much trouble?" asked the tender, as he relieved Crayth of breast and back weights, and the natural air came back to be gratefully breathed by the diver.

"They're all around me."

"They'll be worse in the ship itself."

"Thank you," said Crayth to himself; "it's you for heartening a man up." But he replied: "I'll get rid of 'em as soon as I can, if I can think of something to frighten 'em."

"Can she be raised?"

"I'm sure she's not much injured. She's gone down through having open ports — and all doors open; compartment doors open, too, I should say."

"Must be a few sharks on her?"

"Not many," replied Crayth, putting the best complexion on matters, and saying to himself: "Don't let yourself go; don't meet anything until it comes to you."

"They'd be a lot if most of the horses hadn't floated out."

And Crayth thanked God for the open hatch that had floated the horses away, although it had also admitted the life of the depths, to hide in the blackness of the hold, waiting for something helpless or afraid.

"Send the whale-boat to the lighthouse, and get them to wire for more divers, if they want the work done quickly; and tell 'em to send pumps."

"Got a big enough pump here," said the captain of the tug.

"Right, then! We'll have the *Rangoon* good again in quick time," said Crayth confidently; and the fear again crept over him, struggle against it as he might.

But, in spite of fear, the work had to be done, and Crayth hurried to it after a little food and rest.

They moored the tug nearer the *Rangoon*, so that they looked almost directly into the open hold framing the water. A great gray shark wavered in it like a shadow, and disappeared. The engineers were already boring new plates to Crayth's measurements; he heard the cheerful sounds of the working world, and hammers on heated steel, and then he sank again.

Crayth stepped off the ladder and stood on the deck of the *Rangoon*, and his helmet was out of water; then he walked to the hatch and sank again, and grabbed all his courage, that he

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might not be tempted to a cowardly signal for ascent.

Glad was he to see in those rows of stalls but one dead horse on the port side and three on the starboard, and he was almost reassured at finding but two sharks there — great gray brutes of fourteen feet or so.

He drove them away with air-jets, and found them back near him as soon as he became motionless or stooped to look at the inner skin of the ship — where he found that the *Rangoon* had suffered comparatively little damage. But the sharks retreated as he stood erect and advanced on them. He found the port-side door of the amidships compartment, and closed it; then he went to the starboard door to close that. In the alleyway was a gorged shark, tail on to him; Crayth, trembling in every nerve, closed the door, and the shark was a prisoner.

"If he can't get out the other end, we'll suffocate him slowly when she pumps," said Crayth joyfully. And so he worked for two hours, trying to forget the grim death that hovered around him, and doing everything with his usual thoroughness.

Flash! A gray thing, deceived by his motionlessness, turned on its back as it made its dash for him. He thought madly of his air-pipe and held it to him, while aiming a futile blow at the greedy mouth set with four rows of gleaming teeth. The coward of the seas turned with the speed of light, as another gray shape wavered from the gloom forwards, and then wavered back again.

Desperate with all this goading, and feeling strangely light,— for abundant air came down to him and relieved him of the pressure of the weight,— Crayth pursued the first shark, and drove him through the open doors into the outer sea. Then, glad with achievement, he swung the doors to and bolted them, with his face turned away from his work to where the other horror lay concealed. Looking always to the blackness forward, he shut all the ports in the area under the hatch on both sides. The work in the fore-hold was at last completed, except the closing of the hatch, for which he needed help; and now retreat became more dangerous than advance.

How to ascend and escape the watching murderers? The incident of the ax returned to the diver; but the ax would not bulk large enough in the half-darkness to distract the pursuer. And then he kicked against a coal-basket filled with rock salt, and knew that he had found the decoy. He emptied the basket and fastened its rope slings to his line, backed to the after end of the hatch and gave the signal to ascend.

As his head was level with the hatchway, the shark made his rush, and Crayth, seeing the brute, tugged his life-line again, and the ascent became rapid. The coal-basket came between the shark and the light. He turned on his back to attack it. His jaws snapped half way around the cane, and spun it in the water, and the shark rose to the other figure; but Crayth was on the ladder, and the disappointed brute sank back to the drowned horses.

Crayth, trembling from the stress, and seeing a fin plowing the water around the tug, said that he would dive no more that day.

"We'll clear 'em out before you go again," said the captain of the tug. "It'd take the heart of a lion to be with a lot of those things in the dark. I've got a rifle and a junk of pork."

"Half a day at them will clear the atmosphere," assented Crayth.

"Only one bad thing — the blood will bring up others, and you'll be fighting all the sharks in the Pacific."

"No blood," said the African, who was cook — "no blood. I give 'em pumpkin. You know? All right! you wait."

He brought from the galleys a great iron-bark pumpkin, boiled in the copper and hot with steam, and as the plowing fin passed the ladder he dropped the ball of heat.

The shark flashed, turned on its back, and swallowed it. And then Crayth, carried away by the lust of hate, slapped the cook on the back and laughed hysterically; for the shark went mad with agony, sinking and rising, and thrashing the water, and at last disappearing utterly.

Then Crayth, reversing his earlier decision, dived again. He went down aft, and found the *Rangoon* there unbroken, resting safely on a bed of rotten coral trash. He closed all doors and ports, and fastened the doors of the compartments, and then he saw forward a phosphorescent trembling in the water — the great, gorged shark, now absolutely prisoned.

The safety of the morning had heartened him, and he treated the smaller sharks in the after hold with a sort of cheerful contempt, tempered still by disgust and fear. And now there remained but the hatches to be closed and the plates to be fixed before the pumps began their work.

"I'll fix the plates myself — they've got a pneumatic riveter aboard. I'll do it, and divide the money with nobody." He had bored the holes below by the time the plates were ready, and then he sank again to the coral on the port side, and the exhaust of compressed air from the riveter so scared his enemies that he once caught himself singing ridiculously inside his helmet. The pneumatic riveter punched and sputtered,

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and drove the rivets home, and tied the new and clumsy plates to the ship with a fothering of canvas over the crushed plates; and when Crayth came to surface again, he saw, through the face-glass, two steamer tenders and two divers, and his pleased employer standing by the ladder, and with him a man strangely like a man who should be in Sydney, two thousand miles away.

When they screwed off his face-glass, he saw that it was really Jack Wagstaff.

"Why, it's good old George! A thief who knew we were mates somehow tried to swindle you; but the bank wouldn't pay without identification."

"And you've not been in Sydney?"

"I was first officer on the *Rangoon*. I've been in Cooktown ever since the wreck."

"And how did you know?"

"The bank told Dinny O'Rourke, and Dinny knew I was in Cooktown and wired to me to let you know. And Dinny's wire said: 'That good fool Crayth is trying to pay me back, and he's no diver.'"

"But ain't you?" asked Crayth's employer. "You said you could dive."

"So I have often, in the baths," replied the man who had fought fear and beaten it.

"Well, you've done it, so they tell me," said the agent of the *Rangoon*. "And these two men can fasten the hatches down and get her ready for the pumps."

So the two mates had a battue of sharks that afternoon with a piece of pork and Winchester rifles; and by dusk of next day the hatches were fixed and battened down, and all the other openings closed; and in the soft, starlit night the pumps began to work, each tugboat attaching a compartment.

From the coral the *Rangoon* slowly rose, dripping sea ooze and reeking slime. She made a little water through the clumsy plates, and while the tugs bent lines to her for the long tow to dock, her engineers got the *Rangoon's* pumps under her own steam.

"We've got a shark of yours in the starboard alleyway," said the chief engineer to Crayth, looking down from the deck of the *Rangoon* to the little steamer that had saved her. "It's your shark, and it don't smell nice."

"There'll be a few more in the fore and aft holds," replied Crayth, laughing. "I'll give you the lot."

And the tug with the mates — the diver and Wagstaff the sailorman — beat the hot sea northward to Thursday Island.

MEDICINE SONG

TO BE SUNG IN TIME OF EVIL FORTUNE

(*From the Paiute Indian Dialect, Done into English by Mary Austin*)

MEDICINE me,
O Friend-of-the-Soul-of-Man,
With purging waters!
For my soul festers
And an odor of corruption
Betrays me to disaster.

As a place of carrion
Where buzzards are gathered,
So is my path
Overshadowed by evil adventures;
Meanness, betrayal, and spite
Flock under heaven
To make me aware
Of sickness and death within me.

Medicine my soul, O friend,
With waters of cleansing;
Then shall my way shine,
And my nights no longer
Be full of the dreadful sound
Of the wings of unsuccesses.

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"STATEMENT NO. I"

HOW THE OREGON DEMOCRACY, WORKING UNDER THE DIRECT PRIMARY, HAS DESTROYED THE POLITICAL MACHINE

BY

BURTON J. HENDRICK

AUTHOR OF "LAW-MAKING BY THE VOTERS," ETC.

THE new spirit that has come over the political life of Oregon in the last ten years has found its most appropriate personal expression in the present Governor, Oswald West. Without the several "crank" ideas which have transformed Oregon into a young and militant democracy, a man of Mr. West's experience and standing could never have risen to the governorship. Like the Oregon democracy itself, Oswald West is young, courageous, and energetic; he has just turned his thirty-seventh year, and he has battled his way into the State Capitol against the combined efforts of both of the old political machines. Fifteen years ago Governor West was driving a butcher wagon in Portland; ten years ago he was earning a modest living as paying teller in a Salem bank — only a stone's throw away from the building where he is now presiding as Governor. In spite of his new dignity, Mr. West still looks this part. A tall, slender, boyish figure, dressed in a blue serge suit, with a sack-coat, a straw hat, tan shoes, and a red necktie, if Oswald West should suddenly leave the executive chamber and resume his old position in the brass cage of Ladd & Bush's bank, he would still seem to be perfectly in character.

"Os" West, Jeffersonian

A product of the democratic movement, the Governor has arranged all the details of his official life in accordance with the democratic spirit. Never, since Thomas Jefferson hitched his own horse before the Capitol at Washington and Andrew Jackson permitted the rabble to ride rough-shod over the White House grounds and to stand with hobnailed shoes upon the delicate furniture of the Blue Room, has America produced so consummate a democrat. There are no flunkies, no gold-braided attendants, anywhere within hailing distance of the Governor's room. Just before his inauguration last January, the dazzlingly attired adjutant-general, in accordance with custom, appeared before his Excellency and announced that he was ready to escort him to the Senate chamber. "Oh, go buy yourself a drink and come up," the youthful Governor retorted, and went in, unaccompanied, to take his oath of office. In all his official relations, Governor West likewise makes a virtue of ignoring ceremony. He was the people's candidate, and he has become the people's Governor. Reporters, farmers, workingmen, walk into the presence unannounced, and sit down and discuss business without even the formality of removing their hats. The Governor walks through the streets of Salem with his hands in his pockets, nodding right and left to nearly everybody he meets. "Hello, Jim," "How are you, Billy?" "How's the good wife, Joe?"— he knows them all by their first name, and has an intimate acquaintance with their family history. Few people address Mr. West as "Guv'nor"; everywhere they hail him as "Os" or "Ossie." In his domestic life, also, Mr. West is one of the common people. He lives in a six-room cottage, a neat, plainly furnished house such as any prosperous mechanic might have. Here there are no inauguration balls, no state dinners — only the

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every-day life of the modest citizen. The Governor keeps no servants; his wife, an interesting and intelligent young woman, "does her own work."

It is the new political order in Oregon that is responsible for Oswald West. He is the outcome of the Initiative and Referendum, the Recall, the Direct Primary, the Corrupt Practices Act, and the other popular measures. With a few other leaders, he represents the struggle that has been going on for eight years between the old political machines and the rank and file; and his election last fall signalized the culminating triumph of the popular cause. With his accession to the governorship the old political machine and the old political leaders passed into history.

When the Initiative and Referendum was adopted, in 1902, the Republican machine absolutely controlled the State.* In 1901 it sent John H. Mitchell to the United States Senate for the fourth time, and in 1903 it elected as Mitchell's colleague Charles W. Fulton, a man distinguished for nothing except expert political manipulation. It controlled the governorship, with all its attendant power, and the mayoralty of Portland. On every hand, indeed, the Republican organization held Oregon in its grasp. The real capital of the State was the city of Portland; here were located the public-utility and franchise corporations, the transcontinental railroads, the "first families," which for years had usurped the functions of the legislature. The kind of government with which the Republican machine was identified was concretely illustrated in the municipal administration of Portland. Even on the Pacific Coast, Portland enjoyed a peculiar fame as a wide-open town. The machine, by a regular system of monthly fines, had practically licensed gambling and prostitution, and under this system of official encouragement the city had become a popular headquarters for all the vicious characters in the Pacific Northwest.

Elections of United States Senators — Great Sporting Events

As is always the case, however, the keystone of Republican politics was the United States senatorship. The reformers believed that if they could take away from the old corrupt leaders this, the richest prize of all, the way to a general political clean-up would be comparatively clear. For forty years the fiercest political battles in Oregon had always raged over this commanding office. The actual scenes attending the elections had more in common with a horse race or a cock fight than a dignified legislative proceeding. The people of Oregon have always loved excitement and adventure. For years the choice of a United States senator had been the most popular sporting event in a great poker-playing State. The richest and most powerful men in the State had always intrigued and plotted and sold themselves for this political prize. In "senatorial years" the legislature virtually abdicated its legislative functions. Those prolonged "hold-ups" which have recently so scandalized public opinion in New York, Illinois, and other States were the regular program. The contest was always protracted through the forty days' session; law-making practically ceased; and deals, bribery, broken pledges, debauchery, and riot were the commonplaces of the occasion. Almost no election took place until the closing hours of the closing day of each session — the several factions tore at one another's throats until, at the last moment, some hastily patched up truce finally resulted in a choice. There was no mystery concerning the basis of these agreements. "The office is put up at bargain and sale," said the Salem *Capital Journal*, "raffled off to the highest bidder, the greatest corruptionist. This has been the rule, not the exception. Nine times out of ten, money and patronage have carried the day."

It was the purpose of the new direct primary law to end abuses of this kind. That law abolished the old political conventions — indeed, made these gatherings absolutely illegal. It also took the election of United States senators out of the hands of the legislature and placed it in the hands of the people. The voters were to have precisely the same direct power over the choice of United States senators that they have always had over the election of governors and congressmen. They were to do it in essentially the same way. Each political party was to nominate, at its party primary, its candidate for the United States Senate. At the general election these nominations were to go upon the regular ballot, and from them the voters were to make their choice.

At this point, however, there is a wide dissimilarity between the popular choice of a senator and that of a congressman. For here the United States Constitution complicates the situation. It provides that the people shall directly choose their congressmen, but that the State legislatures shall elect the senators. In other words, the direct method provided in the Oregon primary had no legal validity. The people could go on electing their senators indefinitely, but the legislatures still held the right to make the actual choice. Their proceeding could become nothing but a farce, unless the

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legislature should consent to transform itself into a voting machine and accept the popular choice as its own. In Oregon there had been many attempts to secure popular election, but they had always failed. The people at the polls had elected their man, but the corporations and the bosses in control of the legislature had repeatedly refused to indorse the election.

"Statement No. 1" and "Statement No. 2"

There was, however, a strong public sentiment in favor of popular election. The Oregon reformers now proceeded to utilize this public sentiment for political purposes. Why not make every candidate for the legislature, at the primaries, declare himself on this particular point — say whether, as a member of the legislature, he would accept as his own the popular choice for United States senator? If he should declare beforehand that he would not accept this popular choice, there were excellent chances — public opinion on this subject being what it was — that he would himself fail of election. If, on the other hand, he should make this public pledge, that fact alone would furnish a powerful campaign argument in his own favor.

The new primary law, therefore, provided that every candidate, in advance of the primary election, should have the privilege of subscribing to the following pledge:

STATEMENT NO. 1

I further state to the people of Oregon, as well as to the people of my legislative district, that, during my term of office, I will always vote for that candidate for United States senator in Congress who has received the highest number of the people's votes for that position at the general election next preceding the election of a senator in Congress, without regard to my individual preference.

If the candidate did not care to place himself upon record to this extent, he could sign the following document:

STATEMENT No. 2

During my term of office I shall consider the vote of the people for United States senator in Congress as nothing more than a recommendation, which I shall be at liberty to wholly disregard if the reason for doing so seems to me to be sufficient.

If the candidate refused to sign either of these statements, there was no legal force, of course, that could compel him to do so. He simply remained silent on one of the great issues of the campaign.

Jonathan Bourne, Senatorial Candidate

The reformers, having thus devised what seemed a feasible plan of popular election, now proceeded to select a candidate. The fact that their selection finally fell upon Jonathan Bourne, Jr., is (at least, until one thoroughly comprehends the real situation) a powerful strain upon the observer's belief in the sincerity of the whole proceeding. For Jonathan Bourne would strike most people as an extremely grotesque leader in a cause intended to work the political regeneration of a State. Judged from the well-known facts of his political career, Bourne appears as a political adventurer of an especially abandoned type. Nor, to arrive at this conclusion, is it necessary to accept at their face value all the stories concerning him circulated in Oregon. The openly acknowledged facts are enough. What is an impartial investigator to make of a man who, to satisfy a political grudge and advance his personal fortunes, holds up a legislature, as Bourne did in Oregon in 1897, prevents it from organizing, and for an entire legislative session absolutely stops the machinery of government? who, as part of this scheme, rents all the available rooms in a local hotel, installs French cooks and lays in a stock of expensive wines, and establishes a "House of Mirth" for a small army of legislative renegades? It so happens, also, that Bourne had been especially active in those senatorial abuses which it was the chief purpose of the new system to reform. He had led the cohorts that had deadlocked the legislature against the reëlection of Dolph in 1895, and in the senatorial election that had taken place in 1903 Bourne's name had come before the public in an unfortunate manner. He had himself for several years aspired to the senatorship, but there was not the slightest chance that he could ever be elected under the old legislative methods.

Oregon's Political "Revival"

Certainly all this seems hardly to furnish the material for a *preux chevalier* of senatorial reform. We must, however, do full justice to the queer political psychology one finds on the Pacific Coast. It is something of a shock to discover men who have more or less of a seamy political past figuring everywhere as the leaders in popular reform. After one becomes accustomed to this situation and imbued with the local political atmosphere, the fact that an old-time corrupt politician is now a real popular tribune does not necessarily seem to be a contradiction in terms. Everywhere one meets the same explanation for this divergence between

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the present and the past. "Oh, yes, he was rotten ten years ago," the apologist says, discussing the unsavory record of a present-day leader, "but he's all right now. We were all rotten in the old days. We all played politics in the only way we understood. Oregon, until within five or six years, didn't know there was any other kind." There is everywhere a bracing and engaging frankness on this interesting subject. In discussing the blessings of the Initiative and Referendum, the person interviewed will frequently begin his remarks by telling how he himself, ten years ago, used to buy votes in Portland at two dollars and a half a head, how he "rigged conventions," "slipped through slates," worked for corporations in the legislature, and in other ways "played the game." A spirit has swept over the State, in the last six years, that can be compared only to the "revival" spirit in religion. Everybody has been "getting political decency," just as the unregenerate, when the scales fall from his eyes, "gets religion." And, like the reformed drunkard or the redeemed sinner, he has no scruples about using himself as a "horrible example"; he boldly stands up before the congregation, confesses his sins, and makes himself an illustration of the wonders that a regenerating influence in politics can accomplish. "I am only three years old," "I am only five years old"— these phrases are on everybody's lips; they refer to the speaker's political rebirth, just as the religious convert refers to his spiritual rebirth. The fiery zeal with which the old politician has set about to reform the world is simply the usual unrestrained enthusiasm of the newly converted. Oregon has been transformed into a sort of political camp meeting, and the air is filled with "hallelujahs" and "amens" and general thanksgivings for the new political light that is leading the people on.

In looking about for a popular candidate for the United States Senate, therefore, the reformers asked, not what a man had been, but what he was now. They were ready to pardon all kinds of sins committed in the past, provided a man were only "all right" in the present. And to be "all right" meant that a man was now strongly for "the people" and against the corporations; that he was willing to uphold everywhere the new ideas — the Initiative, the Referendum, the Recall, the Direct Primary, and "Statement No. 1." That the new leaders had little scruple in adapting means to ends was shown by their view of the essential qualifications for a popular senatorial candidate. Above all, he must have plenty of money and a readiness to spend it! The proposed method of electing United States senators was new. Many people, especially in the outlying sections, did not understand it. A large amount of money would be needed for "educational work"— for "literature" and advertisements instructing the people in the new régime. In senatorial elections by the legislature, a "sack" for bribery had usually been in requisition; in this, the first election by popular vote, a "sack" would be needed for public instruction. The real issue in this campaign was not to be the personality of the candidate, but the popular election of senators. After the leaders had once established the fact that the people of Oregon really could elect their own choice, it would be time enough to consider more carefully the necessary qualifications for the office. What they needed to do now, above everything else, was to "establish the principle."

The reformers approached several "leading" citizens — bankers, large merchants, judges. They all refused to run. "Yes, I would like to go to the Senate," each one would say, "and I am quite sure the people would elect me on a popular vote. But what's the use? The legislature would pay no attention to this vote, but go right on and elect a man of its own. I should simply be out a lot of money and time."

Everywhere this opinion prevailed — that the legislature would pay no attention to the voters' choice. The politicians encouraged this idea. The old machine, still strong, still corrupt, ridiculed "Statement No. 1" and threatened to destroy ruthlessly any candidate for the legislature who mildly announced his allegiance to it.

Bourne's Two-Cent-Stamp Campaign

Then some one thought of Bourne. Bourne had plenty of money and no objection to spending it. At first, however, even Bourne showed no particular appetite for this distinction. He said that he would willingly contribute fifteen thousand dollars to the cause,—"to end the auction-block method," as he expressed it,—but that he did not care to stand himself merely as a "sacrifice." Hardly any of those importuning Bourne to run had any idea that he could be elected; they merely thought that he was a good man "to make the fight." Soon, however, all Oregon was notified that Bourne was actively interested in the race. One morning every registered voter in the State found in his morning mail a short, crisp letter, signed "Jonathan Bourne, Jr." Not a single man was overlooked. Every merchant, lawyer, doctor, and workingman in Portland; every farmer, nurseryman, and orchardist along the Columbia and the Willamette rivers; every cattle-driver and sheep-herder east of the Cascade Mountains — every man who had registered as a voter — received this interesting com-

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munication. It was not a circular letter with a one-cent stamp; it was personal, addressed directly to "Mr. John Doe" or "Mr. Richard Roe," was inserted in a sealed envelop, and cost the sender in every instance two cents. In many communities letters of this kind would attract little attention; in Oregon, however, they were so novel as to be fairly sensational. To be appealed to directly on a political question was an entirely new experience to the Oregon proletariat. No one had hitherto regarded the individual voter as the source of political power or influence. Aspirants for State office had occasionally addressed the electorate from the platform; no one, however, had hitherto asked its advice on the matter of a political nomination. The farmer, cattleman, and sheepman were especially impressed. They seldom received letters on any subject from one end of the year to the other; and yet here was a man, one of the richest and most influential in the State, who had taken the trouble to address to them a personal and seemingly private communication on a matter of such great consequence as a United States senatorship! It was almost as if a French peasant, just before the Revolution, had been asked his advice on state matters. For, up to the time Jonathan Bourne sent broadcast this letter, the political rings of Oregon had paid about as much attention to the citizen voter as the French nobility had to the tiller of the soil.

In this letter Bourne did not formally announce his candidacy for the Senate. The letter was simply a plain, confidential talk on a great political crisis then confronting Oregon. It called attention to the fact that now, for the first time in the history of the State, the voters would have an opportunity to elect their United States senator. It referred to the scandals that had accompanied elections in the legislature, and to the fact that the "bosses" were then actively at work to defeat the direct primary law and send a man of their own kind to the Senate. The letter was an appeal to the recipient to use his "influence" in persuading voters to register before the coming primary. It urged him to work for the nomination of legislative candidates who would stand by the people's choice for senator. Mild in its language as this letter was, it proved a veritable clarion in its effects. Throughout Oregon it focussed the people's attention upon "Statement No. 1"; and, for the first time, the every-day voter saw that upon him actually rested the choice of Oregon's next senator.

Bourne said nothing about himself, but the idea did sink in. Word came to Portland that the farmers all over the State were saying that "that man Bourne ought to go in for senator himself." And then other pieces of mail began to fall, like showers, into the rural free delivery. There came another letter with a "return postal card," containing the text of "Statement No. 1" and the following pledge: "I, the undersigned citizen of Oregon, hereby pledge my sacred honor that I will not, under any circumstances, sign the petition of, or vote for the nomination of, any candidate for the legislature who does not subscribe to the above pledge in his petition for nomination." The citizen was asked to sign this and drop the card into the mail; the printed address on the face was "Jonathan Bourne, Jr." These cards and pledges began to come back to Portland by the thousands. The next communication was a little pamphlet, "The Echinated [*sic*] Story of the Primary Elections Law by Sections." In due course came another brochure: "'Statement No. 1,' Explained for Easy Comprehension by Jonathan Bourne, Jr." Still nothing had been said about the fact that Jonathan Bourne, Jr., nourished senatorial ambitions of his own. One morning in March, however, after the yeomanry had had two winter months in which to study these pamphlets, a small card was dropped into the letter-boxes. On one side was a picture of "Jonathan Bourne, Jr.," accompanied by this legend: "Champion of 'Statement No. 1,' Republican Candidate for United States Senator for the Term beginning March 4, 1907." The reverse side contained his statement of principles, which were thoroughly progressive and insurgent. A two-cent-stamp campaign of this kind, involving nearly 100,000 voters, necessarily cost money. In the course of his senatorial campaign Bourne spent some $15,000 for stamps alone.

The net result was that Bourne soon became the best-advertised man in Oregon. His activities amused the politicians and the corporations immensely. That a candidate for the United States Senate, instead of coming directly to them, should take the people into his confidence and conduct an animated campaign through the United States mails — Oregon had seen many things, but nothing quite so funny as this. The old leaders took the primary so lightly that they did not even name a candidate against Bourne. It was not until the primary campaign had got well under way that a rival appeared: one Henry M. Cake, an extremely colorless person whose chief claim to distinction was that he had made a success of the "Booster Club" of Portland. The machine and the corporations indorsed Cake's candidacy, though probably with no idea of electing him, even if he should win at the primaries.

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Campaign in the Country Newspapers

Bourne's campaign manager was John C. Young, an apostate Mormon and a nephew of Brigham Young. He canvassed the whole State, paying particular attention to the country press. Under his skilful manipulation, large pictures of Jonathan Bourne, Jr., "the 'Statement No. 1' candidate," began to fill the advertising columns. The editorial pages now sounded the praises of the "Statement," embellished with the usual bucolic grammar. Long "reading notices" gave many details of the life of Jonathan Bourne, Jr.— the fact that these were frequently paid advertisements not always being frankly admitted. And, under Mr. Young's promptings, a new flood of personal communications fell upon the electorate. Bourne opened elaborate offices in Portland for the preparation and circulation of his "literature"; here from twenty to twenty-five young men and women spent several months banging away at typewriters and licking stamps and envelops. There came, in succession, the "Platform of Jonathan Bourne, Jr."; a "Final Appeal to the Voters of Oregon by Jonathan Bourne, Jr."; "The People's Slate"; "Mr. Bourne's Address to the Voters"; "Plutocratic Degeneracy"; and "The Conspiracy to Defeat the Primary Law." In all, Bourne's headquarters probably distributed not far from a million pieces of literature in these few months. There was not a cranny in the whole State in which the name of Jonathan Bourne was not a household word. It is easy to sneer at all this activity as blatant demagogism; the fact remains that the voters received a vast amount of information on important political subjects. This mail and newspaper campaign thoroughly aroused the voters to the workings of the direct primary. It led them to realize that they were the actual sovereigns of Oregon; that they, and not the Portland machine, would elect the senator and direct the political fortunes of the State.

"Taking the Pledge"

Meanwhile, U'Ren and his associates were working along other lines. Success, of course, depended upon one condition — the election to the legislature of men who would agree to accept "Statement No. 1." Under U'Ren's direction, there followed the process of what was popularly known as "taking the pledge." U'Ren and others traveled over Oregon, getting "Statement No. 1" men to run in the primaries. In each district the legislative candidate was asked to "sign the pledge"— that is, to agree, as a member of the legislature, to vote for the popular choice for United States senator. The local machine candidate generally refused; the most he would do was to agree to select the choice of his own party as his candidate. In these cases U'Ren would see that a "pledged candidate" opposed the machine man in the primaries. Many times he sat up all night with farmers, persuading, begging, imploring them to stand as candidates on this principle. And he succeeded. Everywhere in the State, men hitherto not identified with politics came out in opposition to the machine candidates — their platform consisting of nothing but a promise that, if sent to the legislature, they would indorse the people's choice for the senatorship.

While these things were going on, the Republican machine labored with characteristic stupidity. The old-time leaders refused to take the proceedings seriously. They had not yet grasped the fact that Oregon's system of popular government had a powerful grip upon the masses. Bourne made this system the one issue in his campaign; he so identified himself with "Statement No. 1" that the conviction became prevalent that only his election could preserve it. Instead of meeting Bourne on this issue, the opposition contented itself with making attacks upon his character. Anonymous letters were scattered broadcast, telling the story of the hold-up legislature of 1897, and adding many lurid details to those already known. Bourne's political record, as already related, was by no means irreproachable; but, in view of his energetic championship of the new system, these personal attacks made little popular impression.

This whole legislative canvass, the first under the new direct primary law, was a novel experience for Oregon. Everywhere the politicians were amazed. Under the old order, a few men, gathered in a back saloon, usually selected the party candidates for the legislature. Now, however, men aspiring to the nominations were making personal canvasses from house to house and from office to office. They would stop people in the street and ask for votes at the coming primaries. The customary supply of cigars and liquor was not in circulation; instead talks and discussions were relied upon to persuade the voters. The advertising pages of the newspapers were filled with portraits of the candidates, accompanied by argumentative letter-press.

This first direct primary proved a great success for the popular cause. All over the State, the party voters repudiated the men supported by the machine. These machine candidates had declined to "take the pledge," and thus became "anti-Statement men"— a position that few

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were able to survive. "New men" who had had no machine affiliations, and who had made a personal canvass on the platform of "Statement No. 1," found themselves the legally nominated candidates of their party. In spite of this popular success, the early returns foreshadowed Bourne's defeat. These early returns came from the cities and the county seats, the places where the machine leaders were most powerful, and gave Bourne's chief opponent a small majority. Bourne sent his congratulations to Cake, and the latter's friends were arranging a congratulatory dinner in his honor. "It's all over," said Bourne; "there's nothing left for me to do except sign a few more checks." In Oregon, however, it takes several days for the complete election returns to reach Portland. A large part of the State is without railroad or even telegraphic communication; in some cases the messengers have to ride seventy-five and a hundred miles on horseback in order to get the votes to the county seat. In all these remote districts Bourne's letters had received wide circulation. And as these farmers and cattle-ranchers and sheepmen began to be heard from, the situation gradually changed. From the great section east of the Cascade Mountains there came an avalanche of ballots for Bourne. When the votes were finally counted, Bourne had won by a small plurality.

This, of course, did not settle the question of the senatorship. It merely gave Bourne the nomination of the Republican party. At the regular election, however, he defeated the Democratic candidate and thus became the people's choice. In the following January the legislature automatically indorsed the election. Whatever one may think of Bourne and his campaign methods, his election by the legislature was certainly a dignified and decorous proceeding. For a contrast we have only to go back six years to the election of Senator Mitchell in 1901. On this occasion Mitchell was elected almost as the clock struck midnight on the last day of the legislative session. The legislative session that elected Senator Bourne in 1907 was an entirely different affair. There was no preliminary wire-pulling, no use of money, not even any discussion. A majority of the members had pledged themselves, before the election, to adopt the people's choice as their own. Instead of forty days, as under the old system, it took them only twenty minutes to elect their senator. The Speaker arose, rapped for order, and explained the provisions of the new primary law. He then appointed a committee to canvass the returns and inform the legislature who was the people's choice. The roll was then called, and the members who had signed the "Statement" — and they were the majority — automatically voted for Jonathan Bourne, Jr., who thus became the first senator of the United States ever elected by popular vote.

Oregon is working out its political problems step by step, learning new lessons from each campaign, and laboriously seeking to profit from each year's blunders. The Bourne campaign clearly demonstrated one evil. According to the estimates of his friends, Bourne spent anywhere from twenty-five to fifty thousand dollars in this campaign. He did not spend this money in corrupting the voters or the legislature, but in "educational work." In spite of that, such an expenditure was scandalous; if legally tolerated, it would mean that only rich men could aspire to a United States senatorship. Bourne's senatorial campaign thus directly led to the passage of Oregon's famous Corrupt Practices Act — a law enacted by the people under the Initiative. This virtually limits the expenditures of any candidate, at the primaries or the election, to twenty-five per cent of one year's salary of the office which he is contesting. The same law made it a crime for any newspaper to print as original matter anything that was really paid advertising. "How, then, are we to obtain publicity?" the contestants asked. The Oregon reformers answered this query with one of their characteristically unique devices. The new law provided that the State should publish and send to every registered voter two pamphlets, one thirty days before the primary, the other thirty days before election. Each candidate was allowed four pages in which to print his picture and an informal argument in favor of his candidacy. The law provided that he should pay for this space at a rate which represented the actual cost of publication and distribution.

Would a Republican Legislature Elect a Democrat?

Bourne's election did not signalize the complete triumph of "Statement No. 1." The pledged legislature was practically all Republican, as was Bourne himself. It was nothing remarkable, said the opposition, that a Republican legislature should accept the popular choice, so long as that popular choice was himself a Republican. Supposing, however, that the people had elected a Democrat? Would a hide-bound Republican legislature ratify that choice?

That question was settled probably earlier than the Republican machine anticipated. It was the issue in the senatorial campaign that, in 1908, immediately succeeded Bourne's.

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For several years George E. Chamberlain, a Mississippi Democrat, had been the leading State official in Oregon. As a young man Chamberlain had emigrated to Oregon and started humbly in the practice of law. He was a man of much social charm, of quiet and ingratiating manners, and not lacking in the "good fellowship" essential to any kind of success in a frontier community. As a young man he went to the legislature, and ultimately moved to Portland, where he became District Attorney for Multnomah County, and made his reputation as a clean and energetic enforcer of law and order. Before they had the Direct Primary, the Republicans of Oregon had only one way of protesting against the corruption that existed in their own party, and that was by voting for a Democrat. This fact explains why, in 1903, George E. Chamberlain became the Democratic Governor of an overwhelmingly Republican State. As Governor, Chamberlain's most popular service was his support of the Initiative and Referendum. Immediately after this provision was adopted in 1902, the Republican machine attempted to destroy it. The amendment itself furnished the means. It gave the people the power, by petition, to refer to popular vote all laws passed by the legislature except "emergency measures"— those required to put down riot, fight fire or plague or other pressing public calamities. The Republican machine began to attach an "emergency clause" to all measures in which it was especially interested and which were in danger of a popular veto. None of these bills in any sense dealt with emergencies; the plan was resorted to by the politicians merely as a way of destroying the whole reform. Had there been a complacent Governor at Salem they would probably have succeeded. But Chamberlain announced that he would veto every bill that had an emergency clause. Chamberlain's firm stand "saved the Referendum" and made him the popular hero of Oregon. In 1906 he was reëlected Governor as a matter of course.

And, when the time drew near for the election of Senator Fulton's successor in the Senate, the popular mind of Oregon immediately focussed on Chamberlain. At once there developed a pretty situation. The people of Oregon were Republican, four to one; the legislature would without a question be overwhelmingly Republican; and Chamberlain was a Democrat. Would this Republican legislature carry its enthusiasm for "Statement No. 1" so far that it would elect a Democrat, even though he did receive the popular vote? The Republican machine was thoroughly aroused against the impending calamity. In the 1908 campaign their worst fears were realized. In order to secure nomination and election, a large majority of the members of the legislature had pledged themselves to the Statement. In the legislature there were seventy-six Republicans and only fourteen Democrats! And, in face of this, the people, by a large popular vote, had elected George E. Chamberlain, a Democrat, United States senator. Unless they violated their solemn pledges to the people, these Republicans would be compelled to cast their votes for Chamberlain.

"The Fool of the Family"

And now from all the stalwart Republican forces came a terrific onslaught upon the whole Oregon system. Harvey W. Scott led it in the pages of the *Oregonian*. Scott's Republicanism was of the traditional kind; he was constantly harking back to Lincoln, Seward, and Greeley, to the Civil War, the emancipation of the negroes, the protective policy, and the gold-standard campaign of 1896. He was fundamentally incapable of understanding any politics except partizan politics; and now he poured all his editorial wrath against a system of government that could compel an overwhelmingly Republican legislature to elect a Democratic senator. Though Scott did not openly call upon the legislators to violate their pledges, his editorial attitude amounted essentially to that. "To elect Chamberlain," he said, "will be for the Republican party to commit suicide." He ridiculed the "Holy Statement" and the whole Oregon plan. For eight years Oregon "had been overridden by all the hobby-horse riders in the country"; it was "the fool of the family of States"; and the Republican party was destroyed past hope of resurrection. The machine leaders openly demanded that the legislators violate their pledges and elect a Republican. They ran to Washington for help. But President Roosevelt took his stand on the side of Chamberlain. The situation, as Mr. Roosevelt and other right-minded men saw it, was perfectly simple. With the legislators the question was not one of politics, but simply one of personal honor. They had pledged themselves solemnly to do a certain thing, and they could not break these pledges without forever disgracing themselves. And they held firm and elected Mr. Chamberlain on the first ballot. In spite of enormous pressure, not a single man who had pledged himself to accept the popular choice violated his word. This was another symptom of the improved tone of Oregon's public life, for here pledge-breaking had for many years been a commonplace of politics.

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OSWALD WEST, GOVERNOR OF OREGON — A PRODUCT OF THE DEMOCRATIC MOVEMENT
MR. WEST IS THIRTY-SEVEN YEARS OLD; FIFTEEN YEARS AGO HE
WAS DRIVING A BUTCHER WAGON IN PORTLAND

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JONATHAN BOURNE, JR. THE FIRST MAN ELECTED TO THE UNITED STATES SENATE BY DIRECT VOTE OF THE PEOPLE

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Personally, Chamberlain's victory advanced the popular cause. He did not conduct his campaign through the mails, but on the platform. His campaign expenditures amounted to about twenty-five hundred dollars, and were well within the limits of the new Corrupt Practices Act.

The 'Republican Machine 'Destroyed

Thus, in seven years the old Republican machine in Oregon had been virtually shipwrecked. It had lost two United States senators, the governorship, the legislature, and the enormous patronage that went with them. Senator Mitchell's successor as the head of the organization, Charles W. Fulton, had been retired to private life. By 1910 the whole State was strewn with political cadavers. The little Republican cliques that had hitherto existed in every town and hamlet had lost all excuse for existence. These little machines could no longer "fix up slates" and "pass out plums," for the people themselves, voting at primary elections, made their own nominations. There had not been a State or county political convention in Oregon for six years. Many of the brotherhood, who had made political dickering a lifelong business, occasionally offered themselves as candidates under the direct primary; usually, however, they were defeated. Some were reduced to actual financial distress; others sensibly dropped politics and went to work. All over the State, however, there were still the smoldering fires of opposition. Although the people over and over again had manifested their allegiance to the Initiative, the Referendum, the Direct Primary, and "Statement No. 1," there were those who still believed that the old order could be restored. Not inappropriately, Harvey W. Scott came forth as the spokesman of these old malcontents.

At the general election of 1910 these combined political powers,— the transcontinental railroads, the street railway, gas and electric lighting companies, the old Republican machine,— all led by Harvey W. Scott's *Oregonian*, attempted once more to seat themselves in control. They made no secret of their real purpose. "The Republicans of Oregon," said the *Oregonian*, "intend to repudiate 'Statement No. 1.' They intend to suggest in assembly or convention candidates for the primary, and will put the knife into each and all who declare for 'Statement No. 1.'" That is, they intended to abolish the direct primary and restore the old convention system. They proposed to do away with the popular election of senators and go back to the legislative "auction-block method." It soon appeared that they intended to go even further than this, and to abolish the Initiative and Referendum. Their plan included a call for a new convention to revise the constitution; and it seemed a fair inference that the constitution, as revised by these enthusiasts, would leave out the clause providing for popular legislation.

"Assembly"— an Old Thing with a New Name

And now a new word became current in the political vocabulary of Oregon. It was "assembly." The name was new, but the thing itself was old. No political conventions had been held in six years, such gatherings having been made unlawful. The Portland politicians, however, now proposed to revive this institution under the name of "assembly." In every county assemblies were to be held for the nomination of local Republican candidates and the selection of "delegates" to the grand State assembly. These assemblies had no legal right to make nominations; under the direct primary law, only the party voters, by secret ballot, could do that; the assemblies, therefore, were merely to make "recommendations." It was the theory of the old politicians that the party voters at the direct primary would indorse these "recommendations," and that in this way they would become the legal party candidates. And now all over the State the old half-forgotten leaders began to drag forth once more their long unused political machinery. In every county and in every town little political groups appeared — composed of the old "leaders" who had gone into retirement several years before. Most of these leaders had personally suffered as the result of the new dispensation, and a considerable majority had failed to obtain office under the direct primary. They now went to work "to get the delegates" and "fix up slates" in the old-fashioned way. Once more the little select party "caucuses" began to gather in barns, barber-shops, and the back rooms of saloons. Here the little bosses had typewritten lists of delegates to the county assemblies, as in the good old times. In some precincts half a dozen voters — presumably representing the strength of the party — would select thirty or forty delegates to county assemblies. In another case one man met solemnly in caucus, called himself to order, took a typewritten list of delegates from his vest pocket, and elected them.

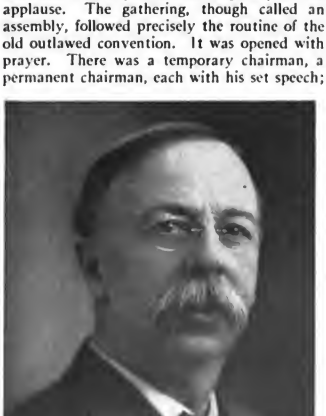
For several weeks Oregon was entertained by proceedings of this kind. How faithfully the assemblyites observed traditions became evident in the management of the assembly for Multno-

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mah County. Just before the gathering was called to order, one of the public-utility law offices of Portland held a meeting, where the "slate" was fixed and "slipped" to the bosses in control. But it was the climax of all these minor gatherings, the "State assembly," held for the purpose of "recommending" candidates for Governor and other State offices, that most eloquently recalled the past. This gathering was simply a museum of political antiquities. Here were the nervous candidates "opening headquarters," rushing around and attempting to "land the nomination," buttonholing delegates, and dickering back and forth. When the crowd, nearly a thousand strong, finally "assembled," one might well imagine himself transported to the old Mitchell-Fulton days. All the old political war-horses, whom the voters had repudiated over and over again at the party primaries, occupied the front benches on the stage. The legislative agents of the corporations had favored positions and regularly led the applause. The gathering, though called an assembly, followed precisely the routine of the old outlawed convention. It was opened with prayer. There was a temporary chairman, a permanent chairman, each with his set speech;



"JAY" BOWERMAN, WHO, AS CANDIDATE FOR GOVERNOR, LED THE MACHINE REVOLT LAST FALL AGAINST THE OREGON SYSTEM. HE WAS OVERWHELMINGLY DEFEATED



GEORGE E. CHAMBERLAIN, A DEMOCRAT WHO WAS ELECTED SENATOR FROM AN OVERWHELMINGLY REPUBLICAN STATE. A PRODUCT OF "STATEMENT NO. 1"

and there was an amount of platform gas unusual even in the old days. Here again were the committees on credentials, on permanent organization, and on resolutions. The platform — there had been no political platforms in Oregon for six years — eulogized "our noble party," and referred enthusiastically to "that sterling statesman, William H. Taft." It likewise "viewed with alarm" and "pointed with pride" in most orthodox phraseology. "Just like old times, ain't it?" the delegates would say, nudging each other. The enthusiasm reached its highest pitch when the candidate for Governor, one Jay Bowerman, was escorted to the platform, and, in accepting the "recommendation," congratulated the Republican party of Oregon on its "return to representative government."

Oswald West Decides to Become a Candidate

Evidently this self-appointed assembly regarded itself as the Republican party. But there were forces at work which it little comprehended. The assembly adjourned joyously, organized itself into a parade, and moved with

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red fire and brass bands noisily down the main streets of Portland. One of the most interested spectators was a tall, boyish figure, leaning in the darkness against a telegraph pole. This was Oswald West. Mr. West had had some experience in public life. He had been brought up in Salem, the State capital, and, as already noted, had for several years acted as a teller in



EX-SENATOR CHARLES W. FULTON, LEADER OF THE OLD REPUBLICAN MACHINE, WHOM THE NEW IDEAS HAVE RETIRED TO PRIVATE LIFE

the leading Salem bank. Here Mr. West had had unusual opportunities for the study of practical politics. Many times, as an official duty, he had had to pay out large rolls in greenbacks to men whom he recognized as legislative lobbyists. Afterward members of the legislature would come into his bank and deposit to their credit these same greenbacks. Often these same legislators would not hesitate to tell the paying teller how they had obtained them. West had afterward moved to Astoria, taken a part in politics, and attracted the favorable attention of Governor Chamberlain, who selected him to clean up the State land office, which for many years had been a scandal. West did the work so expeditiously and acceptably that Chamberlain promoted him to a railroad commissionership. A remarkable improvement in the transportation facilities of Oregon followed; new tracks were laid, new stations built, and important readjustments in rates were made. By the fall of 1910, therefore, Oswald West was generally looked upon as a young man with an important political future. He himself thought that perhaps sometime, many years hence, he might aspire to the governorship; that an opportunity might be immediately forthcoming, however, had hardly occurred to him.

And yet, as he watched this noisy crowd of old political ringsters marching triumphantly through the streets of Portland, already well

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THE "EXECUTIVE MANSION" OF OREGON — THE HOME OF GOVERNOR OSWALD WEST

launched in their attempts to regain their old power and undo the work of eight years, the idea occurred to West, Why not now? Probably no similarly favorable opportunity would ever again present itself. All that night West could not sleep, for he was busy formulating his plans. The next morning he walked up to the Secretary of State clerk's office in Salem, and filed his intention of becoming a candidate for the Democratic nomination.

Here, certainly, was a phenomenon peculiar to Oregon. A young man under forty, without money or influential friends, with no political machine, a Democrat in an overwhelmingly Republican State, was quietly determining to win for himself the office of Governor. It is certainly worth while to observe in some detail precisely how West went about gratifying this remarkable ambition. He first got the names of the twenty thousand Democrats in Oregon from the registration lists. To fifteen thousand of these he sent a personal letter, informing them that he would stand as a candidate at the Democratic primaries. Of those whom West addressed, about two thousand replied. The candidate filed their names away in a card-catalogue, and wrote to them again, asking for the names of voters in their localities who were interested in his cause. As these names came in, West filed them in his card-catalogue, this time using red ink. These names constituted his "machine." This machine, however, was not composed of office-holders or politicians, but of citizen voters unselfishly interested in his nomination. The fact that West was widely known in the rural sections helped him greatly. For many years he had been a sheep-herder and a cattle-driver, and had penetrated every section of the State. As a land agent and railroad commissioner, he had likewise traveled all over Oregon, everywhere making friends.

A Hand-Shaking Campaign

West had little difficulty in winning at the primaries, for no candidate of the slightest strength opposed him. At the Republican primaries, Bowerman, the assembly's "recommendation," was also successful. The issues were now sharply drawn. West adopted as his platform the "Oregon system," while Bowerman was clearly in the field to destroy all the reform measures. Both candidates made an energetic personal canvass, though their methods differed considerably. Bowerman went into the towns, welcomed by the local Republican committee and a brass band, met the "leading citizens," and spoke in the local "opera-house." West, on the other hand, went everywhere unheralded. His plan was not so much speech-making — though he did make some speeches; his real purpose was to meet personally as many of the voters as he could. He went into the country sections and small towns, especially where there were no railroads — on horseback, in stage-coaches, occasionally in an automobile. And with him there were no committees, no brass bands, and no parades. He

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would come into town unannounced, would walk leisurely up the main street, and wherever he spied a group of people would quietly go up and introduce himself. "My name is West," he would say. "I am the Democratic candidate for Governor. I just dropped in so as to give you a chance to look me over." After shaking hands with the whole group, he would then pass on, and perhaps enter the grocery store, where the village philosophers were invariably assembled. In this fashion West covered nearly the whole of rural Oregon, visiting little towns that had never seen a candidate for Governor before. Nor did he overlook the larger cities. There were few longshoremen in Portland with whom he did not become acquainted. He sometimes had to climb over large piles of freight and flour-sacks on the docks to reach them, but obstructions of this kind seemed to have no terrors for him.

When the time came for balloting, therefore, nearly every voter in Oregon had at least a hand-shaking acquaintance with "Os" West. But there was far more to the campaign than this. The State was aroused as it never had been before. In the minds of the Oregon farmer and workingman, the political salvation of Oregon depended on the result of this election. In order to save the Initiative and Referendum, the Direct Primary, the Recall, the Corrupt Practices Act, and "Statement No. 1," the Republican voters, under the leadership of Jonathan Bourne, who came out strongly for the Democratic candidate, broke over all party lines, sent back once more into retirement all the old bosses, big and little, and elected Oswald West Governor. A few weeks before the election was held, Harvey W. Scott died, and with his death the old régime in Oregon came to an end.

These several instances show how the Oregon democracy, working under the Direct Primary, now selects its candidates for public office. It chooses all its elective officials in this way — not only its United States senators and its Governor, but its congressmen, its legislators, its judges, its mayors, and its officials of local administration. One result is sufficiently clear: the people have absolutely destroyed the old political machine. To what extent, however, has the popular method improved the character and efficiency of Oregon's public men? On this point there is no occasion for unbounded enthusiasm. Political conditions in Oregon are still far from ideal. The great disappointment of the Oregon experiment has been its failure to develop any real, aggressive, disinterested political leadership. Any one who believes that the Direct Primary, in itself, will bring out the best men as candidates for public office, will experience a rude shock when he studies the situation in Oregon. Oregon's two congressmen are certainly unworthy representatives of this energetic and intelligent State. The men elected to the legislature last fall, all candidates under the direct primary, are likewise a rather inferior lot. Oswald West, as Governor, has so far made a good record, but several of his appointments show that he is by no means averse to using the public offices to reward those who have assisted in his election. Whatever faults we may find in Oregon's public men, however, the fact remains that, for the most part, they are of a higher caliber than any the State has ever had before. Ignorant, undisciplined, and narrow-minded as in many instances they may be, they are still, with perhaps a very few exceptions, honest men. In many ways, indeed, Oregon is still politically in the frontier stage. The new measures have remarkably improved the political life of the State, but as yet they have failed of complete success. However, they have not really had a fair trial. The history of the last eight years has been chiefly a struggle with the machine to keep these measures on the statute-books. In nearly every election, that is, the "Oregon system" itself has been the issue. The results show that the people will support a bad man who "stands for" this system against a good man who opposes it. This probably explains the fact that so many "poor sticks" have been elected to the legislature. But last fall's election settled one important point — the "system" is in Oregon to stay. Even the "reactionaries" now accept it, and consequently the new laws will no longer themselves figure as campaign issues. Now that everybody understands this important point, the State will really have a fair opportunity to work out its political salvation.

IN THE OCTOBER McCLURE'S, MR. HENDRICK WILL DESCRIBE THE PRACTICAL WORKINGS OF THE RECALL, AS SHOWN IN THE EXPERIENCES OF LOS ANGELES AND SEATTLE

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The Adventures of Miss Gregory

by Perceval Gibbon

Eva

Illustrations by William Hatherell

IT was the merest accident that brought Miss Gregory to enter the dark little church that stands close to the harbor of Odessa, and made her a witness of the whispered interview that took place there between two men in the shadow of the stout wooden pillars. She had gone from her hotel to transact business at the post-office, and, that done, had strolled on down the street, in idle contentment with the company of the throng that shared the pavement with her; and, near the foot of the hill that overlooks the harbor, the church — a dingy little temple for dingy people — had invited her with its open door and the gloom of shadows within. So, in the spirit of a sight-seer willing to miss nothing that is to be seen, she had passed in to look about her.

She was in Odessa as the result of one of those whims which make the record of her travels such exacting reading. Her plan had been to sail for England from Constantinople on one of the Papayani boats; but, before the boat sailed, there had come news from across the Black Sea, of fresh fires rekindling the ashes of revolution, and strange hates and heroisms keying up the life of the sad cities to the pitch of tragedy.

"You see," she told the Consul, when she called on him to arrange about her passport, "I can hardly turn my back on it all. It wouldn't be fair to my book."

The gray-haired Consul frowned slightly. In his early days he too had written a book, and his career had suffered by it.

"Everybody writes books nowadays," he said. "Got something better to do, myself."

Miss Gregory had smiled tolerantly at his reply. *Her* book, she felt, was not of the kind that everybody was qualified to write. There had gone to the framing of it many thousands of miles of travel on salt water and dry earth, much expenditure of humanity and vital force, and not a few breathless moments. A little Russia would round it off neatly, she decided; she had not a moment's doubt that, if things were to happen, they would happen under her steady gray eyes. She had the knack of being by when affairs reached the breaking-point.

So London was telegraphed to for letters of introduction to supplement the broad official passport, and Miss Gregory's friends at home responded generously. After her long sojourn in the East and the South, it was not unpleasant to be again in relation with the current of European life and within reach of the shops; and the introductions made her at home in a wide circle of people of her own class — officials, military folk, and their like. Her handsome gray head and strong pink face had a vogue in local society,— some word or two of her exploits down the Red Sea had trickled through,— and she was mildly lionized. The city was enjoying an interval of tranquillity after a threatened mutiny by the crews of the war-ships in the harbor; not a bomb had stayed the traffic for a month; and the pleasant blond folk of the place were glad of a novelty to occupy their leisure.

But, of all the letters of introduction that came to her, the most fruitful was that which had seemed to promise least. Thinking over her resources, Miss Gregory had remembered a certain shy elderly musician to whom she had once or twice sent pupils. It took an effort of mind to recall his name; he dwelt in the background of her memory as a misty, uncertain figure, white-faced, with brindled hair, bent over a 'cello. He was a Russian, certainly; so a telegram went from Constantinople to him

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also, and in reply came a note addressed to one Anton Sandorf, begging him to put himself at Miss Gregory's service for the writer's sake, who was her debtor for much goodness. And it concluded: "You will not let her involve herself, for she is much loved by her friends." Miss Gregory found that a little mysterious, but it became plain when she made the acquaintance of Anton Sandorf.

She presented the letter, one afternoon, trusting to an *istvostchik* to find the place. It turned out to be a gaunt tenement dwelling, thrusting itself high over the roofs of a poor quarter, and showing a front like a cliff to a mean street of small shops. The flat to which she was bound was at the head of many stone stairs, and she arrived at the door panting from the ascent. She paused to get her breath before knocking.

The girl that answered her knock and stood in the doorway looking at her was as trim as Miss Gregory herself — a clean-cut, delicate young person who seemed a day or two too old for a school-girl and a day or so too young for a governess. Miss Gregory tried her in her quaint, precise French.

"Monsieur Anton Sandorf lives here?" she inquired.

"Yes," replied the girl. "You wish to see him?"

"If you please," said Miss Gregory, and the girl made way for her to enter the flat.

There was a little hall with a little kitchen at the end of it; Miss Gregory had a glimpse of it before the girl opened another door.

"Enter, Madame," she invited, and called to somebody within: "Anton, one seeks you."

The room occupied the whole side of the flat, with three windows upon the street, for the Russian believes in elbow room. Miss Gregory passed from the dark hall to its full light, and thought for a moment that the girl had made a mistake and shown her into an empty room. But an exclamation and a disturbance among some rugs upon a couch made her aware that she was not alone.

"Who is it?" demanded a voice, and there came into view a thin hatchet face with wild hair above it, staring at her over the edge of a rug as from a bed. It darkened as it dwelt upon her, and made some remark in emphatic Russian.

"I have a letter of introduction," explained Miss Gregory, in French still, and gave the name of the writer of the letter. "But I fear I am disturbing you."

"It's not that," said Anton Sandorf, preparing to rise. "It is Eva — she makes a spectacle of me. But Madame will pardon."

He showed himself as a small man, grotesquely hunchbacked, with a tiny body below his deformity and a large, drooping head above. He gave her a chair, and stood to one side to read the letter she produced for him.

While he read, Miss Gregory had an opportunity to look about her. The great room was very bare, but a grand piano at one end of it and a large writing-table heaped with a wild confusion of papers gave it the atmosphere of occupation which fills a room more potently than any amplitude of furniture. The walls, too, were well covered, mostly with little canvases unframed and sketches held in place by drawing-pins. Among them a few colored cartoons from German papers were conspicuous, and opposite Miss Gregory, on the plaster of the wall itself, some one had drawn in charcoal, and with a certain dashing skill, the flat profile of some immensely fat man with huge shoulders blotting out the neck.

Anton Sandorf read the letter to an end, seemed to consider for a moment, and then turned to Miss Gregory with a smile that lit up the hollows of his brooding face.

"Then," he said, in her own language, "it appears you are English?"

"Certainly," said Miss Gregory.

He laughed. "I thought you were German," he said. "You speak French just like a German. But you shall be very welcome here. An' now I will call the little beast Eva, an' there shall be a revenge. She shows people in to me without warning; I have no chance to be polite. She is English, too."

"The — the young lady who came to the door?" inquired Miss Gregory.

"Yes," said Anton Sandorf; "the little Eva."

He pulled open the door and shouted, and the girl made her appearance in the full light of the three windows. She was charmingly, delicately young, Miss Gregory perceived; she had the very primness and fragility of some spring flower.

"Eva," said Sandorf, in French, "you can arrange to receive a pupil for lessons in English?"

"But certainly," said the girl promptly. Nevertheless, she cast a glance of vague trepidation in the direction of Miss Gregory's strong dignity.

"Madame is the friend of our friend Constantin," said Sandorf, and passed her the letter. "Read what he says."

The girl read, while Sandorf watched her with delighted malice. Miss Gregory looked on smiling at the small comedy.

"But," said Eva, "he says you *are* English?"

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Sandorf burst into ecstatic laughter. "*Voyons!*" he cried. "The little Eva's first pupil—and Eva can teach her nothing. I must tell Andreitch that."

Eva smiled reluctantly, and tossed the letter back to him.

"You see," she said to Miss Gregory, with a touch of awkwardness, "Constantin sends you to us because he thinks we shall amuse you. But we're not always such idiots; it's only Anton's foolishness."

Anton Sandorf combined a smile at Miss Gregory and a grimace at the girl in one extraordinary contortion of his long, mobile face.

"At any rate," he said, "we are most glad to see you; you must believe that. And, if Eva can manage it, we will give you tea."

The pair of them, the strange, deformed man and the pretty, prim girl, made a business of giving her a welcome. They were like a couple of brilliant children about her, sparring perfunctorily and half affectionately at each other, and treating her with a sort of gentle freedom that did not lack charm. The name of Andreitch was mentioned once or twice, and when at last the samovar and the tea-glasses made their appearance, Miss Gregory demanded information.



"A GREAT BULK WHICH SHE RECOGNIZED AS ORLOFF"

"But tell me," she asked, "who is Andreitch?"

Anton Sandorf shot out a great, flat hand toward the girl.

"Andreitch?" he said. "He is the—what you call—master of the house. And that is Madame Andreitch."

"Eh? You are married?" inquired Miss Gregory, in surprise. The girl was really so little more than a child. She answered the question with a promptness that was half defiant.

"Oh, yes," she said. "I—I hope you will see my husband. He will be in soon."

"That will be very nice." Miss Gregory, for some reason, was a little touched. It occurred to her that here, after all her adventures, she had come upon the real adventurer. This neat, reserved child, stamped with the seal of secure English middle-class life, had married her man and linked herself to his life in the harsh, barbarous outskirts of Europe, and exchanged the playfellows of her home for this gaunt cripple with the bitter, wry mouth, and eyes of a faithful dog.

"As for me," Sandorf was saying, "I am the lodger I suffer many inconveniences, but I am patient. It is a hard life for me."

"Don't you believe him!" cried the girl. "Last night he was working—at the piano, you know—till four o'clock, when Pavel, my husband, went in and stopped him. He always talks like this when any one comes."

Sandorf grinned, and Miss Gregory laughed outright. The peep-show view of their ménage which they disclosed to her was altogether consistent with the childishness of the little wife; she could imagine it diversified with a hundred rather charming little contretemps and difficulties, small domestic adventures of inexperienced housewifery. It was all so innocent and playful, she thought; it would make a good, light touch in her book. Later, when she came to write of it, she remembered her first conclusions, and shuddered.

Soon the husband came in and joined them, a dark, thin young man with a sensitive, enthusiastic face. It was evident that the young couple had not been long married, for they were even yet a little shy of each other under the eyes of strangers. It was only in moments of unconsciousness that their eyes traveled together and met, to fall asunder again in sharp constraint. But Andreitch was not less cordial than the others in his welcome of Miss Gregory. Indeed, if there was one quality more than another that made her hosts remarkable, it was the gentleness and kindliness which was common to all three of them, a sort of simplicity that made Miss Gregory wonder and feel abashed at her own capacity for harshness.

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"THE GIRL WAS DRAWING PAPERS FROM THE TRUNK, TEARING SOME AND PUTTING OTHERS ASIDE FOR BURNING"

"You will come again?" Andreitch asked, when it came time for her to take her leave. "You will surely come? It will be so pleasant for us."

"Miss Gregory will come to see me, then," asserted Anton Sandorf. "It is upon me she has called. It is so, Madame?"

"At any rate, I will come," Miss Gregory promised.

Anton Sandorf came down the stairs with her to call a *droschky* and give the driver the direction of her hotel. As the turning of the stairs hid the door of the flat from them, he lifted his thin, deep-lined face with a sidelong smile.

"*Eh bien?*" he asked. "Have we bored you, Madame?"

"No," said Miss Gregory. "Why?"

"Perhaps our dear Constantin, whose letter you brought, told you of us? Or of me? Surely he told you something?"

They were at an angle of the stairs, where the only light came from the deep well between the iron banisters. Sandorf came to a stop as he spoke, and Miss Gregory paused likewise.

"I'm afraid not," she answered. "Should he have told me something?"

He inspected her grave, handsome face for a space of seconds before he replied.

"That is what I wonder," he said. "We are glad to see you — very glad and very happy. But it is not like our dear Constantin, there in London, to send you to us simply — well, as he might tell a tourist to visit a gallery. Because we do some strange things."

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The very sweetness of courtesy was in all his tone and his manner — it was not possible to be affronted; but Miss Gregory was a little puzzled.

"I should be sorry if I thought I were taking advantage of your friendship for Monsieur Constantin," she answered. "Still, I'm hardly a tourist, you know. I'm traveling, and I'm writing a book, and —— "

"A book!" exclaimed Sandorf. "Ah, *c'est une autre affaire*. I comprehend. Madame, shall I apologize? But I was *sure* our dear Constantin would not send us a tourist."

"No apology necessary," Miss Gregory assured him. "That's quite all right."

Sandorf bowed. "A book," he repeated. "But that is charming. We are all artists together, then. Besides Madame, there is Eva, the little Eva, with a voice like a friendly little bird; and me, I am a composer; and Andreitch abuses a violin so that it would make you ill. We will make music for you some evening — not?"

"I should be delighted," answered Miss Gregory, a little thrilled at this swift, unquestioning recognition of her literary quality. "But I wish you would tell me something about yourselves. You know — you're rather unexpected."

"So?" Sandorf laughed. His whimsical cripple's face could express a very personal charm. "Is it Eva?" he asked. "She is wonderful, is she not? A little Englishwoman who will always be a little Englishwoman — remote, a prig, a fanatic for the conventions, but strong and faithful for ever. Wonderful! She was a nursery governess to two stupid babies, when Andreitch found her and took her into his hands; and now she teaches us all to wipe our boots on the mat and not to drop cigarette ash upon our knees. And by degrees we improve; we become gentlemen."

"I see," said Miss Gregory.

"We can show you nothing more marvelous," said Sandorf. "But, still — you would like to meet some of our — our comrades?"

He hesitated on the last word, and Miss Gregory put it down to a momentary hitch in his English.

"I should like it very much," she assured him. "Very much indeed."

"For instance," he suggested, "there is Orloff."

"Orloff," repeated Miss Gregory. "You don't mean *the* Orloff? The Anarchist, you know?"

At that time there had come again into the light of Russian revolutionary politics a veteran of the country's unrest, a human mole, living commonly below the social surface and emerging to the light only to let loose forces of violence and disorder. The name of Orloff had had a sinister prominence since the early days of Nihilism; it had been spoken doubtfully in those years when the Tsar Alexander II dodged his death by mine and pistol and bomb, and more certainly of later years in Italy and London. The man had been trapped by the authorities more than once. He had escaped from Siberia, and it was said his evasion had been winked at in return for disclosures he had made. To mention him was to invoke the blood-stained past of Russia.

"Not Orloff the Anarchist?" said Miss Gregory.

"That's the man," said Sandorf. "He isn't an Anarchist, though. But perhaps you don't understand the difference. Still, your book. You would like to meet him?"

"I should like it, of all things," replied Miss Gregory. "This is really wonderful luck. He comes to your flat, then?"

"Sometimes," said Sandorf. "It is easily arranged. He is a gentle creature, and Eva is very fond of him. She keeps slippers for him to put on, because he always gets his feet wet."

Miss Gregory stared. "Good Lord!" she said. "That little thing! I hope — I *do* hope — she won't get into any trouble through knowing this man."

"I hope not, too," replied Sandorf, and made a motion to resume the descent of the stairs.

He put Miss Gregory into her *droschky* and gave the name of her hotel to the cabman.

"Our dear Constantin shall be satisfied that we have treated you well," were his last words, as the *ïstvostchik* woke his skinny beast and started off.

"Our dear Constantin," said Miss Gregory to herself, looking back at the distorted figure standing by the curb, "is evidently a man with a past."

Such had been the commencement of an intercourse that ripened, as it grew, into strong interest and some liking on both sides. It was a compliment to the Andreitch couple and to Anton Sandorf — if they had only known how to esteem it — that Miss Gregory, the figure of the moment in Odessa, withdrew herself so willingly from elaborate hospitalities to spend afternoons and evenings in the curious disorder of their flat. By degrees their function in the world became apparent to her. She met, in the big room where Sandorf's piano was, earnest persons of both sexes, always young, whose presence enlightened her. She had heard of old, and now remembered, accounts of that curious altruism which infects the young men and women of Russia like a delayed measles of the mind. It makes them not only sympa-

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thizers with, but partakers of, the lot of the people; it sends young aristocrats to hunt their ideals in factories and slums. To Andreitch's flat in one evening came a dock-laborer who had discovered Christianity, and a wan, consumptive princess who spoke in a flat, weary voice of dynamite as a panacea for social wrongs.

"I can understand," wrote Miss Gregory in her diary, at this period, "that talking of massacres may relieve one's feelings. There are times when thinking of it relieves mine. I don't object to Eva playing with fire; but I do object to her playing with a police-court charge."

And then, one evening, when all was going forward in its usual manner, there appeared Orloff.

The room was full when he came. Sandorf had played them his latest composition, sitting bunched up at the keyboard of the big piano with an unwonted vagueness of countenance, and talk had resumed with a double force when his music ceased. He came round from the piano and sat upon the couch beside Miss Gregory.

"You are tired?" she asked him, for he seemed limp and spent.

"Not tired," he answered. "Only I spend much of myself when I play. *Then* this seems grotesque — that people should waste themselves so, when there is art for them to love."

The door had opened, but Miss Gregory was not looking at it.

"I think so, too," she was saying, when Sandorf put his hand on her arm, all his lassitude suddenly gone.

"See," he said. "There he is — Orloff."

"Orloff." The young people were flocking about the man who had entered, and Miss Gregory stood up to see him. He came through them slowly, like some vast and ponderous vessel shouldering through flotsam, and she had a view of the man whose great, fat-laden face was sketched in charcoal on the wall. He was huge to the point of unwieldiness, an immense, clumsy carcass of a man, ballooning along on shapeless short legs. The terrible wire-puller of innumerable revolutions, the author of murders and outrages past counting, breathed heavily and smiled with a fatuous amiability about him as he made his ungainly way to the chair that Andreitch thrust forward for him.

"So that is the great Orloff," said Miss Gregory. "The public should be armed with harpoons."

"Here is Eva with the slippers," remarked Sandorf.

Miss Gregory found the spectacle disagreeable. There was a sort of indecency in the sight of the trim English girl at the fat man's feet, aiding him to rid himself of his patched boots. He patted her blond head benignly, and spoke in Russian to those around him. ("His very voice is fat," was Miss Gregory's comment subsequently.) At his touch Eva looked up, smiling; she had the attitude of a docile and loving daughter.

Presently Sandorf presented Miss Gregory to the great man. He did not rise to take her hand, but contented himself with looking up blandly and emitting a kind of rich chuckle from the recesses of his being. His great, shapeless hand enveloped hers flabbily.

"Engleesh?" he said. "Ah, ver' good — ver' good. Engleesh lady — ver' good."

He had not the gift of tongues, and transmitted a heavy compliment through Sandorf. Miss Gregory received it stonily.

"You are disappointed — not?" asked Sandorf, when the audience was over and they had made way for the others who pressed about Orloff. "He is not what you looked for?"

"Oh, I don't know," said Miss Gregory. "I rather expected he'd be beastly, and he is."

The hunchback smiled at her. "And yet," he said, "there are few here to-night, and none that I can think of, who wouldn't die for him. So perhaps 'beastly' is not the word."

"Die for him!" Miss Gregory repeated the phrase scornfully. "For some principle, perhaps, or some feather-headed idea. But not for him."

Sandorf only smiled.

"Would you?" asked Miss Gregory suddenly.

"I?" he answered her simply. "Yes, of course," he said. "Some day perhaps I shall. I am quite ready."

Miss Gregory looked at him steadily. He did not cease to smile under her examination, but there was a disconcerting earnestness about him none the less.

"You see," he said, "Orloff — he has seen and done so much. A great deal depends on him. He is worth a hundred of me."

"My dear boy," said Miss Gregory, "I wouldn't sell your little finger for a thousand Orloffs."

Sandorf laughed. "A woman to perceive a man's value," he said. "I kiss your hands, Miss Gregory."

"Don't dare," said Miss Gregory.

She went away soon after that, bearing with her the memory of Orloff like a bad taste in the mouth. The sight of Eva at his feet, of Andreitch leaning over the back of his chair, of all the young men and girls gathered about him, attentive and admiring, filled her with disgust. It was not only that she felt no sympathy for gentlemen whose trade is with fulminate of

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mercury put up in small parcels for every-day use, but all that was clean and eupeptic in her composition revolted at the lumbering, plethoric flesh of the man. The evil impression she carried away with her was even strong enough to restrain her from visiting the flat as frequently as of old; and on the day when the open door of the humble little church, yawning dark below a spherical dome of crude sky-blue, dotted with yellow stars, invited her to enter, she had not seen Sandorf and his friends for nearly a week.

The church had little to offer her besides its shadows and its dust. She strolled idly to the rails of the altar, and made a perfunctory examination of the candle-stands and the ikons, and then she would have gone again to the street and its agreeable, busy variety. But, as she turned, she saw a man enter and slip at once into the side aisle between the thick pillars, and something of haste and precaution in his movements attracted her attention. Miss Gregory had an instinct for those trifles that are the germ of history. She paused on her way to the door, and found herself a retreat, among the pillars at the other side of the church, where she could wait enveloped by shadows and spy upon anything that was due to happen.

She had not long to wait. She saw the hidden man glancing forth, keeping an eye upon the door by which he had entered, and once he drew out his watch and consulted it.

"Ah," reflected Miss Gregory. "It's an appointment, then. If it's a woman, I'll go."

Next instant she frowned in sudden perplexity. Through the door of the church, waddling clumsily, and making comical and tragic efforts to move furtively and with discretion, came a great bulk which she recognized as Orloff. It was not a figure about which any mistake was possible. Peering around her pillar, she even had a view of his big, flat face, with a staircase of chins creased over his collar, as he too vanished into the side aisle where the first man waited.

"Now, that's funny," said Miss Gregory.

The two were hidden from her. From time to time she could hear the faint noise of whispering, in which no words were distinguishable. The rest was but the stillness and mustiness of the church and the muffled sounds of the street. In later years, when she recalled that scene, there returned always the stale odor of candles guttering at a stand of ikons, and the feeling of ancient grime on all she touched.

She stood perhaps a quarter of an hour, thinking and doubting; and then, upon an impulse, walked forth from her hiding-place and crossed the church without concealment. "It's a public place," she told herself. The two men heard her coming, and, when she approached within sight of them, they presented the appearance of inhuman detachment and offhandedness which is usual to people whose privacy is surprised. Orloff was leaning against a pillar, with his hands clasped over the circumference of his stomach, his face torpid and benign. His companion stood a couple of paces from him, ill at ease and impatient; and Miss Gregory, passing serenely between them, took occasion to examine him. A man in civilian clothes that fitted him ill, she saw; a narrow, intolerant face; a way of standing with the shoulders braced back that would have rendered any disguise futile to so shrewd and experienced an eye as Miss Gregory's. The whole person of the man bespoke the promoted policeman; the official cloth itself could hardly have distinguished him more clearly.

"Ah, M'sieur Orloff," said Miss Gregory coolly. "*Vous voilà?*"

The huge man blinked at her placidly, immovable, portentous.

"Engleesh lady?" he said in his thick voice. "Yais; ver' good."

He said something in Russian to his companion, who lifted his hat to Miss Gregory and answered in the same tongue. The situation was short-circuited, as it were, by the fact that they could not speak to each other. Orloff did not move; he merely smiled sleepily, and the other man waited. There was no more to do.

"Well," said Miss Gregory, "this is rather a bore, isn't it?" She smiled politely on the pair of them. "I'll leave you to your business, then, eh?"

The man whom she recognized as a policeman lifted his hat again as she went, and, pausing at the door, she turned and saw that he was looking after her. His head stuck out between the pillars as from a window; he looked more like a policeman than ever.

She lost no time in finding a *droschky*, and, in spite of some difficulty in making the driver understand her, she lost little time in getting to the home of the Andreitch pair. Sandorf, however, was out, and this disconcerted her, for she had prepared herself to reveal the matter to him. It was another thing to speak of it to Eva and her husband.

It was Andreitch who opened the door and let her in.

"Ah, Miss Gregory," he said, and seemed to hesitate an instant. "Come in, come in," he invited. "Eva is here, and you will forgive us if we are a little busy, will you not?"

"Yes," said Miss Gregory. "I wouldn't disturb you, but if Monsieur Sandorf is not here I must tell you something I came to tell him"

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"Certainly," smiled Andreitch, and let her pass before him into the large room.

The comfortable disorder that was native to the room was increased now by a couple of trunks, between which knelt Eva, on a floor littered with papers. The little stove was piled with the black ash of other papers which had been burned; and, as Miss Gregory entered, the girl was drawing papers from the trunk, one by one, tearing some and putting others aside for burning.

"You've heard, then?" cried Miss Gregory.

Both Andreitch and his wife looked at her with startled eyes.

"Heard — what?" demanded Andreitch.

"You must have heard," said Miss Gregory, "or why are you burning papers?"

Eva and her husband glanced at each other. Miss Gregory was feeling a certain agitation, but she could not fail to notice the fellowship and understanding of the glance by which each consulted the other.

"We burn our papers from time to time," Andreitch said. "They accumulate and get lost, and some of them might get us into trouble."

"Then burn the lot," cried Miss Gregory forcibly. "Burn the lot at once! What do you think I've just seen? I came to tell Sandorf at once. There's treachery going on."

Andreitch interrupted her in his gentle voice. "But sit down," he urged. "You are upset. You mustn't stand."

Miss Gregory impatiently took the chair he offered. Their caution, their tranquillity, struck her as wooden, and she was conscious of an irritable wish to startle them. She leaned forward in her chair, while Eva knelt between the trunks and watched her face with serious eyes, and Andreitch stood beside her, frowning thoughtfully. She told them of what she had seen in the little church, of the furtive interview between the two men, of the unmistakable quality of the policeman. She made her points strongly, for their stillness put her on her mettle.

"So, now, you see what is going on," she concluded.

The husband and wife looked at each other again, and a smile passed between them.

"Dear Miss Gregory," said Andreitch then, "it was very kind of you to come and tell us. We know how good you are. But as to Orloff — you are mistaken."

"I saw him, I tell you," cried Miss Gregory. "And I know a policeman when I see one."

"I'm sure you do," agreed Andreitch soothingly. "But you are still mistaken. It isn't treachery. We know all about it. It was the little Peter Church, was it not? Yes; we know all about that."

Miss Gregory stared at them. What they knew she did not ask. They had not seen, as she had, the circumstances of the interview, its dark, cautious character. She rose impetuously.

"It was Anton Sandorf I came to see," she said. "He has glimmerings of reason. I'll come again this evening and talk to him."

"Not this evening," said Andreitch. "Not this evening, please. Anton won't be here this evening."

"To-morrow, then," said Miss Gregory. "I don't suppose twelve hours matters. But I've warned you, and I've one other thing to say."

"Yes?"

Miss Gregory pointed to Eva, who had begun her work among the papers again. At her gesture the girl stopped, startled, like a child convicted of sin.

"You know your own business," said Miss Gregory. "But you've no right to lead a child like that into danger. She's not a Russian, either; she's English. So, if you've any sense of your responsibility, you'll let me take her back with me to my hotel till this affair — whatever it is — is blown over. She'll be safe with me, and I don't think she's safe with you, by any means."

Andreitch smiled. "I don't think so, either," he said softly. "Take her, by all means, Miss Gregory."

Kneeling on the floor, Eva laughed.

"He's joking, Miss Gregory," she said. "He knows I won't go. But thank you ever so much, all the same."

"Well," said Miss Gregory, "we can talk of it again. To-morrow I will come to see Monsieur Sandorf."

She would have gone then, but, to her surprise, both stayed her to bid her an elaborate farewell. Andreitch kissed her hand, and Eva her face, and both stood at the door, the girl within the man's arm, and called adieux and smiled after her till the bend in the stair interposed.

"One would imagine," thought Miss Gregory, "that they were never going to see me again."

Miss Gregory was before all things a woman of the world, equipped with self-possession against emotional surprises. She placed a meager value on caresses as a means of intercourse; but somehow the tenderness of that farewell in the flat stuck in her mind like a splinter. She dined out that evening, and took nourishment with a naval officer who had been blown up in the *Petropavlosk* at one elbow, and a girl-faced, dandified Secretary of the administration at the other. They talked of the relative merits of vingt and bridge as occupations for mature minds; and even this did not avail to wipe her memory clear of its troublesome

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impression that danger threatened the gentle, kindly lives in the flat and that the girl's good-by kiss had been a portent.

It stayed with her through the night, that vague apprehension of evil; so that when, toward noon, she drove to the flat again, and found that the night had swept its occupants away, she was scarcely astonished. A policeman at the foot of the stairs, others on the way up, made things clear to her, and she was not allowed to enter the flat. A curt, unyielding officer was brought out to confirm the prohibition. Miss Gregory insisted on his taking her card, and her name had its effect. He remained curt, but yielded. And she looked again on the sitting-room, now strange and tragic to her eyes as three deft men worked through on a search for hidden things. They had already pulled Sandorf's piano to pieces; the wreck of it was like a slaughter. But they could tell her nothing save that there had been a raid and a dozen dangerous creatures had been trapped.

Three women, the police officer had said, were among the captures. Miss Gregory thought of Eva, and felt a little sick. The farewell had been final, after all.

Quite final, it seemed. In the days that followed, Miss Gregory came to think with some awe of the vastness and power of the machine that had drawn those poor children in. At the back of it, supplemented by a military tribunal of indefinite functions, worked the dread processes of the "administrative order," in virtue of which a man or any number of men may be made to vanish as if they had never existed, and nobody can be called to account for it. She tried to see the unfortunates in prison, to write to them, to learn something of their fate — all to no purpose. A smiling civility met her on all hands. Everybody was disposed to help her, but nobody could. High up in the scheme of things, somebody had let loose a force which blotted Eva, Andreitch, and the rest from the light of the sun, and left only the memory of them to those who could preserve it.

It took time to conquer Miss Gregory's faith that something could be done in the affair — a matter of weeks. But at last she was baffled. She had done all that was possible, and there was no more left to do. She might not have persisted so long but for her steadfast belief that any human transaction will in the end round itself off and explain itself to the truly patient observer. This one seemed to be the exception; and she prepared for her departure from Odessa, and its ugliness and its cruelty, in discouragement and weariness of heart.

The afternoon before her departure saw her sitting on a bench in a square that takes the back-wash of a busy street's traffic. She had lost her taste for the big salons and the people she met there, and was content to see the last of the city in solitude. She was thinking rather ruefully of the passage by steamboat the length of the Mediterranean which she had sacrificed to her whim to learn the taste of Russia, when some one passing behind her touched her on the shoulder. She turned spiritedly to repel boarders, and uttered a little cry at sight of the lean, hollow-cheeked face of the hunchback Sandorf.

"You!" she cried. "And I thought all of you were dead."

She broke off short. She had not noticed, in the moment's shock of surprise, that there was another man with him, a hugely corpulent man who waited a few paces off.

"Ah, Miss Gregory," said Sandorf, "we are all that are left."

But Miss Gregory had no eyes for the fever of his countenance and the depths of sorrow in his voice. She was staring at Orloff grimly.

"That man," she said, with a rasp in her tone, "betrayed them! He murdered them — Eva and the others. Did you know that? He sold them to the police. I saw him do it! Why are you in his company?"

Anton Sandorf shrugged one misshapen shoulder, with a weary little smile. The weeks since she had last seen him had left marks upon him. A cripple before, he was a wreck now, thin and feeble and wasted.

"I was told," he said. "I came home that night just in time to be captured with the others, and they were telling me when the police came how you had called to warn us. You wouldn't believe then that you were mistaken. Poor Orloff is not a traitor."

"Not a traitor!" repeated Miss Gregory scornfully. "What is he, then? A martyr?"

"Something of the kind," said Anton Sandorf. "But let us all sit down and I will tell you, if you like. It will make a strange matter for your book."

"I don't like sitting down with that man," said Miss Gregory. "Still, as you say, there's the book."

A passer-by would hardly have turned his head to look at them as they sat on the bench, two men and a woman in conversation. Sandorf placed himself between the others. At his left, Orloff clasped his shapeless hands on his stomach and seemed to doze.

"Tell me first," asked Miss Gregory, "are any of them dead?"

But Sandorf shook his head. "I don't know," he answered. "There were nine of us in the flat when the police came, and they put us together into a van and drove us to the prison. There was time there for our adieux, and then

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"THE GIRL READ, WHILE SANDORF WATCHED HER WITH DELIGHTED MALICE"

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"'SEE,' HE SAID. 'THERE HE IS—ORLOFF'"

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we were shut up separately and saw each other no more. Even when they took me before the court, none of the others were present, and I could hear nothing of them. They let me go, you see; Orloff vouched for me. They have not let any of the others go."

"Ah," said Miss Gregory, drawing in her breath. "Orloff didn't vouch for them."

Anton Sandorf sighed. "That was the arrangement," he said. "I will tell you all about it. You see, we had formed a little — er — society; we called it the League of Youth. There are many societies nowadays. People are tired of the shame and injustice of this country, and they join themselves into societies to argue about it. It is because arguing does not help that Andreitch formed our League, and our affair was mainly to help those who are risking their lives to make matters better. You understand?"

"You helped Nihilists, eh? Well, go on."

"At first," Sandorf continued, "we didn't do much. We did not know how to work, and we wasted time and money. It was Eva that suggested we should find some old hand of the revolution to put us in the right way — little Eva. She loved us all, even me. And so — and so at last we found a man whose name was spoken before we were born, a man who has seen the beginning and end of many revolts, the greatest of all the veterans of this war of ours. It was Orloff."

Miss Gregory glanced across him. The veteran was breathing hard, with swollen lids lowered over his small eyes.

"It was Orloff," repeated Sandorf. "We could not have found a better man. He is at the heart of things, a man holding the string of many movements in his hands. The very police are baffled by him; they no longer know for certain on which side he is — for them or against them. Just now they are sure he is for them; they pay him a salary. Soon they will be wiser. Well, he took our League, and in a week we were in relations with some others, here in this city, who had a great and dangerous work in hand. We had our part in it, under his guidance. He furnished us with inspiration, with energy, with cunning. All was going well, and in another month things would have been ready for the — er — the demonstration. And then suddenly we became aware that the police were watching us.

"It doesn't matter how we learned it; the fact was certain. It was a very terrible danger. It meant that not only might we be seized, to disappear in Siberia or in graves,— as Eva and Andreitch have disappeared,— but the fine work we had done might go for nothing. That was a thing we could not bear to think of. It was Eva that saw the way out. She proposed it to us one evening, standing beside Orloff's chair with her little hand upon his shoulder, while he listened to her as if he would go into a fit. 'We are just flies on the wheel,' she told us, 'we boys and girls. But this is the wheel' — and she patted him on the shoulder. 'Our wheels must not be broken,' she said — she spoke such pretty Russian; it made tears come in my eyes. 'So the easy way out of this trouble is for Father Orloff, here, to go to the police and denounce us all.'"

"Good *Lord!*" ejaculated Miss Gregory. "What a — what an appalling thing! And the man agreed, of course?"

Sandorf's look made it apparent that he was being very patient with her.

"You will write it all wrong in your book if you do not put that idea away from you," he warned her. "He agreed — yes. We all agreed, and at last we brought him to agree, too. But it was a horrible time. He sat in his arm-chair with his face behind his hands, crying out loud like a baby, and the tears ran between his fingers. It was laughable and frightful to see — he was so fat, and in such torment."

He made a gesture with his thin hands as if he would brush the memory from him, and for some seconds he sat staring at the ground between his feet. The torpid bulk of Orloff did not stir.

"So *that* was it," said Miss Gregory, drawing a deep breath. A hundred trifles recurred to her mind that bore out the tale. "So that was really it."

Sandorf nodded. "Yes," he said. "But watch for a month or two. The wheel is not broken, you see. Eva saved it, and not for nothing. Watch and you will see."

Miss Gregory shook her head. "Ah," she said. "But Eva — Eva."

Sandorf gave her a slow look and rose. He touched Orloff and roused him, and the veteran Nihilist heaved to his feet. Outwardly he was yet placid, benign, a soul smothered under a mass of blubber. Miss Gregory gaped at him in a kind of horror, dimly apprehending the dynamic spirit that wrought in that unsightly envelop. His dull eye rested on her peaceably.

"Engleesh lady," he articulated. "Ver' good — ver' good."

"Watch," said Sandorf again. "Eva — I know. But watch."

He touched Orloff again on the arm and they departed together. From her seat Miss Gregory watched the strange pair, the writhen hunchback and the elephantine minister of dynamite, pass from the Square into the throng of the street.

"I will watch," said Miss Gregory, as they disappeared. "But I ought to inform the police."

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The Walrus and the Carpenter

by Kathleen Norris

Author of "The Last Carolan," "The Measure of Margaret Copperel," etc.

Illustrations by David Robinson

THROUGH the tremulous beauty of the California woods, in the silent April afternoon, came Sammy Peneyre, riding Clown. The horse chose his own way on the corduroy road, for the rider was lost in dreams. Clown was a lean old dapple gray so far advanced in years and ailments that when Doctor Peneyre had bought him, the year before, the dealer had felt constrained to remark:

"He's better'n he looks, Doc'. You'll get your seven dollars' worth out of him yet!"

To which the Doctor had amiably responded:

"Your saying so makes me wonder if I *will*, Joe. However, I'll have my boy groom him and feed him, and we'll see!"

But, as Clown had stubbornly refused to respond to grooming and feeding, he was, like other despised and discarded articles, voted by the Peneyre family quite good enough for Sammy, and Sammy accepted him gratefully.

The spirit of spring was affecting them both to-day — a brilliant day after long weeks of rain. Sammy whistled softly. Clown coquetted with the bit, danced under the touch of the whip, and finally took the steep mountain road with such convulsive springs as jolted his rider violently from dreams.

"Why, you fool, are you trying to run away?" said Sammy, suddenly alive to the situation. The road here was a mere shelf on the slope of the mountain, constantly used by descending lumber teams, and dangerous at all times. A runaway might easily be fatal. Sammy pulled at the bit; but, at the first hard tug, the old bridle gave way, and Clown, maddened by a stinging blow from the loose flying end of the strap, bolted blindly ahead.

Terrified now, Sammy clung to the pommel and shouted. The trees flew by; great clods of mud were flung up by the horse's feet. From far up the road could be heard the creaking of a lumber team and the crack of the lumberman's long whip.

"My Lord!" said Sammy aloud, in a curious calm, "we'll never pass *that!*"

And then, like a flash, it was all over. Clown, suddenly freed from his rider, galloped violently for a moment, stopped, snorted suspiciously, galloped another twenty feet, and stood still, his broken bridle dangling rakishly over one eye. Sammy, dragged from the saddle at the crucial instant to the safety of Anthony Cunningham's arms, as he brought his own horse up beside her, wriggled to the ground.

"That was surely going some!" said Anthony, breathing hard. "Hurt?"

"No-o!" said Sammy. But she leaned against the tall, big fellow, as he stood beside her, and was glad of his arm about her shoulders.

They had known each other by sight for years, but this was the first speech between them. Anthony suddenly realized that the Doctor's youngest daughter, with her shy dark eyes and loosened silky braids, had grown from an awkward child into a very pretty girl. Sammy, glancing up, thought — what every other woman in Wheatfield thought — that Anthony Cunningham was the handsomest man she had ever seen, in his big loose corduroys, with a sombrero on the back of his tawny head.

"I was awfully afraid I'd grate against your leg," said the boy, with his sunny smile, "but I couldn't stop to figure it out. I just had to hustle!"

"There's a lumber wagon ahead there," Sammy said. "I'm — I'm very much obliged to you!"

They both laughed. Presently Anthony made the girl mount his own beautiful mare.

"Ride Duchess home. I'll take your horse," said he.

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"'THAT'S ANTHONY!'"

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"Oh, no, indeed; *please* don't bother!" protested Sammy eagerly.

But Anthony only laughed and gave her a hand up. Sammy settled herself on the Spanish saddle with a sigh of satisfaction.

"I've always wanted to ride your horse!" said she delightedly, as the big muscles moved smoothly under her.

Anthony smiled. "She's the handsomest mare hereabouts," said he. "I wouldn't take a thousand dollars for her!"

Sammy watched him deftly repair the broken bridle of the now docile and crestfallen Clown, and spring to the saddle.

"I'm taking you out of your way!" she pleaded, and he answered gravely:

"Oh, no; I'll be much happier seeing you safe home."

When they reached her gate, the two changed horses, and Sammy rode slowly up the dark driveway alone. Even on this brilliant afternoon the old Peneyre place looked dull and gloomy. Dusty dark pines and eucalyptus trees grew close about the house. There was no garden, but here and there an unkempt geranium or rank great bush of marguerites sprawled in the uncut grass, and rose bushes, long grown wild, stood in spraying clusters that were higher than a man's head. Pampas trees, dirty and overgrown, outlined the drive at regular intervals, their shabby plumes uncut from year to year.

The house was heavy, bay-windowed, three-storied. Ugly, immense, unfriendly, it struck an inharmonious note in the riotous free growth of the surrounding woods. The dark entrance-hall was flanked by a library full of obsolete unread books, and by double drawing-rooms, rarely opened now. All the windows on the ground floor were darkened by the shrubbery outside and by heavy red draperies within.

Sammy, entering a side door, seemed to leave the day's brightness behind her. The air indoors was chill, flat. A half-hearted little coal fire flickered in the grate, and Koga was cleaning silver at the table. Sammy took "David Copperfield" from the mantel and settled herself in a great chair.

"Koga, you go fix Clown now," she suggested.

Koga beamed assent. Departing, he wrestled with a remark: "Oh! Nise day. I sink so."

Sammy agreed. "You don't have weather like this in Japan in April!"

"Oh, yis," said Koga, and, drunk with the joy of speech, he added: "I sink so. Awe time nise in Jap-pon! I sink so."

"All the time nice in Japan?" echoed Sammy lazily. "Oh, what a story!"

But Koga was convulsed with innocent mirth. However excruciating the effort, he had produced a remark in English. He retired, repeating between spasms of enjoyment: "Oh, I sink so. Awe time nise in Jap-pon!"

The day dragged on, to all outward seeming like all of Sammy's days. Twilight made her close her book and straighten her bent shoulders. Pong came in to set the table. The slamming of the hall door announced her father.

Presently Mrs. Moore, the housekeeper, came downstairs. Lamps were lighted; dinner loitered its leisurely way. After it the Doctor set up one of his endless chess problems on the end of the table, and Sammy returned to "David Copperfield."

"Father, you know Anthony Cunningham — that young carpenter in Torney's shop?"

"I do, my dear."

"Well, Clown ran away to-day, and he really saved me from a bad smash."

A long pause.

"Ha!" said the Doctor presently. "Set this down, will you, Sammy? Rook to queen's fourth. Check. Now, knight — any move. No — hold on. Yes. Knight any move. Now, rook — wait a minute!"

His voice fell, his eyes were fixed. Sammy sighed.

At eight she fell to mending the fire with such vigor that her colorless little face burned. Then her spine felt chilly. Sammy turned about, trying to toast evenly; but it couldn't be done. She thought suddenly of her warm bed, put her finger in her book, kissed her father's bald spot between two yawns, and went upstairs.

The dreams went, too. There was nothing in this neglected, lonely day, typical of all her days, to check them. It was delicious, snuggling down in the chilly sheets, to go on dreaming.

Again she was riding alone in the woods. Again Clown was running away. Again big, gentle Anthony Cunningham was galloping behind her. Again for that breathless moment she was in his arms. Sammy shut her eyes. . . .

Her father, coming upstairs, wakened her. She lay smiling in the dark. What had she been thinking of? Oh, yes! And out came the dream horses and their riders again. . . .

The next day she rode over the same bit of road again, and the day after, and the day after that. The rides were absolutely uneventful, but sweet with dreams.

A week later Sammy teased Mrs. Moore into taking her to the Elks' concert and dance at the Wheatfield Hall over the post-office. When Mrs. Moore protested at this unheard-of proceeding, the girl used her one unfailing threat: "Then I'll tell father I want another governess!"

Mrs. Moore hated governesses. There had been no governess at the Doctor's for two years.

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"AFTER DINNER HE SANG—HAVING QUITE FRANKLY OFFERED TO SING"

She looked uneasy. "You've nothing to wear," said she.

"I'll wear my embroidered linen," said Sammy, "and Mary's spangled scarf."

"You oughtn't borrow your sister's things without permission," said Mrs. Moore half-heartedly.

"Mary's in New York," said Sammy recklessly. "She's not been home for two years and she may not be back for two more! She won't care. I'm eighteen, and I've never been to a dance, and I'm *going* — that's all there is about it!"

And she burst into tears, and presently laughed herself out of them, and went to her sister's orderly empty room to see what other treasures besides the spangled scarf Mary had left behind her.

Three months later, on a burning July afternoon, the Wheatfield "Terrors" played a team from the neighboring town of Copadoro. Wheatfield's population was reputedly nine hundred, and certainly almost that number of onlookers had gathered to watch the game. The free seats were packed with perspiring women in limp summer gowns, and restless, crimson-faced children; and a shouting, vociferous line of men fringed the field. But in the "grand stand," where chairs rented for twenty-five cents, there was still some room.

Three late-comers found seats there when the game was almost over — Sammy's sister Mary, an extremely handsome young woman in a linen gown and wide hat, her brother Tom, a correct young man whose ordinary expression indicated boredom, and their aunt, a magnificent personage in gray silk, with a gray silk parasol. Their arrival caused some little stir.

"Well, for pit —!" exclaimed a stout matron seated immediately in front of them. "If it ain't Mary Peneyre — an' Thomas, too! An' Mrs. Bond — for goodness' sake! Well, say, you folks *are* strangers. When 'jew all get here? Sammy never told me you was coming!"

"How d'you do, Mrs. Pidgeon?" said Sammy's aunt cordially. "No, Samantha didn't know it. We came — ah — rather suddenly. Yes, I've not been in Wheatfield for ten years. We got here on the two-o'clock train."

"Going to stay long, Mary?" said Mrs. Pidgeon sociably.

"Only a few days," said Miss Peneyre distantly. ("That's the worst of growing up in a place," she said to herself. "Every one calls

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"'I WON'T SEE YOU AGAIN, SAMMY. I'VE BEEN THINKING IT OVER"

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you 'Mary'!") "We are going to take Samantha back to New York with us," she added.

"Look out you don't find you're a little late," said Mrs. Pidgeon, with great archness. "I'm surprised you ain't asked me if there's any news from Sammy. Whole village talking about it."

The three smiles that met her gaze were not so unconcerned as their wearers fondly hoped. Mrs. Bond ended a tense moment when she exclaimed, "There's Sammy now!" and indicated to the others the last row of seats, where a girl in blue, with a blue parasol, was sitting alone. Mrs. Pidgeon delivered a parting shot. "Sammy might do lots worse than Anthony Cunningham," said she confidentially. "Carpenter or no carpenter, he's an elegant fellow. I thought Lizzie Phillber was ace high, an' then folks talked some of Bootsy White. I guess Bootsy'd like to do some hair-pulling."

"I dare say it's just a boy-and-girl friendship," said Mrs. Bond lightly, but trembling a little and pressing Mary's foot with her own. When they were climbing over the wooden seats a moment later, on their way to join Sammy, she added:

"Oh, really, it's insufferable! I'd like to spank that girl!"

"Apparently the whole village is on," contributed Tom bitterly.

A moment later Sammy saw them; and if her welcome was a little constrained it was merely because of shyness. She settled down radiantly between her sister and aunt, with a hand for each.

"Well, this is *fun!*" said Sammy. "Did you get my letter? Were you surprised? Are you all going to stay until September?"

Her happy fusillade of questions distressed them all. Mary said the unwise thing, trying to laugh, as she had always laughed, at Sammy:

"*Don't* talk as if you were going to be married, Sammy! It's too awful — you don't know how aunty and I feel about it! Why, darling, we want you to go back with us to New York! Sammy—"

The firm pressure of her aunt's foot against her own stopped her.

"I knew you would feel that way about it, Mary," said Sammy very quietly, but with blazing cheeks; "but I am of age, and father says that Anthony has as much right to ask for the girl he loves as any other man, and that's all there is to it!"

"You have it all thought out," said Mary, very white; "but, I must say, I am surprised that a sister of mine, and a granddaughter of Judge Peters — a girl who could have *everything!* — is content to marry an ordinary country carpenter! You won't have grandmother's money until you're twenty-one; there's three years that you will have to cook and sweep and get your hands rough, and probably bring up ——"

"Mary! *Mary!*" said Mrs. Bond.

"Well, I don't care!" said Mary, unreproved. "And when she *does* get grandma's money," she grumbled, "what good will it do her?"

"We won't discuss it, if you please, Mary," said little Sammy, with dignity.

There was a silence. Tom lighted a cigarette. They watched the game, Mary fighting tears, Sammy defiant and breathing hard, Mrs. Bond with absent eyes.

"Stunning fellow who made that run!" said the elder woman presently. "Who is he, dear?"

"That's Anthony!" said Sammy shortly, not to be won.

"Anthony!" Mrs. Bond's tone was all affectionate interest. She put up her lorgnette. "Well, bless his heart! Isn't he good to look at!" she said.

"He's all hot and dirty now," Sammy said, relenting a little.

"He's *magnificent*," said Mrs. Bond firmly. She cut Mary off from their conversation with a broad shoulder, and pressed Sammy's hand. "We'll all love him, I'm sure," said she warmly.

Sammy's lip trembled.

"You *will*, Aunt Anne," said she, a little huskily. Pent-up confidence came with a rush. "I know perfectly well how Mary feels!" said Sammy eagerly. "Why, didn't you yourself feel a little sorry he's a carpenter?"

"Just for a moment," said Aunt Anne.

"I wish *myself* he wasn't," Sammy pursued; "but he likes it, and he's making money, and he's liked by *every* one. He's on the team, you know, and sings in all the concerts. Wild horses couldn't drag him away from Wheatfield. And why should he go away and study some profession he hates," she rushed on resentfully, "when I'm *perfectly* satisfied with him as he is? Father asked him if he wouldn't like to study a profession — I don't see why he *should!*"

"Surely," said Mrs. Bond sympathetically, but quite at a loss. After a thoughtful moment she added seriously: "But, darling, what about your trousseau? Why not make it November, say, and take a flying trip to New York with your old aunty? I want the first bride to have all sorts of pretty things, you know. No delays. — everything ready-made, not a moment lost ——?"

Sammy hesitated. "You do like him, don't you, Aunt Anne?" she burst out.

"My dear, I *hope* I'm going to love him!"

"Do — do you mind my talking it over with him before I say I'll go?" Sammy's eyes shone.

"My darling, no! Take a week to think it over!" Mrs. Bond had never tried fishing, but she had some of the instincts of the complete angler.

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A mad burst of applause interrupted her, and ended the game. Strolling from the field in the level, pitiless sunshine, the Peneyres were joined by young Cunningham. He was quite the hero of the hour, stalwart in his baseball suit, nodding and shouting greetings in every direction. He transferred a bat to his left hand to give Mrs. Bond a cheerfully assured greeting, and, with the freedom of long-gone days when he had played in the back lot with the Peneyre children, he addressed the young people as "Mary" and "Tom." If three of the party thought him decidedly "fresh," Sammy had no such criticism. She evidently adored her lover.

It was at her suggestion, civilly indorsed by the others, that he came to the house a few hours later for dinner. It was a painful meal. Mr. Cunningham did not hesitate to monopolize the conversation. He was accustomed to admiration — too completely accustomed, in fact, to perceive that on this occasion it was wanting.

After dinner he sang — having quite frankly offered to sing. Mary played his accompaniments, and Sammy leaned on the closed cover of her mother's wonderful old grand piano — sadly out of tune in these days! — and watched him. Tom, frankly rude, went to bed. Mary, determined that the engaged pair should not be encouraged any further than was unavoidable, stuck gallantly to her post.

Mrs. Bond sat watching, useless regrets filling her heart. How sweet the child was! How full of possibilities! How true the gray eyes were! How stubborn the mouth might be! Sammy's power to do what she willed to do, in the face of all obstacles, had been notable since her babyhood. Her aunt looked from the ardent, virginal little head to the florid, handsome face of the singer, and her heart was sick within her.

Anthony Cunningham came to the train to see them off, two weeks later, and Sammy kissed him good-by before the eyes of all Wheatfield. She had made her own conditions in consenting to make the Eastern visit. She was going merely to buy her trousseau; the subject of her engagement was never to be discussed; and every one — *every* one — she met was to know at once that she was going back to Wheatfield immediately to be married in December.

Anthony had agreed to wait until then.

"It isn't as if every one knew it, Kid," he said sensibly to his fiancée; "it gives me a chance to save a little, and it's not so hard on mother. Besides, I'm looking out for a partner, and I'll have to work him in."

"I wonder you don't think of entering some other business, Anthony," Mrs. Bond said, to this remark. "You're young enough to try anything. It's such a — it's such hard work, you know."

"I've often thought I'd like to be an actor," said Mr. Cunningham carelessly, "but there's not much chance to break into that."

"You could take a course of lessons in New York," suggested Mary, and Sammy indorsed the idea with an eager look. But Anthony laughed.

"Not for mine! No, sir. I'll stick to Wheatfield. I was a year in San Francisco a while back, and it was one lonesome year, believe me. No place like home and friends for your Uncle Dudley!"

"Don't you meet a bunch of swell Eastern fellows and forget me," he said to Sammy, as they stood awaiting the train. "I'll be getting a little home ready for you; I'll — I'll trust you, Kid."

"You may," said Sammy. She looked at the burning, dry little main street, the white cottages that faced the station from behind their blazing gardens; she looked at the locust trees that almost hid the church spire, at the straggling line of eucalyptus trees that followed the country road to the grave-yard a mile away. It was home. It was all she had known of the world — and she was going away into a terrifying new life. Her eyes brimmed.

"I swear to you that I'll be faithful, Anthony," she said solemnly. "On my sacred oath, I will!"

And ten minutes later they were on their way. The porter had pinned her new hat up in a pillow-case and taken it away, and Sammy was laughing because another porter quite seriously shouted: "Last call for luncheon in the dining-car!"

"I always knew they did it, but I never supposed they really *did!*" said Sammy, following her aunt through the shaded brightness of the Pullman to an enchanted table, from which one could see the glorious landscape flashing by.

It was all like a dream — the cities they fled through, the luxury of the big house at Sippican, the capped and aproned maids that were so eager to make one comfortable. The people she met were like dream people; the busy, useless days seemed too pleasant to be real.

August flashed by, September was gone. With the same magic lack of effort, they were all in the New York house. Sammy wore her first dinner gown, wore her first furs, made her youthful conquests right and left.

From the first, she told every one of her engagement. The thought of it, always in her mind, helped to give her confidence and poise.

"You must have heard of me, you know," said her first dinner partner, "for your sister's told me a lot about *you*. Piet van Soop."

"Piet van *Soop!*" ejaculated Sammy seriously.

"Certainly. Don't you think that's a pretty name?"

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"But — but that can't be your name," argued Sammy smilingly.

"Why can't it?"

"Why, because no one with a name like van Soop to begin with would name a little darling baby *Piet*," submitted Sammy.

"Oh, come," said Mr. van Soop. "Your own name, now! Sammy, as Mary always calls you — that's nothing to boast of, you know, and I'll bet you were a very darling little baby yourself!"

Sammy laughed joyously, and a dozen fellow guests glanced sympathetically in the direction of the fresh, childish sound.

"Well, if that's really your name, of course you can't help it," she conceded, adding, with the naïveté that Mr. van Soop already found delightful: "Wouldn't the *combination* be awful, though! Sammy van Soop!"

"If you'll consider it, I'll endeavor to make it the only sorrow you have to endure," said Mr. van Soop; and the ensuing laughter brought them the attention of the whole table.

"No danger!" said Sammy gaily. "I'm going home in December, you know, to be married!"

Every one heard it. Mary winced. Mrs. Bond flushed. Tom said a word that gave his pretty partner a right to an explanation. But Sammy was apparently cheerful.

Only apparently, however. For that night, when she found herself in her luxurious room again, she took Anthony's picture from the bureau and studied it gravely under the lights.

"I said that right out," she said aloud, "and I'll *keep on* saying it. Then, when the time comes to go, I simply *can't* back out!"

She put the picture back, and sat down at her dressing-table and stared at her own reflection. Her hair was filleted with silver and tiny roses; her gown was of exquisite transparent embroidery, and more tiny roses rumpled the deep lace collar. But even less familiar than this finery were the cheeks that blazed with so many remembered compliments, the scarlet lips that had learned to smile so readily, the eyes brilliant with new dreams.

"I feel as if sorrow — *sorrow*," said little Sammy, shivering, "were just about two feet behind me, and as if — if it ever catches up — I'll be the most unhappy girl in the world!"

And she gave herself a little shake and put a firm little finger-tip on Gabrielle's bell.

"Sammy," said Mr. van Soop, one dull gray afternoon some weeks later, "I've brought you out for a special purpose to-day."

"Tea," said Sammy contentedly.

"Tea, gluttonous one," he admitted, turning his big car into the park. "But, seriously, I want to ask you about your going away."

"I don't know that there's anything to say about it," said Sammy carelessly. "I've had a wonderful time, and every one's been charming. And now I've got to go back."

"Sammy, I've no right to ask you a favor, but I've a *reason*," Piet began. He halted. Both were crimson.

"Yes, yes; I know, Piet," said Sammy, fluttered.

The car slackened, stopped. Their faces were not two feet apart.

"Well! Will you let me *beg* you — for your aunt, and sister, and for — well, for me, and for your own sake, Sammy — will you let me *beg* you just to wait? Here, or there, or anywhere else — will you just *wait* a while?"

Sammy was silent a moment. Then —

"For what reason?" she said.

"Because you may save yourself lifelong unhappiness."

Sammy pondered, her lashes dropped, her hands clasped in her muff.

"Piet," she said gravely, "it's not as bad as that. No — I'll not be unhappy. I love Wheatfield, and horses, and the old house, and —" She hesitated, adding more brightly: "And you can *make* happiness, you know! Just because it's spring, or it's Thanksgiving, or you've got a good book! Please go on," she urged suddenly. "We're very conspicuous here."

They moved slowly along under the bare trees. A sullen sunset colored the western sky. The drive was filled with motor-cars, and groups of riders galloped on the muddy bridle-path. It was just dusk. Suddenly, as the lamplighters went their rounds, all the park bloomed with milky disks of light.

"You see," Sammy went on presently, "I've thought this all out. Anthony's a good man, and he loves me, and I — well, I've promised. What *right* have I to say calmly that I've changed my mind, and to hurt him and make him ridiculous before all the people he loves? He knows I'll have money some day — no, Piet, you needn't look so! That has nothing to do with it! But, of course, he *knows* it; and I said we would have a motor,— he's wild for one! — and entertain, don't you know, and that's what he's waiting for and counting on. He doesn't *deserve* to be shamed and humiliated. And, besides, it would break his mother's heart. She's been awfully sweet to me. And it must be a *bitter* thing to be told that you're not good enough for the woman you love. Anthony saved my life, you know, and I can't break my word. I said: 'On my oath, I'll come back.' And just because there *is* a difference between him — and us," she hesitated, "he's all the prouder and more sensitive. And it's only a difference

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in surface things!" finished Sammy loyally.

Piet was silent.

"Why, Tom keeps telling me that mother was a Cabot, and grandfather a judge, and talking Winthrop Colony and Copleys and Gilbert Stuarts to me!" the girl burst out presently. "As if that wasn't the very *reason* for my being honorable! That's what blood's *for!*"

Still Piet was silent, his kind, ugly face set and dark.

"And then, you know," said Sammy, with sudden brightness, "when I get back, and see the dear old place again, and get a good big breath of *air*,— which we don't have here! — why, it'll all straighten out and seem right again. My hope is," she added, turning her honest eyes to the gloomy ones so near her, "my hope is that Anthony will be willing to wait a while ——"

"What makes you think he is likely to?" said Piet dryly.

There was a silence. Then he added:

"When do you go?"

"The — the twenty-sixth, I believe. I've got aunty's consent — I go with the Archibalds to San Francisco."

"And this is ——?"

"The twentieth."

Mr. van Soop became suddenly more cheerful in manner, the subject was abruptly changed, and the tea hour a fairly merry one. But when he left Sammy, an hour later, at her aunt's door, he took off his big glove, and grew a little white, and held out his hand to her and said:

"I won't see you again, Sammy. I've been thinking it over. All my own fault. But I won't see you again. Good-by."

"Why — !" began Sammy in astonishment; then she looked down and stammered, "Oh—" and finally she put her little hand in his and said simply:

"Good-by."

Therefore it was a surprise to Mr. van Soop to find himself entering Mrs. Bond's library just twenty-four hours later, and grasping the hands of the slender young woman who rose from a chair by the fire.

"Sammy! You sent for me?"

Sammy looked very young in a little velvet gown with a skirt short enough to show the big bows on her slippers. Her eyes had a childishly bewildered expression.

"I wanted you," she said simply. "I — I've had a letter from Anthony. It came only an hour ago. I don't know whether to be sorry or glad. Read it! Read it!"

She sat on a little low stool by the fire, and Piet flattened the many loose pages of the letter on his knee and read

Anthony had written on the glazed, ruled, single sheets of the "Metropolitan Star Hotel" — had covered some twenty of them with his loose, dashing handwriting.

"*My dear Sammy*" [wrote Anthony, with admirable directness]: "The boys wanted me to sit in a little game to-night, but the truth is I have been wanting for a long time to speak to you of a certain matter, and to-night seems a good chance to get it off my chest. A man feels pretty rotten writing a letter like this, but I've thought it over for more than a month now, and I feel that no matter how badly you and I both feel, the thing to do is not to let things go too far before we think the thing pretty thoroughly over and make sure that things ——

"What the deuce is he getting at?" said Piet, breaking off suddenly.

"Go on!" said Sammy, bright color in her cheeks.

"—— make sure that things are best for the happiness of all parties," [resumed Piet.] "You see, Sammy" [the letter ran on], "as far as I am concerned, I never would have said a word, but I have been talking things over with a party whose name I will tell you in a minute, and they feel as if it would be better to write before you come on. I mean Miss Alma Ray. You don't know her. She is Lucy Barbee's cousin. Lucy and I had a great case years ago, and she and Tom asked me up to their house a few weeks ago, and Alma was staying with Lucy. Well, I took her to the Hallowe'en dance, and it was a keen dance, the swellest we ever had at the hall. Some of us rowed the girls on the river between the dances; we had a keen time. Well, after that I took her riding once or twice. She rides the best of any girl I ever saw; her father has the finest horses in East Wood — I guess he counts for quite a lot up there, he has the biggest department store and runs his own motor. Well, Sammy, I never would of written one word of this to you, but when Alma came to go away we both realized how it was. You know I have often had cases, as the boys call them, and a girl I was engaged to in Petrie told me once she hoped some day I'd get *mine*. Well, she would be pleased if she knew that I *have*. I have not slept since ——

"Sammy!" said Piet, suddenly stopping.

"Go on!" said she again.

But Piet couldn't go on. He glanced at the next page, read: "Now, Sammy, it is up to you to decide," skipped another page or two and read, "Neither Alma nor I would ever be happy if ——" glanced at a third; then the leaves fluttered in wild confusion to the floor, and, with something between a sob and a shout, he caught Sammy in his arms.

"My darling," said Piet, an hour later, "if I release your right hand for ten minutes, do you think you could write a line to Mr. Anthony Cunningham? I would like to mail it when I go home to dress."

"I was thinking I might wire —" said Sammy dreamily.

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THE SWEDISH MOTHER

(*Nebraska*)

BY WILLA SIBERT CATHER

"YOU shall hear the tale again —
Hush, my red-haired daughter,"
Brightly burned the sunset gold
On the black pond water.

Red the pasture ridges gleamed
Where the sun was sinking,
Slow the windmill rasped and wheezed
Where the herd was drinking.

On the kitchen doorstep low
Sat a Swedish mother;
In her arms one baby slept,
By her sat another.

"All time, 'way back in old countree,
Your grandpa, he been good to me.
Your grandpa, he been young man, too,
And I been yust lil' girl, like you.
All time in spring, when evening come,
We go bring sheep an' lil' lambs home.
We go big field, 'way up on hill,
Ten times high like our windmill.
One time your grandpa leave me wait
While he call sheep down. By de gate
I sit still till night come dark;
Rabbits run an' strange dogs bark,
Old owl hoot an' your modder cry,
She been so 'fraid big bear come by.
Last, 'way off, she hear de sheep,
Lil' bells ring and lil' lambs bleat.
Then all sheep come over de hills,
Big white dust, an' old dog Nils.
Then come grandpa, in his arm
Lil' sick lamb dat somet'ing harm.
He so young then, big and strong,
Pick lil' girl up, take her 'long;
Poor lil' tired girl, yust like you,
Lift her up an' take her too.
Hold her tight an' carry her far,—
Ain't no light but yust one star.
Sheep go 'bah-h,' an' road so steep;
Lil' girl she go fast asleep."

Every night the red-haired child
Begs to hear the story,
When the pasture ridges burn
With the sunset glory.

She can never understand,
Since the tale ends gladly,
Why her mother, telling it,
Always smiles so sadly.

Wonderingly she looks away
Where her mother's gazing;
Only sees the drifting herd,
In the sunset grazing.

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A PROMOTER OF COUNTERFEITS

ONE OF DETECTIVE WILLIAM J. BURNS' GREAT CASES

BY

HARVEY J. O'HIGGINS

ILLUSTRATIONS BY WILLIAM OBERHARDT

IN the year 1894 there was in circulation in the Western States a counterfeit ten-dollar note of which the government agents had been unable to find the maker. One afternoon in the spring of that year Detective William J. Burns, then in charge of the St. Louis district of the United States Secret Service, received an anonymous letter that read:

Dear Sir:

If you will cautiously and quietly approach James R. Worthington of 126 —— Street, B——, he will be able to furnish you with a clue that may lead to the apprehension of a man who is engaged in the circulation of counterfeit ten-dollar notes. Although I do not sign this letter, I would ask you kindly to treat the fact that you have received it in confidence, as he might suspect the identity of the person suggesting his name.

An anonymous letter is a sufficient challenge to any one; it is a puzzle that cries, "You can't guess me!" But to a man of Burns' mind, and of his interests, the thing was a problem which it was professionally necessary to solve. The maker of the counterfeit ten-dollar note had defied every attempt to discover him. The Secret Service agents suspected a Western engraver, and they had been "shadowing" him for months; but they had been unable to incriminate him. They had been unable to find either the maker of the note or the men who were putting it in circulation. And now here came an anonymous informant who confidently offered a clue. Who was he, concealed behind that unsigned page? And why did he take the risk of whispering his warning in the official ear?

Burns studied the letter. It was typewritten, rather inexpertly, but with a standard machine, on good typewriting paper of ordinary business-letter size. It had been postmarked on a railroad train. The language seemed to indicate that the writer was a business man of good education. It also indicated, to Burns, that the anonymous writer was probably James R. Worthington himself.

Ways in Which a Guilty Mind Betrays Itself

How? It is difficult to explain how. It is difficult to follow the darting flight by which surmise arrives at the answer to such a puzzle. It is still more difficult when the surmise is guided by a trail so faint as to be unnoticeable to any but the eye trained by experience to detect it. Burns is a man who has spent a life-time studying the symptoms and indications of guilt. He recognizes them instantly, as if without thought. He knows them as a doctor knows the symptoms of ill health; and he declares that it is as impossible for the guilty mind to conceal them as it is for the fevered body to suppress its temperature or to regulate its pulse. "It is a curious

NOTE.—Proper names have been disguised and descriptions of places altered in this narrative, in order to protect innocent persons from the consequences of publicity.

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thing," he says, "but human nature acts invariably in the same way under similar impulses. When a man is lying, he uses the gestures of a lie; his attitude, the movements of his body,— little ungovernable expressions of various sorts,— betray him by being 'off normal.' After a little experience you recognize them at once. You can see behind them the movements of his mind, and you can trap him easily, because he is trying to play a game that's new to him, and it's a game that you have had to play every day for years. You may not be as clever as he is, but you can beat him at your own game. Naturally."

In the language of Burns' profession, the writer of the anonymous letter had "overtrained." He betrayed himself by his glib plausibility. An ordinary anonymous "tip" of the sort would have read merely: "James R. Worthington of 126 —— Street, B——, has information that may lead to the arrest of counterfeiters." By every departure from that form, this letter was "off normal."

Curious Wording of the Anonymous Letter

It began, "If you will cautiously and quietly approach James R. Worthington." Why "cautiously and quietly"? Who would make such a request? And why? And why at the beginning of his letter, as his first thought? Worthington himself would, if he were anxious to keep secret the visit of a detective. Who would know that Worthington had this information? No one as well as Worthington. If he were a business man, employing a stenographer, he would type the letter himself, clumsily but on good paper. He would post it at a railroad station to prevent the postmark showing that it came from the town in which Worthington lived. Finally, with the too plausible air of a studied falsehood, he would add a warning that Worthington might "suspect the identity" of the writer — for the guilty purpose of convincing the detective that Worthington was not the writer himself.

But who was Worthington? How had he obtained his "clue"? And why did he take this devious, anonymous means of imparting it? Burns had once worked in B—— on a government "investigation," and he knew that the house of Worthington's address was in a residential district, among the well-to-do. The man could hardly be himself involved with counterfeiters. Then why did he make so guilty an approach?

Well, that was a thing that could be most easily learned by a visit to Worthington. Burns has not the sort of mind that will exercise itself with a riddle, when the answer can be found by turning to the next page. He put the letter in his pocket, satisfied that Worthington believed he had some valuable information to give; that he would await the arrival of the detective in order to give it.

There was no need to hurry. Burns continued opening his mail.

As early as half past eight on the following morning, Burns left the hotel in B—— where he had spent the night, and started up the street toward the residential district in which Worthington had his home. Imagine him a short but sturdy figure of a man, in a light "business suit," tan shoes, and a brown derby — walking smartly along, swinging a rolled newspaper in his hand and slapping his leg with it, now and then, as he went — looking as fresh and cheerful as the morning, and obviously enjoying the sunshine and the spring air. He was walking because he wished the exercise. He was carrying the newspaper because, if he had to sit waiting for Worthington, he intended to read.

He looked like anything but a detective. But then, it is necessary, in his profession, to look like anything but a detective. And his thoughts were not the dark professional deductions of the traditional "sleuth"; for, besides being a detective, he was a married man with three children, and he looked at the houses with the domestic eye of the father of a family and thought that B—— would be a pleasant, healthful place to live in. The trees were in full leaf. The chestnuts were decorated with their white cones of bloom. The sparrows were quarreling and fluttering in the roadway and on the lawns.

The House in the Suburbs

In a street of shady elms and large maples — where the grass and the vines and the comfortable houses had the appearance of having grown old together in a protected leisure — he saw Worthington's house, with a vine-screened veranda and a tennis lawn. He went briskly up the stone-flagged walk to the porch and pulled the white crockery knob that rang the door-bell. A middle-aged serving-woman opened the door as if she suspected him of being a book agent.

"Mr. Worthington," he said authoritatively, and stepped in.

She left him standing in the vestibule. He followed into an old-fashioned oblong hall that opened at one end upon the green shade of the veranda. Framed engravings of an earlier and more Byronic generation hung on the walls; the hat-rack was massive mahogany and beveled mirror, its hooks well filled with hats and wraps; a yellowing marble mantelpiece entombed an old screened grate of the days before steam-heating.

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The whole place had the air of being the home of a family long established in prosperity, with no pretensions to "smartness," but happy in the free-and-easy manner of a large houshold living in generous comfort.

There were voices from within — presumably at the breakfast-table. In a moment Worthington came out to the hall, slipping his eye-glasses into an upper pocket of his waistcoat as he came, and looking out under his eyebrows sharply at sight of Burns. He was a large, heavy-boned man in a black frock-coat, with a strong, smooth-shaven face and an imposing dome of bald pink skull. It seemed impossible that he could have any guilty knowledge of counterfeiting. But why the elaborate safeguards of the letter?

Burns asked abruptly: "May I speak to you privately for a moment?"

Burns Encounters the Anonymous Letter-Writer

To the detective Worthington's face showed instantly that he understood — not guiltily, but with a quick scrutiny, followed by a belated attempt to appear unconscious and matter-of-fact. "Come in," he said, and led the way to the door of a library-sitting-room. "What is it? Sit down."

He removed from the seat of a leather arm-chair a piece of needlework which one of the women of the house had evidently left there, and he offered this chair to Burns. He shut the door; and apparently it was not often shut, for he had to push back a divan to clear its swing. He sat down beside a table, pushed away some magazines and newspapers to make a place on which to rest his forearm, and, after tapping for a moment on the table-top with his fingers,— his eyes on his cuff,— he looked over at Burns inquiringly, but without a word.

"Mr. Worthington," the detective said, with a businesslike directness, "I'm an agent of the United States Secret Service, and I have a matter here in which I think you can be of material aid — if you will. I take it that, being a good citizen, you'll be willing to aid the government in any way you can. That is why I've had no hesitation in coming to you."

He had purposely paused between his sentences; but Worthington had not taken any opportunity to interrupt — which showed that he was on the defensive, guarding himself. Now Worthington coughed to clear his throat, and said nervously: "I can't imagine how I can be of any service to you." And in this pretense of ignorance he also "overtrained"; for he had been listening with the watchful eye of a man who is confronted.

"I am satisfied," Burns continued deliberately, "from certain investigations we have made, that you are in a position, at this time, to disclose the identity of a man who is mixed up in the counterfeiting of a ten-dollar note." (The fact that Worthington accepted without question this unlikely story that he had been "investigated" was, to the detective, another proof that he had written the letter.) "I hope you'll not refuse to give me the benefit of what you know of the matter — now that you're aware that we *know* you have this information."

The Detective Promises Secrecy

Worthington sat silent for a time, apparently studying the situation, but really — as was evident to the detective — trying to make Burns think that he was debating in his mind whether or not he should admit that he had anything to tell. "Well," he said at last, "you are right. I do know something — something that may be of assistance to you. But first I want to know whether I shall be drawn into the matter, or whether the government will undertake not to disclose the source of its information. If I am promised absolute secrecy concerning my part in the affair, I'll gladly give you what help I can." He added: "And you must promise not to ask me how I learned what I shall tell you."

He was now quite naturally grave and straightforward. Burns assured him that his confidence would be respected, that he need not be in any way involved, that no questions would be asked him.

He hesitated and passed his hand over his forehead and looked at Burns worriedly. "Well, then," he said, with evident reluctance, "I have reason to believe that one of our business men is implicated."

Here, of course, was the explanation of his guilty approach; he was ashamed of informing on a business acquaintance.

"What business is he in?" Burns asked suavely.

"He is a promoter. He has made a great deal of money in real estate here, and in other ways. He now finances undertakings of various sorts."

"He is wealthy?"

"I understand that he is. Yes — very wealthy."

"What is his name?"

"George G. Wain."

"Can you give me his address?"

"His home is several blocks east of here — number 813."

"Thank you. I shall look the matter up."

Burns rose. He could see — from Worthing-

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"'I WOULD SAY THAT YOU WERE CRAZY'"

ton's serious air of concern — that he believed his "information" to be correct. But the detective was equally convinced that if Worthington were right the case was so unusual as to be practically unique.

The Promoter with a Past

According to Burns, all the achievements of good detective work are merely the triumphs of plain common sense. And it was but common sense in this instance to believe that no man of wealth would make himself liable to a life of blackmail by entering into a criminal conspiracy with counterfeiters. Burns had learned enough of the town of B——, during his previous work there, to know that this George G. Wain was one of the "prominent" rich men of the community. The land boom in B—— had made a fortune for him. He had bought the street railway, turned it into an electric system, and used it to develop his real-estate holdings by laying radial lines to his "residential" suburbs. He had bribed the city authorities to allow him to extend these lines where he would most profit by them, and nowhere else; so that he had controlled even the natural growth of the city for his own advantage — or, at least, the gossip of the time had so accused him. He had made another fortune by watering the stock of the street-railway company and selling out his holdings in it just before the reaction from inflated land values killed the boom and left the railway struggling to support its unprofitable extensions. And, in the business depression that followed in B——, he had increased his wealth by lending upon mortgages and collateral to men who had lost in the speculations in which he had prospered.

These facts had been new and scandalous ten years earlier, when Burns had known B——. They had been the subject of newspaper comment and platform invective. Yet Wain had proved himself shrewd enough to escape anything more serious than popular condemnation for his part in corrupting the city government and looting the street railway. He was still "very wealthy," Worthington had said. He was still a "promoter." Would such a man put himself in danger of the penitentiary by implicating himself with counterfeiters? Would he betray himself into the hands of men who were making fraudulent money, and their agents who would have to be used to pass it into circulation?

It seemed impossible. Yet Worthington believed it. And Burns' duty as a Secret Service agent — no less than the curiosity of his interest in the circumstances — impelled him to investigate the "tip" as conscientiously as if he expected to make an immediate arrest.

The achievements of good detective work, he says, are merely the triumphs of plain common

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"HE WAS AWARE THAT A YOUNG WOMAN — WHOM HE TOOK TO BE THE DAUGHTER OF THE HOUSE — WAS WATCHING THEM THROUGH THE HANGINGS OF A DOORWAY"

sense; but he is seemingly unconscious of the fact that the light of common sense, with him, has the white intensity of an illumination of genius. He "senses" with extraordinary accuracy. In a confusion of evidence, he picks out the important clues and rejects the distracting "false leads" without any apparent effort of thought. He has a mind that seems to weigh, to "screen," to assay facts with the quickness of feminine intuition and the exactness of a logical consideration that is scientific.

Several Possible Clues

In the present case, he had rejected, but was still eyeing interestedly, several circumstances that might be made to argue Wain's complicity with the counterfeiters. For example, the government agents had been watching the Western engraver whom they suspected of making the fraudulent notes. No new notes had appeared, but the engraver had continued to give evidences of a prosperity for which there was no way to account. Now, if Wain had actually been foolish enough to assist in the counterfeiting, this man's prosperity could be reasonably explained: he would be blackmailing Wain. The assumption of Wain's assistance would explain, too, how the notes had been put into circulation — a fact which the government investigation had not disclosed. And in going to see the "promoter" Burns was going to assure himself that these "clues" were — as he had already decided — altogether specious and misleading.

The street, as he walked east, changed into a more fashionable neighborhood: a block or two of modern apartment-houses with flowers and fountains in their cement "courts"; a Christian Science temple expensively classical; some *art nouveau* houses manifestly designed to be furnished in "Mission" style; and then an avenue of Georgian residences with French windows closed upon lawns wholly ornamental, planted with trees that were still young and spindly, and forbiddingly surrounded by high iron palings as sharp as the pikes of the Swiss Guards.

Wain's house was one of this aristocracy. It had distinguished itself with a porte-cochère and a conservatory, a conspicuous garage, two "Colorado blue spruces" at the gateway, and a flight of cement steps imposing enough for an entrance to a public museum.

Burns climbed them thoughtfully. In his duties as body-guard at presidential receptions *en tour*, he was accustomed to finding in these grandiose homes a democratic hospitality that redeemed everything. He rang the electric bell almost absent-mindedly.

"Mr. Wain," he directed the maid, with a casual manner that was convincing.

She ushered him into a large reception-hall of Persian rugs, marble statuary, onyx tables, French clocks, and all the gilt and ornament of luxury. He was almost immediately met by a withered-looking, middle-aged man, scrupulously dressed in office gray, whose general aspect was one of well-groomed ill health.

"Mr. Wain," Burns said, "I should like to speak to you privately a moment."

He said it in the voice of authority, with an official air. Wain gave him a rather blank, indifferent look, and turned to the doorway of an inner room which proved to be a library. It might have been designed from the writing-room of a "palatial" hotel — with the ponderous emptiness of its carved chairs and tables and its high-ceilinged, broad-windowed effect of carefully dusted disuse.

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It dwarfed Wain. He had been a small man at his best; he was now evidently shrunken from indigestion. He was very thin in the wrists; the skin was loose about his eyes; his eyelids were wrinkled like a fowl's, his cheeks sunken under rusty side-whiskers, his reddish hair combed across the baldness of a head that looked as white and soft as a bladder of lard, with flattened indentations and depressions as of thumb-marks to make the resemblance more exact.

He sat down in a chair that was backed by a colossal Japanese vase of figured bronze on a teakwood pedestal, and he nodded to the detective to explain himself.

Burns began by telling his name and occupation. "I am seeking information," he said, "concerning the counterfeiting of a certain ten-dollar note. I have reason to believe that you are in a position to tell me something of the makers of it."

Wain looked at him unblinkingly. "Mr. Burns," he asked, "would you mind telling me how you learned that I knew of this?"

Burns sat down. "That, of course," he answered, "is a confidential matter with the government. I am not permitted to tell you."

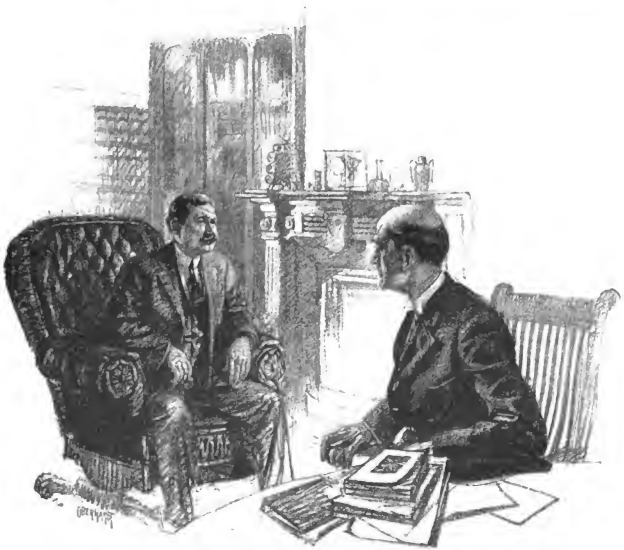
The Young Woman Behind the Portières

He was aware that a young woman — whom he took to be the daughter of the house — was watching them through the hangings of a doorway at the farther end of the room. When he looked aside at her, she withdrew, but not before he saw the anxiety and apprehension of her shadowed face. She was, of course, unable to hear what was being said.

What was it that she suspected? Burns studied the man before him. Wain was regarding him thoughtfully.

"It is true," Wain said, "as I suppose you know, that I have been interested in the making of that note. That is to say, the proposition was put up to me by the engraver of it — who wished me to finance the undertaking because my business is that of a promoter."

Burns listened with as little show of interest



"'I TAKE IT THAT, BEING A GOOD CITIZEN, YOU'LL BE WILLING TO AID THE GOVERNMENT IN ANY WAY YOU CAN'"

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as an old reporter betrays when he has come unexpectedly upon a significant item of news and wishes to draw it out to its last unguarded detail by pretending that it is not worth making a note of. As a matter of fact, he was thinking that the girl must have known. She must have supposed *him* to be another of the counterfeiters. That would explain her alarm.

But what of the easy nonchalance of Wain's admission? He was sitting, with his legs crossed and his clasped hands resting on his thigh, talking of a "proposition" to finance counterfeiting as if it were the most ordinary of business undertakings.

"And why," Burns asked suavely, "why do you suppose these men came to *you* with such a scheme?"

Wain Tells How He Ruined His Fellow Townsmen

Wain spread his hands. "That is simple enough. It was in line with what men in our business have been doing all over this country for years past. Take my own case, for example. Consider it in the aspects in which this counterfeiter presented it to me.

"I began here as a speculator in real estate in boom times. In my land deals I capitalized the future earnings of this town, as you might say. You understand, of course, a town lot has no value except what comes to it from the industry and success of the citizens of the town. I capitalized the future earning power and production of those citizens — overcapitalized it — and they are still working to pay interest on that capital, if you understand what I mean."

Burns had arrived at a sudden understanding of the whole situation — at a "theory" that explained the daughter's anxiety as well as her father's astonishing confession. He nodded.

Wain continued: "I put into my own pocket the public increment on huge blocks of land here — money that, in its final aspect, belonged to the city itself. Then I purchased the street railway, another property that had no value except such as was given to it by the industrial and commercial success of the city. And I overcapitalized this, too, so as to collect at once upon the future of the city, and I sold out the stock and put that money also to my credit. In this case I had to use some of the money to purchase civic officials who would otherwise have defended their electorate from exploitation. And in doing so I was only doing what 'promoters' make a business of doing generally in this country, you understand."

Burns listened without a word. The girl was still hovering about, behind the curtains. He was considering whether he should ask to see her, too.

"Then I went into loans — collecting upon the commercial distress which my previous operations had helped to create. I bought a controlling interest in several industrial companies, and reorganized them — sometimes by means of a sales company, sometimes of a holding company — in such a way that all the profits of the industries came to us and the original stockholders received only a small income on their investments. These operations are quite common. Men are performing them to-day in every city, probably, in the country. Why should we draw the line at promoting counterfeiting?"

"Just a moment, Mr. Wain," Burns interrupted. "Would you mind telling me how a man in your position, and of your standing, came to meet the engraver of this note?"

The Dream Appointment

"That was curious," Wain replied, smiling reminiscently. "Some months ago I began to dream continually of being in a locality that was quite unfamiliar to me. I could not, in my waking moments, remember ever having seen it. Yet it became extraordinarily vivid, in my mind, from these dreams.

"Last month I had occasion to go to S——, where we were reorganizing a gas and electric company that wanted a new franchise to supply the town with light and power. And one day, as I walked away from my hotel, I recognized the street. I could have told you the names on the shop signs before I came to them. I remembered particularly the gilt lettering on the plate-glass windows of a bank. And when I came to a hitching-post in front of a hardware store — it was a metal figure of a negro boy holding up a tie-ring — I recollected that there should have been a man waiting for me, with his hand on that post. That was the way we had met in my dreams.

"He was not there. I went back again in the evening, but he was not there. On the following morning, as I approached, I saw him. I went up to him and said: 'You are looking for me?'

"He replied that he was looking for some one with money who would be willing to back him in an enterprise in which there would be large returns.

"I explained that I was evidently the man he wanted, since I was a promoter by profession. He made an appointment to call on me at my hotel. And he came.

"He told me then that he was an engraver;

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that he had worked hard all his life, honestly, and had remained poor; that he had been reading much about modern business methods, and had concluded that he, too, had a right to use his ability to make money regardless of the honesty of the means. He pointed out to me that in selling watered stock I had really been selling a sort of counterfeit stock certificate. He argued, too, that we would do no one an injustice by issuing counterfeit money, since, as long as it was kept in circulation, it would be worth its face value. If a man suspected it, he could pass it on to some one else, just as he would with stocks. He was very convincing. He went over my whole career with me, very much as I have related it to you. I finally agreed to finance his scheme, and he got out this ten-dollar note. We are now arranging to distribute them in large quantities throughout the country."



"WORTHINGTON DROPPED HIS PAPER ON THE FLOOR AND TURNED GRAY IN THE FACE"

The Solution

Burns had made up his mind how to proceed. "I suppose," he said, "you have an attorney who attends to your legal business."

"I have," he replied. "Mr. Rudolph Schmidt, in the Burlington Building. But I have not consulted him in this matter."

"Have you taken any one into your confidence?"

"One man only. I have spoken guardedly to him. He is in a position to help us put the notes into circulation, because he is manager of a local bank. His father was a private banker who gave me my first credit. He lost a great deal of money after the boom, and I think his son has felt bitter toward me because of that. I have always wanted to do him a good turn. This seemed an opportunity to help him make a large profit."

"You have said nothing to your daughter?"

"Nothing explicit."

"Have you had your breakfast?"

"No. I was just about to start when you came in."

Burns rose. "I will not keep you from it any longer. I shall come back later. And will you kindly *not* tell your daughter who I am? Tell her I have come from S—— to consult with you about the gas company's franchise. Good morning."

Burns found the attorney, Rudolph Schmidt, in his office in the Burlington Building — a small, dark man with a protuberant forehead and deep eyes. "I have heard of you," he said briefly, in reply to Burns' introduction of himself.

"And you," Burns said, "are attorney for Mr. George G. Wain, are you not?"

"In some of his *private* affairs."

Burns accepted the curt emphasis upon the "private." "And what would you say if I told you that Mr. Wain had been financing the counterfeiting of a ten-dollar note?"

Schmidt replied grimly: "I would say that you were crazy."

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"And if he confessed the fact to you himself?"

Schmidt stared at him.

Burns put on his hat. "If you will make an appointment to be at Mr. Wain's house at three o'clock this afternoon, I shall be glad to take the matter up with you and your client, on behalf of the government. I do not presume to advise you, but I think it would be well to have his daughter present, since she will have to be consulted in the end."

He had reached the door before Schmidt found voice to call: "Just a moment. Do you mean to tell me ——"

Burns turned. "Mr. Wain will tell you. I prefer — in a *'private'* matter of this sort — that it should come from him. I shall see you, then, at three o'clock."

"It is not possible ——"

"At three o'clock."

He left Schmidt rising in indignant protest from his office chair. He went back to his hotel, where he telephoned to Worthington. The latter agreed to see him at one o'clock at luncheon, which he ate at home. And Burns, having thus made all his arrangements for "cleaning up" the case,— and having gathered them into a dramatic dénouement in a way that is characteristic of the man,— had his own lunch at the hotel, bought his ticket back to St. Louis on the evening train, and strolled out to call on Worthington.

He found the bank manager reading a newspaper in his library, looking very worried and uneasy. "Mr. Wain," Burns said at once, "has admitted to me his connection with the counterfeiters." Worthington made a gesture of shocked distress. "And he tells me that you were the only person asked to join him in the scheme."

Worthington dropped his paper on the floor and turned gray in the face. "Mr. Burns," he stammered, "you said — you promised me that I shouldn't be drawn into this — that you'd respect my confidence. I refuse ——"

"The case will not be prosecuted, Mr. Worthington," Burns assured him. "You will not be in any way involved. Perhaps it would interest you to know — since we are exchanging confidences — that your method of informing me, through an anonymous letter, that you could give me a clue to the counterfeiters, is not uncommon among good citizens who wish to warn the government in such circumstances."

"Through an anonymous — Do you mean to intimate that I ——?"

"Wain approached you, as I have said, and you wrote me anonymously, asking me to call on you."

"Well," Worthington admitted shamefacedly, "I thought you might reach him before he became so deeply involved that it would be too late to save him."

"And it never occurred to you, then, that he was not in his right mind?"

"Wain?"

"That you were being imposed upon by a man with a delusion?"

Worthington rose to his feet in a gaping amazement. "George Wain! Good heavens!"

"His mind has become affected. His daughter has suspected it for some time. As a matter of fact, Wain has had no more to do with counterfeiting that ten-dollar note than you have!"

"And the truth is," Burns concludes, when he tells the story, "that this is the solution to most of the 'detective mystery' yarns you read in fiction. The crime on which the story turns is usually so weird that it's impossible to any one but a lunatic.

"We had our consultation that afternoon, and Wain was taken to Europe by his daughter for his health. I saw in the papers some time later that he had died there. She was a fine girl. She kept the whole thing quiet — bore it alone. Not a word of it ever got out.

"But his was the only mysterious and — and properly melodramatic case of counterfeiting that I ever knew. Our work is usually very dull — very dull!"

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WHEN I WAS A CHILD

MY MOTHER AND I

BY

YOSHIO MARKINO

AUTHOR OF "A JAPANESE ARTIST IN LONDON," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED WITH DRAWINGS BY THE AUTHOR

WHEN I was a child I was never spanked. Both my mother and father believed Confucius so faithfully. Confucius said: "You can teach and lead any human being who has a soul. Only those wild beasts you may beat." They begged my nurse not to spank me. They always said to them: "Our child has a brain to understand the reason; so, if he is naughty, pray explain reason until he becomes good, but never spank him."

One day I went to see my boy friend in a farmer's house. He was rather naughty; then his mother shouted, "I shall slap your head!" In the vulgar Japanese language *baru* is "to slap." But the word *baru* has another meaning — "to paste paper." I thought that farmer mother was going to paste a paper on my friend's head. When I went home I said to my mother: "What a funny woman she was, to paste a paper on her son's head!"

My mother laughed heartily, but never explained me the real meaning.

Another funny incident was through my entire ignorance about the business matter. As I said before, whatever I wanted to buy, I was never told about the money matter. One day my cousin came. He showed me a nice brush. He told me he must be very careful about it, because it was very high. (By that he meant very expensive.) I laughed and said: "You can not call your brush 'high'! The only 'high' things are mountains, or heaven, or anything like that. You ought to say your brush is very long!"

Then all the auditors began to burst into laughter.

As all my daily lessons at the school were too easy for me, my father began to give me some

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extra lessons. Thus I started all ancient Chinese and Japanese classics and histories ever since I was between eight or nine. So I began to learn the doctrine of Confucius, Mencius, and others in my early age. Those books are written so poetically and in most pleasant euphonies, so they were quite easy to recite. Indeed, I could not thoroughly understand several parts, but even now I can remember almost every word so distinctly. And the older I grow the more I begin to understand. I am always so grateful for these lessons, because these doctrines really save me from all the difficulties I have met only lately.

Most strange is the memory of childhood. After I was quite grown up I began to study the Bible and some other religious as well as philosophical books. However, when I meet the difficulties, none of these books come to mind, but only those books which I learnt in my childhood.

At the same time I began to learn to compose Chinese poetries and arts. There was a man called Chikko Tamegai in a neighboring village. He was my brother's friend, and he understood *Bunjin Ga* (poetic art of the ancient Chinese). I learnt the art from him.

Almost every Sunday morning my brother took me to him. Between his village and ours there was a vast wild field called Ron chi-ga-Hara. The field was full of azaleas and other wild flowers and ferns. Here and there some big pine trees were barking against the breeze high above. It was such a romantic ground. On the way, my brother used to sing out his own poetries. I often composed my own, and he corrected them for me. Then I was so enthusiastic with the art, and I used to discuss with my brother how to conventionalize all those real views into *Bunjin Ga*.

My own home was very poetical, too. My little bedroom window was facing toward the east. On the early spring morning the sun rose just beyond two large oak trees and threw the shadows of a few bamboos and cherry trees on the window. Then some nightingales came to sing there. I used to watch their shadows and listen to them from my bed. It was the greatest pleasure for me to get up and open that paper door and see the first blossoms on that cherry tree. O such a fresh fragrance! And just a few yards beyond there was a peach tree. I love peach blossom so much. It is so tender and so peaceful, and especially after the rain the fence against the peach blossom becomes so dark and the blossom so refreshing! I always recollected that famous ancient Chinese poetry:

It is difficult to get up early in the spring;
In my bed I listen to the birds singing here and there.
We had much rain and wind since last night —
I wonder how many blossoms have fallen on the ground.

I loved "Toshi Sen" so much. "Toshi Sen" is the collection of the best poetries in To Dynasty (ancient China). My father made play-cards from *Jekku* (short poetry). *Jekku* has four lines. The two upper lines were written on one card, and the other two lines were written on another card. The game was that some reader had to read the upper-line card, while we all had to pick up the corresponding lower-line card, all of which were spread on the floor. The one who got most cards was the winner.

On every New Year festival my father invited all my best friends to play this game. All of them were a few years older than myself, and I was the youngest. There were so many poetries which resembled each other, and they so often mixed them up all together. I always explained them about the meter and styles of each poet, and told them which were the right cards. I never forget how proud and how pleased was my father each time. He used to slap his knee with his hand and smile so happily!

In that way I learnt to recite all the poetries, which even now I can recite. Here I might translate some of them which were impressed in my mind so deeply:

O my ambition to fly above that blue sky has not been fulfilled in the long years.
I am still loitering far below, now in the age of the gray hair!
Who cares, but my own image on the mirror?
I and my own reflection alone are sympathizing each other.

In my childish mind I felt so sad for that poor poet, and I sympathized with his misfortunes. I was foolish enough to believe that I myself could succeed everything quite easily. Who knows that this poetry tells my own present life now!

A quarter century ago I recited this poetry as some one else's, and to-day I recite it as if it is my own.

Here is another:

The birds look so white on the blue water.
And the flowers are burning on the green hill.
Another spring is passing away now!
When shall I be able to go home?

How often have I recited this when I got homesick! Indeed, when I grew older and saw more of the world, these poetries came to my head deeper. My father always said to me: "Study the poetries. The poetries are the real expression of the feeling of humanity. Therefore if you study the poetries you will learn the humanity." At the same time I started to compose my own poetries, and he said to me:

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"Don't try to arrange the words without feeling. Wait until you get the real emotion, and then compose it into the right words."

I made several poetries at the age of nine or ten, and some of them were published in some magazines. I think my brother is still keeping the collection of all my works, and I hope to translate them into English some day.

At that time I had a girl friend. We went on together so well. Whenever we were allowed to play together it was our happiest moment. In our childish minds we thought, we will marry some day when we get older. She was the only daughter of some rich farmer. Her mother told my parents that would be a misfit; because she must inherit from that wealthy family, and to do that she needed a very businesslike husband. One who loved "to look at the moon or whistle at the pine valley could not be her husband; on the other hand, the best part of his nature is the poetic feeling, and he would suffer much if he had to go to the business line." We both felt so sad, but decided to give up our love for our parents' sake. I am very sad to say that she died when she was sixteen.

I had many boy friends, to all of whom I devoted myself, especially to Tatsuyo Yebina and Tetsugoro Goto. They both are my second cousins, and a few years older than myself, but they were in the same class with me.

Tatsuyo lived two miles and half away from my village. The poor boy had to travel all the way, and back, to attend to our school. He was often behind the school hours, and I was so anxious for him if he was late. I could not sit down on my own seat. I used to climb up the wall and watch him coming to the school, and when I saw him beyond the cliff I was always so happy. Very often I watched him on the wall after the bell rang, and I was punished several times. Sometimes he was too ill to come to the school; then I was so miserable all day, and my marks of every lesson were so low. The teacher knew that, and he used to say Tatsuyo and I were just like the two wheels of a wagon. When one was not on the wagon the wagon never moved. After we were grown up I was always so proud of him. He finished the course of the mechanical department of the Imperial University.

It was he who discovered how to make the bricks for the furnaces. Until he had done this most valuable discovery our country used to import those bricks from Germany. But now all Japanese ordnance and everywhere use Tatsuyo's bricks. About five years ago he visited Germany and learned a great deal about his own profession. It is too sad for me to tell the readers that this dearest friend of mine died three years ago, when his age was only thirty-five. He was so earnest to find out the earth which is suitable for his bricks. One winter day he rode on his cycle and traveled through a thick snow-storm. He found out the earth exactly he wanted; but so unluckily he caught bad influenza, and died a few weeks later.

Tetsugoro Goto is still very healthy. He is now the editor of the Japanese *Police Magazine*.

When we three were the school children it was our greatest fun to go to fishing on Sundays. Also we used to catch sparrows by *kuguchi* (a kind of trap). But about this trap I have some sad story. One day I saw so many sparrows were gathering on the back garden of my house. I thought if I made a trap there surely I could catch one. So I made a trap. But the spring was too strong. When I heard the sound of the trap and went there, I saw a poor sparrow's neck was almost severed, and he died instantaneously. He was bleeding vermilion red. I felt so sad for the poor bird. I buried him in my garden, and made a grave with this inscription: "Here lies a poor unlucky sparrow who so innocently was trapped by a wicked human being. I sincerely repent."

I have never made a sparrow trap since then.

Just the time when I was about ten, *shoga kai* was most fashionable thing in my country. *Shoga kai* means "poets' and artists' gathering." It was always performed in some old big temple. Poets and artists went there and wrote their poetries or painted quick sketches. Many people came with papers to ask the artists and poets to work. I used to attend to the gathering with my brother and my teachers of art. They were quite grown-up people, and of course I was the youngest. So I was the favorite of all people, and I was much spoilt there. When they finished this esthetical game, they generally invited some geishas and had refreshments. Geishas used to treat me very kindly. My school-teacher suggested to my family that it might not be the place for ten-year-old boy to go. My father only laughed at the suggestion. To confess the truth, I was a great favorite of many elder women. My neighbors used to sigh and say: "When the little Master Heiji grows up, what life will he have?" By this they meant I might have too much sentimental life—perhaps I might create an awful love tragedy. But, in fact, they were absolutely mistaken of me. I had too great ambition to be ruined by women. Besides, something happened when I was eleven years old—yes, something too sad to write. My dearest mother died! This gave a great change in my life. I suppose no children in this world could be without shock when they lose their mothers. But in my case the

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shock was too great indeed. Many doctors announced that I could not live much longer, or at least I might become insane.

Just lately, when I was living in Sydney Street (about four years ago), one of my Japanese friends called on me. I told him about my mother, and I could not conceal my tears. He exclaimed: "No doubt you are one of the most filial sons I have ever seen! Fancy! Some twenty years after her death you talk about your mother as if she died a few days ago! But I quite understand you. Very few people in this world have such a sweet mother as yours. If I were you, I should be exactly same with you. Nay, I would love your mother more than my own!"

I think he was perfectly right.

Now let me write my mother's life, just roughly. Her father was a great scholar of the ancient Chinese classics. When she was born he named her Katsu. The meaning of Katsu was from some ancient Chinese odes. He wrote that ode on a parchment. It runs like this:

When the vine of Katsu grows in the deep valley,
birds come to rest on its leaves and they sing
sweet songs;
When the vine of Katsu grows in the deep valley, its
leaves are so green and its vines get so strong.
Let us cut the vine and get its fiber;
Let us beat the fiber and make it into threads;
Let us weave a cloth with that thread, and let us
wear the cloth.
We shall never complain how plain it is!

I quite remember she was always keeping this writing next to her skin as her *omamori sama* (or souvenir) all her life.

Her life was exactly as her own name, or this ode.

She might have met with many a rough storm in this world, but she always persevered everything to herself, and let all merry birds rest on her and sing. She always dressed herself in quite plain cloth, and never complained. She gave all comfort to the rest of her family.

When she was a girl she was most filial to her parents. It was wide-known fact — every villager used to tell me that. And I was told that when she was about twelve she went to some old castle quite alone, and she climbed up to some high ruined stones. There, to her great surprise, she saw a wild fox. She was so frightened, and jumped down some ten feet. She struck her chest against an old stone. There she fainted. Some hours later a workman found her quite senseless. He carried her home. Many distinguished doctors were summoned. They did their best, and she came back to life again. But they found out one of her ribbones was broken. She was in bed for some months, then she was quite recovered. It was almost miracle that she became healthy enough to marry.

Her marriage was rather romantic one. My father went to her village when he was quite young. He had fencing with many Samurais in her village. Nobody could beat him. My mother was watching the fencing. Seeing his gallantry, she fell into love with him. Her father noticed her love, and let her marry my father. It was so unlike most Japanese marriages in those days. Generally they used to marry without love. That was the reason my parents were so happy. There was always some sweet fragrance in my home. Between my parents there was always existing some sweetness, abundant sympathy, and much respecting to each other. And they adored us, the children. But, as my mother had such a serious accident when a girl, she used to suffer ill health from time to time. She was so delicate. So, although I was quite happy-natured boy, I had to worry much about her life. I so well remember it was when I was about seven or eight years old, one of our servants came to me and said: "My honorable little master, how lucky you must be! You can do anything you like. Oh, let me have your life only for one day, I shall be quite contented."

I sighed and said to her: "Do you think I am a happy boy? You don't know me, then. Don't you know I have much to worry? I am worrying every minute to think what to do if something happens to my mother's life!"

My servant did not know how to answer me, and she sobbed.

As I was growing up my mother was getting weaker and weaker every year. Once she used



MY MOTHER'S FUNERAL — THE SHINTO CEREMONY

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MY LITTLE BEDROOM

to be in her ill bed three times in a year; but next year she was for six times, and the next year she was in bed full four months altogether — something like that. She often got a great pain in her chest so suddenly, and sometimes that happened in midnight. I was always ready to run up to her doctor, because I could run quicker than anybody in my house.

It was when I was just ten years old, one autumn afternoon, she walked in our garden, and fell down. She could not stand up. My sisters helped her to her room. Her face was bruised and a little bleeding. I was so terrified, and I thought of the worst. My most anxious anticipation was proved only too true. Since this accident she was quite flat in bed. Some villagers told me if she ate a carp-fish she would be cured. So I used to go fishing after the school hours every day. My father and brother knew it was only too foolish to believe that, but they said nothing to me. They knew my mother's illness was quite uncurable, but they did not want to hurt my childish heart. I went to fishing week after week without the result. One day, to my great delight, I caught a tiny carp-fish. My mother was so pleased, and said to me she would surely be cured with that fish. She ate it. Nevertheless she was getting worse and worse. I began to believe all sorts of miracle stories. The villagers told me so-and-so image is very holy; if you pray to him everything is fulfilled. So I used to go to many temples to pray. And I often offered candle-lights to some images in midnight, and I kept it quite secret to everybody. To my heart's rending, my mother's condition never improved.

One of the spring evenings next year my brother and myself had a walk along some rice-fields. It was a nice and cool evening. All the rice had abundant silver dew on each leaf. The sun was just set, leaving the golden rays on the edge of the western clouds. Some place smoke was going up high from the roofs of some farmer's house. Three or five frogs began to croak between the rice-fields. The evening bells of far-distant temples were tolling slowly. My brother and myself were getting on quite poetically, and we both were loitering along the bank of a small streamlet. Our doctor was coming from the direction of our house. We both hurried toward him. My brother asked him what did he think about our mother. The doctor, looking at me, gave some sign in his eye to my brother. My brother immediately said to me:

"Heiji, you hear some frog is croaking so nicely. Go up there and catch him."

I obeyed to his demand, and ran away from them. But I had such a shocking anticipation.

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My heart beat so high. I could not think about the frogs; I watched them from the distance, and in a few minutes I came back to them. The doctor was just saying good-by to my brother. I saw my brother's eyes were quite red. I asked him what the doctor had said to him. He would not tell me. He only said smoke came into his eyes, and he rubbed his eyes. My imagination went quickly to the worst point. That beautiful poetic view just until a few minutes ago turned into such a melancholy color to my eyes. Even now, when I see the same effect of sunset, I always recollect this saddest moment. We both went home quite silent.

My father always had the bright side. He said: "That man is not the only doctor in this world. I shall get better ones, who would surely make your mother quite recovered." He invited many famous medical professors. I think he spent enormous amount of money for that.

Whenever I had spare time from my lessons, I was by the side of my mother's bed every day, and tried to soothe her. One day I saw her face was so pale. I said to her: "Mother, you look so ill; what shall I do for you?" She shed tears. That was so strange to me, because it was her nature not to turn her sadness to anybody, especially to me. Immediately I thought her long illness must have made her mind so weak. She said to me: "My dearest Heiji, I feel so sorry for you to have such a delicate mother. Look at those children who have healthy mothers. They have nothing to worry at your age. But, my dear child, you worry so much about my illness. Don't you? All the doctors may forsake my life, but I shall try to struggle to live longer for your sake. Don't you remember that great historian Rai San Yo? He had consumption. Every doctor gave up the hope. But San Yo himself said he would not die until he had finished his history books, and he lived until his work was done. You see, his strong will has conquered the death. I, too, have a strong will to live until you grow up a little more."

She buried her face in her bed, and I wept silently by her side.

The next summer came, and she was much improving — indeed, so much so that she began to have a walk in the back garden. All my families were so delighted. We all thought she was quite recovered.

At that time my father was invited by a daimyo in the next village to have the lectures of "Shiki," the famous ancient Chinese history. He suggested that I ought to join to that lecture, because my mother had become so well. He wanted me badly, because he was so proud of me to understand "Shiki" at the age of eleven. So I went to that daimyo's house to stay with my father. I stayed there about fortnight. The lecture was not yet finished, but I began to feel uneasy so to be away from my mother. I bid good-by to my father and came home. Strange to say, my mother began to be ill again on the same morning. She was in bed. In the evening I was nursing her as usual, while my brother was lecturing Mencius to some young boys in a tea-ceremony room.

My mother said to me: "I don't want you for a few minutes, so go to your brother. I shall call you as soon as I want you." So I went to that tea-ceremony room. Only two or three minutes later I heard my mother's voice. She was not calling me; it sounded more like screaming. I rushed into her room. I saw her fall down before she reached to her bed. She was choking.

I called my brother to attend on her, and I myself ran to the doctor immediately. The doctor's maid told me he was having bath, so he would come in a few minutes. I could not go back alone without the doctor. I was stamping the ground at the entrance. My patience was broken. I rushed into his bathroom. He said he had not finished his bath yet. But I asked him to come out. I helped him to dress up, and the doctor and I ran back to my house.

Everything was so silent. I shouted to my brother, "Doctor has come!" He gave no answer. When we went into the room, I saw my brother was drooping his head down by the side of my mother's bed. My mother was lying quite motionless in her bed. The doctor announced her life was out of any hope.

I could not believe that for the moment. I felt I was dreaming in a dream. I don't remember what I was doing until the next morning. I do not mean to be conceited, but really I have fairly good memory of anything, and if I try to recollect it I always get it from my memory. Only that night my mother died was the exception to the rule of my memory. It is more as if I was chloroformed. It is quite a blank. Did I cry? Did I weep? Or did I sleep or not? I don't remember. Only one thing I am quite sure is that I did not faint, so I must have been doing something.

The next morning my father, sister, and all relatives were at home, and relations and friends who were far away were arriving every hour all day.

I myself refused to see anybody. I secluded myself in my little room. There I buried my face in my own arms or a desk and wept. All the mourners came to my room. They did not know what to say to me. They passed away in

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MY TWO COUSINS AND I, FISHING

silence. Now and then I lifted my head, and I saw through my tears those people who came in front of me and very sympathetically nodded their heads and went away. My favorite aunts and some few intimate people patted my shoulder for their affection and sympathy. I grasped the hand of some of them. But no sooner than I touched their hands, I noticed the tears began to flow on their cheeks so freely.

Neither they nor I could utter a single word. My father came in and said: "Heiji wants rather to be left alone. Is that not so?" I answered, "Yes." So they all left. My sister used to bring every meal and leave them on my desk. But she could not utter a word. Very often the dishes were quite cold when I lifted up my head. Very little indeed I could take. Five days passed that way. Then the funeral day came. In the morning my father came to me and whispered to me, "Be as a Samurai to-day."

I came back into my own conscience immediately. I joined to the funeral procession and walked just after my brother. As my mother was so popular in our village, there were so many mourners; the procession was such a long one. Then there were plenty spectators. They all knew I was so much upset, and I heard they were whispering: "What has become of our poor little Master Heiji? Is he in the procession?"

I was most solemn, but showed no trace of my tears. They seemed so surprised, and my father was so proud of me.

Oh, I was such a little devil to be so hypocrite. By no means could I conquer my sadness. No sooner than I came back I was quite broken down. The shock was even greater than before the funeral. Everybody seemed to be getting recovered from their shock, little by little, every day; but I was in reverse. At the time of the funeral my misery was a sort of madness. But as the time passed on my conscience was getting back, and I began to think of my mother's past life.

I recollected all her kindness and sweetness,

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and especially when I was so naughty to her. I said alone: "Why have you gone so soon, my dearest mother? I believe I could be a nicer boy if I tried. Then how much you would be pleased with me. I am sure I have not done my best to you. Mother, do forgive me!"

I was talking alone all the time as if my mother was present. Then, in midnight, I used to steal away myself from my bed and go to her grave to shed my tears. My servants always fetched me home, and told me if I go to the grave-yard in midnight some ghost might appear to me. I said: "Oh, let the ghost of my mother appear to me. I shall be so happy to tell her what I had not done during her life!"

My father began to notice that I was not quite right. He sent for some doctors. Some of them expressed their opinion freely that I should be either insane or die.



WITCH-WOMAN

BY

CELIA HARRIS

WITCH-WOMAN, witch-woman, take your spell from off me!
Why would you be wanting a decent lad like me?
Up and down the hurrying street, the girls and young men scoff me.
Were-woman, dear woman, will you let me be?

I must be a-building with my builder brothers,
Here where the giant girdered city stands;
And every day I dawdle and leave the tasks to others,
Remembering the white touch of your hands.

I would be a-marrying a wife before I'm older;
Fine I would be knowing a room swept bright,
And a little wild son leaping on my shoulder;
But I hear your voice love-calling in the night.

Witch-woman, witch-woman, take your spell from off me!
You should not be wanting a tether-heart like me.
When I follow near, you only cheat and scoff me.
Witch-woman, witch-woman, why not let me be?

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Miss Hinch

by Henry Sydnor Harrison

Author of "Queed"

Illustrations by Henry Raleigh

IN going from a given point on 126th Street to the subway station at 125th, it is not usual to begin by circling the block to 127th Street, especially in sleet, darkness, and deadly cold. When two people pursue so unusual a course at the same time, moving unobtrusively on opposite sides of the street, in the nature of things the coincidence is likely to attract the attention of one or the other of them.

In the bright light of the entrance to the tube they came almost face to face, and the clergyman took a good look at her. Certainly she was a decent-looking old body, if any woman was: white-haired, wrinkled, spectacled, and stooped. A thoroughly respectable domestic servant of the upper class she looked, in her old black hat, wispy veil, and gray shawl; and her brief glance at the reverend gentleman was precisely what it should have been from her to him — open deference itself. Nevertheless, he, going more slowly down the draughty steps, continued to study her from behind with a singular intentness.

An express was just thundering in, which the clergyman, handicapped as he was by his club-foot and stout cane, was barely in time to catch. He entered the same car with the woman, and chanced to take a seat directly across from her. It must have been then after half past eleven o'clock, and the wildness of the weather was discouraging to travel. The car was almost deserted. Even in this underground retreat the bitter breath of the night blew and bit, and the old woman shivered under her shawl. At last, her teeth chattering, she got up in an apologetic sort of way, and moved toward the better protected rear of the car, feeling the empty seats as she went, in a palpable search for hot pipes. The clergyman's eyes followed her candidly, and watched her sink down, presently, into a seat on his own side of the car. A young couple sat between them now; he could no longer see the woman, beyond occasional glimpses of her black knees and her ancient bonnet, skewered on with a long steel hatpin.

Nothing could have seemed more natural or more trivial than this change of seats on the part of a thin-blooded and half-frozen passenger. But it happened to be a time of mutual doubt and suspicion, of alert suspicions and hair-trigger watchfulness, when men looked askance into every strange face and the most infinitesimal incidents were likely to take on a hysterical importance. Through days of fruitless searching for a fugitive outlaw of extraordinary gifts, the nerve of the city had been slowly strained to the breaking-point. All jumped, now, when anybody cried "Boo!" and the hue and cry went up falsely twenty times a day.

The clergyman pondered; mechanically he turned up his coat collar and fell to stamping his icy feet. He was an Episcopal clergyman, by his garb — rather short, very full-bodied, not to say fat, bearded and somewhat puffy-faced, with heavy cheeks cut by deep creases. Well lined against the cold though he was, he, too, began to suffer visibly, and presently was forced to retreat in his turn, seeking out a new place where the heating apparatus gave a better account of itself. He found one, reasonably enough, two seats beyond the old serving-woman, limped into it, and soon relapsed into his own thoughts.

The young couple, now half the car-length away, were very thoroughly absorbed in each other's society. The fifth traveler, a withered old gentleman sitting next the middle door across the aisle, napped fitfully upon his cane. The woman in the hat and shawl sat in a sad kind of silence; and the train hurled itself roaringly through the tube. After a time, she glanced timidly at the meditating clergyman, and her look fell swiftly from his face to the discarded "ten-o'clock extra" lying by his side. She removed her dim gaze and let it travel casually about the car; but before long it returned again, pointedly, to the newspaper. Then, with some obvious hesitation, she bent forward and said:

"Excuse me, father, but would you please let me look at your paper a minute, sir?"

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The clergyman came out of his reverie instantly, and looked up with almost an eager smile.

"Certainly. Keep it if you like; I am quite through with it. But," he said, in a pleasant deep voice, "I am an Episcopal minister, not a priest."

"Oh, sir — I beg your pardon; I thought ——"

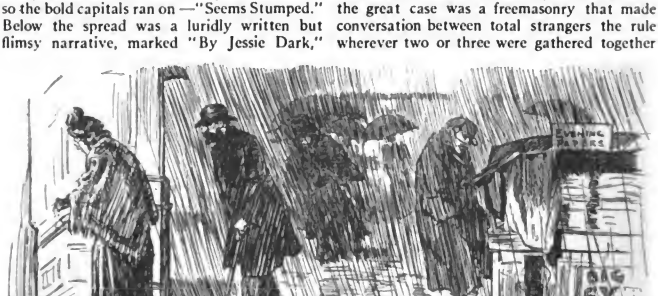
He dismissed the apology with a smile and a good-natured hand.

The woman opened the paper with decent cotton-gloved fingers. The garish head-lines told the story at a glance: "Earth Opened and Swallowed Miss Hinch — Headquarters Virtually Abandons Case — Even Jessie Dark" — so the bold capitals ran on — "Seems Stumped." Below the spread was a luridly written but flimsy narrative, marked "By Jessie Dark,"

And so on — nine "triumphs" in all; and nearly every one of them, as the least observant reader could hardly fail to notice, involved the capture of a woman.

Nevertheless, it could not be pretended that the "snappy" paragraphs in this evening's extra seemed to foreshadow a new or tenth triumph on the part of Jessie Dark at any early date; and the old serving-woman in the car presently laid down the reeking sheet with an irrepressible sigh.

The clergyman glanced toward her kindly. The sigh was so audible that it seemed to be almost an invitation; besides, public interest in the great case was a freemasonry that made conversation between total strangers the rule wherever two or three were gathered together



"HE CONTINUED TO STUDY HER WITH A SINGULAR INTENTNESS"

which at once confirmed the odd implication of the caption. "Jessie Dark," it was manifest, was one of those most extraordinary of the products of yellow journalism, a woman "crime expert," now in action. More than this, she was a "crime expert" to be taken seriously, it seemed — no mere office-desk sleuth, but an actual performer with, unexpectedly enough, a somewhat formidable list of notches on her gun. So much, at least, was to be gathered from her paper's loud display of "Jessie Dark's Triumphs":

March 2, 1901. Caught Julia Victorian, *alias* Gregory, the brains of the "Healey Ring" kidnappers.
October 7–29, 1903. Found Mrs. Trotwood and secured the letter that convicted her of the murder of her lover, Ellis E. Swan.
December 17, 1903. Ran down Charles Bartsch in a Newark laundry and trapped a confession from him.
July 4, 1904. Caught Mary Calloran and recovered the Stratford jewels.

"You were reading about this strange mystery, perhaps?"

The woman, with a sharp intake of breath, answered: "Yes, sir. Oh, sir, it seems as if I couldn't think of anything else."

"Ah?" he said, without surprise. "It certainly appears to be a remarkable affair."

Remarkable indeed the affair seemed. In a tiny little room within ten steps of Broadway, at half past nine o'clock on a fine evening, Miss Hinch had killed John Catherwood with the light sword she used in her well-known representation of the father of his country. Catherwood, it was known, had come to tell her of his approaching marriage; and ten thousand amateur detectives, athirst for rewards, had required no further "motive" of a creature so notorious for fierce jealousy. So far the tragedy was commonplace enough, and even vulgar. What had

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redeemed it to romance from this point on was the extraordinary faculty of the woman, which had made her famous while she was still in her teens. Coarse, violent, utterly unmoral she might be, but she happened also to be the most astonishing impersonator of her time. Her brilliant "act" consisted of a series of character changes, many of them done in full sight of the audience with the assistance only of a small table of properties half concealed under a net. Some of these transformations were so amazing as to be beyond belief, even after one had sat and watched them. Not her appearance only, but voice, speech, manner, carriage, all shifted incredibly to fit the new part; so that the woman appeared to have no permanent form or fashion of her own, but to be only so much plastic human material out of which her cunning could mold at will man, woman, or child, great lady of the Louisan court or Tammany statesman with the modernest of East Side modernisms upon his lip.

With this strange skill, hitherto used only to enthrall huge audiences and wring extortionate contracts from managers, the woman known as Miss Hinch — she appeared to be without a first name — was now fighting for her life somewhere against the police of the world. Without artifice, she was a tall, thin-chested young woman with strongly marked features and considerable beauty of a bold sort. What she would look like at the present moment nobody could even venture a guess. Having stabbed John Catherwood in her dressing-room at the Amphitheater, she had put on her hat and coat, dropped two wigs and her make-up kit into a hand-bag, and walked out into Broadway. Within ten minutes the dead body of Catherwood was found and the chase begun. At the stage door, as she passed out, Miss Hinch had met an acquaintance, a young comedian named Dargis, and exchanged a word of greeting with him. That had been two weeks ago. After Dargis, no one had seen her. The earth, indeed, seemed to have opened and swallowed her. Yet her natural features were almost as well known as a President's, and the newspapers of a continent were daily reprinting them in a thousand variations.

"A very remarkable case," repeated the clergyman, rather absently; and his neighbor, the old woman, respectfully agreed that it was. After that she hesitated a moment, and then added, with sudden bitterness:

"Oh, they'll never catch her, sir — never! She's too smart for 'em all, Miss Hinch is."

Attracted by her tone, the stout divine inquired if she was particularly interested in the case.

"Yes, sir — I got reason to be. Jack Catherwood's mother and me was at school together, and great friends all our life long. Oh, sir," she went on, as if in answer to his look of faint surprise, "Jack was a fine gentleman, with manners and looks and all beyond his people. But he never grew away from his old mother, sir — no, sir, never! And I don't believe ever a Sunday passed that he didn't go up and set the afternoon away with her, talking and laughing just like he was a little boy again. Maybe he done things he hadn't ought, as high-spirited lads will, but oh, sir, he was a good boy in his heart — a good boy. And it does seem too hard for him to die like that — and that hussy free to go her way, ruinin' and killin'——"

"My good woman," said the clergyman presently, "compose yourself. No matter how diabolical this woman's skill is, her sin will assuredly find her out."

The woman dutifully lowered her handkerchief and tried to compose herself, as bidden.

"But oh, sir, she's that clever — diabolical, just as ye say, sir. Through poor Jack we of course heard much gossip about her, and they do say that her best tricks was not done on the stage at all. They say, sir, that, sittin' around a table with her friends, she could begin and twist her face so strange and terrible that they would beg her to stop, and jump up and run from the table — frightened out of their lives, sir, grown-up people, by the terrible faces she could make. And let her only step behind her screen for a minute — for she kept her secrets well, Miss Hinch did — and she'd come walking out to you, and you could go right up to her in the full light and take her hand, and still you couldn't make yourself believe that it was her."

"Yes," said the clergyman, "I have heard that she is remarkably clever — though, as a stranger in this part of the world, I never saw her act. I must say, it is all very interesting and strange."

He turned his head and stared through the rear door of the car at the dark flying walls. At the same moment the woman turned her head and stared full at the clergyman. When he turned back, her gaze had gone off toward the front of the car, and he picked up the paper thoughtfully.

"I'm a visitor in the city, from Denver, Colorado," he said presently, "and knew little or nothing about the case until an evening or two ago, when I attended a meeting of gentlemen here. The men's club of St. Matthias' Church — perhaps you know the place? Upon my word, they talked of nothing else. I confess they got me quite interested in their gossip. So to-night I bought this paper to see what this extraordinary woman detective it employs had

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to say about it. We don't have such things in the West, you know. But I must say I was disappointed, after all the talk about her."

"Yes, sir, indeed, and no wonder, for she's told Mrs. Catherwood herself that she's never made such a failure as this, so far. It seemed like she could always catch women, sir, up to this. It seemed like she knew in her own mind just what a woman would do, where she'd try to hide and all, and so she could find them time and time when the men detectives didn't know where to look. But oh, sir, she's never had to hunt for such a woman as Miss Hinch before!"

"No? I suppose not," said the clergyman. "Her story here in the paper certainly seems to me very poor."

"*Story*, sir! Bless my soul!" suddenly exploded the old gentleman across the aisle, to the surprise of both. "You don't suppose the clever little woman is going to show her hand in those stories, with Miss Hinch in the city and reading every line of them!"

The approach to his station, it seemed, had roused him from his nap just in time to overhear the episcopate criticism. Now he answered the looks of the old woman and the clergyman with an elderly cackle.

"Excuse my intrusion, I'm sure! But I can't sit silent and hear anybody run down Jessie Dark — Miss Matthewson in private life, as perhaps you don't know. No, sir! Why, there's a man at my boarding-place — astonishing young fellow named Hardy, Tom Hardy — who's known her for *years!* As to those stories, sir, I can assure you that she puts in there *exactly the opposite of what she really thinks!*"

"You don't tell me!" said the clergyman encouragingly.

"Yes, sir! Oh, she plays the game — yes, yes! She has her private ideas, her clues, her schemes. The woman doesn't live who is clever enough to hoodwink Jessie Dark. I look for developments any day — any day, sir!"

A new voice joined in. The young couple down the car, their attention caught by the old man's pervasive tones, had been frankly listening; and it was illustrative of the public mind at the moment that, as they now rose for their station, the young fellow felt perfectly free to offer his contribution:

"Tremendously dramatic situation, isn't it, gentlemen? Those two clever women pitted against each other in a life-and-death struggle, fighting it out silently in the underground somewhere — keen professional pride on one side and the fear of the electric chair on the other. Good heavens, there's ——"

"Oh, yes! Oh, yes!" exclaimed the old gentleman rather testily. "But, my dear sir, it's not *professional pride* that makes Jessie Dark so resolute to win. It's *sex jealousy*, if you follow me — no offense, madam! Yes, sir! Women never have the slightest respect for each other's abilities — not the slightest. No mercy for each other, either! I tell you, Jessie Dark'd be ashamed to be beaten by another woman. Read her stories between the lines, sir — as I do. Invincible determination — no weakening — no mercy! You catch my point, sir?"

"It sounds reasonable," answered the Colorado clergyman, with his courteous smile. "All women, we are told, are natural rivals at heart ——"

"Oh, I'm for Jessie Dark every time!" the young fellow broke in eagerly — "especially since the police have practically laid down. But ——"

"Why, she's told my young friend Hardy," the old gentleman rode him down, "that she'll find Hinch if it takes her lifetime! Knows a thing or two about actresses, she says. Says the world isn't big enough for the creature to hide from her. Well! What do you think of that?"

"Tell what we were just talking about, George," said the young wife, looking at her husband with grossly admiring eyes.

"But oh, sir," began the old woman timidly, "Jack Catherwood's been dead two weeks now, and — and ——"

"Woman got on my car at nine o'clock to-night, sir," interjected the subway guard, who, having flung open the doors for the station, was listening excitedly to the symposium; "wore a brown veil and goggles. I'd 'a' bet every dollar I had ——"

"Two weeks, madam! And what is that, pray?" exploded the old gentleman, rising triumphantly. "A lifetime, if necessary! Oh, never fear! Mrs. Victorian was considered pretty clever, eh? Wasn't she? Remember what Jessie Dark did for her? Nan Parmalee, too — though the police did their best to steal her credit. She'll do just as much for Miss Hinch — you may take it from me!"

"But how's she going to make the capture, gentlemen?" cried the young fellow, getting his chance at last. "That's the point my wife and I've been discussing. Assuming that she succeeds in spotting this woman-devil, what will she do? Now ——"

"Do, sir! Yell for the police!" burst from the old gentleman at the door.

"And have Miss Hinch shoot her — and then herself, too? Wouldn't she have to ——"

"Grand Central!" cried the guard, for the second time; and the young fellow broke off reluctantly to find his pretty wife towing him strongly toward the door.

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"'OH, THEY'LL NEVER CATCH HER, SIR — NEVER! SHE'S TOO SMART FOR 'EM ALL. MISS HINCH IS'"

"Hope she nabs her soon, anyway," he called back to the clergyman over his shoulder. "The thing's getting on my nerves. One of these kindergarten reward-chasers followed my wife for five blocks the other day, just because she's got a pointed chin, and I don't know what might have happened if I hadn't come along and——"

Doors rolled shut behind him, and the train flung itself on its way. Within the car, a lengthy silence ensued. The clergyman stared thoughtfully at the floor, and the old woman fell back upon her borrowed paper. She appeared to be re-reading the observations of Jessie Dark with considerable care. Presently she lowered the paper and began a quiet search for something under the folds of her shawl; and at length, her hands emerging empty, she broke the silence with a timid request:

"Oh, sir — have you a pencil you could lend me, please? I'd like to mark something in the piece to send to Mrs. Catherwood. It's what she says here about the disguises, sir."

The kindly divine felt in his pockets, and after some hunting produced a pencil — a fat white one with blue lead. She thanked him gratefully.

"How is Mrs. Catherwood bearing all this strain and anxiety?" he asked suddenly. "Have you seen her to-day?"

"Oh, yes, sir. I've been spending the evening with her since seven o'clock, and am just back from there now. Oh, she's very much broke up, sir."

She looked at him hesitatingly. He stared straight in front of him, saying nothing, though he knew, in common with the rest of the reading world, that Jack Catherwood's mother lived, not on 126th Street, but on East Tenth. Presently he wondered if his silence had not been an error of judgment. Perhaps that misstatement had not been a slip, but something cleverer.

The woman went on with a certain eagerness: "Oh, sir, I only hope and pray those gentlemen may be right, but it does look to Mrs. Catherwood, and me too, that if Jessie Dark was going to catch her at all, she'd have done it before now. Look at those big, bold blue eyes she had, sir, with lashes an inch long, they say, and that terrible long chin of hers. They do say she can change the color of her eyes, not forever of course, but put a few of her drops into them and make them look entirely different for a time. But that chin, sir, ye'd say——"

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"'OFFICER, LOOK WHAT I FOUND ON THE SIDEWALK A MINUTE AGO'"

She broke off; for the clergyman, without preliminaries of any sort, had picked up his heavy stick and suddenly risen.

"Here we are at Fourteenth Street," he said, nodding pleasantly. "I must change here. Good night. Success to Jessie Dark, I say!"

He was watching the woman's faded face intently, and he saw just that look of respectful surprise break into it that he had expected.

"Fourteenth Street, sir! I'd no notion at all we'd come so far. It's where I get out too, sir, the expresses not stopping at my station."

"Ah?" said the clergyman, with the utmost dryness.

He led the way, limping and leaning on his stick. They emerged upon the chill and cheerless platform, not exactly together, yet still with some reference to their acquaintanceship on the car. But the clergyman, after stumping along a few steps, all at once realized that he was walking alone, and turned. The woman had halted. Over the intervening space their eyes met.

"Come," said the man gently. "Come, let us walk about a little to keep warm."

"Oh, sir — it's too kind of you, sir," said the woman, coming forward.

From other cars two or three blue-nosed people had got off to make the change; one or two more came straggling in from the street; but, scattered over the bleak concrete expanse, they detracted little from the isolation that seemed to surround the woman and the clergyman. Step for step, the odd pair made their way to the extreme northern end of the platform.

"By the way," said the clergyman, halting abruptly, "may I see that paper again for a moment?"

"Oh, yes, sir — of course," said the woman, producing it from beneath her shawl. "If you want it back, sir ——"

He said that he wanted only to glance at it for a moment; but he fell to looking through it page by page, with considerable care. The woman glanced at him several times with timid respect. Finally she said hesitatingly:

"I think, sir, I'll ask the ticket-chopper how long before the next train. I'm very late as it is, sir, and I still must stop to get something to eat before I go to bed."

"An excellent idea," said the clergyman.

He explained that he, too, was already an hour behind time, and was spending the night with cousins in Newark, to boot. Side by side, they retraced their steps down the platform, ascertained the schedule from the sleepy chopper, and, as by some tacit consent, started slowly back again. But, before they had gone very far, the woman all at once stopped short and, with a white face, leaned against the wall.

"Oh, sir, I'm afraid I'll just have to stop and get a bite somewhere before I go on. You'll think me foolish, sir, but I missed my supper entirely to-night, and there is quite a faint feeling coming over me."

The clergyman looked at her with apparent concern. "Do you know, my friend, you seem to anticipate all my own wants? Your mentioning something to eat just now reminded me that I myself was all but famishing." He glanced at his watch, appearing to deliberate. "Yes, there is still time before my train. Come, we will find a modest eating-place together."

"Oh, sir," she stammered, with a blush, "but — you wouldn't want to eat with a poor old woman like me, sir."

"And why not? Are we not all equal in the sight of God?"

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They ascended the stairs together, like any prosperous parson and his poor parishioner, and, coming out into Fourteenth Street, started west. On the first block they came to a restaurant, a brilliantly lighted, tiled and polished place of the quick-lunch variety. But the woman timidly preferred not to stop here, saying that the glare of such places was very bad for her old eyes. The kindly divine accepted the objection as valid, without argument. Two blocks farther on they found on a corner a quieter resort, an unpretentious little haven which yet boasted a "Ladies' Entrance" down the side street.

They entered by the front door, and sat down at a table, facing each other. The woman read the menu through, and finally, after much embarrassed uncertainty, ordered poached eggs on toast. The clergyman ordered the same. The simple meal was soon despatched. Just as they were finishing it, the woman said apologetically:

"If you'll excuse me, sir — could I see the bill of fare a minute? I think I'd best take a little pot of tea to warm me up, if they do not charge too high."

"I haven't the bill of fare," said the clergyman.

They looked diligently for the cardboard strip, but it was nowhere to be seen. The waiter drew near.

"Yes, ma'am! I certainly left it there on the table when I took the order."

"I'm sure I can't imagine what's become of it," repeated the clergyman, rather insistently.

He looked hard at the woman, and found that she was looking hard at him. Both pairs of eyes fell instantly.

The waiter brought another bill of fare; the woman ordered tea; the waiter came back with it. The clergyman paid for both orders with a dollar bill that looked hard-earned.

The tea proved to be very hot: it could not be drunk down at a gulp. The clergyman, watching the woman intently as she sipped, seemed to grow more and more restless. His fingers drummed the tablecloth; he could hardly sit still. All at once he said: "What is that calling in the street? It sounds like newsboys."

The woman put her old head on one side and listened. "Yes, sir. There seems to be an extra out."

"Upon my word," he said, after a pause, "I believe I'll go get one. Good gracious! Crime is a very interesting thing, to be sure!"

He rose slowly, took down his shovel-hat from the hanger near him, and, grasping his heavy stick, limped to the door. Leaving it open behind him, much to the annoyance of the proprietor in the cashier's cage, he stood a moment in the little vestibule, looking up and down the street. Then he took a few slow steps eastward, beckoning with his hand as he went, and so passed out of sight of the woman at the table.

The eating-place was on the corner, and outside the clergyman paused for half a breath. North, east, south, and west he looked, and nowhere he found what his flying glance sought. He turned the corner into the darker



"HE TURNED HIS HEAD HURRIEDLY EAST AND WEST, SWEEPING THE DARK STREET WITH A SWIFT EYE."

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cross-street, and began to walk, at first slowly, continually looking about him. Presently his pace quickened, quickened so that he no longer even stayed to use his stout cane. In another moment he was all but running, his club-foot pounding the icy sidewalk heavily as he went. A newsboy thrust an extra under his very nose, and he did not even see it.

Far down the street, nearly two blocks away, a tall figure in a blue coat stood and stamped in the freezing sleet; and the hurrying divine sped straight toward him. But he did not get very near. For, as he passed the side entrance at the extreme rear of the restaurant, a departing guest dashed out so recklessly as to run full into him, stopping him dead.

Without looking at her, he knew who it was. In fact, he did not look at her at all, but turned his head hurriedly east and west, sweeping the dark street with a swift eye. But the old woman, having drawn back with a sharp exclamation as they collided, rushed breathlessly into apologies:

"Oh, sir — excuse me, sir! A newsboy popped his head into the side door just after you went out, sir, and I ran to him to get you the paper. But he got away too quick for me, sir, and so I ——"

"Exactly," said the clergyman in his quiet deep voice. "That must have been the very boy I myself was after."

On the other side, two men had just turned into the street, well muffled against the night, talking cheerfully as they trudged along. Now the clergyman looked full at the woman, and she saw that there was a smile on his face.

"As he seems to have eluded us both, suppose we return to the subway?"

"Yes, sir; it's full time I ——"

"The sidewalk is so slippery," he went on gently, "perhaps you had better take my arm."

The woman did as she was bidden.

Behind the pair in the dingy restaurant, the waiter came forward to shut the door, and lingered to discuss with the proprietor the sudden departure of his two patrons. However, the score had been paid in full, with a liberal tip for service, so there was no especial complaint to make. After listening to some markedly unfavorable comments on the ways of the clergy, the waiter returned to his table to set it in order for the next customer.

On the floor in the carpeted aisle between tables lay a white rectangle of cardboard, which his familiar eye easily recognized as one of his own bills of fare, face downward. He stooped and picked it up. On the back of it was some scribbling, made with a blue lead-pencil. The handwriting was very loose and irregular, as if the writer had had his eyes elsewhere while he wrote, and it was with some difficulty that the waiter deciphered this message:

Miss Hinch 14th St. subway Get police quick

The waiter carried this curious document to the proprietor, who read it over a number of times. He was a dull man, and had a dull man's suspiciousness of a practical joke. However, after a good deal of irresolute discussion, he put on his overcoat and went out for a policeman. He turned west, and half way up the block met an elderly bluecoat sauntering east. The policeman looked at the scribbling, and dismissed it profanely as a wag's foolishness of the sort that was bothering the life out of him a dozen times a day. He walked along with the proprietor, and as they drew near to the latter's place of business, both became aware at the same moment of footsteps thudding nearer up the cross-street from the south. As they looked up, two young policemen, accompanied by a man in a uniform like a street-car conductor's, swept around the corner and dashed straight into the restaurant.

The first policeman and the proprietor ran in after them, and found them staring about rather vacantly. One of the breathless arms of the law demanded if any suspicious characters had been seen about the place, and the dull proprietor said no. The officers, looking rather flat, explained their errand. It seemed that a few moments before, the third man, who was a ticket-chopper at the subway station, had found a mysterious message lying on the floor by his box. Whence it had come, how long it had lain there, he had not the slightest idea. However, there it was. The policeman exhibited a crumpled white scrap torn from a newspaper, on which was scrawled in blue pencil:

Miss Hinch Miller's restaurant Get police quick

The first policeman, who was both the oldest and the fattest of the three, produced the message on the bill of fare, so utterly at odds with this. The dull proprietor, now bethinking himself, mentioned the clergyman and the old woman who had taken poached eggs and tea together, called for a second bill of fare, and departed so unexpectedly by different doors. The ticket-chopper recalled that he had seen the same pair at his station; they had come up, he remembered, and questioned him closely about trains. The three policemen were momentarily puzzled by this testimony. But it was soon plain to them that if either the woman or the clergyman really had any information about

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Miss Hinch — a highly improbable supposition in itself — they would never have stopped with peppering the neighborhood with silly little contradictory messages.

"They're a pair of old fools tryin' to have sport with po-lice, and I'd like to run them in for it," growled the fattest of the officers; and this was the general verdict.

The little conference broke up. The dull proprietor returned to his cage, the waiter to his table; the subway man departed on the run for his chopping-box; the three policemen passed out into the bitter night. They walked together, grumbling, and their feet, perhaps by some subconscious impulse, turned eastward toward the subway. And in the middle of the next block a man came running up to them.

"Officer, look what I found on the sidewalk a minute ago. Read that scribble!"

He held up a white slab which proved to be a bill of fare from Miller's restaurant. On the back of it the three peering officers saw, almost illegibly scrawled in blue pencil:



"THE WAITER CARRIED THIS CURIOUS DOCUMENT TO THE PROPRIETOR, WHO READ IT OVER A NUMBER OF TIMES"

Police! Miss Hinch 14th St subw

The hand trailed off on the *w* as though the writer had been suddenly interrupted. The fat policeman blasphemed and threatened arrests. But the second policeman, who was dark and wiry, raised his head from the bill of fare and said suddenly: "Tim, I believe there's something in this."

"There'd ought to be ten days on the Island in it for thim," growled fat Tim.

"Suppose, now," said the other policeman, staring intently at nothing, "the old woman was Miss Hinch herself, f'r instance, and the parson was shadowing her while pretendin' he never suspicioned her, and Miss Hinch not darin' to cut and run for it till she was sure she had a clean getaway. Well now, Tim, what better could he do——"

"That's right!" exclaimed the third policeman. "Specially when ye think that Hinch carries a gun, an'll use it, too! Why not have a look in at the subway station anyway, the three of us?"

This proposal carried the day. The three officers started for the subway, the citizen following. They walked at a good pace and without more talk; and both their speed and their silence had a subtle psychological reaction. As the minds of the four men turned inward upon the odd behavior of the pair in Miller's restaurant, the conviction that, after all, something important might be afoot grew and strengthened within each one of them. Unconsciously their pace quickened. It was the dark, wiry policeman who first broke into an open run, but the three other men had been for twenty paces on the verge of it.

However, these consultations and vacillations had taken time. The stout clergyman and the poor old woman had five minutes' start of the officers of the law, and that, as it happened, was all that the occasion required. On Fourteenth Street, as they made their way arm in arm to the station, they were seen, and remembered, by a number of belated pedestrians. It was observed by more than one that the woman lagged as if she were tired, while the club-footed divine, supporting her on his arm, steadily kept her up to his own brisk gait.

So walking, the pair descended the subway steps, came out upon the bare platform again, and presently stood once more at the extreme uptown end of it, just where they had waited half an hour before. Near by a careless porter

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had overturned a bucket of water, and a splotch of thin ice ran out and over the edge of the concrete. Two young men who were taking lively turns up and down distinctly heard the clergyman warn the woman to look out for this ice. Far away to the north was to be heard the faint roar of an approaching train.

The woman stood nearest the track, and the clergyman stood in front of her. In the vague light their looks met, and each was struck by the pallor of the other's face. In addition, the woman was breathing hard, and her hands and feet betrayed some nervousness. It was difficult now to ignore the too patent fact that for an hour they had been clinging desperately to each other, at all costs; but the clergyman made a creditable effort to do so. He talked ramblingly, in a kind voice, for the most part of the deplorable weather and his train to Newark, for which he was now so late. And all the time both of them were incessantly turning their heads toward the station entrance, as if expecting some arrival.

As he talked, the clergyman kept his hands unobtrusively busy. From the bottom edge of his black sack-coat he drew a pin, and stuck it deep into the ball of his middle finger. He took out his handkerchief to dust the hard sleet from his broad hat; and under his overcoat he pressed the handkerchief against his bleeding finger. While making these small arrangements, he held the woman's eyes with his own, chatting kindly; and, still holding them, he suddenly broke off his random talk and peered at her cheek with concern.

"My good woman, you've scratched your cheek somehow! Why, bless me, it's bleeding quite badly."

"Never mind," said the woman, and swept her eyes hurriedly toward the entrance.

"But, good gracious, I must mind! The blood will fall on your shawl. If you will permit me — ah!"

Too quick for her, he leaned forward and, through the thin veil, swept her cheek hard with his handkerchief; and, removing it, held it up so that she might see the blood for herself. But she did not glance at the handkerchief, and neither did he. His gaze was riveted upon her cheek, which looked smooth and clear where he had smudged the clever wrinkles away.

Down the steps and upon the platform pounded the feet of three flying policemen. But it was quite evident now that the express would thunder in just ahead of them. The clergyman, standing close in front of the woman, took a firmer grip on his heavy stick and smiled full into her face.

"Miss Hinch, you are not so terribly clever, after all!"

The woman sprang back from him with an irrepressible exclamation, and in that moment her eye fell upon the police. Unluckily, her foot slipped upon the treacherous ice — or it may have tripped on the stout cane when the clergyman suddenly shifted its position. And in the next breath the front of the express train roared past.

By one of those curious circumstances that sometimes refute all experience, the body of the woman was not mangled or mutilated in the least. There was a deep blue bruise on the left temple, and apparently that was all; even the ancient hat remained on her head, skewered fast by the long pin. It was the clergyman who found the body, huddled anyhow at the side of the track where the train had flung it — he who covered the still face and superintended the removal to the platform. Two eye-witnesses of the tragedy pointed out the ice on which the unfortunate woman had slipped, and described their horror as they saw her companion spring forward just too late to save her.

Not wishing to bring on a delirium of excitement among the half dozen chance bystanders, two policemen drew the clergyman quietly aside and showed him the three mysterious messages. Much affected by the shocking end of his sleuthery as he was, he readily admitted having written them. He briefly recounted how the woman's strange movements on 126th Street had arrested his attention, and how, watching her closely on the car, he had finally detected that she wore a wig. Unfortunately, however, her suspicions appeared to have been aroused by his interest in her, and thereafter a long battle of wits had ensued between them — he trying to call the police without her knowledge, she dogging him close to prevent that, and at the same time watching her chance to give him the slip. He rehearsed how, in the restaurant, when he had invented an excuse to leave her for an instant, she had made a bolt and narrowly missed getting away; and finally how, having brought her back to the subway and seeing the police at last near, he had exposed her make-up and called her name, with unexpectedly shocking results.

"And now," he concluded in a shaken voice, "I am naturally most anxious to know whether I am right — or have made some terrible mistake. Will you look at her, officer, and tell me if it is — she?"

But the fat policeman shook his head over the well-known ability of Miss Hinch to look like everybody else in the world but herself.

"It'll take God Almighty to tell ye that, sir — saving your presence. I'll leave it f'r headquarters," he continued, as if that were the same thing. "But, if it is her, she's gone to her reward, sir."

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"God pity her!" said the clergyman.

"Amen! Give me your name, sir. They may want ye in the morning."

The clergyman gave it: Rev. Theodore Shaler, of Denver; city address, 245 East 126th Street. Having thus discharged his duty in the affair, he started sadly to go away; but, passing by the silent figure stretched on a bench under the ticket-seller's overcoat, he bared his head and stopped for one last look at it.

The parson's gentleness and efficiency had already won favorable comments from the bystanders, and of the first quality he now gave a final proof. The dead woman's balled-up handkerchief, which somebody had recovered from the track and laid upon her breast, had slipped to the floor; and the clergyman, observing it, stooped silently to restore it again. This last small service chanced to bring his head close to the head of the dead woman; and, as he straightened up again, her projecting hat-pin struck his cheek and ripped a straight line down it. This in itself would have been a trifle, since scratches soon heal. But it happened that the point of the hat-pin caught under the lining of the clergyman's perfect beard and ripped it clean from him; so that, as he rose with a sudden shrill cry, he turned upon the astonished onlookers the bare, smooth chin of a woman, curiously long and pointed.

There was only one such chin in the world, and the very urchins in the street would have known it at a glance. Amid a sudden uproar which ill became the presence of the dead, the police closed in on Miss Hinch and handcuffed her with violence, fearing suicide, if not some new witchery; and at the station-house an unemotional matron divested the famous impersonator of the last and best of all her many disguises. This much the police did. But it was quite distinctly understood that it was Jessie Dark who had really made the capture, and the papers next morning printed pictures of the unconquerable little woman and of the hat-pin with which she had reached back from another world to bring her greatest adversary to justice.

"DINK STOVER AT YALE"

OWEN JOHNSON'S NEW SERIAL

WITH the October issue of McClure's Magazine we begin Owen Johnson's new serial, entitled "Dink Stover at Yale," in which the tendencies of college life in the United States to-day are treated with great frankness. Although the story takes place at Yale, it handles conditions which more or less prevail in all American universities.

Mr. Johnson believes that the American people have a right to expect a great deal more than they get from the American college. He points out the impenetrable isolation of the college in the midst of an aroused and serious nation; the development of the old-fashioned college into the modern gymnasium thronged with boyish barbarians.

While the novel is in no sense controversial, it deals boldly with the social forces at work in our colleges to-day, and with the social system that is more and more tending to turn our Eastern universities into social clearing-houses. The novel will arouse criticism from many loyal college men, but it can not fail to provoke discussion among the great numbers who look back on their college experiences with perplexity — or even with a sense of loss.

Mr. Johnson believes that there will be in the American college a renewal of interest in political affairs, and a return to a pride in mental distinction, to a hunger for information about the heritage of the past and about the forces that are moving the world to-day. He believes that the United States has a right to expect from its colleges that social, intellectual, and political inspiration which the universities of Germany, France, England, and Russia constantly renew in those countries.

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The Case of Richard Meynell

by Mrs. Humphry Ward

XIX

IT was in the week before Christmas that Professor Veitch — the same Professor who had been one of the Bishop's commission of enquiry in Richard Meynell's case — knocked one afternoon at Canon France's door to ask for a cup of tea. He had come down to give a lecture to the Church Club, which had been recently started in Markborough in opposition to the Reformers' Club; but his acceptance of the invitation had been a good deal determined by his very keen desire to probe the later extraordinary developments of the Meynell affair on the spot.

France was in his low-ceiled study, occupied, as usual, with drawers full of documents of many kinds — most of them mediaeval deeds and charters which he was calendaring for the Cathedral Library. His table and the floor were littered by them; a stack of the Rolls publications was on his right hand; a Dudgale's "Monasticon" lay open at a little distance; and curled upon a newspaper beside it lay a grey kitten. The kitten had that morning upset an inkstand over three sheets of the Canon's laborious handwriting. At the time he had, indeed, dropped her angrily by the scruff of the neck into a waste-paper basket to repent of her sins; but here she was again, and the Canon had patiently rewritten the sheets.

There were not many softnesses in the Canon's life. The kitten was one; of the other perhaps only his sister, nearly as old as himself, who lived with him, was aware. Twenty years before — just after his appointment to the Canonry — he had married a young and, in the opinion of his family, flighty wife, who had lived a year and then died. She had passed like a spring flower; and after a year or two all that was remembered about her was that she had chosen the drawing-room paper, which was rather garishly pink like her own cheeks. In the course of time the paper had become so discoloured and patchy that Miss France was ashamed of it. For years her brother turned a deaf ear to her remarks on the subject. At last he allowed her to repaper the room. But she presently discovered that, close to the seat he generally occupied in the drawing-room of an evening, there was a large hole in the new paper, made by the rubbing and scraping of the Canon's fingers as he sat at tea. Through it the original pink reappeared. More than once Miss France caught her brother looking contentedly at his work of mischief. But she dared not speak of it to him, nor do anything to repair the damage.

As France perceived the identity of the visitor whom his old man-servant was showing into the study, a slight shade of annoyance passed over his face. But he received the Professor civilly, cleared a chair of books in order that he might sit down, and gave a vigorous poke to the fire.

The Professor did not wish to appear too inquisitive on the subject of Meynell, and he therefore dallied a little with matters of biblical criticism. France, however, took no interest in them; and even an adroit description of a paper recently read by the speaker at an Oxford meeting failed to kindle a spark. Veitch found himself driven upon the real object of his visit.

He desired to know — understanding that the Canon was an old friend of Henry Barron — where the Meynell affair exactly was.

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"Am I an old friend of Henry Barron?" said France slowly.

"He says you are," laughed the Professor. "I happened to go up to town in the same carriage with him a fortnight ago."

"He comes here a good deal — but he never takes my advice," said France.

The Professor enquired what the advice had been.

"To let it alone!" France looked round suddenly at his companion. "I have come to the conclusion," he added drily, "that Barron is not a person of delicacy."

The Professor, rather taken aback, argued on Barron's behalf. Would it have been seemly or right for a man — a Churchman of Barron's prominence — to keep such a thing to himself at such a critical moment? Surely it had an important bearing on the controversy.

"I see none," said France, a spark of impatience in the small black eyes that shone so vividly above his large hanging cheeks. "Meynell says the story is untrue."

"Ah, but let him prove it!" cried the Professor, his grey old face flushing. "He has made a wanton attack upon the Church — he can not possibly expect any quarter from us. We are not in the least bound to hold him immaculate — quite the contrary. Men of that impulsive, undisciplined type are, as we all know, very susceptible to woman."

France faced round upon his companion in a slow, contemptuous wonder.

"I see you take your views from the anonymous letters?"

The Professor laughed awkwardly.

"Not necessarily. I understand Barron has direct evidence. Anyway, let Meynell take the usual steps. If he takes them successfully, we shall all rejoice. But his character has been made, so to speak, one of the pieces in the game. We are really not bound to accept it at his own valuation."

"I think you will have to accept it," said France.

There was a pause. The Professor wondered secretly whether France, too, was beginning to be tarred with the Modernist brush. No! — impossible. For that the Canon was either too indolent or too busy.

At last he said: "Seriously — I should like to know what you really think."

"It is of no importance what I think. But what suggests itself, of course, is that there is some truth in the story, but that Meynell is not the hero. And he doesn't see his way to clear himself by dishing other people."

"I see." The obstinacy in the smooth voice rasped France. "She was most unlucky for him! But then, let him resign his living and go quietly into obscurity. He owes it to his own side. For them the whole thing is disaster. He *must* either clear himself or go."

"Oh, give him a little time," said France sharply — "give him a little time." Then, with a change of tone: "The anonymous letters, of course, are the really interesting things in the case. Perhaps you have a theory about them?"

The Professor shrugged his shoulders.

"None whatever. I have seen three, including that published in the *Post*. I understand about twenty have now been traced — and that they grow increasingly dramatic and detailed. Evidently some clever fellow — who knows a great deal — with a grudge against Meynell?"

"Ye-es," said France, with hesitation.

"You suspect somebody?"

"Not at all. It is a black business."

Then, with one large and powerful hand, France restrained the kitten, who was for deserting his knee, and with the other he drew towards him the folio volume on which he had been engaged when the Professor came in.

Veitch took the hint, said a rather frosty good-bye, and departed.

"A popinjay!" said France to himself, when he was left alone, thinking with annoyance of the Professor's curly hair, of his elegant serge suit, and the gem from Knossos that he wore on the little finger of his left hand. Then he took up a large pipe which lay beside his books, filled it, and hung meditatively over the fire. He was angry with Veitch and disgusted with himself.

"Why haven't I given Meynell a helping hand? Why did I let Barron come here and talk to me for an hour without telling him what I really thought of him?"

He fell for some minutes into an abyss of thought — thought that seemed to range not so much over the circumstances connected with Meynell as over the whole of his own past.

But he emerged from it with a long shake of the head.

"My habits are my habits," he said to himself, with a kind of bitter decision, and, laying down his pipe, he went back to his papers.

Almost at the same moment the Bishop was interviewing Henry Barron in the little book-lined room beyond the main library, which he kept for the business he most disliked. He never put the distinction into words; but when any member of his clergy was invited to step into the farther room, the person so invited felt depressed.

Barron's substantial presence seemed to fill the little study as, very much on his defence, he sat tête-à-tête with the Bishop. He had recognised from the beginning that nothing of what he

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had done was really welcome or acceptable to Bishop Craye. While he felt himself a benefactor to the Church in general, and to the Bishop of Markborough in particular, instinctively he knew that the Bishop's taste ungratefully disapproved of him; and the knowledge contributed an extra shade of pomposity to his manner.

He had just given a sketch of the Church meeting at Upcote, and of the situation in the village up to date. The Bishop sat absently patting his thin knees and evidently very much concerned.

"A most unpleasant — a most painful scene. I confess, Mr. Barron, I think it would have been far better if you had avoided it."

Barron held himself rigidly erect.

"My lord, my one object, from the beginning, has been to force Meynell into the open. For his own sake — for the parish's — the situation must be brought to an end, in some way. The indecency of it at present is intolerable."

"You forget — the trial is next month; Meynell will certainly be deprived."

"No doubt. But then, there is the Privy Council Appeal. And, even when he is deprived, Meynell does not mean to leave the village. He has made all his arrangements to stay and defy the judgment. We must prove to him, even if we have to do it with what looks like harshness, that until he clears himself of this business this diocese, at least, will have none of him."

"Why, the great majority of the people adore him!" cried the Bishop. "And, meanwhile, I understand the other poor things are already driven away. They tell me the Fox-Wilsons' house is to let and Miss Puttenham gone to Paris indefinitely."

Barron slightly shrugged his shoulders. "We are all very sorry for them, my lord. It is indeed a sad business. But we must remember, at the same time, that all these persons have been in a conspiracy together to impose a falsehood on their neighbours; and that for many years we have been admitting Miss Puttenham to our house and our friendship — to the companionship of our daughters — in complete ignorance of her character."

"Oh, poor thing! poor thing!" said the Bishop hastily. "The thought of her haunts me. She must know what is going on — or a great deal of it — though, indeed, I hope she doesn't — I hope with all my heart she doesn't. Well, now, Mr. Barron, you have written me long letters, and I trust that you will allow me a little close enquiry into some of these matters ——"

"The closer the better, my lord."

"You have not as yet come to any opinion whatever as to the authorship of these letters?"

Barron looked troubled.

"I am entirely at a loss," he said emphatically. "Once or twice I have thought myself on the track. There is that man, Last, whose license Meynell opposed ——"

"One of the 'aggrieved parishioners,'" said the Bishop, raising his hands and eyebrows.

"You regret, my lord, that we should be mixed up with such a person? So do I. But, with a whole parish in a conspiracy to support the law-breaking that was going on, what could we do? However, that is not now the point. I have suspected Last. I have questioned him. He showed extraordinary levity, and was — to myself personally — what I can only call insolent. But he swore to me that he had not written the letters; and, indeed, I am convinced that he could not have written them. He is almost an illiterate — can barely read and write. I still suspect him. But, if he is in it, it is only as a tool of some one else."

"And the son — Judith Sabin's son?"

"Naturally, I have turned my mind in that direction also. But John Broad is a very simple fellow — has no enmity against Meynell; quite the contrary. He vows that he never knew why his mother went abroad with Lady Fox-Wilson, or why she went to America, and, though she talked a lot of what he calls 'queer stuff' in the few hours he had with her before my visit, and before her death, he couldn't make head or tail of a good deal of it, and didn't trouble his head about it. And, after my visit, he found her incoherent and delirious. Moreover, he declared to me solemnly that he knew nothing about the letter; and I certainly have no means of bringing it home to him."

The Bishop's blue eyes were sharply fixed upon the speaker. But, on the whole, Barron's manner in these remarks had favourably impressed his companion.

"We come, then," he said gravely, "to the further question which you will, of course, see will be asked — must be asked. Can you be certain that your own conversation — of course, quite unconsciously on your part — has not given hints to some person — some unscrupulous third person — an enemy of Meynell's — who has been making use of information he may have got from you to write these letters? Forgive the enquiry — but you will realise how very important it is — for Church interests — that the suit against Meynell in the Church courts should not be in any way mixed up with this wretched and discreditable business of the anonymous letters!"

Barron flushed a little.

"I have, of course, spoken of the matter in my own family," he said proudly. "I have already told you, my lord, that I confided the whole thing to my son Stephen very early in the day."

The Bishop smiled.

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"We may dismiss Stephen, I think — the soul of honour and devoted to Meynell. Can you remember no one else?"

Barron endeavoured to show no resentment at these enquiries; but it was clear that they galled.

"The only other members of my household are my daughter Theresa, and occasionally, for a week or two, my son Maurice. I answer for them both."

"Your son Maurice is at work in London."

"He is in one of the large insurance offices," said Barron stiffly.

The Bishop's face was shrewdly thoughtful. After a pause he said:

"You have, of course, examined the handwriting? But I understand that recently all the letters have been typewritten."

"All but two, the letter to Dawes and a letter which, I believe, was received by Mrs. Elsmere. I gave the Dawes letter to Meynell, at his request."

"Having failed to identify the handwriting?"

"Certainly."

Yet, even as he spoke, a sudden misgiving, like the pinch of an insect, brushed Barron's consciousness — for the first time. He had not, as a matter of fact, examined the Dawes letter very carefully, having been, as he now clearly remembered, in a state of considerable mental excitement during the whole time it was in his possession, and thinking much more of the effect of the first crop of letters on the situation than of the details of the Dawes letter itself. But he did remember, now that the Bishop pressed him, that when he first looked at the letter he had been conscious of a momentary scare of likeness to a handwriting he knew — to Maurice's handwriting, in fact. But he had repelled the suggestion as absurd in the first instance, and after a momentary start he angrily repelled it now.

The Bishop emerged from a brown study.

"It is a most mysterious thing! Have you been able to verify the postmarks?"

"So far as I know, all the letters were posted at Markborough."

"No doubt by some accomplice," said the Bishop. He paused and sighed. Then he looked searchingly, though still hesitatingly, at his companion.

"Mr. Barron, I trust you will allow me — as your Bishop — one little reminder. As Christians, we must be slow to believe evil."

Barron flushed again.

"I have been slow to believe it, my lord. But in all things I have put the Church's interest first."

Something in the Bishop suddenly and sharply drew away from the man beside him. He held himself with a cold dignity.

"For myself, personally — I tell you frankly — I can not bring myself to believe a word of this story, so far as it concerns Meynell. I believe there is a terrible mistake at the bottom of it, and I prefer to trust twenty years of noble living rather than the tale of a poor, distraught creature like Judith Sabin. At the same time, of course, I recognise that you have a right to your opinions, as I have to mine. But, my dear sir,"— and here the Bishop rose abruptly,—"let me urge upon you one thing. Keep an open mind — not only for all that tells against Meynell, but all that tells for him! Don't — you will allow me this friendly word — don't land yourself in a great, perhaps a lifelong, self-reproach!"

There was a note of sternness in the speaker's voice; but the small parchment face and the eyes of china-blue shone as though kindled from within by the pure and generous spirit of the man.

"My lord, I have said my say." Barron had also risen, and stood towering over the Bishop. "I leave it now in the hands of God."

The Bishop winced again, and was holding out a limp hand for good-bye when Barron said suddenly:

"Perhaps you will allow me one question, my lord. Has Meynell been to see you? Has he written to you, even? I may say that I urged him to do so."

The Bishop was taken aback and saw no way out.

"I have had no direct communication with him — no doubt," he said reluctantly, "because of our already strained relations."

On Barron's lips there dawned something that could hardly be called a smile — or triumphant; but the Bishop caught it. In another minute the door had closed upon his visitor.

Barron walked away through the close, his mind seething with anger and resentment. He felt that he had been treated as an embarrassment rather than an ally — that the Bishop's whole attitude had been grudging and unfriendly.

As he passed on to the broad stone pavement that bordered the south transept, he became aware of a man coming towards him. Raising his eyes, he saw that it was Meynell.

There was no way of avoiding the encounter. As the two men passed, Barron made a mechanical sign of recognition. Meynell lifted his head and looked at him full. It was a strange look, intent and piercing, charged with the personality of the man behind it.

Barron passed on, quivering. He felt that he hated Meynell, with the disguise of a public motive dropped away — and he knew that he hated him personally.

At the same time, the sudden slight misgiving he had been conscious of in the Bishop's

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presence ran through him again. He feared he knew not what; and, as he walked to the station, the remembrance of Meynell's expression mingled with the vague uneasiness he tried in vain to put from him.

Meynell walked home by Forkèd Pond to Maudeley. He lingered a little in the leafless woods round the cottage, now shut up, and he chose the longer path, that he might actually pass the very window near which Mary had stood when she spoke those softly broken words — words from a woman's soul — which his memory had by heart. And his pulse leapt at the scarcely admitted thought that perhaps — now — in a few weeks he might be walking the dale paths with Mary. But there were stern things to be done first.

At Maudeley he found Flaxman awaiting him, and the two passed into the library, while Rose, bubbling with conjecture and remarks, self-denyingly refrained from joining them. The consultation of the two men lasted about an hour, and when Flaxman rejoined his wife he came alone.

"Gone?" said Rose, with a disappointed look. "Oh, I did want to shake his hand!"

Flaxman's gesture was unsympathetic.

"It is not the time for that yet. This business has gone deep with him. I don't exactly know what he will do — but he has made me promise various things."

"When does he see — Torquemada?" said Rose, after a pause.

"I think — to-morrow morning."

"H'm. Good luck to him! Please let me know also precisely when I may crush Lady St. Monie."

Lady St. Monie was the wife of the Lord Lieutenant, and had at a recent dinner-party, in Rose's presence, hotly asserted her belief in the charges brought against the Rector of Upcote. She possessed a private chapel adorned with pre-Raphaelite frescoes, and was the sister of one of the chief leaders of the High Orthodox party in Convocation.

"She doesn't often speak to the likes of me," said Rose, "which, of course, is a great advantage for the likes of me. But, the next time, I shall speak to her — which will be so good for her. My dear Hugh, don't let Meynell be too magnanimous — I can't stand it."

Flaxman laughed, but rather absently. It was evident that he was still under the strong impression of the conversation he had just passed through.

Rose stole up to him and put her lips to his ear.

"Who — was — Hester's father?"

Flaxman looked up.

"I haven't the least idea."

"But, of course, we must all know sometime," said Rose discontentedly. "Catherine knows already."

Meynell passed that evening in his study, after some hours spent in the Christmas business of a large parish. His mind was full of agitation, and when midnight struck, ushering in Christmas eve, he was still undecided as to his precise course.

Among the letters of the day lying scattered beside him on the floor, there was yet further evidence of the power of Barron's campaign. There were warm expressions, indeed, of sympathy and indignation to be found among them, but, on the whole, Meynell realised that his own side's belief in him was showing signs of wavering and distress, while the attack upon him was increasing in violence. His silence even to his most intimate friends, even to his Bishop, the disappearance from England of the other persons named in the scandal, the constant elaborations and embellishments of the story as it passed from mouth to mouth — these things were telling against him steadily and disastrously.

As he hung over the fire, he anxiously reconsidered his conduct towards the Bishop, while Catherine's phrase, "He, too, has his rights!" lingered in his memory. He more than suspected that his silence had given pain; and his affection for the Bishop made the thought a sore one.

But, after all, what good would have been done, had he even put the Bishop in possession of the whole story? The Bishop's bare denial would have been added to his — nothing more. There could have been no explanation, public or private, nothing to persuade those who did not wish to be persuaded.

His thought wandered hither and thither. From the dimness of submerged thought there emerged a letter. . . .

My dear old Meynell:

The thing is to be covered up. Ralph will acknowledge the child, and all precautions are to be taken. I think what he does he will do thoroughly. Alice wishes it — and what can I do, either for her or for the child? Nothing. And, for me, I see but one way out — which will be the best for her too in the end, poor darling. My wife's letter a week ago destroyed my last hope. I am going out to-night — and I shall not come back. Stand by her, Richard. I think this kind of lie on which we are all embarked is wrong (not that you had anything to do with it); but it is society which is wrong and imposes it on us. Anyway, the choice is made, and now you must support and protect her — and the child — for my sake. For I know you love me, dear boy — little as I deserve it. It is part of your general gift of loving, which has always seemed to me so strange. However, whatever I was made for, you were made to help the unhappy. So I have the less scruple in sending you this last word. She will want your help. The child's lot in that household will not be a happy one; and Alice will have to look on. But help her! The thing, once done, must be irrevocable

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only so can my poor Alice recover her youth — think, she is only twenty now! — and the child's future be saved. Alice, I hope, will marry. And, when the child marries, you may — nay, I think you must — tell the husband. I have written this to Ralph. But for all the rest of the world the truth is now wiped out. The child is no longer mine — Alice was never my love — and I am going to the last sleep. Good-bye. In your company alone have I ever seemed to touch the life that might have been mine. But it is too late. The will in me — the mainspring — is diseased. This is a poor return — but forgive me, my very dear Richard! Here comes the boat — and there is a splendid sea rising.

There, in a locked drawer not far from him, lay this letter. Meynell's thought plunged back into the past — into its passionate feeling, its burning pity, its powerless affection. He recalled his young hero-worship for his brilliant kinsman — the hour when he had identified the battered form on the shore of the Donegal Lough — the sight of Alice's young anguish — and all the subsequent effort on his part — for Christ's sake, for Neville's sake — to help and shield a woman and child — effort from which his own soul had learnt so much.

Pure and sacred recollections! — mingled often with the moral or intellectual perplexities that enter into all things human.

Then, at a bound, his thought rushed on to the man who without pity, without shame, had dragged all these sad things, these helpless, irreparable griefs, into the cruel light of a malicious publicity — in the name of Christ, in the name of the Church!

To-morrow! He rose, with a face set like iron, and went back to his table to finish a half-written review.

"Theresa, after eleven I shall be engaged. See that I am not disturbed."

Theresa murmured assent; but, when her father closed the door of her sitting-room, she did not go back immediately to her household accounts. Her good, plain face showed a disturbed mind.

Her father's growing excitability and irritation — and the bad accounts of Maurice — troubled her sorely. Only that morning Mr. Barron had become aware that Maurice had lost the post in the insurance office which had been so laboriously obtained for him. Theresa had known it for a week or two, but had not been allowed to tell. And she tried not to remember how often, of late, her brother had applied to her for money.

Going back to her accounts with a sigh, she missed a necessary receipt, and went into the dining-room to look for it. While she was there, the front door bell rang and was answered, unheard by her. Thus it fell out, as she came back into the hall, she found herself face to face with Richard Meynell.

She stood paralysed with astonishment. He bowed to her gravely and passed on. Something in his look seemed to her to spell calamity. She went back to her room, and sat there dumb and trembling — dreading what she might see or hear.

Meanwhile Meynell had been ushered into Barron's study by the old butler, who was no less astonished than his mistress.

Barron rose stiffly to meet his visitor. The two men stood opposite each other as the door closed.

Barron spoke first:

"You will, I trust, let me know, Mr. Meynell, without delay, to what I owe this unexpected visit. I was, of course, quite ready to meet your desire for an interview, but your letter gave me no clue ——"

"I thought it better not," said Meynell quietly. "May we sit down?"

Barron mechanically waved the speaker to a chair, and sat down himself. Meynell seemed to pause a moment, his eyes on the ground. Then suddenly he raised them.

"Mr. Barron, what I have come to say will be a shock to you. I have discovered the author of the anonymous letters which have now for nearly three months been defiling this parish and diocese."

Barron's sudden movement showed the effect of the words; but he held himself well in hand.

"I congratulate you," he said coldly. "It is what we have all been trying to discover."

"But the discovery will be painful to you; for the author of these letters, Mr. Barron — is — your son Maurice."

At these words, spoken with an indescribable intensity and firmness, Barron sprang from his seat.

"It was not necessary, I think, sir, to come to my house in order to insult my family and myself. It would have been better to write. And you may be very sure that, if you can not punish your slanderers, we can — and will!"

His attitude expressed a quivering fury. Meynell took a packet from his breast pocket and quietly laid it on the table beside him.

"In this envelope you will find a document — a confession of a piece of wrong-doing on Maurice's part of which, I believe, you have never been informed. His poor sister concealed it — and paid for it. You remember three years ago the letting loose of some valuable young horses from Farmer Grange's stables — the hue and cry after them — and the difficulty there was in recapturing them on the Chase?"

Barron stared at the speaker, speechless.

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"You remember that a certain young fellow was accused — James Aston, one of my Sunday-school teachers — who had proposed to Grange's daughter and had been sent about his business by the father? Aston was, in fact, just about to be run in by the police, when a clue came to my hands. I followed it up. Then I found out that the ringleader in the whole affair had been your son Maurice. If you remember, he was then at home, hanging about the village, and he had had a quarrel with Grange — I forget about what. He wrote an anonymous postcard accusing Aston. However, I got on the track, and finally I made him give me a written confession — to protect Aston. Heavy compensation was paid to Grange — by your daughter — and the thing was hushed up. I was always doubtful whether I ought not to have come to you. But it was not long after the death of your wife. I was very sorry for you all — and Maurice pleaded hard. I told Stephen, however, and I kept the confession. I came upon it a night or two ago in the drawer where I had also placed the letter to Dawes which I got from you. Suddenly the likeness in the handwritings struck me, and I made a careful comparison."

He opened the packet and took out the two papers, which he offered to Barron.

"I think if you will compare the marked passages you will see at least a striking resemblance."

With a shaking hand Barron refused the papers.

"I have no doubt, sir, you can manufacture any evidence you please! — but I do not intend to follow you through it. Handwriting, as we all know, can be made to prove anything. Reserve your documents for your solicitor. I shall at once instruct mine."

"But I am only at the beginning of my case," said Meynell, with the same composure. "I think you had better listen. . . . A passage in one of the recent letters gave me a hint — an idea. I went straight to Last, the publican, and taxed him with being the accomplice of the writer. I blustered a little — he thought I had more evidence than I had — and at last I got the whole thing out of him. The first letter was written" — the speaker raised his finger, articulating each word with slow precision — "by your son Maurice, and posted by Last, the day after the cage accident at the Victoria pit; and they have pursued the same division of labour ever since. Last confesses he was induced to do it by the wish to revenge himself on me for the loss of his license; and Maurice occasionally gave him a little money. I have all the dates of the letters, and a statement of where they were posted. If necessary, Last will give evidence."

A silence. Barron had resumed his seat, and was automatically lifting a small book that lay on a table near him, and letting it fall, while Meynell was speaking. When Meynell paused, he said thickly:

"A plausible tale, no doubt — and a very convenient one for you. But, allow me to point out, it rests entirely on Last's word. Very likely he wrote the letters himself, and is attempting to make Maurice the scapegoat."

"Where do you suppose he could have got his information?" said Meynell, looking up. "There is no suggestion that *he* saw Judith Sabin before her death."

Barron's face worked, while Meynell watched him implacably. At last he said:

"How should I know? The same question applies to Maurice."

"Not at all. There the case is absolutely clear. Maurice got his information from you."

"A gratuitous statement, sir — which you can not prove."

"From you" — repeated Meynell — "and from certain spying operations that he and Last undertook together. Do you deny that you told Maurice all that Judith Sabin told you — together with her identification of myself?"

The room seemed to wait for Barron's reply. He made none. He burst out, instead:

"What possible motive could Maurice have had for such an action? The thing isn't even plausible."

"Oh, Maurice had various old scores to settle with me," said Meynell. "I have come across him more than once in this parish — no need to say how. I tried to prevent him from publicly disgracing himself and you; and I did prevent him. He saw in this business an easy revenge on a sanctimonious parson who had interfered with his pleasures."

Barron had risen and was pacing the room with unsteady steps. Meynell still watched him, with the same glitter in the eye. Meynell's whole nature, indeed, at the moment seemed to have gathered itself into one avenging force; he was at once sword and smiter. The man before him seemed to him embodied cruelty and hypocrisy; he felt neither pity nor compunction. And presently he said abruptly:

"But I am afraid I have a much more serious matter to lay before you than this business of the letters."

"What do you mean?"

Taking another letter from his pocket, Meynell glanced at it a moment, and then handed it to Barron. Barron was for an instant inclined to refuse it, as he had refused the others. But Meynell insisted.

"Believe me, you had better read it. It is a

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letter from Mr. Flaxman to myself, and it concerns a grave charge against your son. I bring you a chance of saving him from prosecution; but there is no time to be lost."

Barron took the letter, carried it to the window, and stood reading it. Meynell sat on the other side of the room watching him, still in the same impassive "possessed" state.

Suddenly Barron put his hand over his face and a groan he could not repress broke from him. He turned his back and stood bending over the letter.

At the same moment a shiver ran through Meynell, like the return to life of some arrested energy, some paralysed power. The shock of that sound of suffering had found him iron; it left him flesh. The spiritual habit of a lifetime revived; for "what we do we are."

He rose slowly and went over to the window.

"You can still save him — from the immediate consequences of this, at least — if you will. I have arranged that with Flaxman. It was my seeing him enter the room alone where the coins were, the night of the party, that first led to the idea that he might have taken them. Then, as you see, certain dealers' shops were watched by a private detective. Maurice appeared, sold the Hermes coin, was traced to his lodgings and identified. So far, the thing has not gone beyond private enquiry — for the dealer will do what Flaxman wants him to do. But Maurice still has the more famous of the two coins; and if he attempts to sell that, after the notices to the police, there may be an exposure any day. You must go up to London as soon as you can ——"

"I will go to-night," said Barron, in a tone scarcely to be heard. He stood with his hands on his sides, staring out upon the wintry garden, just as a gardener's boy, laden with holly and ivy for the customary Christmas decorations of the house, was passing across the lawn.

There was silence a little. Meynell walked slowly up and down the room. At last Barron turned towards him. The very incapacity of the plump and ruddy face for any tragic expression made it the more tragic.

"I propose to write to the Bishop at once. Do you desire a public statement?"

"There must be a public statement," said Meynell gravely. "The thing has gone too far. Flaxman and I have drawn one up. Will you look at it?"

Barron took it and went to his writing-table.

"Wait a moment!" said Meynell, following him and laying his hand on the open page. "I don't want you to sign that by *force majeure*. Dismiss — if you can — any thought of any hold I may have upon you because of Maurice's misdoing. You and I, Barron, have known each other some years. We were once friends. I ask you — not under any threat, not under any compulsion — to accept my word as an honest man that I am absolutely innocent of the charge you have brought against me."

Barron, who was sitting before his writing-table, buried his face in his hands a moment, then raised it.

"I accept it," he said, almost inaudibly.

"You believe me?"

"I believe you."

Meynell drew a long breath. Then he added, with a fresh sign of emotion: "And may I also count upon your doing henceforth what you can to protect that poor lady, Miss Puttenham, and her kinsfolk, from the consequences of this long persecution?"

Barron made a sign of assent. Then Meynell left him to read and sign the public apology and retraction which Flaxman mainly had drawn up. The Rector himself took a Bradshaw lying on the table, and walked to the window to consult it.

"You will catch the one-forty," he said, as Barron rose from the writing-table. "Let me advise you to get him out of the country for a time."

Barron said nothing. He came heavily towards the window, and the two men stood looking at each other, overtaken, both of them, by a mounting wave of consciousness. The events, passions, emotions of the preceding months pressed into memory and beat against the silence. But it was Meynell who turned pale.

"It was a pity to spoil the fight," he said in a low voice. "It would have been splendid to fight it — without a quarrel."

"I shall, of course, withdraw from the suit," said Barron, leaning over a chair, his eyes on the ground.

Meynell did not reply. He took up his hat, only saying as he went towards the door: "Remember, Flaxman holds his hand entirely — the situation is with you." Then, after a moment's hesitation, he added simply, almost shyly: "God help you! Won't you consult your daughter?"

Barron made no reply. The door opened and shut.

XX

A MILD January day on the terrace of St. Germains. After a morning of hoar-frost, the sun was shining brightly on the terrace, and on the panorama it commands. A pleasant light lay on the charming houses that front the skirts of the forest, on the blue-grey windings of the Seine, on the groves of leafless poplars interwoven with its course, on the plain with its thickly sown villages, on the height of Mont Valérien, behind which lay Paris. In spite of the sunshine, however, it was winter, and there

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was no movement in St. Germains. The terrace and the road leading from it to the town were deserted; and it was easy to see from the aspect of the famous hotel at the corner of the terrace that, although not closed, it despaired of visitors. Only a trio of French officers in the far distance of the terrace, and a white-capped *bonne*, with a basket on her arm, struggling against the light wind, offered any sign of life to the observant eyes of a young man who was briskly pacing up and down that section of the terrace which abuts on the hotel.

The young man was Philip Meryon. His dark tweed suit and fur waistcoat disclosed a figure once singularly agile and slender, on which self-indulgence was now beginning to tell. Nevertheless, as the *bonne* passed him, she duly noted and admired his pictorial good looks, opining at the same time that he was not French. Why was he there? She decided in her own mind that he was there for an assignation — by which she meant, of course, a meeting with a married woman; and she smiled the incorrigible French smile.

Assignation or no, she would have seen, had she looked closer, that the young man in question was in no merely beatific or expectant frame of mind. Meryon's look was a look both of excitement, as of one under the influence of some news of a startling kind, and of anxiety.

Would she come? And, if she came, would he be able to bring and hold her to any decision without — without doing what even he shrank from doing?

For that ill chance in a thousand which Meynell had foreseen, and hoped, as mortals do, to baffle, had come to pass. That morning, a careless letter enclosing the payment of a debt, written by a young actor who had formed part of one of the Bohemian parties at the Abbey during the summer, and had now been playing for a week in the Markborough theatre, had given Meryon the clue to the many vague conjectures or perplexities which had already crossed his mind with regard to Hester's origin and history.

Your sanctified cousin, Richard Meynell [wrote the young man], seems, after all, to be made of the common clay. There are strange stories going the round about him here; especially in a crop of anonymous letters of which the author can't be found. I send you a local newspaper which has dared to print one of them with dashes for the names. The landlord of the inn told me how to fill them up, and you will see I have done it. The beauteous maiden herself has vanished from the scene — as, no doubt, you know. Indeed, you probably know all about it. However, as you are abroad and not likely to see these local rags, and as no London paper will print these things, you may perhaps be interested in what I enclose. Alack, my dear Philip, for the saints! They seem not so very different from you and me.

The eagerness with which Philip had read the newspaper cutting enclosed in the letter was equalled only by the eagerness with which afterwards he fell to meditating upon it, pursuing and ferretting out the truth through a maze of personal recollection and inference.

Richard! Nonsense! He laughed from a full throat. Not for one moment was Philip misled by Judith Sabin's mistake. He was a man of great natural shrewdness, blunted, no doubt, by riotous living; but there was enough of it left, aided by his recent forced contacts with his cousin Richard, all turning on the subject of Hester, to keep him straight. So that, without any demur at all, he rejected the story as it stood.

But then, what was the fact behind it? Impossible that Judith Sabin's story should be all delusion! For whom had she mistaken Richard?

Suddenly, as he sat brooding and smoking, a vision of Hester flashed upon him, as she had stood laughing and pouting beneath the full-length picture of Neville Flood which hung in the big hall of the Abbey. He had pointed it out to her on their way through the house — where she had refused to linger — to the old garden behind.

He could hear his own question: "There!—aren't you exactly like him? Turn and look at yourself in the glass opposite. Oh, you needn't be offended! He was the handsome man of his day."

Of course! The truth jumped to the eyes — now that one was put in the way of seeing it. And on this decisive recollection there had followed a rush of others no less pertinent — things said by his dead mother about the brother whom she had loved and bitterly regretted. So the wronged lady whom he would have married but for his wife's obstinacy was "Aunt Alice"! Philip remembered to have once seen her from a distance in the Upcote woods. Hester had pointed her out, finger on lip, as they stood hiding in a thicket of fern. A pretty woman still. His mother had never mentioned a name; probably she had never known it; but to the love affair she had always attributed some share in her brother's death.

From point to point he tracked it — the poor secret — till he had run it down. By degrees everything fitted in; he was confident that he had guessed the truth.

Then, abruptly, he turned to look at its bearing on his own designs and fortunes.

He supposed himself to be in love with Hester. At any rate, he was violently conscious of that hawklike instinct of pursuit which he was accustomed to call love. Hester's mad and childish imprudences, which the cooler self in Meryon was quite ready to recognise as such, had made the hawking a singularly easy task, so far.

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Meynell, of course, had put up difficulties. With regard to this Scotch business it had been necessary to lie pretty hard, and to bribe some humble folk in order to get round him. But Hester, by the double fact that she was at once so far removed from the mere *ingénue* and so incredibly ready to risk herself, out of sheer ignorance of life, both challenged and tempted the man whom a disastrous fate had brought across her path, to such a point that he had long since lost control of himself and parted with any scruples of conscience he might have possessed.

At the same time, he was by no means sure of her. He realised his increasing power over her; he also realised the wild, independent streak in her. Some day — any day — the capricious, wilful nature might tire, might change. The prey might escape, and the hawk go empty home. No dallying too long! Let him decide what to risk — and risk it.

Meantime that confounded cousin of his was hard at work, through some very capable lawyers, and unless the instructions he — Philip — had conveyed to the woman in Scotland, who, thank goodness, was no less anxious to be rid of him than he to be rid of her, were very shrewdly and exactly carried out, facts might in the end reach Hester which would give even her recklessness pause. He knew that, so far, Meynell had been baffled; he knew that he carried about with him evidence that, for the present, could be brought to bear on Hester with effect; but things were by no means safe.

For his own affairs, they were desperate. As he stood there, he was nothing more, in fact, than the common needy adventurer — possessed, however, of greater daring, imagination, and brain than most such persons. His financial resources were practically at an end, and he had come to look upon a clandestine marriage with Hester as the best means of replenishing them. The Fox-Wilson family passed for rich; and the notion that they must and would be ready to come forward with money, when once the thing was irrevocable, counted for much in the muddy plans of which his mind was full. His own idea was to go to South America — to Buenos Ayres, where money was to be made, and where he had some acquaintance. In that way he would shake off his creditors and the Scotchwoman together; and Meynell would know better than to interfere.

Suddenly a light figure came fluttering round the corner of the road leading to the château and the town. Philip turned and went to meet her. And, as he approached her, he was shaken by the excitement of her presence, in addition to that which already possessed him. Her wild, provocative beauty seemed to light up the whole wintry scene; and the few passers-by each and all stopped to stare at her. Hester laughed aloud when she saw Meryon, and, with her usual recklessness, held up her umbrella for signal. It pleased her that two *rapins* in large black ties and steeple hats paid her an insolent attention as they passed her; and she stopped to pinch the cheek of a chubby child that had planted itself straight in her path.

"Am I late?" she said, as they met. "I only just caught the train. Oh, I am so hungry! Don't let's talk — let's *déjeuner*."

Philip laughed. "Will you dare the hotel?" And he pointed to the Pavillon Henri Quatre.

"Why not? Probably there won't be a soul."

"There are always Americans."

"Why not, again? *Tant mieux!* Oh, my hair!"

And she put up her two ungloved hands to try and reduce it to something like order. The loveliness of the young curving form, of the pretty hands, of the golden-brown hair, struck full on Meryon's turbid sense.

They turned towards the hotel, and were presently seated in a corner of its glazed gallery, with all the wide prospect of plain and river spread beneath them. Hester was in the highest spirits, and as she sat waiting for the first *plat*, chattering and nibbling at her roll, her black felt hat with its plume of cock feathers falling back from the brilliance of her face, she once more attracted all the attention available — from the two savants who, after a morning in the château, were lunching at a farther table; from an American family of all ages reduced to silence by sheer wonder and contemplation; from the waiters; and, not least, from the hotel dog, wagging his tail mutely at her knee.

Philip felt himself an envied person. He was, indeed, vain of his companion; but certain masterful instincts asserted themselves once or twice. When (or if) she became his possession, he would try to moderate some of this chatter and noise. For the present, he occupied himself with playing to her lead — glancing every now and then mentally, with a secret start, at the information he had possessed about her since the morning.

She described to him, with a number of new tricks of gesture caught from her French classmates, how she had that morning outwitted all her guardians, who supposed that she had gone to Versailles with one of the senior members of the class she was attending at the Conservatoire, a young teacher, *très sage*, with whom she had been allowed once or twice to go to museums and galleries. To accomplish it had required an elaborate series of deceptions, which Hester had carried through, apparently, without a qualm — except that at the end of her story there was

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a passing reference to Aunt Alice — "poor darling!" — "who would have a fit if she knew."

Philip, coffee-cup in hand, half smiling, looked at her meantime through his partially closed lids. Richard, indeed! She was Neville all through, the Neville of the picture, except for the colour of the hair and the soft femininity. And here she sat, prattling — foolish dear! — about "Mamma," and "Aunt Alice," and "my tiresome sisters"!

"Certainly you shall not pay for me! — not a *sou*," said Hester, flushing. "I have plenty of money. Take it, please, at once." And she pushed her share towards Philip on the table, with a peremptory gesture.

Meryon took it with a smile and a shrug, and she, throwing away the cigarette she had been defiantly smoking, rose from the table.

"Now, then, what shall we do? Oh, no museums! I am being educated to death! Let us go for a walk in the forest; and then I must catch my train or the world will go mad."

So they walked briskly into the forest, and were soon sufficiently deep among its leaf-strewn paths to be secure from all observation. Two hours remained of wintry sunlight before they must turn back towards the station.

Philip felt a rush of excitement in his veins.

Hester walked along, swinging a small silk bag in which she carried her handkerchief and purse. Suddenly, in a narrow path girt by some tall hollies and withered oaks, she let it fall. Both stooped for it — their hands touched — and as Hester rose she found herself in Meryon's arms.

She made a violent effort to free herself, and, when it failed, she stood still and submitted to be kissed, like one who accepts an experience, with a kind of proud patience.

"You think you love me," she said at last, pushing him away. "I wonder whether you do!"

And, flushed and panting, she leant against a tree, looking at him with a strange expression in which melancholy mingled with resentment, passing slowly into something else — that soft and shaken look, that yearning of one longing and yet fearing to be loved, which had struck dismay into Meynell on the afternoon when he had pursued her to the Abbey.

Philip came close to her.

"You think I have no Roddy!" she said with bitterness. "Don't kiss me again!"

He refrained. But, catching her hand and leaning against the trunk beside her, he poured into her ear protestations and flattery, the ordinary language of such a man at such a moment. Hester listened to it with a kind of eagerness, sometimes with a slight frown, as if ear and mind waited intently for something that did not come.

"I wonder how many people you have said the same things to before!" she said suddenly, looking searchingly into his face. "What have you got to tell me about that Scotch girl?"

"Richard's Scotch girl?" he laughed, throwing his handsome head back against the tree, "whom Richard supposes me to have married? Well, I had a great flirtation with her, I admit, two years ago, and it is sometimes rather difficult in Scotland to know whether you are married or no. You know, of course, that all that's necessary is to declare yourselves man and wife before witnesses? However, perhaps you would like to see a letter from the lady herself on the subject?"

"You had it ready?" she said doubtfully.

"Well, considering that Richard has been threatening me for months, not only with the loss of you, but with all sorts of pains and penalties besides, I have had to do something! Of course I have done a great deal. This is one of the documents in the case. It is an affidavit, really, drawn up for my solicitor by the lady whom Richard supposes to be my injured wife!" He placed an envelope in her hands.

Hester opened it with a touch of scornful reluctance. It contained a categorical denial and repudiation of the supposed marriage.

"Has Uncle Richard seen it?" she asked coldly, as she gave it back to him.

"Certainly he has, by now." He took another envelope from his pocket. "I won't bother you with anything more — the thing is really too absurd! But here, if you want it, is a letter from the girl's brother. Brothers are generally supposed to keep a sharp lookout on their sisters, aren't they? Well, this brother declares that Meynell's enquiries have come to nothing, absolutely nothing, in the neighbourhood — except that they have made people very angry. He has got no evidence — simply because there is none to get! I imagine, indeed, that by now he has dropped the whole business. And certainly it is high time he did, or I shall have to be taking action on my own account before long!"

He looked down upon her as she stood beside him, trying to make out her expression.

"Hester!" he broke out, "don't let's talk about this any more — it's damned nonsense. Let's talk about ourselves. Hester! — darling! — I want to make you happy! I want to carry you away. Hester, will you marry me at once? As far as the French law is concerned, I have arranged it all. You could come with me to-morrow to a certain *mairie* I know, and we could marry without anybody having a word to say to it; and then, Hester, I'd carry you to Italy! I know a villa on the Riviera — the Italian Riviera — in a little bay all orange and lemon and blue sea. We'd honeymoon there; and when we were tired of honeymooning — though

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how could any one tire of honeymooning with you, you darling! — we'd go to South America. I have an opening at Buenos Ayres which promises to make me a rich man. Come with me! It is the most wonderful country in the world. You would be adored there — you would have every luxury — we would travel and ride and explore — we'd have a glorious life!"

He had caught her hands again, and stood towering over her, intoxicated with his own tinsel phrases — almost sincere; a splendid physical presence, save for the slight thickening of face and form, the looseness of the lips, the absence of all freshness in the eyes.

But Hester, after a first moment of dreamy excitement, drew herself decidedly away.

"No, no! I can't be such a wretch — I can't! Mamma and Aunt Alice would break their hearts. I'm a selfish beast, but not quite so bad as that! No, Philip; we can meet and amuse ourselves, can't we — and get to know each other — and then, if we want to, we can marry afterwards."

"That means you don't love me!" he said fiercely.

"Yes, yes, I do! — or, at least, I — I like you. And perhaps in time, if you let me alone, if you don't tease me, I — I'll marry you. But let's do it openly. It's amusing to get one's own way, even by lies, up to a certain point. They wouldn't let me see you or get to know you — and I was determined to know you, so I had to behave like a little cad, or give in. But marrying's different."

He argued with her hotly, pointing out the certainty of Meynell's opposition, exaggerating the legal powers of guardians, declaring vehemently that it was now or never. Hester grew very white, as they wandered on through the forest, but she did not yield. Some last scruple of conscience, perhaps, some secret dread or misgiving, possessed her.

So that in the end Philip was pushed to the villainy that even he would have avoided.

Suddenly he turned upon her.

"Hester, you drive me to it. I don't want to, but I must. Hester, you poor darling! — you don't know what has happened — you don't know what a position you're in. I want to save you from it. I would have done it without telling you the truth, if I could; but you drive me to it!"

"What on earth do you mean?"

She stopped beside him in a clearing of the forest. The pale afternoon sun, now dropping fast to westward, slipped through the slender oaks, on which the red leaves still danced, touched the girl's hair and shone into her beautiful eyes. She stood there so young, so unconscious, a victim on the threshold of doom. Philip, who was no more a monster than other men who do monstrous things, felt a sharp stab of compunction, and then rushed headlong at the crime he had virtually resolved on before they met.

He told her, in a few agitated words, the whole — and the true — story of her birth. He described the return of Judith Sabin to Upcote Minor, and the narrative she had given to Henry Barron — without, however, a word of Meynell in the case, so far at least as the original events were concerned. For he was convinced that he knew better, and that there was no object in prolonging an absurd misunderstanding. His version of the affair was that Judith, in a fit of excitement, had revealed Hester's parentage to Henry Barron; that Barron, out of enmity towards Meynell, Hester's guardian, and by way of getting a hold upon him, had not kept the matter to himself, but had either written or instigated anonymous letters which had spread such excitement in the neighbourhood that Lady Fox-Wilson had now let her house and practically left Upcote for good. The story had become the common talk of the Markborough district, and all that Meynell, and "your poor mother," and the Fox-Wilson family could do was to attempt, on the one hand, to meet the rush of scandal by absence and silence, and on the other to keep the facts from Hester herself as long as possible.

The girl listened to him with wide, startled eyes. Occasionally a sound broke from her — a gasp, an exclamation; and when he paused, pursued by almost a murderer's sense of guilt, he saw her totter. In an instant he had his arm round her, and for once there was both real passion and real pity in the excited words he poured into her ears:

"Hester, darling! — don't grieve, don't be troubled, my own beautiful Hester! I am a fiend to have told you, but it is because I am not only your lover but your kinsman. Come to me! give me the right to shield you, to take care of you. We'll go away! We'll show these wretched scandalmongers that what they say is nothing to us — that we are the masters of our own lives, not they!"

And so on, and so on. The emotion was as near sincerity as he could push it; but it did not fail to occur at least once, to a mind steeped in third-rate drama, what a "strong" dramatic scene might be drawn from the whole situation.

Hester heard him for a few minutes in evident stupefaction; then, with a recovery of physical equilibrium, she again vehemently repulsed him.

"You are mad — you are *mad!* It is abominable to talk to me like this. What do you mean? My 'poor mother' — who is my mother?"

She faced him tragically, the certainty that was already dawning in her mind — prepared indeed, through years, by all the perplexities

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and rebellions of her girlhood — betraying itself in her quivering face and lips. Suddenly she dropped upon a fallen log beside the path, hiding her face in her hands, struggling again with the sheer faintness of the shock. And Philip, kneeling in the dry leaves beside her, completed his work, with the cruel mercy of the man who kills what he has wounded.

He asked her to look back into her childhood. He reminded her of the many complaints she had made to him of her sense of isolation within her supposed family; of the strange provisions of Sir Ralph's will; of the arrangement that had made her Meynell's ward in a special sense.

"Why, of course, that was so natural. You remember, I suggested to you once that Richard probably judged Neville from the same puritanical standpoint that he judged me? Well, I was a fool to talk like that. I remember now perfectly what my mother used to say. They were of different generations, but they were tremendous friends; and there were only a few years between them. I am certain it was by Neville's wish that Richard became your guardian." He laughed, in some embarrassment. "He couldn't exactly foresee that another member of the family would want to oust Richard from the office! Hester, my queen, my darling, look at me! Take me for your guardian, not Richard. I'll give you everything he couldn't give you. I'll show you what life means — what love means!"

And, doubly tempted by her abasement, her bewildered pain, he tried again to take her in his arms.

But she held him at arm's length..

"If," she said, with pale lips,— "if Sir Neville was my father — and Aunt Alsie —" Her voice failed her. "Were they — were they never married?"

He slowly and reluctantly shook his head.

"Then I'm — I'm — Oh! but that's monstrous — that's absurd! I don't believe it!"

She sprang to her feet. Then, as she stood confronting his silence, the whole episode of that bygone September afternoon — the miniature, Aunt Alice's silence and tears — rushed back on memory. She trembled, and the iron entered into her soul.

"Let's go back to the station," she said resolutely. "It's time."

They walked back through the forest paths for some time without speaking, she refusing his aid. And all the time swiftly, inexorably, memory and inference were at work, dragging to light the deposit — obscure, or troubling, or contradictory — left in her by the facts and feelings of her childhood and youth.

She had told him with emphasis, at luncheon, that he was not to be allowed to accompany her home; that she would go back to Paris by herself. But when, at the St. Germains station, Meryon jumped into the empty railway carriage beside her, she said nothing to prevent him. She sat in the darkest corner of the carriage, her arms hanging beside her, her eyes fixed on objects of which she saw nothing. Her pride in herself, her ideal of herself, which is to every young creature like the protective sheath to the flower, was stricken to the core. She thought of Sarah and Lulu, whom she had all her life despised and ridiculed. But they had a right to their name and place in the world!— and she was their nameless inferior, the child taken in out of pity, accepted on sufferance. She thought of the gossip now rushing like a mud-laden stream through every Upcote or Markborough drawing-room. All the persons whom she had snubbed or flouted were concerning themselves maliciously with her and her affairs — were pitying "poor Hester Fox-Wilson."

Her heart seemed to dry and harden within her. The strange thought of her real mother — her suffering, patient, devoted mother — did not move her. It was bound up with all that trampled on and humiliated her.

And, moreover, strange and piteous fact, realised by them both! this sudden sense of fall and degradation had in some mysterious way altered her whole relation to the man who had brought it upon her. His evil power over her had increased. He felt instinctively that he need not in future be so much on his guard. His manner towards her became freer. She had never yet returned him the kisses which, as on this day, she had sometimes allowed him to snatch. But, before they reached Paris, she had kissed him; she had sought his hands with hers; and she had promised to meet him again.

While these lamentable influences and events were thus sweeping Hester's life towards the abyss, mocking all the sacrifices and the efforts that had been made to save her, the publication of Barron's apology had opened yet another stage in the "Meynell case."

As drafted by Flaxman it was certainly comprehensive enough. For himself, Meynell would have been content with much less; but, in dealing with Barron, he was the avenger of wrongs not his own, both public and private; and when his own first passion of requital had passed away, killed in him by the anguish of his enemy, he still let Flaxman decide for him. And Flaxman, the mildest and most placable of men, showed himself here inexorable and would allow no softening of terms. So that Barron "unreservedly withdrew" and "publicly apologised for those false and calumnious charges which, to my great regret, and on erroneous information, I

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have been led to bring against the character and conduct of the Rev. Richard Meynell, at various dates and in various ways, during the six months preceding the date of this apology."

With regard to the anonymous letters — "although they were not written, nor in any way authorised, by me, I now discover, to my sorrow, that they were written by a member of my family, on information derived from me. I apologise for and repudiate the false and slanderous statements these letters contain, and those also included in letters I myself have written to various persons. I agree that a copy of this statement shall be sent to the Bishop of Markborough and to each parish clergyman in the diocese of Markborough; as, also, that it shall be published in such newspapers as the solicitors of the Rev. Richard Meynell may determine."

The document appeared first on a Saturday in all the local papers, and was greedily read and discussed by the crowds that throng into Markborough on market-day, who again carried back the news to the villages of the diocese. It was also published on the same day in the *Modernist* and in the leading religious papers. Its effect on opinion was rapid and profound. The Bishop telegraphed: "Thank God. Come and see me." France fidgetted a whole morning among his papers, began two or three letters to Meynell, and finally decided that he could write nothing adequate that would not also be hypocritical.

Dornal wrote a little note that Meynell put away among those *litera scripta* that are the mile-stones of life. From all the leading Modernists came a rush of correspondence and congratulations, in all possible notes and tones of indignant triumph; and many leaders on the other side wrote with generous emotion and relief. In the extreme camp of the extreme Right there was, of course, silence and chagrin. Compared to the eternal interests of the Church, what does one man's character matter?

The old Bishop of Dunchester, a kind of English Döllinger, the learned leader of a learned party, and ready in the last years of life to risk what would have tasked the nerves and courage of a man in the prime of physical and mental power, wrote:

My dear Richard Meynell:

Against my better judgment, I was persuaded that you might have been imprudent. I now know that you have only been heroic. Forgive me — forgive us all. Nothing will induce me to preach the sermon of our opening day. And if you will not, who will, or can?

Rose, meanwhile, descended upon the Rectory with Flaxman's help, though in the teeth of Ann's rather jealous opposition, she carried off Meynell to Maudeley, that she might "write his letters for him" and for a few days watch over a man wearied and overstrained. It was by her means, also, that the reaction in public opinion spread far beyond Meynell himself. It is true that even men and women of good will looked at each other in bewilderment, after the publication of the apology, and asked each other under their breaths: "Then is there no story? — and was Judith Sabin's whole narrative a delusion?" But with whatever might be true in that narrative no public interest was now bound up, and discussion first grew shamefaced and then dropped. The tendency strengthened, indeed, to regard the whole matter as the invention of a half-crazy and dying woman possessed of some grudge against the Fox-Wilson family. Many surmised that some tragic fact lay at the root of the tale, since those concerned had not chosen to bring the slanderer to account. But what had once been mere matter for malicious or idle curiosity was now handled with compunction and good feeling. People began to be very sorry for the Fox-Wilsons, very sorry for "poor Miss Puttenham." Cards were left and friendly enquiries were made; and, amid the general wave of scepticism and regret, the local society showed itself as sentimental and as futile as usual.

Meanwhile poor Theresa, with reddened eyes, had been seen driving to the station; and her father, it was ascertained, had been absent from home since the day before the publication of the apology. It was very commonly guessed that the "member of my family" responsible for the letters was the unsatisfactory younger son; and many persons, especially in Church circles, were secretly sorry for Barron, while everybody possessed of any heart at all was sorry for his elder son Stephen.

Stephen, indeed, was one of Meynell's chief anxieties during these intermediate hours when a strong man took a few days' breathing space between the effort that had been and the effort that was to be. The young man would come over, day by day, with the same crushed, patient look, now bringing news to Meynell which they talked over in undertones where none might overhear, and now craving news from Paris in return. As to his own report, Barron, it seemed, had made all arrangements to send Maurice to a firm of English merchants trading at Riga. The head of the firm was under an old financial obligation to Henry Barron, and Stephen had no doubt that his father had made it heavily worth their while to give his brother this fresh chance of an honest life. There had been, Stephen believed, some terrible scenes between the father and son, and Stephen neither felt nor professed to feel any hope for the future. Barron himself intended to accompany Maurice

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to Riga and settle him there. Afterwards he talked of a journey to the Cape. Meanwhile the White House was shut up, and poor Theresa had come to join Stephen in the little vicarage whence the course of events in the coming year would certainly drive him out

So much for the news he gave. As to the news he hungered for, Meynell had but crumbs to give him. To neither Stephen nor any one else could Alice Puttenham's letters be disclosed. Meynell's lips were sealed upon her story now, as they had ever been; and, however shrewdly he might guess at Stephen's guesses, he said nothing and Stephen asked nothing on the subject.

As to Hester, he was told that she was well, though often moody and excitable; that she seemed already to have tired of the lessons and occupations she had taken up with such prodigious energy at the beginning of her stay; and that she had made violent friends with a young teacher from the École Normale, a refined, intelligent woman in every way fit to be her companion, with whom on holidays she would make long excursions out of Paris.

But to Meynell poor Alice Puttenham poured out all the bitterness of her heart:

> It seems to me that the little hold I had over her, and the small affection she had for me when we arrived here, are both less than they were. During the last week especially [the letter was dated the fourteenth of January] I have been at my wits' end how to amuse or please her. She resents being watched and managed more than ever. One feels there is a tumult in her soul to which we have no access. Her teachers complain of her temper and her caprice. And yet she dazzles and fascinates as much as ever. I suspect she doesn't sleep,— she has a worn look quite unnatural at her age,— but it makes her furious to be asked. Sometimes, indeed, she seems to melt towards me; the sombre look passes away; and she is melancholy and soft, with tears sometimes in her eyes, which I dare not notice.
>
> Oh, my dear friend, I am grateful for all you tell me of the changed situation at Markborough. But, after all, the thing is done — there can be no undoing it. The lies mingled with the truth have been put down. Perhaps people are ready now to let the truth itself slip back with the lies into the darkness. But how can we — Edith and I and Hester — ever live the old life again? The old shelter, the old peace, are gone. We are wanderers and pilgrims henceforward!
>
> As far as I know, Hester is still in complete ignorance of all that has happened. I have told her that Edith finds Tours so economical that she prefers to stay abroad for a couple of years and to let the Upcote house. And I have said, also, that when she herself is tired of Paris I am ready to take her to Germany, and then to Italy. She laughed as if I had said something ridiculous! One never knows her real mind. But, at least, I see no sign of any suspicion in her, and I am sure that she has seen no English newspaper that could have given her a clue. As to Philip Meryon, as I have told you before, I often feel a vague uneasiness; but, watch as I will, I can find nothing to justify it. Oh, Richard, my heart is broken for her. A little love from her, and the whole world would change for me. But even what I once possessed these last few months seems to have been taken from me!

"The thing is done! — there can be no undoing it." That was the sore burden of all Meynell's thoughts, awakening in him at times the "bitter craving to strike heavy blows" at he knew not what. What, indeed, could ever undo the indecency, the cruelty, the ugly revelations of these three months? The grossness of the common public, the weakness of friends, the solemn follies to which men are driven by hate or bigotry: these things might well have roused the angry laughter that lives in all quick and honest souls. But the satiric mood, when it appeared, soon vanished. He remembered the saying of Meredith as to the spectacle of Bossuet over the dead body of Molière — "at which the dark angels may, but men do not, laugh."

This bitterness might have festered within him but for the blessedness of Mary Elsmere's letters. She had seen the apology; she knew nothing of its causes. But she betrayed a joy that was almost too proud to know itself as joy — since what doubt could there ever have been but that right and nobleness would prevail? Catherine wrote the warmest and kindest of letters. But Mary's every word was balm, just because she knew nothing and wrote out of the fulness of her mere faith in him, ready to let her trust take any shape it would. And, though she knew nothing, she seemed by some divine instinct to understand also the pain that overshadowed the triumph, to be ready to sit silent with him before the irreparable. Day by day, as he read these letters, his heart burned within him; and Rose noted the growing restlessness. But he had heavy arrears of parish business upon him, of correspondence, of literary work. He struggled on, the powers of mind and body flagging, till one evening, when he had been nearly a week at Maudeley, Rose came to him and said, with a smile that had in it just a touch of sweet mockery:

"My dear friend, you are doing no good here at all! Go and see Mary!"

He turned upon her, amazed.

"She has not sent for me."

Rose laughed out.

"Did you expect her to be as modern as that?"

He murmured:

"I have been waiting for a word."

"What right had you to wait? Go and get it out of her! Where will you stay?"

He gasped.

"There is the farm at the head of the valley."

"Telegraph to-night."

He thought a little — the colour flooding into his face. And then he quietly went to Rose's writing-table and wrote his telegram.

TO BE CONTINUED

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McCLURE'S MAGAZINE



OCTOBER
1911
FIFTEEN CENT

BEGINNING OF
OWEN JOHNSON'S
NEW SERIAL
"STOVER AT
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DETECTIVE BURNS
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BARLEY

BY

LOUISE IMOGEN GUINEY

UP in the barley a wind began:
Over their levels of gold it ran,
Plunged into them,
And furrowed through them
Foamy channels the height of a man.

Deep in their dark it dipped and shined,
And spake like a vision to all the blind;
Eye not knowing
The law of the flowing,
Real as water flowed the wind.

I was a child, and it seemed to me
A hilltop river set rolling free:
As it was ever
The way of a river,
Somewhere a well-head — somewhere a sea!

Through flexile banks the unbodied stream
Poured its life and mine in a dream.
Currents nameless,
Measureless, tameless,
Clave me, too, with rustle and gleam.

If I come back to the fields to-day
With storm in a time-worn heart, I pray
The sun to sift it,
The wind to lift it,
The barley floods to wash it away;

For here would I lie on the long-loved ground,
Seeing one sight and hearing one sound,
No strife to wake me,
Nor doom o'ertake me,
In that sweet harvest happily drowned.

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Drawing by Frederic R. Gruger

"'WHAT'S YOUR NAME AND GENERAL STYLE OF BEAUTY?'"

See page 592

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McCLURE'S MAGAZINE
VOL. XXXVII OCTOBER, 1911 No. 6

Stover at Yale

by Owen Johnson

Author of "The Varmint," "The Tennessee Shad," etc.

Illustrations by Frederic R. Gruger

CHAPTER I

DINK STOVER, freshman, chose his seat in the afternoon express that would soon be rushing him to New Haven and his first glimpse of Yale University. He leisurely divested himself of his trim overcoat, folding it in exact creases and laying it gingerly across the back of his seat; stowed his traveling-bag; smoothed his hair with a masked movement of his gloved hand; pulled down a buckskin vest, opening the lower button; removed his gloves and folded them in his breast pocket, while with the same gesture a careful forefinger, unperceived, assured itself that his lilac silk necktie was in snug contact with the high collar whose points, painfully but in perfect style, attacked his chin. Then, settling, not flopping down, he completed his preparations for the journey by raising the sharp crease of the trousers one inch over each knee — a legendary precaution which in youth is believed to prevent vulgar bagging. Each movement was executed without haste or embarrassment, but leisurely, with the deliberate *savoir-faire* of the complete man of the world that he had become at the terrific age of eighteen.

In front of him spasmodic freshmen arrived, struggling from their overcoats in embarrassed plunges that threatened to leave them publicly in their shirt sleeves. That they imputed to him the superior dignity of an upper classman was pleasurably evident to Stover from their covert respectful glances. He himself felt conscious of a dividing-line. He too was a freshman, and yet not of them.

He had just ended three years at Lawrenceville, where from a ridiculous beginning he had fought his way to the captaincy of the football eleven and the vice-presidency of the school. He had been the big man in a big school, and the sovereign responsibilities of that anointed position had been, of course, such that he no longer felt himself a free agent. He had been of the chosen, and not all at once could he divest himself of the idea that his slightest action had a certain public importance. His walk had been studiously imitated by twenty shuffling striplings. His hair, parted on the side, had caused a revolution among the brushes and stirred up innumerable indignant cowlicks. His tricks of speech, his favorite exclamations, had become at once lip-currency. At that time golf and golf-trousers were things of unthinkable daring. He had given his approval, appeared in the baggy breeches, and at once the ban on bloomers had been lifted and the Circle had swarmed with the grotesqueries of variegated legs then boldly revealed. He had stood between the school and its tyrants. He had arrayed himself in circumstantial attire — boiled shirt, high collar, and carefully dusted derby — and appeared before the faculty with solemn, responsible face no less than three separate times, to voice the protest of four hundred future American citizens: first, at the insidious and alarming repetition of an

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abhorrent article of winter food known as scrag-birds and sinkers; second, to urge the overwhelming necessity of a second sleighing holiday; and, third and most important, firmly to assure the powers that be that the school viewed with indignation and would resist with despair the sudden increase of the already staggering burden of the curriculum.

The middle-aged faculty had listened gravely to the grave expounder of such grave demands, had promised reform and regulation in the matter of sinkers, granted the holiday, and insufficiently modified the brutal attempt at injecting into the uneager youthful mind a little more of the inconsequential customs of the Greeks and Romans.

The Doctor had honored him with his confidence, consulted him on several intimate matters of school discipline — in fact, most undoubtedly had rather leaned upon him. As he looked back upon the last year at Lawrenceville, he could not but feel a certain wholesome, pleasant satisfaction. He had held up an honest standard, he had played hard but square, disdained petty offenses, seen to the rigorous bringing up of the younger boys, and, as men of property must lend their support to the church, he had even publicly advised a moderate attention to the long classic route which leads to college. He had been the big man in the big school; what new opportunity lay before him?

In the seat ahead two of his class were exchanging delighted conjectures, and their conversation, coming to his ears clearly through the entangled murmur of the car, began to interest him.

"I say, Schley, you were Hotchkiss, weren't you?"

"Eight mortal years."

"Got a good crowd?"

"No wonder-workers, but a couple of good men for the line. What's your Andover crowd like?"

"We had a daisy bunch, but some of the pearls have been sidetracked to Princeton and Harvard."

"Bought up, eh?"

"Sure," said the speaker, with the profoundest conviction.

"Big chance, McNab, for the eleven this year," said Schley, in a thin, anemic, authoritative sort of way. "Play football yourself?"

"Sure — if any one will kick me," said McNab, who in fact had a sort of roly-poly resemblance to the necessary pigskin. "Lord, I'm no strength-breaker. I'm a funny man, side-splitting joker, regular cut-up — didos and all that sort of thing. What are you out for?"

"A good time first, last, and always."

"Am I? Just ask me!" said McNab explosively; and in a justly aggrieved tone he added: "Lord, haven't I slaved like a mule ten years to get here! I don't know how long it'll last, but while it does it will be a lulu!"

"My old dad gave me a moral lecture."

"Sure. Opportunity — character — beauty of the classics — hope to be proud of my son — you're a man now ——"

"That's it."

"Sure thing. Lord, we'll be doing the same twenty-five years from now," said McNab, who thus logically and to his own satisfaction disposed of this fallacy. He added generously, however, with a wave of his hand: "A father ought to talk that way — the right thing — wouldn't care a flip of a mule's tail for my dad if he didn't. And say, by gravy, he sort of got me, too — damned impressive!"

"Really?"

"Honor bright." A flicker of reminiscent convictions passed over McNab's frolicking face. "Yes, and I made a lot of resolutions, too — good resolutions."

"Come off!"

"Well, that was day before yesterday."

The train started with a sudden crunching. A curious, excited thrill possessed Stover. He had embarked, and the quick plunge into the darkness of the long tunnel had, to his keenly sentimental imagination, something of the dark transition from one world into another. Behind was the known and the accomplished; ahead the coming of man's estate and man's freedom. He was his own master at last, free to go and to come, free to venture and to experience, free to know that strange, guarded mystery — life — and free, knowing it, to choose his many ways.

And yet, he felt no lack of preparation. Looking back, he could honestly say to himself, where a year ago he had seen darkly, now all was clear. He had found himself; he had gambled, he had consumed surreptitiously at midnight a sufficient quantity of sickening beer, he had consorted with men of uncontrollable passions and gone his steady path; he had loved, hopelessly, madly, with all the intensity and honesty of which he was capable, a woman — a slightly older woman — who had played with the fragile wings of his boy's illusion and left them wounded; he had fought down that weakness and learned to look on a soft cheek and challenging eye with the calm, amused control of a man, who invincibly henceforth would cast his life among men. There was not much knowledge of life, if any, that could come to him. He did not proclaim it, but quietly as

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a great conviction, heritage of sorrow and smashing disillusionments, he knew it was so. He knew it all — he was a man; and this would give him an advantage among his younger fellows in the free struggle for leadership that was now opening to his joyful combative nature.

"It'll be a good fight, and I'll win," he said to himself, and his crossed arms tightened with a quick, savage contraction, as if the idea were something that could be pursued, tackled, and thrown headlong to the ground.

"There's a couple of fellows from Lawrenceville coming up," said a voice from a seat behind him. "McCarthy and Stover, they say, are quite wonders."

"I've heard of Stover; end, wasn't he?"

"Yes; and the team's going to need ends badly."

It was the first time he had heard his name published abroad. He sat erect, drawing up one knee and locking his hands over it in a strained clasp. Suddenly the swimming vista of the smoky cars disappeared, rolling up into the tense, crowded, banked arena, with white splotches of human faces, climbing like daisy fields that moved restlessly, nervously stirred by the same expectant tensity with which he stood on the open field waiting for his chance to come.

"I like a fight — a good fight," he said to himself, drawing in his breath; and the wish seemed but a simple one, the call for the joyful shock of bodies in fair combat — and life was nothing else, a battle in the open where courage and a thinking mind must win.

"I'll bet we get a lot of fruits," said Schley's rather calculating voice.

"Oh, some of them aren't half bad."

"Think so?"

"I say, what do you know about this society game?"

"Look out."

"What's matter?"

"You chump, you never know who's around you." As he spoke, Schley sent an uneasy glance back toward Stover, and, dropping his voice, continued: "You don't talk about such things."

"Well, I'm not shouting it out," said McNab, who looked at his more sophisticated companion with a little growing antagonism. "What are you scared about?"

"It's the class ahead of you that counts," said Schley hurriedly, "the sophomore and senior societies; the junior fraternities don't count; if you're in a sophomore you always go into them."

"Never heard of the sophomore societies," said McNab, in a maliciously higher tone. "Elucidate somewhat."

"There are three: Hé Boulé, Eta Phi, and Kappa Psi," said Schley, with another uneasy, squirming glance back at Stover. "They're secret as the deuce; seventeen men in each — make one and you're in line for a senior."

"How the deuce did you get on to all this?"

"Oh, I've been coached up."

Something in the nascent sophistication of Schley displeased Stover. He ceased to listen, occupying himself with an interested examination of the figures who passed from time to time in the aisle, in search of returning friends. The type was clearly defined; alert, clean-cut, self-confident, dressed on certain general divisions, affecting the same style of correct hat and collar, with, as distinguishing features, a certain boyish exuberance and a distinct, nervous energy.

At this moment an abrupt resonant voice said at his side:

"Got a bit of room left beside you?"

Stover shifted his coat, saying:

"Certainly; come on in."

He saw a man of twenty-two or -three, with the head and shoulders of a bison, sandy hair, with a clear blue steady glance, heavy hands, and a face already set in the mold of stern purpose. He stood a moment, holding a decrepit handbag stuffed to the danger point, hesitating whether to stow it in the rack above, and then said:

"Guess I won't risk it. That's my trunk. I'll tuck it in here." He settled in the vacant seat, saying: "What are you — an upper classman?"

Something like a spasm passed over the well-ironed shoulders of Schley in front.

"No, I'm not," said Stover, and, extending his hand, he said: "I guess we're classmates. My name's Stover."

"My name's Regan — Tom Regan. Glad to know you. I'm sorry you're not an upper classman, though."

"Why so?" said Stover.

"I wanted to get a few pointers," said Regan, in a matter-of-fact way. "I'm working my way through and I want to know the ropes."

"I wish I knew," said Stover, with instinctive liking for the blunt elemental force beside him. "What are you going to try?"

"Anything — waiting, to start in with." He gave him a quick glance. "That's not your trouble, is it?"

"No."

"It's a glorious feeling, to be going up, I tell you," said Regan, with a sudden lighting up of his rugged features. "Can hardly believe it. I've been up against those infernal examinations six times, and I'd have gone up against them six more but I'd down them."

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"Where did you come from?"

"Pretty much everywhere. Des Moines, Iowa, at the last."

"It's a pretty fine college," said Stover, with a new thrill.

"It's a college where you stand on your own feet, all square to the wind," said Regan, with conviction. "That's what got me. It's worth everything to get here."

"You're right."

"I wonder if I could get hold of some upper classman," said Regan uneasily.

That this natural desire should be the most unnatural in the world was already clear to Stover; only, somehow, he did not like to look into Regan's eyes and make him understand.

"How are you, Stover? Glad to see you."

Dink, looking up, beheld the erect figure and well-mannered carriage of Le Baron, a sophomore, already a leader of his class, whom he had met during the summer. In the clean-cut features and naturally modulated voice there was a certain finely aristocratic quality that won rather than provoked.



"ALL SQUARE TO THE WIND"

Stover was on his feet at once, a little embarrassed despite himself, answering hurriedly the questions addressed to him.

"Get your room over in York Street? Good. You're in a good crowd. You look a little heavier. In good shape? Your class will have to help us out on the eleven this year."

Stover introduced Regan. Le Baron at once was sympathetic, gave many hints, recommended certain people to see, and smilingly offered his services.

"Come around any time; I'll put you in touch with several men that will be of use to you. Get out for the team right off — that'll make you friends." Then, turning to Stover, he added, with just a shade of difference in his tone: "I was looking for you particularly. I want you to dine with me to-night. I'll be around about seven. Awfully glad you're here."

He passed on, giving his hand to the right and left. Stover felt as if he had received the accolade. Schley ahead was squirmingly impressed; one or two heads across the aisle turned in his direction, wondering who could be the freshman that Le Baron so particularly took under his protection.

"Isn't he a king?" he said enthusiastically to Regan, with just a pardonable pleasure in his exuberance. "He made the crew last year — probably be captain; sub-tackle on the eleven. I played against him two years ago when he was at Andover. Isn't he a king, though!"

"I don't know," said Regan, with a drawing of his lips.

Stover was astounded.

"Why not?"

"Don't know."

"What's wrong?"

"Hard to tell. He sizes up for a man all right, but I don't think we'd agree on some things."

The incident momentarily halted the conversation. Stover was a little irritated at what seemed to him his companion's over-sensitiveness. Le Baron had been more than kind in his proffer of help. He was at a loss to understand why Regan should not see him through his eyes.

"You think I'm finicky," said Regan, breaking the silence.

"Yes, I do," said Stover frankly.

"I guess you and I'll understand each other," said Regan, approving of his directness. "Perhaps I am wrong. But, boy, this place means

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DINK STOVER

a great deal to me, and the men that are in it and lead it."

"It's the one place where money makes no difference," said Stover, with a flash — "where you stand for what you are."

Regan turned to him.

"I've fought to get here, and I'll have a fight to stay. It means something to me."

The train began to slacken in the New Haven station. They swarmed out on to the platform amid the returning gleeful crowd, crossing and intercrossing, caught up in the hubbub of shouted recognition.

"I'm going to hoof it," said Regan, extending his hand. "Glad to have met you. I'll drop in on you soon."

Stover watched him go stalwartly through the crowd, his bag under one arm, his soft hat set a little at defiance, looking neither to the right nor left.

"Why the deuce did he say that about Le Baron?" he thought, with a feeling of irritation.

Then, obeying an impulse, he signaled an expressman, consigned his bag, and made his way on foot, dodging in and out of the rapidly filled hacks, where upper classmen sat four on the seat, hugging one another with bearlike hugs.

He swung down the crowded street to the heart of the city in the rapid dropping of the twilight. There was a dampness underfoot that sent to him long, waving reflections from early street-lamps. The jumble of the city was in his ears, the hazy, crowded panorama in his eyes, at his side the passing contact of strangers. Everything was multiplied, complex, submerging his individuality.

But this feeling of multitude did not depress him. He had come to conquer, and zest was in his step and alertness in his glance. Out of the churning of the crowd he passed into the clear sweep of the city Common, and, looking up through the mist, for the first time beheld the battlements of the college waiting him ahead, lost in the hazy elms.

Across the quiet reaches of the Common he went slowly, incredibly, toward these strange shapes in brick and stone. The evening mist had settled. They were things undefined and mysterious, things as real as the things of his dreams. He passed on through the portals of Phelps Hall, hearing above his head for the first time the echoes of his own footsteps against the resounding vault.

Behind him remained the city, suddenly hushed. He was on the campus, the Brick Row at his left; in the distance the crowded line of the fence, the fence where he later should sit in joyful conclave. Somewhere there in the great protecting embrace of these walls were the friends that should be his, that should

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pass with him through these wonderful years of happiness and good fellowship that were coming.

"And this is it — this is Yale," he said reverently, with a little tightening of the breath.

It had begun at last — the happy, care-free years that every one proclaimed. Four glorious years, good times, good fellows, and a free and open fight to be among the leaders and leave a name on the roll of fame. Only four years, and then the world with its perplexities and grinding trials.

"Four years," he said softly. "The best, the happiest I'll ever know! Nothing will ever be like them — nothing!"

And, carried away with the confident joy of it, he went toward his house, shoulders squared, with the step of a d'Artagnan and a song sounding in his ears.

CHAPTER II

He found the house in York Street, a low, whitewashed frame building, luminous under the black canopy of the overtowering elms. At the door there was a little resistance and a guarded voice cried:

"What do you want?"

"I want to get in."

"What for?"

"Because I want to."

"Very sorry," said McNab's rather squeaky voice — "most particular sorry; but this house is infected with yellow fever and the rickets, and we wouldn't for the world share it with the sophomore class — oh, no!"

A light began to dawn over Stover.

"I'm rooming here," he said.

"What's your name and general style of beauty?"

"Stover, and I've got a twitching foot."

"Why didn't you say so?" said McNab, who then admitted him. "Pardon me. The sophomores are getting so fidgety, you know, hopping all up and down. My name's McNab — German extraction. Came up on the train, ahead of you — thought you were a sophomore, you put on such a beautiful side. Here, put on that chain."

"Hazing?"

"Oh, no, indeed. Just a few members of the weakling class above us might get too fond of us; just must see us — welcome to Yale and all that sort of thing. I hate sentimental exhibitions, don't you?"

"Is McCarthy here?" said Stover, laughing.

"Your wife is waiting for you most anxiously."

"Hello, is that Dink?" called down McCarthy's exuberant voice at this moment.

Stover went up the stairs like a terrier, answering the joyful whoop with a war-cry of his own. The next moment he and McCarthy were pummeling each other, wrestling about the room, to the dire danger of furniture and crockery. When this sentimental moment had exhausted itself physically, McCarthy bore him to the back of the house, saying:

"We don't want to show our light in front just yet. We've got a corking lot in the house — best of the Andover crowd. Come on; I'll introduce you. You remember Hunter, who played against me at tackle? He's here."

There were half a dozen loitering on the window-seat and beds in the pipe-ridden room.

Hunter, in shirt sleeves, sorting the contents of his trunk, came forward at once.

"Hello, Stover, how are you?"

"How are you?"

No sooner did their hands clasp than a change came to Dink. He was face to face with the big man of the Andover crowd, measuring him and being measured. The sudden burst of boyish affection that had sent him into McCarthy's arms was gone. This man could not help but be a leader in the class. He was older than the rest, but how much it would have been hard to say. He examined, analyzed, and deliberated. He knew what lay before him. He would make no mistakes. He was carried away by no sentimental enthusiasm. Everything about him was reserved — his cordiality, the quiet grip of his hand, the smile of welcome, and the undecipherable estimate in his eyes.

"Will you follow me or shall I follow you?" each seemed to say in the first contact that was a challenge.

"How are you?" said Stover, shaking hands with some one else; and the tone was the tone of Hunter.

There were three others in the room: Hunter's room-mate, Stone, a smiling, tall, good-looking fellow who shook his hand an extra period; Saunders, silent, retired behind his spectacles; and Logan, who roomed with McNab, who sunk his shoulders as he shook hands and looked into Stover's eyes intensely as he said, "Awful glad, awful glad to know you."

"Have a pipe — cigarette — anything?" said Hunter over his shoulder, from the trunk to which he had returned.

"No, thanks."

"Started training?"

"Sort of."

"Take a chair and make yourself at home," said Hunter warmly, but without turning.

The talk was immediately of what each was going to do. Stone was out for the glee club, already planning to take singing lessons in the contest for the leadership, three years off.

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Saunders was to start for the *News*. Logan had made drawings during the summer and was out for the *Record*. Hunter was trying for his class team and the crew. Only McNab was defiant.

"None of that for me," he said, on his back, legs in the air, blowing rings against the ceiling. "I'm for a good time, the best in life. It may be a short one, but it'll be a lulu!"

"You'll be out heeling the *Record*, Dopey, inside of a month," said Hunter quietly.

"Never, by the Great Horned Spoon — never!"

The arrival of the sophomore, who installed himself in easy majesty in the arm-chair and addressed his questions with a quick, analytical staccato, produced somewhat the effect of a suddenly opened window. Even McNab was unwillingly impressed, and Hunter, closing the trunk, allowed the conversation to be guided by Reynolds' initiative.

He was a fiery, alert, rather undersized fellow, who had been the first in his class to make the *News*, and was supposed to be in line for that all-important chairmanship.

Inside of five minutes he had gone through



"THE CAPTAIN'S EYE MEASURED HIM CAREFULLY

"And you'll get a tutor, Dopey, and stay with us."

"Never! I came to love and to be loved. I'm a lovely thing; that's sufficient," said McNab, with a grimace to his elfish face. "I will not be harnessed up. I will not heel."

"Yes, you will."

Hunter's tone had not varied. Stover, studying him, wondered if he had marked out the route of Stone, Saunders, and Logan, just as he felt that McNab would sooner or later conform to the will that had determined to succeed himself and make his own crowd succeed.

Reynolds, a sophomore, an old Andover man, dropped in. Again it was but question of the same challenge, addressed to each:

"What are you trying for?"

the possibilities of each man, advising briefly in a quick, businesslike manner. To Stover he seemed symbolic of the rarefied contending nervousness of the place, a personality that suddenly threw open to him all the nervous panorama of the struggle for position which had already begun.

On top of which there arrived Rogers, a junior, good-natured, popular, important. At once, to Stover's amused surprise, the rôle was reversed. Reynolds, from the enthroned autocrat, became the respectful audience, answered a few questions, and found a quick opportunity to leave.

"Let's go in front and have a little fun," said Rogers.

Somewhat perplexed, Stover led the way to their room.

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"Light up," said Rogers, with a chuckle. "There's a sophomore bunch outside just ready to tumble."

Rogers' presence brought back a certain ease; they were no longer on inspection, and even in his manner was a more open cordiality than he had shown toward Reynolds. That under all this was some graduated system of authority Stover was slowly perceiving, when all at once from the street there rose a shout:

"Turn down that light!"

"Freshmen, turn down that light!"

"Turn it down slowly," said Rogers, with a gesture to McNab.

"Faster!"

"All the way down!"

"Turn it up suddenly," said Rogers.

An angry swelling protest arose:

"Turn that down!"

"You freshmen!"

"Turn it down!"

"The freshest of the fresh!"

"Here, let me work 'em up," said Rogers, going to the gas-jet.

Under his tantalizing manipulation the noise outside grew to the proportions of a riot.

"Come on and get the bloody freshmen!"

"Ride 'em on a rail!"

"Say, are we going to stand for this?"

Below came a sudden rush of feet. Rogers, abandoning the gas-jet, draped himself nonchalantly on the couch that faced the door.

"Well, here comes the shindy," thought Stover, with a joyful tensity in every muscle.

The hubbub stormed up the hall, shot open the door, and choked the passage with the suddenly revealed fury of angry faces.

"Hello," said Rogers' quiet voice. "Well, what do *you* want?"

No sooner had the barbaric front ranks beheld the languid, slightly annoyed junior than the fury of battle vanished like a flurry of wind across the water. From behind the more concealed began to murmur:

"Oh, beans!"

"A lemon!"

"Rubber!"

"Sold!"

"Well, what is it?" said Rogers sharply, sending a terrific frown at the sheepish leaders.

At this curt reminder there was a shifting movement in the rear, which rapidly communicated itself to the stammering, apologetic front ranks; the door was closed in ludicrous haste, and down the stairs resounded the stampede of the baffled host.

"My, they are a fierce lot, these man-eating sophomores, aren't they?" said Rogers, giving way to his laughter. And then, a little apologetically, but with a certain twinkle of humor, he added: "Don't worry, boys; there was no one in that crowd who'll do you any harm. However, I might just as well chaperon you to your eating-joint."

"Le Baron is going to take me out with him," said Stover, as they rose to go.

"Hugh Le Baron?" said Rogers, with a new interest.

"Yes, sir."

"I didn't get your name."

"Stover."

"Oh! Captain down at Lawrenceville, weren't you?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, wish you good luck," said Rogers, with a more appraising eye. "You've got an opening this year. Drop in and see me sometime, will you? I mean it."

"See you later, Stover," said Hunter, resting his hand on his shoulder with a little friendly touch.

"Bully you're with us," said Stone.

"Come in and chin a little later," said Logan.

Saunders gave him a duck of the head, with unconcealed admiration in his embarrassed manner.

McCarthy went with them. Stover, left alone, measured the length of the room, smiling to himself. It was all quite amusing, especially when his was the fixed point of view.

In a few moments Le Baron arrived. Together they went across the campus, now swarming like ant runs. At every step Le Baron was halted by a greeting. Recognition was in the air, turbulent, boyish, exaggerated, rising to the pitch of a scream or accomplished in a bear dance; and through it all was the same vibrant, minor note of the ceaseless activity.

It was the air Stover loved. He waited respectfully, while Le Baron shook a score of hands, impatient for the moment to begin and the opportunity to have his name told from lip to lip.

"I'm going to be captain at Yale," he said to himself, with a sudden fantastic, grandiloquent fury. "I will if it's in me."

"We'll run down to Hueb's," said Le Baron, free at last; "get a good last meal before going into training. You look in pretty fit shape."

"I've kept so all summer."

"Who's over in your house?"

Stover named them.

"They weren't my crowd at Andover, but they're good fellows," said Le Baron, listening critically. "Hunter especially. Here we are."

A minute later they had found a table in the restaurant crowded with upper classmen, and Le Baron was glancing down the menu.

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"An oyster cocktail, a planked steak — rare; order the rest later." He turned to Stover. "Guess we'd better cut out the drinks. We'll stand the gaff better to-morrow."

There was in his voice a quiet possession, as if he had already assumed the reins of Stover's career.

"Are you out for the eleven again?" said Stover respectfully.

"Yes. I'll never do any better than a sub, but that's what counts. We're up against an awfully stiff proposition this year. The team's got to be built out of nothing. There's Dana, the captain, now, over at the table in the corner."

"Where?" said Stover, fired at the thought.

Le Baron pointed out the table, detailing to him the names of some of the coaches who were grouped there.

When Stover had dared to gaze for the first time on the face of the majestic leader, he experienced a certain shock. The group of past heroes about him were laughing, exchanging reminiscences of past combats; but the face of Dana was set in seriousness, too sensitive to the responsibility that lay heavier than the honor on his young shoulders. Stover had not thought of his leader so.

"I guess it's going to be a bad season," he said.

"Yes; we may have to take our medicine this year."

Several friends of Le Baron's stopped to shake hands, greeting Stover always with that appraising glance which had first amused him in Reynolds who had sat in inquisition.

He began to be conscious of an ever-widening gulf separating him and Le Baron, imposed by all the subtle, still uncomprehended incidents of the night, which gradually made him see that he had found, not a friend, but a protector. A certain natural impulsiveness left him; he answered in short sentences, resenting a little this sudden, not yet defined sense of subjection.

But the hum of diners was about him, the unknown intoxication of lights, the prevailing note of joy, the free concourse of men, the vibrant note of good fellowship, good cheer, and the eager seizing of the zest of the hour. The men he saw were the men who had succeeded — a success which unmistakably surrounded them. He, too, wished for success acutely, almost with a throbbing, gluttonous feeling, sitting there unknown.

All at once Dana, passing across the room, stopped for a handshake and a word of greeting to Le Baron. Stover was introduced, rising precipitately, to the imminent danger of his plate.

"Stover from Lawrenceville?" said Dana.

"Yes, sir."

The captain's eye measured him carefully, taking in the wiry, spare frame, the heavy shoulders, and the nervous hands, and then stayed on the clean-cut jaw, the direct blue glance, and the rebellious rise of sandy hair.

"End, of course," he said at last.

"Yes, sir."

"About a hundred and fifty-four?"

"One hundred and fifty, sir, stripped."

"Ever played in the back field?"

"No, sir."

"Report with the varsity squad to-morrow."

"Yes, sir."

"There's a type of man we're proud of," said Le Baron. "Came here from Exeter, waited at Commons first two years; every one likes him. He has a tough proposition here this year, though — supposing we dig out."

In the room the laughter was rising, and all the little nervous noises of the clash of plate and cutlery. Stover would like to have stayed, to yield to the contagion, to watch with eager eyes the opposite types, all under the careless spell of the beginning year.

The city was black about them as they stepped forth; the giant elms flattened overhead against the blurred mists of the night, like curious water weeds seen from below.

They went in silence directly toward the campus. Once or twice Le Baron started to speak and then stopped. At length he said:

"Come this way."

They passed by Osborn Hall, and the Brick Row with the choked display of the Coöp below, and, crossing to the dark mass of the old Library, sat down on the steps.

Before Stover stretched all the lighted panorama of the college and the multiplied strewn lights against the mysteries of stone and brick — lights that drew him to the quiet places of a hundred growing existencies — affected him like the lights of the crowded restaurant and the misty reflections of the glassy streets. It was the night, the mysterious night that suddenly had come into his boyish knowledge.

It was immense, unfathomable — this spectacle of a massed multitude. It was all confounded, stirring, ceaseless, feverish in its brilliant gaiety, fleeting, transitory, mocking. It was of the stage, theatric. It brought theatric emotions, too keenly sensitized, too sharply overwhelming. He wished to flee from it in despair of ever conquering as he wished to conquer, this world of stirring ambitions and shadowy and fleeting years.

"I'm going to do for you," said Le Baron's voice, breaking the charm — "I'm going to do what some one did for me when I came here last year."

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"'HELLO,' SAID ROGERS' QUIET VOICE. 'WELL, WHAT DO YOU WANT?'"

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He paused a moment, a little, too, under the spell of the night, perhaps, seeking how best to choose his words.

"It is a queer place you're coming into, and many men fail for not understanding it in time. I'm going to tell you a few things."

Again he stopped. Stover, waiting, heard across from the blazing sides of Farnam a piano's thin, rushing notes. Nearer, from some window unseen, a mandolin was quavering. Voices, calling, mingled in softened confusion.

"What do you know about the society system here?" said Le Baron abruptly.

"Why, I know — there are three senior societies: Skull and Bones, Keys, Wolf's Head — but I guess that's all I do know."

"You'll hear a good deal of talk inside the college, and out of it too, about the system. It has its faults. But it's the best system there is, and it makes Yale what it is to-day. It makes fellows get out and work; it gives them ambitions, stops loafing and going to seed, and keeps a pretty good, clean, temperate atmosphere about the place."

"I know nothing at all about it," said Stover, perplexed.

"The seniors have fifteen in each; they give out their elections end of junior year, end of May. That's what we're all working for."

"Already?" said Stover involuntarily.

"There are fellows in your class," said Le Baron, "who've been working all summer, so as to get ahead in the competition for the *Lit* or the *Record*, or to make the leader of the glee club — fellows, of course, who know."

"But that's three years off."

"Yes, it's three years off," said Le Baron quietly. "Then there are the junior fraternities; but they're large, and at present don't count much, except you have to make them. Then there are what are called sophomore societies." He hesitated a moment. "They are very important."

"Do you belong to one?" asked Stover innocently.

"Yes," said Le Baron, after another hesitation. "Of course we don't discuss our societies here. Others will tell you about them. But here's where your first test will come in."

Then came another lull. Stover, troubled, frowning, sat staring at the brilliant windows across which passed, from time to time, a sudden shadow. Groups at the fence were singing a football song, with a marching swing to it, that had so often caught up his loyal soul as he had sat shivering in the grand-stand for the game to begin. It was not all so simple — no, not at all simple. It wasn't as he had thought. It was complex, disturbing.

"This college is made up of all sorts of elements," said Le Baron, at last. "And it is not easy to run it. Now, in every class there are just a small number of fellows who are able to do it and who will do it. They form the real crowd. All the rest don't count. Now, Stover, you're going to have a chance at something big on the football side; but that is not all. You might make captain of the eleven and miss out on a senior election. You're going to be judged by your friends, and it is just as easy to know the right crowd as the wrong."

"What do you mean by the right crowd?" said Stover, conscious of just a little antagonism.

"The right crowd?" said Le Baron, a little perplexed to define so simple a thing. "Why, the crowd that is doing things, working for Yale; the crowd——"

"That the class ahead picks out to lead us," said Stover abruptly.

"Yes," said Le Baron frankly; "and it won't be a bad judgment. Money alone won't land a man in it, and there'll be some in it who work their way through college. On the whole, it's about the crowd you'll want to know all through life."

"I see," said Stover. His clasp tightened over his knees, conscious of a certain uncomfortable growing sensation. He liked Le Baron — he had looked up to him, in a way; of course, it was all said in kindness, and yet ——

"I'm frankly aristocratic in my point of view," — he heard the well-modulated voice continue,— "and what I say others think. I'm older than most of my class, and I've seen a good deal of the world at home and abroad. You may think the world begins outside of college. It doesn't; it begins here. You want to make the friends that will help you along, here and outside. Don't lose sight of your opportunities, and be careful how you choose.

"Now, by that I mean don't make your friends too quickly. Get to know the different crowds, but don't fasten to individuals until you see how things work out. This rather surprises you, doesn't it? Perhaps you don't like it."

"It does sort of surprise me," said Stover, who did not answer what he meant.

"Stover," said Le Baron, resting a hand on his knee, "I like you. I liked you from the first time we lined up in that Andover-Lawrenceville game. You've got the stuff in you to make the sort of leader we need at Yale. That's why I'm trying to make you see this thing as it is. You come from a school that doesn't send many fellows here. You haven't the fellows ahead pulling for you, the way the other crowds have. I don't want to see you make any mistakes. Remember, you're going to be watched from now on."

"Watched?" said Stover, frowning.

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"Yes; everything you do, everything you say — that's how you'll be judged. That's why I'm telling you these things."

"I appreciate it," said Stover, but without enthusiasm.

"Now, you've got a chance to make good on the eleven this year. If you do, you stand in line for the captaincy senior year. It lies with you to be one of the big men in the class. And this is the way to do it: get to know every one in the class right off."

"What!" said Stover, genuinely surprised.

"I mean, bow to every one; call them by name: but hold yourself apart," said Le Baron. "Make fellows come to you. Don't talk too much. Hold yourself in. Keep out of the crowd,— that is, out of booze-fighting,— or, when you're with them, keep your head. There are a lot of fellows here, with friends ahead of them, who can cut loose a certain amount; but it's dangerous. If you want to make what you ought to make of yourself, Stover, you've got to prove yourself; you've got to keep yourself well in hand."

Stover suddenly comprehended that Le Baron was exposing his own theory, that he, prospective captain of the crew, was imposing on himself.

"Don't ticket yourself for drinking."

"I won't."

"Or get known for gambling — oh, I'm not preaching a moral lesson; only, what you do, do quietly."

"I understand."

"And another thing: no fooling around women; that isn't done here — that'll queer you absolutely."

"Of course."

"Now, you've got to do a certain amount of studying here. Better do it the first year and get in with the faculty."

"I will."

"There it is," said Le Baron, suddenly extending his hand toward the lighted college. "Isn't it worth working for — to win out in the end? And, Stover, it's easy enough when you know how. Play the game as others are playing it. It's a big game, and it'll follow you all through life. There it is; it's up to you. Keep your head clear and see straight."

The gesture of Le Baron, half seen in the darkness, brought a strange trouble to Stover. It was as if, full of the eager confidence of youth, some one had whispered in his ear and a shadowy hand had held before his eyes a gigantic temptation.

"Are there any questions you want to ask me?" said Le Baron, with a new feeling of affection toward the unprotected freshman whom he had so generously advised.

"No."

They sat silently. And all at once, as Stover gazed, from the high, misty walls and the elm-tops confounded in the night, a monstrous hand seemed to stretch down, impending over him, and the care-free windows suddenly to be transformed into myriad eyes, set on him in inquisition — eyes that henceforth indefatigably, remorselessly would follow him.

And with it something snapped, something fragile — the unconscious, simple democracy of boyhood. And, as it went, it went forever. This was the world rushing in, dividing the hosts. This was the parting of the ways. The standards of judgment were the world's. It was not what he had thought. It was no longer the simple struggle. It was complex, disturbing, incomprehensible. To win he would have to change.

"It's been good of you to tell me all this," he said, giving his hand to Le Baron, and the words sounded hollow.

"Think over what I've said to you."

"I will."

"A man is known by his friends; remember that, Stover, if you don't anything else!"

"It's awfully good of you."

"I like you, Dink," said Le Baron, shaking hands warmly; "now you know the game, go in and win."

"It's awfully good of you," said Stover aimlessly. He stood watching Le Baron's strong, aristocratic figure go swinging across the dim campus in a straight, undeviating, confident path.

"It's awfully good of him," he said mechanically; "awfully good. What a wonder he is!"

And yet, and yet, he could not define the feeling — he was but barely conscious of it; was it rebellion or was it a lurking disappointment?

He stood alone, looking at the new world. It was no longer the world of the honest day. It was brilliant, fascinating, alluring, awakening strange, poignant emotions — but it was another world, and the way to it had just been shown him.

He turned abruptly and went toward his room, troubled, wondering why he was so troubled, vainly seeking the reason, knowing not that it lay in the destruction of a fragile thing — his first illusion.

TO BE CONTINUED

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THE INSURANCE AGENT

ONE OF DETECTIVE WILLIAM J. BURNS' GREAT CASES

BY

HARVEY J. O'HIGGINS

ILLUSTRATIONS BY WILLIAM OBERHARDT

I

LATE in the month of September, 1897, Governor Mount of Indiana and Attorney-General Ketcham applied to the federal authorities at Washington for aid in enforcing the law in Ripley County, Indiana. During the night of September 14 five unconvicted prisoners had been taken from the jail at Versailles, the county-seat, and either shot or hanged by an organized and orderly mob. A grand jury had been instructed to investigate the outrage, but had returned no indictments. Prosecuting officers had failed to prosecute. Local counsel had declined to act for the State. There were reports that some of the officials of the county had been guilty of responsibility for the lynching; and the gossip of the neighborhood condoned their guilt and ridiculed the efforts of the State authorities to punish the lynchers.

Attorney-General Ketcham and his assistant, Merrill Moores, found their office defied by the conspiracy and revolt of an entire community. They were determined to put a stop to these outbursts of mob violence that had become a common disgrace in the southern counties of Indiana. They had no detectives able or willing to obtain evidence in Versailles at the risk of being lynched themselves. For these reasons, they decided to ask the help of the United States Secret Service.

They applied to the Attorney-General at Washington, who referred them to the Secretary of the Treasury. Secretary Gage, after hearing their account of the dangerous state of affairs in Versailles, declined to order the Secret Service to assist, but called in Chief Hazen to consider the case, and offered a leave of absence to any of the operatives who would volunteer for the work. Chief Hazen picked Detective William J. Burns as the man most likely to succeed in such an undertaking, and went to St. Louis to consult him. And Burns replied:

"I'm willing to go anywhere and do anything that the department orders; but it wouldn't be fair to my wife and my children for me to take risks that aren't required of me. I couldn't be in Versailles for a day without being suspected. A stranger doesn't arrive there once a year. Everybody in the place knows everybody else. They'd pass the word to the town toughs, and some dark night they'd gather in on me, and I'd have to fight—and you know how *that* would end. If it were a government investigation, I'd go and take my chances; but I don't see why we——"

"All right," Hazen said. "Come down to Indianapolis anyway and have a talk with Ketcham."

Attorney-General Ketcham was a sturdy old soldier—a veteran of the Civil War—with a fighter's determination to vindicate the law in Ripley County. He interested Burns by the force of his personality and the earnestness of his need. Burns listened to his story of the case, and frowned over it, finding the very difficulties of the investigation alluring, in the way that any expert will be tempted by the hazards of an undertaking requiring all his skill.

"I don't know," he said. "I'm not sure that anything can be done. There's so much excitement——"

"Take your own time," Ketcham encouraged him. "The excitement will subside."

"Well," Burns concluded, "I'll think it over and see whether I can't devise some way to handle it. I will let you know."

And it was in this reluctant spirit of professional interest that he volunteered to risk his life, obscurely and for no reward whatever,

Note.—Many recognizable details of place and incident in this story have been altered in order to protect innocent persons from the consequences of publicity.

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against a lawlessness that was remote from his concern,—in the expectation of no applause but such as might come from his own satisfaction in doing a work that no one else could do. These are motives so inadequate in any one but an artist that they concede to Burns the springs of genius. To those who know him they are characteristic.

II

Some few days later a man named W. J. Burton — a ruddy, solid-minded, somewhat slow-witted man of about thirty-five — applied at the offices of the New York Life Insurance Company in Indianapolis for employment as an insurance solicitor. He had a serious and convincing manner. He admitted that he had had no experience, but he was obviously earnest and eager to learn. He proposed to work the "back counties" of the State,— a field that had been neglected because the pickings were so poor,— and he made no difficulty about paying his own expenses out of the commissions that he expected to earn. It was evident that he was stolidly ambitious, and either blind to the difficulties of selling insurance to the Hoosiers of "the Hills" or willing to win promotion by succeeding where success would be most difficult.

He was given that opportunity, smilingly.

"What I would like to do first," he said, "is to learn the business thoroughly, so as to be well equipped for it."

They gave him all the "literature," data, and "instructions to agents" that the office could provide, and he retired with these to study them. Next morning he was back with questions that showed that he had laboriously read and assimilated every scrap of information in the printed sheets. He quizzed the local manager. He sought advice from experienced members of the staff. He got a county directory and copied from it the names of prominent business men in the southern part of the State, and had letters written to them from the Indianapolis office to announce that the New York Life Insurance Company had decided to give them and other business men and farmers in their locality "the advantage of the new propositions which the company was making"; to this end, it was sending its agent, Mr. W. J. Burton, to call on them; and any "courtesies extended to him" would be "appreciated." Then he went "on the road," and left behind him in the office an impression of conscientious determination that seemed almost "simple" when one considered the barrenness of the field that he had elected to begin on.

Meanwhile W. J. Burns had been in frequent consultation with Attorney-General Ketcham and Merrill Moores. They had heard of a boy named Kelly, who had been in the Versailles jail on the night of the lynching, in a cell with one of the murdered prisoners, an old counterfeiter named Lyle Levi. Kelly had since been sentenced to a reformatory. Burns employed a young detective named Steve Connell — now in the Secret Service — to accept arrest and sentence to the same prison, and the authorities arranged to have him share young Kelly's cell. Connell looked less than twenty, though he had two children in their teens. He carried a concealed razor with which to shave himself every night, in the dark, while Kelly slept!

Burns had also telegraphed to Washington for a Secret Service operative who had a reputation for bravery. The man came to Indianapolis. When he heard what was expected of him, he looked worried. "I'll tell you, Billy," he explained, "it's this way: I'd like to help you on this job; but I've got some cousins, farmers, down in that section, and they'd be sure to recognize me. I'd rather not try it. But look here. Here's the way I'd go about this, if I were you. I'd ——"

"You're damned willing to help with advice, aren't you?" Burns said. "You can get on the train and go back where you haven't so many cousins."

And he went.

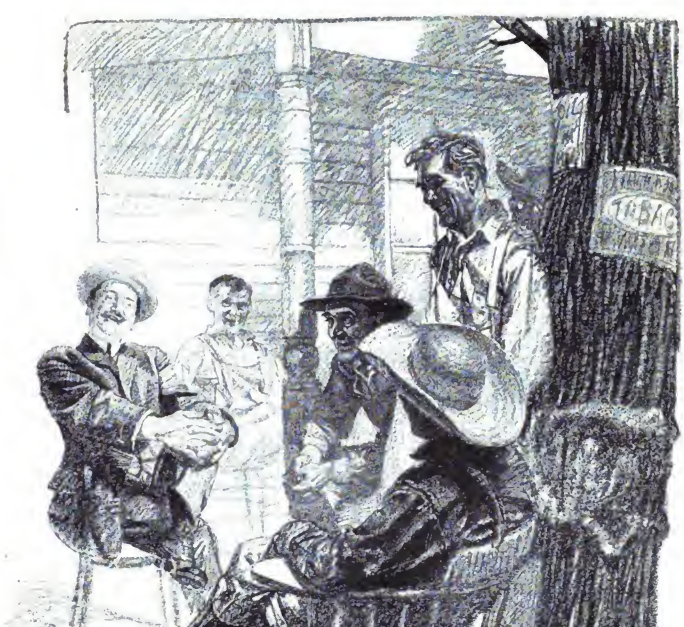
"He wouldn't have done, in any case," Burns consoled the others. "He didn't *look* right."

In conducting such an investigation, the operatives are "cast" for their parts as actors are in a theater; and it is rarely indeed that any disguise is used, except in the matter of clothes. Burns needed a man who should look like a shrewd farmer, past middle age, and neither prosperous nor altogether unsuccessful. He remembered Ed Smith, a United States deputy marshal from Missouri, where Burns had worked with him. Smith looked the part; he was lean, keen, and daring. He came to Burns' summons, and accepted employment as a dealer in agricultural implements. They bought him a stock of farm machinery, and he went to open a shop in Osgood, Indiana, six miles from Versailles.

"Some of those lynchers came from Osgood," Burns instructed him, "and you'll be suspected the day you arrive there. Don't ask any questions. Just attend to your business and keep your ears open. Go up to North Vernon to mail your reports to me at the Cincinnati office. Be careful. Go slow, and keep under cover. I'll be around by Osgood in about a month."

Burton had already begun his apprenticeship

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"'IF ANY OF YOU GENTLEMEN WANT TO MAKE A GOOD INVESTMENT,' — HE INCLUDED THE WHOLE GATHERING IN A GENIAL SMILE"

as an insurance solicitor — but not in Ripley County. He had been following up the letters sent from the company's office to men in various parts of southern Indiana; and wherever he went — on the trains, in the country hotels, even on the roads with the liverymen who drove him — he "talked insurance" and made friends. He had suddenly developed a genial, bustling, cheerful manner that was a trifle loud and conspicuous. Men "took" to him. He was a "good fellow." He did not sell much insurance, but he established himself in the favor of a great many people who liked him the better for not pressing them too hard with his "new propositions," and who showed their good will by giving him letters to friends elsewhere. He succeeded in getting written introductions to several men in the neighborhood of Versailles; and he closed in on Ripley County slowly, busily, absorbed in his work, with no serious interest in anything in the world but life insurance — though he would laugh and talk and "swap" stories unresentfully as soon as a final refusal to take out a policy freed him from his professional manner.

He struck into Osgood in October, preceded

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by letters announcing his coming and supported by introductions obtained by the way; and he "worked" the little railroad town as assiduously as if it had been the richest insurance field in Indiana. He met with only one rebuff — from a dealer in agricultural implements named E. Smith, who had just moved to Osgood and was not prospering there. "Old mossback!" Burton complained of him cheerfully, that evening, to the arm-chair idlers in front of the hotel. "Is he popular around here?"

The hotel proprietor answered laconically: "This town's right shy o' strangers jest now."

"You're from Kentucky yourself, aren't you?" Burton asked him.

"And a long time from it, son. Where *you* headin'?"

"I'm on the road for the New York Life Insurance Company. If any of you gentlemen want to make a good investment,"— he included the whole gathering in a genial smile,—"I have several propositions I'd like to explain to you. Now, for example — how old are *you*, my Christian friend?"

And, since it was a warm evening and there was nothing on the empty street to distract them, they listened to him with as much interest as if he had been a corner peddler with a gasolene "torch."

III

Versailles stands on a few hundred acres of land that were deeded to the county, in the early days, by a public-spirited settler, as a site for the county-seat. Its location is an accident of charity, and it has grown as little as any "fiat" city in its half century of quiet life. The nearest railroad passes through Osgood; the trade of the district flows naturally to the railroad station; and Versailles, on a height, among its elm trees, suns the tower of its brick courthouse in a sort of official indolence — a town with a sinecure, a perpetual office-holder among towns, as comfortable as a bailiff sleeping in the drone of a county court.

Burton drove to it, one mild October morning, over the dusty pike from Osgood, between fields of grain-stubble and cut corn-stalks, with two letters of introduction in his pocket, and nothing in his bag but "insurance literature" and clothes marked "W. J. B." The boy who drove him had a lazy nasal drawl, and little to say in it. His old white horse shuffled along contentedly in a white cloud, having apparently solved the problem of making the minimum of progress with the maximum of dust. If Burton had not been so determined an insurance agent, he would have recognized that death, in this district, rode such a "white horse" and overtook none but the senilely decrepit.

He stopped at a hotel on Main Street in Versailles,— an old, whitewashed, two-story brick "tavern," — and had his dinner, and left his bag. When he came out to the street again, he had the whole town before him. It was drawn up to face the courthouse grounds in a hollow square of frame houses, one-story shops, hotels, and livery stables, that gazed mutely with all their windows at the high-gabled county court building as at their source of trade and origin of being. It was almost impossible to imagine such a square as the scene of a lynching; nothing could have looked more peaceful, more mildly vacant, more withdrawn from the criminal passions of the world. But, having recognized it as the background of a murderous outburst, how discreet and hypocritical! And how blank to the interrogating glances of a detective!

Burton began his rounds in an assured and leisurely manner, as if he thought he had only to explain his "new propositions" clearly and in detail in order to have every citizen of Versailles accept them. He went first to the leading men of the town,— the lawyers, the real-estate man, the man in charge of the little brick bank,— and with them he was rather blinkingly serious, deliberate, slow of utterance, and not at all nimble in his wits. They read his letters and gave him a casual eye, visibly unimpressed. He might have been applying to them for an employment that was manifestly beyond his reach. They shook their heads. They had all the insurance they wished.

With the tradesmen he was more easy, more affable, more of the commercial traveler. He chatted with them, asking and answering questions about the state of trade and the effect of the weather here and "on the road," incidentally disclosing his own route of travel, and explaining the desire of his insurance company to cover southern Indiana as it had never been covered before. He did not force his business upon them, any more than would a skilful "drummer" who realizes that orders come best after a friendly acquaintance has been established. He allowed it to be understood that he would be some days in town — doing the whole district from Versailles — and that he would drop in to talk insurance after business hours.

He had his supper at the common table of the hotel dining-room, with the proprietor, his sons, and their "guests." They were waited upon by the two daughters of the house. The mother was in the kitchen. And here Burton was quite cheerfully talkative and at home. He showed a hearty appreciation of the food. He had admired the county courthouse, and he listened

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interestedly to reminiscences of the days when it was building. Between bites, he replied to questions upon the nature and extent of his business, and wrote down names of well-to-do farmers in the vicinity whom he might insure, and asked about livery stables and the cost of carriage hire, and the roads that he would have to take, and the distance and direction from here to there, and the probable duration of the fine weather, and so forth and so on.

But it was after supper, among the "boys," that he really distinguished himself. He was by this time comfortably tired, and relaxed in a lazy appreciation of good company, in a mood for telling stories and chuckling over jokes, a bit contemptuous of his activities as a life-insurance agent and envious of the solid comforts of the full-fed life of Versailles. He had traveled, of course; his headquarters were in New York. Magical name! It focussed on him some open stares and many sidelong glances. It drew the usual questions; and if he did not actually voice his present contempt for the overrated charms of the metropolis,— compared with real life among real people who had time to live,— he allowed his preference to be surmised from the tone and slighting brevity of his replies. When the bar was closed and the gathering broke up, he went to bed, yawning over a kerosene lamp, on good terms with everybody.

And, if you consider what Burton was to do in Versailles, the day had been well spent. He had given the "leading men" of the community the unconscious impression that he was far from shrewd. If the lynching had been as well organized as appearances indicated, some of these leading men had probably directed the affair. As soon as the suspicion that he was a detective should begin to circulate, they would feel that he was not very dangerous, that he could be watched and easily trapped, that no one need hurry to drive him out of town. And they would proceed to try to trap him.

The shopkeepers would only talk. They would not move against him in any case. They would argue and gossip among themselves about him, and encourage him to call and talk insurance to them, so that they might study him and make up their minds. They would give him a continual excuse for staying in town. They would keep him busy.

But it was the men around the hotel who were really important to him. Among them there were sure to be some of the actual lynchers; and all would have heard every detail of the night. Moreover, if it were decided to "run" him out of town, these were the men who would mob him. If he could get "right" with them, he would be safe. If he could gain their confidence, he would learn all that he wished to know. They would talk. They would boast. The shopkeepers would be timid; the professional men would be discreet: but these "good fellows" around the tavern would be at once his chief hope and his greatest menace. They would make the success or failure of his work.

IV

Next morning he delayed beginning his visits to the shopkeepers, in order to allow public opinion to form. As he walked down Main Cross Street he was stared at suspiciously by a man who was lounging in the wide doorway of the "livery and feed stable." When he entered an "emporium," he found the proprietor easily interested in insurance and endlessly curious to hear all the details of all sorts of policies. The man from the livery-stable door dropped in to buy a plug of tobacco, and stayed to hear the discussion. It rambled everywhere and ended nowhere; but Burton remained as candid and cheerful and encouraged as if he had found a millionaire who wished to insure all his family for fabulous sums. He agreed to return later when his client should have made up his mind to some definite purpose, and he went to another shop. This man was nervous. He listened with shifting glances, in a cautious silence, as if he were afraid that Burton was trying to sell him a "gold brick." The dinner hour came to him as an evident relief.

"Well," Burton boasted at the hotel dining-table, "I had a good nibble this morning. Old J—— is biting hard. Has any one been selling oil stock around here lately? S——, down yonder, acts as if he'd been bitten by a fake promoter. I think I'll drive out towards Milan this afternoon, and look over the ground out that way."

He went; and it was the man from the stable door who drove him. He was an unusually inquisitive driver. Burton, after the first half hour, did not try to conceal the fact that he was bored. He yawned; he answered in monosyllables; he became so absent-minded that there were questions to which he made no reply at all. Finally he asked: "Are you thinking of going into this line yourself?"

"No-o; I reckon not," the man said. "Why?"

"You ask questions like you were. If you want to try your hand at it, I'll give you a percentage on every policy you steer my way."

The man clucked to his horse and drove through a sun-ripened stretch of road in a thoughtful silence. "Well," he said at last, "mebbe I will. Mebbe I kin pick y' out some one that'll want a policy. I'll jest think that over."

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Burton nodded indifferently. "Who lives over there? That farm looks prosperous. Turn in and let me have a try at them."

He returned to Versailles for supper, dusty but undiscouraged, and found a stranger beside him at the table — a shrewd-looking citizen with wrinkles and a gray beard, who went by the name of Snider. He listened curiously to the account that Burton gave the hotel-keeper of his afternoon's work. He asked: "Doing any business?"

"Not much," Burton said.

"Same here," he volunteered. "I'm trying to sell sewing-machines."

"Well," Burton complained, "I don't see why I can't do business here. I did a good business until I reached here. There are a lot of good men here; and I'm going to land some of them — or break my tackle."

"Do they pay you to stick around when you're not doing any business?"

"They don't pay me at all. The only way I make money is when I get business. They pay me so much percentage. When I don't get any business I don't get any money. Confidentially, between ourselves," — Snider pricked up his ears as if he expected to hear something of importance,— "they've worked all these counties and nobody was able to do any business for them. If I can get a lot of insurance down here and go back to Indianapolis with it, they'll send me anywhere I want to go. I'm out to convince them that I'm the man who can sell insurance where others can't."

"How long have you been in the insurance business?"

"This is my sixth year."

"In Indianapolis?"

"No," Burton said; "I come from New York. I was four years there and one year in Pennsylvania. And I've been almost a year in Indiana."

"Have you been over Switzerland County?"

"Not yet. I'm going, though. Do you know the ground there? Can you give me a line on any one to make a start with?"

There followed a game of conversational hide-and-seek between the two. Snider evidently wished to trace Burton back over the ground that he said he had covered — in an attempt to find some discrepancy in his story. But Burton was so eager to profit by Snider's experience in the neighboring counties that he asked as many questions as Snider asked. Snider developed some guilty uncertainty in his replies; and Burton looked at him narrowly. He grew embarrassed. He contradicted himself. Finally he fled.

When he reappeared, after supper, he was more friendly than ever, but he avoided talk of "business." Burton accepted him with the indifference of innocence, neither shrinking from the intimacy nor encouraging it. The man made some confidential references to the way in which these Indiana towns "broke loose" every now and then; but Burton did not understand him. Or perhaps it was that he had not heard; he was absorbed in the antics of a hungry mongrel to whom one of the habitués of the hotel was trying to feed a cud of chewing tobacco. The conversation passed from dogs to hunting, and became loud and general.

Snider loitered about the hotel for three days. Then he disappeared as mysteriously as he had come. Burton did not ask after him.

Considerable insurance mail was arriving for Burton — by pre-arrangement. One of the boys at the hotel was getting it from the post-office for him — by request. Burton examined the envelops in the privacy of his room, and saw that they had all been tampered with. He did not complain.

The man at the livery stable was coming every other day with new "steers" for him. He accepted them all eagerly and worked them out patiently, and only remarked, with a puzzled frown, to his friend the hotel-keeper that these Ripley County people were the hardest to "pull across" that he had ever met. The hotel-keeper opened his mouth to say something, and stopped himself with a forkful of cold slaw.

Saturday night — or the small hours of Sunday morning — Burton was wakened by a noise in the street and a muffled knocking on a door of the hotel. Footsteps went down the stairs and the door was opened. More footsteps followed the first. Burton lay on his back and listened. The midnight silence made a hollow mumble of the lowered voices at the door; he judged that there were half a dozen men in the party. For ten interminable minutes they talked and deliberated. Then there was another shuffling of feet on the sidewalk — and the voices slowly withdrew down the street. The hotel was locked up again. He heard the landlord and his sons return to their rooms. They tiptoed guiltily past his door.

About this same time — as Burton subsequently learned — two men inquired for him in the Indianapolis office of the insurance company. They were told that he was out of town, working the southern counties of the State. When would he be back? Not for a month or more. How long had he been with the company? The clerk did not know; he added, "Why do you ask?" They replied that they were thinking of taking out some insurance through Burton, and wished to be sure that he was "all right." The clerk

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"'THE MAN FROM THE LIVERY STABLE DROPPED IN TO GET A PLUG OF TOBACCO, AND STAYED TO HEAR THE DISCUSSION'"

assured them that he was "an authorized agent." That was all they wished to know. They withdrew.

Some days later a well-dressed elderly stranger — evidently a city man — spent a day at the hotel. He talked to Burton assiduously about insurance, and asked questions and used technical expressions and listened closely to Burton's replies. Finally he inquired: "On what percentage does your company do business?"

Burton answered: "Four per cent."

A change in the man's eyes showed that he had considered the question determinative. He drove back to Osgood that evening. Burton stayed on at Versailles.

He liked the people. Their suspicions of him had gradually been worn away, and he found them friendly and hospitable and simple-hearted. Before the end of his second week he was as welcome as any of the "boys" at the

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"'DO THEY PAY YOU TO STICK AROUND WHEN YOU'RE NOT DOING ANY BUSINESS?"

evening gatherings in the parlor of an old German whose home was near the hotel — a musical old "Dutchman," a "character," a veteran of the Franco-Prussian War, nicknamed "the General" and reputed to be of noble birth. He had decorated the plaster of his rooms with mural paintings in oil, done by himself. He could cast horoscopes, on the bottom of a dish-pan, in colored chalks. He expected company every evening, and he knew how to entertain it. He took a great liking to Burton.

Burton had personality. He was "magnetic," as they say. He had the gift of popularity. Without exerting himself, without putting himself forward or apparently attempting to please, he won a hearty welcome from that circle of Versailles society that gathered in the evening at the hotel or at the General's. He began to have some success in selling insurance.

A curious thing happened. One afternoon he called on the old German to have his horoscope cast. When the proper diagram had been drawn on the bottom of the pan, the General studied it with unusual interest. "You are a leadter," he declared. "A leadter of men. You vill magke a name. You vill magke a great name."

"You're stringing me, General," Burton protested. "Where does it say that?"

The old man kept his eyes on the horoscope. "You are mit de gove'ment."

"What!"

"You are mit de gove'ment!"

"That's enough," Burton laughed. "Have a cigar. What's that picture up there supposed to be, General?"

V

And then, suddenly, the end came.

Burton had driven out to a little village named Correct, near Versailles, to see a man whom the livery driver had proposed for insurance. Burton wasted an hour on him, though it had been evident from the first that it would be wasted. When he got into the carriage again, the driver asked: "Did you git him?"

"No," Burton said; "but I will."

The driver jerked his head back at the post-office. "That's where they had the big scrap when they shot those burglars."

"What burglars?"

"*You* know. That's what started the lynching."

"Did they shoot some fellows — or lynch them — here?"

"No. The ones they lynched back in Versailles. This's where it started. *You* know."

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Burton looked blankly at him. "No. When was all this?"

"Didn't you never hear about the five men that they lynched last month in Versailles?"

Burton started to shake his head — and stopped with a sudden thought that set him blinking rapidly. "Oh," he said, "yes — yes. Was *that* the Versailles? I remember seeing it in the papers. Wasn't there a lot of trouble? Didn't the militia come down and rescue them — or something?"

"Not on your life," the man laughed. "You've got it all mixed up with something else." He slapped the reins on his horse's back, wagging his head and grinning to himself. "Say, let me tell you somethin'. You'll never know how near you come to bein' killed."

"Who?" "Me?"

"Yes, *you*."

"What are you trying to give me? I wasn't here last September. I never saw the place till to-day."

"No; I mean lately. In Versailles."

Burton stared at him, astounded.

"They went around to the hotel, one night, to pull y' out."

"What for?"

"Well, there's a lot o' damn fools there said you was a detective."

"A detective! How in hell could they say I was a detective?"

"They thought th' insurance bus'ness was all a blind. They thought you'd come here to find out about the lynchin'. I looked y' over the first day you come, an' told 'em *then* 'at you, was all right. D' you remember a feller named Snider at the hotel?"

"No. Snider?"

"He went over an' talked to you. An' *he* come back an' said you was all right. An' d' you remember the fellow from Cincinnati that talked about insurance — with the gray mustache?"

"Lately?"

"Yes; about a week ago. *He* said you was all right. He said you'd answered one question that *showed* you was 'n insurance man."

"Well!" Burton broke out. "That's the damnedest thing I ever heard of! That's what's been the matter with everybody. No wonder I haven't been able to do any business. I ought to sue them!"

"No. You keep quiet about it."

"Do you think I'll stand for this outrage?"

"Now, look-a-here. I don't want 'em to know I told y' about it."

"Well ——"

"They'd know I told you if you said anythin'."

"Well, it's a damned outrage!"

"Aw, you can't blame 'em. They're scared. A lot of 'em was in that crowd."

"What crowd?"

"That lynched 'em. You see, it started back here in C'rect." And with all the eagerness of indiscretion, bursting with his secret, he poured out his account of the whole affair.

The district had been terrorized by a series of burglaries and attacks on lonely farmhouses by masked men, who, in one case, used torture to compel an old farmer and his wife to reveal where their money was hidden. There was no evidence against any one, but plenty of suspicion — particularly of a local "gang" of idlers



"'YOU ARE MIT DE GOVE'MENT'"

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and "bad men." A detective employed by the county set a trap for them. He arranged a burglary in Correct, and persuaded two young roughs named Andrews and Gordon to join in it. The sheriff and a posse of citizens lay in wait for the burglars. Only Andrews and Gordon came. They shot the sheriff in the darkness, and escaped to their horses, and were pursued, and wounded, and captured and locked up in the Versailles jail.

There, another unfortunate, named Schuter, supposed to be of their band, was already held. Two days later two more —Lyle Levi, an old counterfeiter, and a man named Jenkins — were arrested. And that night men rode to Versailles from all parts of the district, and forced the jail, and shot or hanged these five prisoners.

Burns had already received, from the detective in the reformatory, a report of young Kelly's account of what had happened in the jail, and the name of the man who had shot Levi in his cell. He had also received from Ed Smith in Osgood corroborating reports from the gossip of that neighborhood. Now, before he reached Versailles, he learned from the driver the names of many Versailles citizens who had joined in the mob. And that evening, at the General's, he burst out with his indignant amazement that he had been mistaken for a detective; and in the explanations that followed — there and elsewhere — he heard everything that was to be heard in Versailles about its famous lynching.

He was shown the tree overlooking the bluff near "Gordon's Leap" where the men had been hanged. He was even given, as souvenirs, a piece of one of the ropes used in the lynching and a pocket handkerchief that had been worn as a mask. He got the names of the principals in the mob and the name of every witness who could testify to their guilt. And then he drove to Osgood "on business," and gave the word to Ed Smith to close his implement shop, and took the train to Indianapolis himself. Versailles has not seen him since. But on his report to Attorney-General Ketcham a prosecution was begun before a justice of the peace in the southern part of Ripley County; and when that prosecution failed, because of the intimidation of the magistrate, Burns' report was given to a lawyer who was acting for the widow of one of the murdered men. She began suit for damages in the federal courts, and she did not drop her case — she says — until the terrified lynchers settled with her, out of court, for four thousand dollars.

Altogether the lawless around Versailles received a lesson and learned a respect for the law that has not been forgotten in the fourteen years that have elapsed. There have been no more lynchings in Versailles. And, whatever you may think of the ways and means of your Sherlock Holmes when he is doing the dangerous work that Burns did in Versailles, you will not deny that as an officer of justice, assisting the government of a State to defend itself against mob rule and the barbarous injustices of lynch law, W. J. Burton is the sort of insurance agent that many counties in this country still stand in need of.

They remember him yet at his hotel in Versailles. "He was all right," they will tell you. "He was a good fellow. He was awful fond o' quail."

Ex-Attorney-General Ketcham, recalling the discomfiture of the defiant in Ripley County, with a smile says: "His work on that case was masterly. Masterly!"

Burns remembers it as an almost humorous adventure that might have ended tragically — and did not. As the Hoosier philosopher says: "It's a queer world. And it's full of all kinds o' diff'rent sorts o' people!"

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Tragedies

by Estelle Sturgis

Illustrations by Frederic R. Gruger

GRIEF is a month of sobs and tears; sorrow is a dear memory buried away and taken out at times to caress and cry over; a tragedy is a hurt that leaves a scar on the soul. Scars, as you know, last until death, and pale and burn under strong emotion.

It was our last dollar, and I believe I realized its importance over every other dollar ever minted, as Aunt Mary placed it in my hand and told me what to buy with it. I was to get a peck of potatoes, a quarter's worth of salt pork, and a half-sack of flour. We had discovered a grocery where you did not need the price of a full sack of flour; small half-sacks were procurable for such as we, at ten cents more than half the price of a full sack.

We were two families stranded in a ramshackle house in an Eastern city, whither we had fled from the drought of '92. My father had paid the rent on the first day of our arrival, for until then the landlord would not allow him to unload into the yard the few indispensables he had crammed into our prairie-schooners. The amount of the rent was appalling — ten dollars; and after the man had gone away I heard my father say to my mother, in a low tone: "I did try to find one fur five, my dear, but there ain't a one in the town fur the money. I've got three dollars and forty cents left, and that ought to last till Luke comes. He'll have money. He always does. And this house ain't a bit too big, anyway, with all our younguns, and theirs too. Besides, 'I have been young, and now am old; yet have I not seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread.'" With this conclusive argument, my father had taken a bed-spring on his long-suffering back and triumphantly marched into the house.

Uncle Luke did come the very next day, and it turned out that he did have money — not much, but enough to last until he and my father should

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scare up some kind of work. My father did not insist on any particular kind of work; he was prepared to take whatever odd job might happen along. He had been a drayman in our community for years, and consequently an important member of the town from which we had hurried when it was definitely learned that there would be no crop that year. Four years "in the service" and unremitting toil since had made my father a decrepit old man, who still must look forward to years of anxiety over the children of a wife eighteen years younger than he. It was too bad that the oldest of us were girls, and that only one was married. Girls are always irresponsible things, and my remaining sister carried the trait to an excess; three weeks after our arrival she married a man whom she had met and talked with the night we first came, when she had strayed into his yard for the loan of a pail of water until our hydrant should be fixed. This three weeks' courtship had blossomed into a honeymoon which in turn was swiftly becoming a tragedy. The tragedy was hers, not mine, and it has no place in this story. The bride and groom had gone to housekeeping in the two rear rooms of our house, he having vacated his former dwelling and transferred his few effects. My father had begun to reproach himself for ever compelling my sister's indolent feet to go in search of that first pail of water, for the man's sickening cruelty and unspeakable viciousness were soon manifest to everybody.



"MY FATHER WOULD SIT FOR HOURS, THINKING, THINKING"

My mother had warned us younger children to keep away from my sister's room; but this was a hard thing to do, for in there they always seem to have plenty to eat, and she would hand out food to us without stint when her lord was away. In our own quarters it had got to the point of pancakes three times a day, with salt-pork drippings and weak syrup for dressing, and our sharp young stomachs had begun to feel a lessening of even this hearty provender. There was talk every evening between my father and Uncle Luke concerning a "Union" which wouldn't let a man work when he wanted to. Uncle Luke had been a stone-mason all his life, and he was grieved and astounded to find that his word was questioned in this city, and that his services were not in demand.

"I'd join their old Union if I had the price," he declared one night, in desperation. "But what's a man to do when he ain't got but six dollars to his name, and the wolf a-howlin' not three foot from the door? Damn the Union!"

My father treated this oath with the patience he always had for other men's failings. "They're bound to recunnize sooner or later, Luke, that you're the best stone-mason that ever sifted sand. Like as not you'll get a job from lack o' labor or sunthin.' But, I declare, they don't seem to need me in the laborin' cohorts of this here town."

A shadow of discouragement settled on my father's face, and thus it came to the matter of our last dollar.

It devolved upon me to expend this coin, for the men were away hunting work, and neither my mother nor Aunt Mary had the courage to face the prosperity of the downtown streets. It was out of the question to risk the price of two days' living with any of my brothers or cousins. Aunt Mary lent me her shoes, because my own had dropped off my feet before our eyes; my mother washed and ironed my best dress with the deftest of Irish hands; and I started out with quite as much sense of responsibility as the dove must have felt when she tilted her body on Noah's window-sill.

The shoes were a little tight, but I soon forgot that as I glanced around, in the still October sunshine, at the reddening leaves, and watched the smart ladies sauntering by in their new fall clothes, or preening themselves in the glistening

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"'I DECLARE, THEY DON'T SEEM TO NEED ME IN THE LABORIN' COHORTS OF THIS HERE TOWN'"

carriages as they rolled by. One of the ladies smiled very sweetly at me and murmured something to her companion about "such red cheeks."

I was not far from being happy. There was no need to hurry, for it was still early forenoon; so I loitered outside the gate and watched the colored man who was always coaxing young flowers or mowing the green velvet slopes of the lawns; then I watched two girls playing with some balls and small nets. Once I saw a man kiss a woman just inside a porch; she peered out, frightened and abashed, to find if any one had seen; but when they saw only me they both laughed, and then the man kissed her again right on the mouth. I fell to musing on how delightful it must be to be grown up and to have some one want to kiss you like that—perhaps to marry a man like that, who was rich and who would see that all your relations had all they wanted to ea——

I stood suddenly with both hands spread before me in horror. I turned each one over carefully to see if the dollar might be lurking somewhere between my fingers. I tried to recollect where I had felt it last in my hand; then I crouched low to the sidewalk, and with soft moans and prayers, ran back along the way I had come. I got down on my knees and searched the cracks in the sidewalk, until people coming by asked what the matter was. At every question I became so terrified and speechless that they all went on in disgust. Finally two nice-looking men, much like the one I had seen kiss the lady in the porch, came by; one of them was coaxing the other to go home with him to dinner. I heard snatches of argument like "broiled steak," "ice-cream," and the two passed off down the street like the intimates they were. I suddenly realized that I must go home, not to broiled steak, not even to pancakes with salt pork and syrup for dressing. There was no pang of hunger in me, only black despair, as my feet slowly set themselves toward the deeper dismay I should find awaiting me. The red must have gone from my cheeks, for I was cold and great shivers ran all over me every minute. When I reached our gate, I lay against it, gasping, until my mother and Aunt Mary and all the troop of hungry brothers and cousins came out in a rush and threw themselves upon me, much as I imagine a pack of wolves fall upon a stricken mate. Father and Uncle Luke had not yet come home — to dinner.

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"THREE ORANGES, FAT AND YELLOW, REPOSED ON THE SIDEBOARD BEFORE MY EYES"

When the worst was known and my mother had led me into the house, the floods were loosened and I cried for hours, all the time listening to the mutterings of the hungry young whelps who had been deprived of their meal, my aunt's impatient complaining, and my mother's unfailing and unavailing excuses. The men came, heard the hateful story, and went away again without a word. My father did not even look at me; but now I know it was not on account of displeasure, but because he thought my poor lacerated heart could not have endured it. The children grew pitifully restless, and it was with difficulty that the women restrained my oldest cousin from slung-shotting a chicken that strayed into the yard. Ten people were suffering from hunger brought about by my carelessness. The thought overwhelmed me so that I needed none of my aunt's reproaches to deepen my remorse; and yet her taunts were less stinging than the words with which my mother tried to shield me. I lay and watched the fading of the saddest sunset of the world.

It is strange that I do not now recall how long we stouted it out against hunger, nor in what manner or form relief came. I intend to ask my mother sometime if Uncle Luke finally broke the Union, or if my father was used by the Lord for the preservation of his own faith, so that he might not yet see the "seed of the righteous begging bread." You see, it was not the hunger that made it a tragedy; I have suffered hunger since, and now live to triumph in the fact: it was the failure in a trust that wrought the scar upon my soul.

When our horses, their sleek hides shrunk to a baggy covering, dragged our rusty schooners back to the old town the following year, the neighbors, in sympathetic raillery, declared that civilization had been too much for us. Their rough words were only an unsuccessful attempt to hide the emotion that our piteous plight awoke in their kindly hearts, and they fell to relieving our immediate distress with a fervor and method that only Western neighbors use toward one another. My father's prolonged illness was the pretext for unwarranted favors, but the assistance had to be proffered most delicately, for my mother essayed to support the family with a tub and board.

And this she did for one awful, heartbreaking summer, washing early and ironing late, while her nights were long vigils to keep the spasms away from my youngest brother. When I watch him now, all muscle and ginger, tenderly protecting the fading years of a hard life, I wonder if the angels whisper to him of the debt he owes for that summer. At last the nourishment of her breast flagged, and there came a day when she staggered to her bed, there to wane during all the glorious sadness of a Nebraska Indian summer. I was taken home by the lady who lived across the alley; she owned a

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banjo and a bird-dog, and she held concerts in which these two possessions united in unholy harmony. On the first night I asked for a rendition, but was promptly silenced.

"We can't have any dog and banjo music until your mother gets well," she said.

My brothers were parceled out among other neighbors, leaving only my father and mother and the baby in the house; and I remember how queer the house seemed when I slipped over to sit on the porch and listen for the occasional sounds that came from the sick-room. The women of the neighborhood took turns in looking after my mother and watching her nights. By this time my father was wandering around, a cadaverous object with little purpose and no strength, and he would sit for hours under the evergreen tree in the corner of the yard, thinking, thinking.

One day, as I kept vigil, the doctor came to the door and told me that my mother wanted me. The woman who had finished the washing my mother had left half finished when she was stricken, was watching that day, and my mother told me to go home with her and bring back some dinner.

"If there is anything you specially want, Mrs. White," the woman stopped in the doorway to say, "just speak right up and I will get it for you. You know, all you have to do is to mention it."

"There isn't anything special," was my mother's weak reply.

We had not left the yard, however, when the doctor called me back. "Your mother says she would like an orange," he said. "Tell Mrs. Newcome she may send one with the dinner."

Mrs. Newcome's city granddaughter had prepared the dinner, and they made me sit down and eat, too. It was a very good dinner — fried steak and mashed potatoes, baked beans, and hot apple-pie. A small square of the steak, a spoonful of the potatoes, a morsel of trembling jelly, and thin, cool slices of bread went on a plate for my mother.

Oranges lying in a dish always seemed the acme of luxury to my child's mind, and three of them, fat and yellow, reposed on the Newcome sideboard before my eyes. But neither Mrs. Newcome nor the granddaughter thought of them, and I found myself at last on the vine-covered porch, without having opened my mouth to repeat to Mrs. Newcome the doctor's request. Pride rose up and whipped my duty down. It was all right to accept things for sick folks when people offered them, but to specify was beyond my power.



"'IF THERE IS ANYTHING YOU SPECIALLY WANT, JUST SPEAK RIGHT UP'

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"'YOU'D BEST NOT COME BACK FOR A WHILE YET. I'LL COME OVER WHEN I WANT TO SEE YOU'"

When I reached home the doctor was not there and my father had gone to another neighbor's for his dinner, so my mother and the baby lay alone on the bed. When she heard me coming she raised her head the merest trifle, but as soon as she saw me the expectation died out in her eyes. She lifted the napkin from the plate and ate in silence, a nibble of this, the merest taste of that, while I, in utter misery, shooed away a fly that bothered her. Even in her sickness and helplessness she understood me and forgave. She never mentioned the orange. The next day the doctor brought her three and asked if she had enjoyed the one Mrs. Newcome had sent her.

"Oranges are always good," she smiled in reply. I have never dared to measure her disappointment over my failure, for I have learned by intimacy with sickness how the slightest thing can assume the magnitude of mountains to a mind grown wasted and weak through the illness of the body in which it dwells.

The eager questioning of childhood had merged into the dull wonder of girlhood before the third tragedy fell. Spring has ever had the power to waken nameless unrest in my heart, and on this June day my dallying walk from school was full of longings that had no limits and of wishes that were unutterable things, as I trudged along between the salutes of the corn and the sly whispers of the ankle-high oats. The rains had washed the road smooth, and I ran along it in very glee for being alive and young, with just a hint of the future creeping into my consciousness.

My father had moved to a farm, and our house stood in the middle of a grove of cottonwoods, which in windy weather made sad, ghostly noises, and even in calm weather were mournful and complaining. But to-day a great peace was over the hills; even the cottonwoods were still.

I had long before learned to take any surprise with indifference; so, when I heard the sound of sobs and talking inside the house, I sat down on the porch and waited. I had no desire to witness this new trouble which seemed to affect my mother so; some childish tact bade me stay outside. After a time a shut door stopped the sound of sobbing, but the talking went on. It was my father who was speaking.

"You hadn't no call to do it, Berthy," he argued. (Then it was my father's grown-up,

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married daughter, my half-sister, who had done the mischief.) "She told me all about it," my father went on, "when I asked her to marry me, and I never laid it up against her. I don't see why anybody else should if I don't. It was so hard for her to stand it back there where everybody knowed about it, and she's felt so free-like since we come out here where folks didn't know. And now you've went and spoiled it all. Child, you don't know what you've done — you don't know what you've done!"

The daughter began some kind of defense, but my father broke in upon it: "'Tain't no use, Berthy. You've went and said them words to her neighbors, and you can't take 'em back. And you've made her and me miserable, and you ain't done any kind of good to yourself."

A long pause. Then: "You'd best go home now, Berthy, and ask God to forgive you for sunthin' you can't undo. And you'd best not come back for a while yet. I'll come over when I want to see you."

Stinging under the gentle rebuke, my half-sister passed out of the house. She encountered my accusing eyes as she stepped off the porch, and burst into tears. I, sitting there in the mild afternoon, suddenly realized that childhood held no further tragedies for me. I had become a woman.

THE SONG OF THE HILLS

BEING THE SONG OF A MAN AND A WOMAN WHO MIGHT HAVE LOVED

(From the Yokut Indian Dialect, Done into English by Mary Austin)

THIS is the song of the Hills
In the hour when they talk together,
When the alpen glow dies down in the west
And leaves the heavens tender;
In the pure and shadowless hour
When the Mountains talk together:

"Fir tree leaneth to fir,
The wind-blown willows mingle;
Clouds draw each to each,
Dissolve, depart, and renew one another;
But the strong Hills hold asunder.

"Had we been less we had loved,
We had stooped and been tender;
But our hands are under the earth
For the travail of her harvests,
Upholding the rain-sleeked fields
And the long, brown, fruitful furrow.
Terror taketh the earth
When the Mountains move together.

"But ever as winds of Spring
Set the meadow grasses caressing,
And the coo-dove calls
And the coo-dove's mate
Resounds in the oak-wood valleys,
We shall thrill with the brooding earth,
We shall turn, touch hands, and remember,
Had we been less, how much we had loved,
How nobly we might have been tender."

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The Gay Deceiver

by Kathleen Norris

Author of "The Measure of Margaret Coppered," "The Walrus and the Carpenter," etc.

Illustrations by F. Graham Cootes

AFTER the meat course, Mrs. Tolley and Min rather languidly removed the main platters, and, by reaching backward, piled the dinner-plates on the shining new oak sideboard. Thus room was made for the salad, which was always mantled in tepid mayonnaise, whether it was sliced tomatoes, or potatoes, or asparagus. After the salad there was another partial clearance, and then every available inch of the table was needed for peach pies and apple sauce and hot gingerbread and raspberries, or various similar delicacies, and the coffee and yellow cheese and soda-crackers with which the meal concluded.

By the time these appeared, on a hot summer evening, the wheezing clock in the kitchen would have struck six,—dinner was early at Kirkwood, — and the level rays of the sun would be pouring boldly in at the uncurtained western windows. The dining-room was bare, and not entirely free from flies, despite an abundance of new green screening at the windows. Relays of new stiff oak chairs stood against its walls, ready for the sudden need of occasional visitors. On the walls hung framed enlarged photographs of machinery, and factories, and scaffoldings, and the like. There was one of laborers and bosses grouped about great generators and water-wheels in transit, and another of a monster switchboard, with a smiling young operator, in his apron and overalls, standing beside it.

Mrs. Tolley sat at the head of the table — a big, joyous, vigorous widow, who had managed the Company House at Kirkwood ever since its erection two years before, and who had been an employee of the Light and Power Company, in one capacity or another, for some five years before that — or ever since, as she put it, "the juice got pore George." Mrs. Tolley loved every inch of Kirkwood; for her it was the captured dream.

Min Tolley, sitting next to her mother, loved Kirkwood too, because she was going to marry Harry Garvey, who was one of the shift bosses at the plant. Harry sat next to Min. Then came her brother Roosy, ten years old; and then the Hopps — Mrs. Lou, and little Lou, spattering rice and potato all over himself and his chair, and big Lou, silently, deeply admiring them both. Then there were two empty chairs, for the Chisholms, the resident manager and superintendent and his sister, at the end of the table; and then Joe Vorse, the switchboard operator, and his little wife; and then Monk White, another shift boss; and lastly, at Mrs. Tolley's left, Paul Forster, newly come from New York to be Mr. Chisholm's stenographer and assistant.

Paul was the first to leave the table that night. He drank his coffee in three savage gulps, pushed back his crumpled napkin, and rose. "If you'll excuse me —" he began.

"You're cert'n'y excusable!" said Mrs. Tolley elegantly — adding, when the door had closed behind him: "And leave me tell you right now that somebody was real fond of children to raise *you!*"

"An' I'm not planning to spend the heyday of my girlhood ironing napkins for you, Pauly Pet!" said Min, reaching for his discarded napkin and folding it severely into a wooden ring.

Paul did not hear these remarks, but he heard the laughter that greeted them, and he scowled as he selected a rocker on the front porch. He put his feet up on the rail, felt in one pocket for tobacco, in another for papers, and in a third for his match-case, and set himself to the congenial task of composing a letter in which he should resign from the employ of the Light and Power Company. It was a question of a broken contract, so it must be diplomatically worded. Paul had spent the five evenings since his ar-

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rival at Kirkwood in puzzling over the phrasing of that letter.

Below the porch, the hillside, covered with scrub-oak and chaparral and madroño trees, and the stumps where redwoods had been, dropped sharply to the little river, which came tumbling down from the wooded mountains to plunge roaring into one end of the big power-house, and which foamed out at the other side to continue its mad rush down the valley. The power-house, looming up an immense crude outline in the twilight, rested on the banks of the stream and stood in a rough clearing. A great gash in the woods above it showed whence lumber for buildings and fires came; another ugly gash marked the course of the "pole line" over the mountain. Near the big building stood lesser ones, two or three rough little unpainted cottages perched on the hill above it. There was a "cook-house," and a "bunk-house," and storage-sheds, and Mrs. Tolley's locked provision-shed, and the rough shack the builders lived in while construction was going on, and where the Hopps lived now, rent-free.

Nasturtiums languished here and there, where some of the women had made an effort to fight the unresponsive red clay. Otherwise, even after two years the power-house and its environs looked unfinished, crude, ugly. On all sides the mountains rose dark and steep, the pointed tops of the redwoods mounting evenly, tier on tier. Except for the lumber slide and the pole line, there was no break anywhere, not even a glimpse of the road that wound somehow out of the cañon — up, up, up, twelve long miles, to the top of the ridge.

And even at the top, Paul reflected bitterly, there was only an unpainted farmhouse, where the stage stopped three times a week with mail. From there it was a fifty-mile drive to town — a California country town, asleep in the curve of two sluggish little rivers. And from "town" to San Francisco it was almost a day's trip, and from San Francisco to the Grand Central Station at Forty-second Street it was nearly five days more.

Paul shoved his hands in his pockets and began again: "Light and Power Co.—*Gentlemen.*"

Night came swiftly to Kirkwood. For a few wonderful moments the last of the sunlight lingered, hot and gold, on the upper branches of the highest trees along the ridge; then suddenly the valley was plunged in soft twilight, and violet shadows began to tangle themselves about the great shafts of the redwoods. The heat of the day dropped from the air like a falling veil. A fine mist spun itself above the river; bats began to wheel on the edge of the clearing.

With the coming of darkness every window in the place was suddenly alight. The Company House blazed with it; the great power-house doorway sent a broad stream of yellow into the deepening shadows of the night; the "cook-house," where Willy Chow Tong cooked for a score of "hands" and oilers, showed a thousand golden cracks in its rough walls. The little cottages on the hill were hidden by the glare from their dangling porch lights. Light was so plentiful, at this factory of light, that even the Hopps' barnlike home blazed with a dozen "thirty-twos."

"Nothing like having a little light on the subject, Mr. Fo'ster," said Mrs. Tolley, coming out to the porch. The Vorses had small children that they could not leave very long alone; so, when Min and her mother had reduced the kitchen to orderly, warm, soap-scented darkness every night, and wound the clock, and hung up their aprons, they went up to the Vorses to play "five hundred."

"Seems 's if I never could get enough light, myself," the matron continued agreeably, descending the porch steps. "Before I come here I never had nothing in my kitchen but an oil-lamp and a reflector. Jest as sure as I'd be dishing up dinner, hot nights, that lamp would begin to flicker and suck — well, shucks! I'd look up at it and I'd say, 'Well, why don't you go out? Go ahead!'" Mrs. Tolley laughed joyously. "Well, one night George —" she was continuing with relish, when Min pulled at her sleeve and, with a sort of affectionate impatience, said, "Oh, f'e'ven's sakes, Ma!"

"Yes, I'm coming," said Mrs. Tolley, recalled. "Wish't you played 'five hundred,' Mr. Fo'ster," she added politely.

"I don't play either that or old maid," said Paul distinctly. This remark was taken in good part by the Tolleys.

"Old maid's a real comical game," Min conceded mildly.

"Well, you won't be s' lunsum next week when the Chisholms get back," said Mrs. Tolley, unaffectedly gathering up the skirt of her starched gown to avoid contact with the sudden heavy dews. "He's an awful nice feller, and she — she's twenty-six, but she's as jolly as a girl. I declare, I just love Patricia Chisholm."

"Twenty-six, is she?" said Paul disgustedly to himself, when the Tolleys had gone. "Only one woman — of any class, that is — in this forsaken hole, and she twenty-six!" And he had been thinking of this Patricia with a good deal of interest, he admitted resentfully. Paul was twenty-four, and liked slender little girls well under twenty.

"Lord, what a place!" he said, for the hundredth time.

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He sat brooding in the darkness, discouraged and homesick. So he had sat for all his nights at Kirkwood.

The men at the cook-house were playing cards, silently, intently. The cook, serene and cool, was smoking in the doorway of his cabin. Above the dull roar of the river Paul could hear Min Tolley's cackle of laughter, from the cottages a hundred yards away, and Mrs. Hopps' crooning over her baby.

Presently the night shift went down to the power-house, the men taking great boyish leaps on the steep trail. Some of the lighted windows were blotted out — the Hopps', the cook-house light. The singing pole line above Paul's head ceased abruptly, and with a little rising whine the opposite pole line took up the buzzing current. That meant that the copper line had been cut in, and the aluminum one would be "cold" for the night.

Minutes went by, eventless. Half an hour, an hour — still Paul sat staring into the velvet dark and wrestling with bitter discouragement and homesickness.

"Lord, what a *place!*" he said once or twice under his breath.

Finally, feeling cramped and chilly, he went stiffly indoors, through the hot, bright halls, that smelled of varnish and matting, to his room.

The next day was exactly like the five preceding days — hot, restless, aimless; and the next night Paul sat on the porch again, and listened to the rush of the river, and Min Tolley's laugh at the "five hundred" table, and the Hopps' baby's lullaby. And again he composed his resignation, and calculated that it would take three days for it to reach San Francisco, and another three for him to receive their acceptance of it — another week at least of Kirkwood!

On the seventh day the Chisholms rode down the trail that followed the pole line, and arrived in a hospitable uproar. Alan Chisholm, some five years older than Paul, was a fine-looking, serious, dark youth, a fellow of not many words, being given rather to silent appreciation of his sister's chatter than to speech of his own. Miss Chisholm was very tall, very easy in manner, and powdered just now to her eyelashes with fine yellow dust. Paul sat on the porch while the Chisholms went upstairs to brush and change, and thought that the wholesome noise of their splashing and calling, opening drawers, and banging doors was a pleasant change from the usual quiet of the house.

Miss Chisholm was the first to reappear. She was followed by Min and Mrs. Tolley, and was asking questions at a rate that kept both answering at once. Had her kodak films come? Was Minnie going to have some little sense and be married in a dress she could get some *use* out of? How were the guinea-pigs, the ducks, the vegetables, the caged fox, the "boys" generally, Roosy's ear, Consuelo Vorse's lame foot? Did Mrs. Tolley know that she had made a deep impression on the old fellow who drove the stage? "Oh, look at her blush, Min! Well, really!"

She came, delightfully refreshed by toilet waters and crisp linen, to take a deep rocker opposite Paul, and leaned luxuriously back, showing very trim feet shod in white.

"Admit that you've fallen in love with Kirkwood, Mr. Forster," said she.

"I can't admit anything of the sort," said Paul firmly, but smiling because she was so very good to look at. He had to admit that he had never seen handsomer dark eyes, nor a more tender, more expressive and characterful mouth than the one that smiled so readily and showed so even a line of big teeth.

"Oh, you will!" she assured him easily. "There's no place like Kirkwood, is there, Alan?" she said to her brother, as he came out. He smiled.

"We don't think there is, Forster. My sister's been crazy about the place since we got here — that's eighteen months ago; and I'm crazy about it myself now!"

"Wait until you've slept out on the porch for a while," said Miss Chisholm, "and wait until you've got used to a plunge in the pool before breakfast every morning. Alan, you must take him down to the pool to-morrow, and I'll listen for his shrieks. Where are you going now — the power-house? No, thank you, I won't go. I'm going out to find something special to cook you for your suppers."

The something special was extremely delicious; Paul had a vague impression that there was fried chicken in it, and mushrooms, and cream, and sherry. Miss Chisholm served it from a handsome little copper blazer, and also brewed them her own particular tea, in a Canton teapot. Paul found it much pleasanter at this end of the table. To his surprise, no one resented this marked favoritism — Mrs. Tolley observing contentedly that her days of messing for men were over, and Mrs. Vorse remarking that she'd "orghter reely git out her chafing-dish and do some cooking" herself.

Paul found that Miss Chisholm possessed a leisurely gift of fun; she was droll, whether she quite meant to be or not. Everybody laughed. Mrs. Tolley became tearful with mirth.

"Now, this is the nicest part of the day," said Patricia, when they three had carried their coffee out to the porch and were seated. "Did you ever watch the twilight come, sitting here, Mr. Forster?"

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"PAUL HAD SPENT THE FIVE EVENINGS SINCE HIS ARRIVAL IN PUZZLING OVER THE PHRASING OF THAT LETTER"

"It seems to me I have never done anything else," said Paul. She gave him a keen glance over her lifted teaspoon; then she drank her coffee, set the cup down, and said:

"Well! How is that combination of vaudeville and railway station and zoëtrope that is known as New York?"

"Oh, the little old berg is all there," said Paul lightly. But his heart gave a sick throb. He hoped she would go on talking about it. But it was some time before any one spoke, and then it was Alan Chisholm, who took his pipe out of his mouth to say:

"Patricia hates New York."

"I can't imagine any one doing that," Paul said emphatically.

"Well, there was a time when I thought I couldn't live anywhere else," said Alan good-naturedly; "but there's a lot of the pioneer in any fellow, if he gives it a chance."

"Oh, I had a nice enough time in New York," said Patricia lazily, "but it just *wears you out* to live there; and what do you get out of it? Now, *here* — well, one's equal to the situation here!"

"And then some," Paul said; and the brother and sister laughed at his tone.

"But, honestly," said Miss Chisholm, "you take a little place like Kirkwood, and you don't need a Socialist party. We all eat the same; we all dress about the same; and certainly, if any one works hard here, it's Alan, and not the mere hands. Why, last Christmas there wasn't a person here who didn't have a present

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— even Willy Chow Tong! Every one had all the turkey he could eat; every one a fire, and a warm bed, and a lighted house. Mrs. Tolley gets only fifty dollars a month, and Monk White gets fifty — doesn't he, Alan? But money doesn't make much difference here. You know how the boys adore Monk for his voice; and as for Mrs. Tolley, she's queen of the place! Now, how much of that's true of New York!"

"Oh, well, put it that way —" Paul said, in the tone of an offended child.

"Apropos of Mrs. Tolley's being queen of the place," said Alan to his sister, "it seems she's rubbing it into poor little Mollie Peavy. Len brought Mollie and the baby down from the ranch a week ago, and nobody's been near 'em."

"Who said so?" flashed Miss Chisholm, reddening.

"Why, I saw Len to-night, sort of lurking round the power-house, and he told me he had 'em in that little cottage, across the creek, where the lumbermen used to live. Said Mollie was in agony because nobody came near her."

"Oh, that makes me furious!" said Patricia passionately. "I'll see about it to-morrow. Nobody went near her? The poor little thing!"

"Who are they?" said Paul.

"Why, she's a little blonde, sickly-looking thing of sixteen," explained Miss Chisholm, "and Len's a lumberman. They have a little blue-nosed, sickly baby; it was born about six weeks ago, at her father's ranch, above here. She was — she had no mother, the poor child ——"

"And, in fact, my sister escorted the benefit of clergy to them about two months ago," said Alan. "And the ladies of the Company House are very haughty about it."

"They won't be long," predicted Miss Chisholm confidently. "The idea! I can forgive Mrs. Hopps, because she's only a kid herself; but Mrs. Tolley ought to have been big enough! However!"

"This place honestly can't spare you for ten minutes, Pat," her brother said.

"Well, honestly," she was beginning seriously, when she saw he was laughing at her, and broke off, with a shamefaced laughing look for Paul. Then she announced that she was going down to the power-house, and, packing her thin white skirts about her, she started off, and they followed.

Paul was not accustomed to seeing a lady in the power-house, and thought that her enthusiasm was rather nice to watch. She flitted about the great barnlike structure like a contented child, insisted upon displaying the trim stock-room to Paul, demanded a demonstration of the switchboard, spread her pretty hands over the whirling water that showed under the glass of the water-wheels, and hung, fascinated, over the governors.

"I never get used to it," said Patricia, above the steady roaring of the river. "Do you realize that you are in one of the greatest force factories of the world? Look at it!" She swept with a gesture the monster machinery that shone and glittered all about them. "Do you realize that people miles and miles away are reading by lights and taking street-cars that are moved by this? Don't talk to me about the subway and the Pennsylvania Terminal!"

"Oh, come, now!" said Paul.

"Well!" she flared. "Do you suppose that anything bigger was ever done in this world than getting these things — these generators and water-wheels and the corrugated iron for the roof, and the door-knobs and tiles and standards and switchboard, and everything else, up to the top of the ridge from Emville and down this side of the ridge? I see that never occurred to you! Why, you don't *know* what it was. Struggle, struggle, struggle, day after day — ropes breaking, and tackle breaking, and roads giving way, and rain coming! Suppose one of these had slipped off the trail — well, it would have stayed where it fell. But wait — wait!" she said, interrupting herself with her delightful smile. "You'll love it as we do one of these days!"

"Not," said Paul to himself, as they started back to the house.

After that he saw Miss Chisholm every day, and many times a day; and she was always busy and always cheerful. She wanted her brother and Paul to ride with her up to the dam for a swim; she wanted to go to the woods for ferns for Min's wedding; she was going to make candy and they could come in. She packed delicious suppers, to be eaten in cool places by the creek, and to be followed by their smoking and her careless snatches of songs; she played poker quite as well as they; she played old opera scores and sang to them; she had jig-saw puzzles for slow evenings. She could not begin a game of what Mrs. Tolley called "halmy," with that good lady, without somehow attracting the boys to the table, where they hung, championing and criticizing. Paul was more amused than surprised to find Mrs. Peavy having tea with the other ladies on the porch less than a week later. The little mother looked scared and shamed; but Mrs. Tolley had the baby, and was bidding him "love his Auntie Gussie," while she kissed his rounding little cheek. One night, some four weeks after his arrival, Patricia decided that Paul's room must be made habitable; and she and Alan and Paul spent an entire busy

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"MISS CHISHOLM LISTENED, WITH DOWNCAST EYES, FLINGING LITTLE STONES INTO THE POOL. THE WHILE"

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evening there, discussing photographs and books, and deciding where to cross the oars, and where to hang the Navajo blanket, and where to put the college colors. Miss Chisholm, who had the quality of grace and could double herself up comfortably on the floor like a child, became thoughtful over the class annual.

"The Dicky, and the Hasty Pudding!" she commented. "Weren't you the Smarty?"

Paul, who was standing with a well-worn pillow in his hand, turned and said hungrily:

"Oh, you know Harvard?"

"Why, I'm Radcliffe!" she said simply.

Paul was stupefied.

"Why, but you never *said* so! I thought yours was some Western college like your brother's!"

"Oh, no; I went to Radcliffe for four years," said she casually. Then, tapping a picture thoughtfully, she went on: "There's a boy whose face looks familiar."

"Well, but — well, but — didn't you love it?" stammered Paul.

"I liked it awfully well," said Patricia. "Alan, you've got that one a little crooked," she added calmly. Paul decided disgustedly that he gave her up. His own heart was aching so for old times and old voices that it was far more pain than pleasure to handle all these reminders: the photographs, the yacht pennant, the golf-clubs, the rumpled and torn dominoes, the tumbler with "Café Henri" blown in the glass, the shabby camera, the old Hawaiian banjo. Oh, what fun it had all been, and what good fellows they were!

"It was lovely, of course," said Patricia, in a businesslike tone; "but this is real life! Cheer up, Paul," she went on (they had reached Christian names some weeks before). "I am going to have two darling girls here for two weeks at Thanksgiving, just from Japan. And think of the concert next month, with Harry Garvey and Laurette Hopps in a play, and Mrs. Tolley singing 'What Are the Wild Waves Saying?' Then, if Alan sends you to Sacramento, you can go to the theater every night you're there, and pretend" — her eyes danced mischievously — "that you're going to step out on Broadway when the curtain goes down, and can look up the street at electric signs of cocoa and ginger beer and silk petticoats——"

"Oh, don't!" said Paul; and, as if she were a little ashamed of herself, she began to busy herself with the bookcase, and was particularly sweet for the rest of the evening. But she wouldn't talk Radcliffe, and Paul wondered if her college days hadn't been happy; she seemed rather uneasy when he repeatedly brought up the subject.

But a day or two later, when he and she were taking a long ride and resting their horses by a little stream high up in the hills, she began to talk of the East; and they let an hour, and then another, go by, while they compared notes. Paul did most of the talking, and Miss Chisholm listened, with downcast eyes, flinging little stones from the crumbling bank into the pool the while.

A lazy leaf or two drifted upon the surface of the water; and where gold sunlight fell through the thick leafage overhead, and touched the water, brown water-bugs flitted and jerked. Once a great dragonfly came through on some mysterious journey, and paused for a palpitating bright second on a sunny rock. The woods all about were silent in the tense hush of the summer afternoon; even the horses were motionless, except for an occasional idle lipping of the underbrush. Now and then a breath of pine, incredibly sweet, crept from the forest.

Paul watched his companion as he talked. She was, as always, quite unselfconscious. She sat most becomingly framed by the lofty rise of oak and redwood and maple trees about her. Her sombrero had slipped back on her braids, and the honest, untouched beauty of her thoughtful face struck Paul forcibly. He wondered if she had ever been in love — what her manner would be to the man she loved.

"What *did* you come for, Paul?" She was ending some long sentence with the question.

"Come here?" Paul said. "Oh, Lord, there seemed to be reasons enough, though I can't remember now why I ever thought I'd stay."

"You came straight from college?"

"No," he said, a little uneasily; "no. I finished three years ago. You see, my mother married an awfully rich old guy named Steele, the last year I was at college; and he gave me a desk in his office. He has two sons, but they're not my kind. Nice fellows, you know, but they work twenty hours a day, and don't belong to any clubs,— they'll both die rich, I guess,— and whenever I was late, or forgot something, or beat it early to catch a boat, they'd go to the old man. And he'd ask mother to speak to me."

"I see," said Patricia.

"After a while he got me a job with a friend of his in a Philadelphia ironworks," said the boy, "but that was a *rotten* job. So I came back to New York; and I'd written a sketch for an amateur theatrical thing, and a manager there wanted me to work it up — said he'd produce it. I tinkered away at that for a while, but there was no money in it, and Steele sent me out to see how I'd like working in one of the Humboldt lumber camps. I thought that sounded good.

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"SHE WAS SITTING ON A SMOOTH FALLEN TRUNK, WITH HER FACE BURIED IN HER HANDS"

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But I got my leg broken the first week, and had to wire him from the hospital for money. So, when I got well again, he sent me a night wire about this job, and I went to see Kahn the next day, and came up here."

"I see," she said again. "And you don't think you'll stay?"

"Honestly, I can't, Patricia. Honest — you don't know what it is! I could stand Borneo, or Alaska, or any place where the climate and customs and natives stirred things up once in a while. But this is like being dead! Why, it just makes me sick to see the word 'New York' on the covers of magazines — I'm going crazy here."

She nodded seriously.

"Yes, I know. But you've got to do *something*. And since your course was electrical engineering —! And the next job mayn't be half so easy, you know ——!"

"Well, it'll be a little nearer Broadway, believe me. No, I'm sorry. I never knew two dandier people than you and your brother, and I like the work, but ——!"

He drew a long breath on the last word, and Miss Chisholm sighed, too.

"I'm sorry," she said, staring at the big seal ring on her finger. "I tell you frankly that I think you're making a mistake. I don't argue for Alan's sake or mine, though we both like you thoroughly, and your being here would make a big difference this winter. But I think you've made a good start with the company, and it's a good company, and I think, from what you've said to-day, and other hints you've given me, that you'd make your mother very happy by writing her that you think you've struck your groove. However!"

She got up, brushed the leaves from her skirt, and went to her horse. They rode home through the columned aisles of the forest almost silently. The rough, straight trunks of the redwoods rose all about them, catching gold and red on their thick, fibrous bark from the setting sun. The horses' feet made no sound on the corduroy roadway.

For several days nothing more was said of Paul's going or staying. Miss Chisholm went her usual busy round. Paul wrote his letter of resignation and carried it to the dinner-table one night, hoping to read it later to her, and win her approval of its finely rounded sentences.

But a heavy mail came down the trail that evening, brought by the obliging doctor from Emville, who had been summoned to dress the wounds of one of the linemen who had got too close to the murderous "sixty thousand" and had been badly burned by "the juice." And after the letters were read, and the good doctor had made his patient comfortable, he proved an excellent fourth hand at the game of bridge for which they were always hungering.

So at one o'clock Paul went upstairs with his letter still unapproved. He hesitated in the dim upper hallway, wondering if Patricia, who had left the men to beer and crackers half an hour earlier, had retired, or was, by happy chance, still gossiping with Mrs. Tolley or Min. While he loitered in the hall, the door of her room swung slowly open.

Paul had often been in this room, which was merely a kind of adjunct to the sleeping-porch beyond. He went to the doorway and said, "Patricia!"

The room, wide and charmingly furnished, was quite empty. On the deep couch letters were scattered in a wide circle, and in their midst was an indentation as if some one had been kneeling on the floor with her elbows there. Paul noticed this with a curious feeling of unease, and then called softly again, "Patricia!"

No answer. He walked hesitatingly to his own room and to the window. Why he should have looked down at the dark path with the expectation of seeing her, he did not know; but it was almost without surprise that he recognized the familiar white ruffles and dark head moving away in the gloom. Paul unhesitatingly followed.

He followed her down the trail as far as he had seen her go, and was standing, a little undecidedly, wondering just which way she had turned, when his heart was suddenly brought into his throat by the sound of her bitter sobbing.

A moment later he saw her. She was sitting on a smooth fallen trunk, and had buried her face in her hands. Paul had never heard such sobs; they seemed to shake her from head to foot. Hardly would they lessen, bringing him the hope that her grief, whatever it was, was wearing itself out, when a fresh paroxysm would shake her, and she would abandon herself to it. This lasted for what seemed a long, long time.

After a while Paul cleared his throat, but she did not hear him. And again he stood motionless, waiting and waiting. Finally, when she straightened up and began to mop her eyes, he said, trembling a little:

"Patricia!"

Instantly she stopped crying.

"Who is that?" she said, with an astonishing control of her voice. "Is that you, Alan? I'm all right, dear. Did I frighten you? Is that you, Alan?"

"It's Paul," the boy said, coming nearer.

"Oh — Paul!" she said, relieved. "Does Alan know I'm here?"

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"No," he reassured her; then, affectionately: "What is it, Pat?"

"Just — just that I happen to be a fool!" she said huskily, but with an effort at lightness. Paul sat down, beginning to see in the darkness. "I'm all right now," went on Patricia hardily. "I just — I suppose I just had the blues." She put out a smooth hand in the darkness, and patted Paul's appreciatively. "I'm ashamed of myself!" said she, catching a little sob, as she spoke, like a child.

"Bad news — in your letters?" he hazarded.

"No, *good;* that's the trouble!" she said, with her whimsical smile, but with trembling lips. "You see, all my friends are in the East, and some of them happened to be at the same house-party at Newport, and they — they were saying how they missed me," her voice shook a little, "and — and it seems they toasted me, all standing, and — and —" And suddenly she gave up the fight for control, and began to cry bitterly again. "Oh, I'm so *homesick!*" she sobbed, "and I'm so *lonesome!* And I'm so sick, sick, sick of this place! Oh, I think I'll go crazy if I can't go home! I bear it and I *bear* it," said Patricia, in a sort of desperate self-defense, "and then the time comes when I simply *can't* bear it!" And again she wept luxuriously, and Paul, in an agony of sympathy, patted her hand.

"My heart is just breaking!" she burst out again, her tears and words tumbling over each other. "It — it isn't *right!* I want my friends, and I want my youth — I'll never be twenty-six again! I want to put my things into a suit-case and go off with the other girls for country visits — and I want to dance!" She put her head down again, and after a moment Paul ventured a timid "Patricia, dear, *don't.*"

He thought she had not heard him, but after a moment he was relieved to see her resolutely straighten up again, and dry her eyes, and push up her tumbled hair.

"Well, I really will *stop,*" she said determinedly. "This will not do! If Alan even suspected! But, you see, I'm naturally a sociable person, and I had — well, I don't suppose any girl ever had such a good time in New York! My aunt did for me just what she did for her own daughters — a dance at Sherry's, and dinners —! Paul, I'd give a year of my life just to drive down the Avenue again on a spring afternoon, and bow to every one, and have tea somewhere, and smell the park — oh, did you ever smell Central Park in the spring?"

Both were silent. After a long pause Paul said:

"Why *do* you stay? You've not got to ask a stepfather for a job."

"Alan," she answered simply. "No, don't say that," she interrupted him quickly; "I'm nothing of the sort! But my mother — my mother, in a way, left Alan and me to each other, and I have never done anything for Alan. I went to the Eastern aunt, and he stayed here; and after a while he drifted East — and he had too much money, of course! And I wasn't half affectionate enough; he had his friends and I had mine! Well, then he got ill, and first it was just a cold, and then it was, suddenly — don't you know? — a question of consultations, and a dry climate, and no dinners or wine or late hours. And Alan refused — refused flat to go anywhere, until I said I'd *love* to come! I'll never forget the night it came over me that I ought to. I am — I was — engaged, you know?" She paused.

Paul cleared his throat. "No, I didn't know," he said.

"It wasn't announced," said Miss Chisholm. "He's a good deal older than I. A doctor." There was a long silence. "He said he would wait, and he will," she said softly, ending it. "It's not *forever,* you know. Another year or two, and he'll come for me! Alan's quite a different person now. Another two years!" She jumped up, with a complete change of manner. "Well, I'm over my nonsense for another while!" said she. "And it's getting cold. I can't tell you how I've enjoyed letting off steam this way, Paul!"

"Whenever we feel this way," he said, giving her a steadying hand in the dark, "we'll come out for a jaw. But cheer up; we'll have lots of fun this winter!"

"Oh, lots!" she said contentedly. They entered the dark open doorway together.

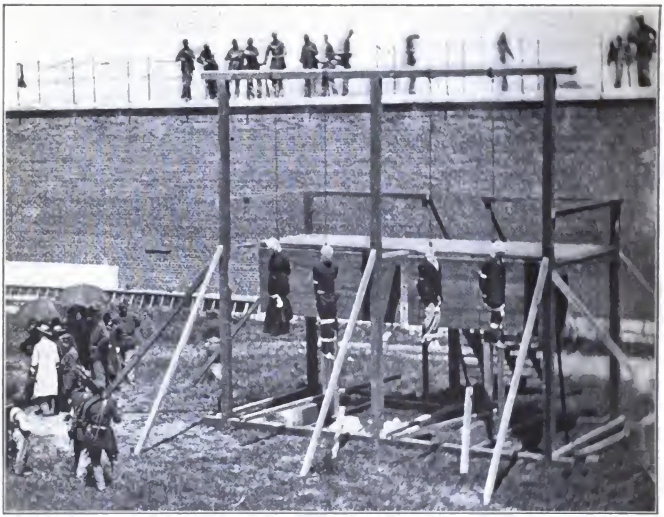
Patricia went ahead of him up the stairs, and at the top she turned, and Paul felt her hand for a second on his shoulder, and felt something brush his forehead that was all fragrance and softness and warmth.

Then she was gone.

Paul went into his room, and stood at the window, staring out into the dark. Only the door of the power-house glowed smolderingly, and a broad band of light fell from Miss Chisholm's window.

He stood there until this last light suddenly vanished. Then he took a letter from his pocket, and began to tear it methodically to pieces. While he did so Paul began to compose another letter, this time to his mother.

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PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN AT THE HANGING OF THE LINCOLN CONSPIRATORS, AFTER THE TRAP HAD BEEN SPRUNG

THE FATE OF THE LINCOLN CONSPIRATORS

THE ACCOUNT OF THE HANGING, GIVEN BY LIEUTENANT-COLONEL CHRISTIAN RATH, THE EXECUTIONER

BY JOHN A. GRAY

"LEE had surrendered, and the great war was over; the nation had begun to think of the work of reconstruction. The air was full of hopefulness, and there was a spirit of optimism everywhere. Then came the great tragedy which plunged the nation into the greatest grief, bringing disastrous consequences to the North, and to the South consequences even more disastrous. The shooting of Lincoln by John Wilkes Booth, Booth's escape to the home of Dr. Mudd, where he had his leg set, his sojourn there for a few days, his escape in a boat across the Potomac in company with Herold, and his last stand in a barn, are matters well known to history.

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"Of course, a frenzy of indignation and resentment broke out in the North. The feeling toward the South was perhaps more bitter than it had been at any time during the war. Jefferson Davis himself was suspected of being behind the plot, and soldiers were sent out to arrest him and his staff. The country was full of Secret Service men, following up every clue they could find, and putting under arrest every one who came in any way under suspicion. The old penitentiary at Washington had been used as an arsenal during the war. As the suspects were brought in, they were placed in cells in the arsenal, and guarded carefully. Davis was captured while attempting to effect an escape, and his entire staff was placed under arrest with him. His secretary, Burton Harrison, together with others of the staff, was sent to Washington, while Davis himself was sent to Fort Delaware. It was believed, as I have said, that Davis was behind the assassination of Lincoln, and that Harrison knew all about it, too. So the object was to put these two men in different prisons, where there would be no possibility of any communication between them, and where the one would not even know the whereabouts of the other.

"I was serving with General Willcox in the Ninth Army Corps, and the arsenal was in charge of General Hancock, who sent for General Hartranft to take charge of the place when the



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GEORGE A. ATZERODT
ONE OF THE FOUR CONSPIRATORS WHO WERE HANGED



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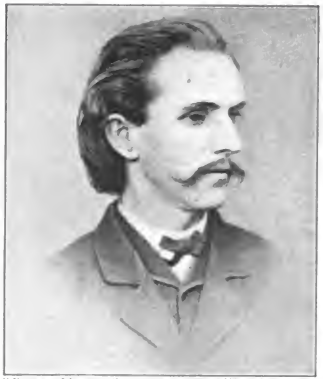
LIEUTENANT-COLONEL CHRISTIAN RATH
WHO HAD CHARGE OF THE HANGING OF MRS. SURRATT, PAYNE, HEROLD, AND ATZERODT

suspects began to come in. Hartranft had been a sheriff in Norristown, Pennsylvania, before the war, and Hancock, who had known him then, knew that he could manage a prison. I was well acquainted with Hartranft; we had met in many battles, and I had broken many horses for him, both of us being lovers of fine animals. I was provost-marshal for Willcox, while Hartranft had no provost-marshal; and one day I was ordered to report for duty as provost at the prison. Had I known what I would have to do there, I would never have taken the office.

"There were then in the prison over twenty suspects, among them Mrs. Mary Surratt, a comely widow of forty-five, who had kept a rebel house for the enemy during the war, and whose home was a rendezvous for the conspirators. There was also Herold,— a companion of Booth — Atzerodt, and Payne, all of whom were hanged; Dr. Mudd, O'Laughlin, and Arnold, each of whom was sentenced for life to Dry Tortugas; Spangler, lackey to Booth, who was sentenced to imprisonment for six years; and, of course, Burton Harrison, who was detained at Fort Delaware for a time, and was finally liberated.

"When I arrived at the prison, all the prisoners were there and the trial was about to begin. My duty was to see that no one entered the court-room without the necessary credentials; while Colonel Richard Watts, of Adrian, Michigan,— now a banker, and formerly justice of

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JOHN H. SURRATT

MRS. SURRATT'S SON, WHO WAS DEEPLY IMPLICATED IN THE CONSPIRACY, BUT ESCAPED FROM THE COUNTRY BEFORE THE TRIAL TOOK PLACE



From a photograph

MRS. MARY E. SURRATT

WHO WAS HANGED ON CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE FOR COMPLICITY IN THE ASSASSINATION OF LINCOLN

the circuit court,— was acting adjutant-general, attending to all the communications between the prison and the War Department.

"The day that I took up my new duties, Burton Harrison was brought in as a suspect. He was immediately brought before me, and I ordered him to be searched. His dress was strangely different from the ordinary dress seen in those days. Factories had been idle for years, and few new clothes had been made, and prices had gone so high that only the very rich could afford good clothes. Harrison was well dressed from his hat to his boots; but the one thing that most attracted me was the pair of long boots he wore. I had been a shoemaker before I became a soldier, and loved to see a nice pair of leather boots. There was something about this particular pair that held my attention. When he removed them, I noticed that instead of being limber in the legs they were stiff, and besides that they were strangely heavy. I examined them, and found that the lining of the legs was padded as with metal — for protection, I imagined. Fancy my surprise when, upon opening them, there rolled out hundreds of dollars in ten-dollar gold pieces. When I looked at Harrison, he was looking at me with a fearful look in his eyes. People said in those days that when Davis made his escape with his staff, he depleted the Confederate treasury, taking all the gold, and that, when he saw that capture was inevitable, he divided the money

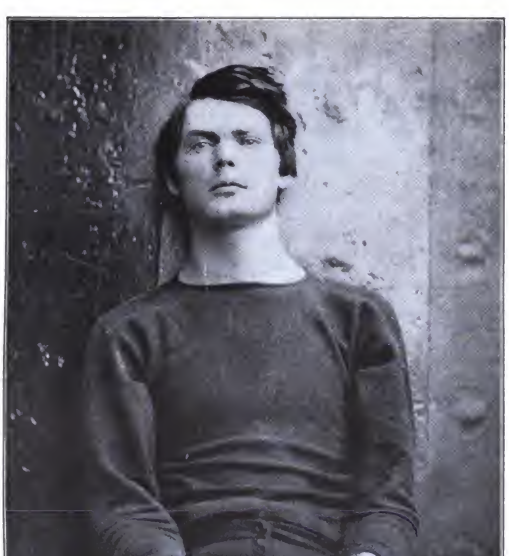


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ANNIE SURRATT

MRS. MARY SURRATT'S DAUGHTER

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LEWIS PAYNE
WHO ATTEMPTED TO STAB SECRETARY SEWARD TO DEATH. HE WAS HANGED IN COMPANY WITH MRS. SURRATT

among his companions. I kept the money and the boots, and forwarded them both to the War Department, where Harrison found them at the end of his prison sentence.

"I had Harrison in the arsenal for some months. One day, after the execution of the chief conspirators, I was ordered to take him to Fort Delaware. I went to him and said: 'We are going to hang you next.' He replied as coolly as could be: 'What for, Captain?' I replied: 'For the murder of Lincoln. We know that Davis was behind it, and that you were a party to it, too.' He laughed as with a light heart and said: 'If that is all you are holding me for, I'll never hang. Jeff Davis is too high-minded a man, and admired Lincoln too much, to stoop to such a trick as that; and, besides, Davis wouldn't harm any one.' All of which we afterward found to be true.

Harrison a Model Prisoner

"I was to take my prisoner to Philadelphia over the B. & O. from Washington; so I said to him: 'We are going to take you away.' He asked me where he was to go, and I told him. He said he didn't want to go, and seemed annoyed at the prospect. I explained that my orders were to take him there, and he promised he would make no attempt to get away from me. I told him to pack his traps and come for a ride on the cars. I was offered a strong guard of

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DAVID E. HEROLD

WHO ACCOMPANIED BOOTH ON HIS FLIGHT THROUGH MARYLAND. HE SURRENDERED WHEN THE FEDERAL SOLDIERS SURROUNDED THE BARN IN WHICH HE AND BOOTH HAD TAKEN REFUGE

soldiers by General Hancock, but I took only one man, to wait on Harrison. I did not want any one to notice us, as the times were so unsettled. Harrison knew that I had a revolver in my pocket, and he knew I would kill him without compunction if he made an effort to escape.

"I had orders to take my prisoner to the Vine Street wharf in Philadelphia, where Captain Charles Ford, post quartermaster at Philadelphia, would meet me with transportation. We arrived at Philadelphia, but Ford did not appear. I waited around for a couple of hours, and then concluded I had better hunt him up; but I didn't know what to do with Harrison. Seeing a hospital tent flying the United States flag, I took my prisoner over, and said to the major who was in charge: 'I have Burton Harrison here, and am taking him to Fort Delaware; but I can not find my man with our transportation. Can you keep my prisoner for a while until I can look him up?' He said he had a dungeon where he kept unruly fellows who got full, so I left Harrison there. I could leave him in charge of a soldier, but not a sheriff or any other civilian. I found Ford, who had forgotten all about me. He had made arrangements for me to take a despatch-boat from the foot of the Vine Street wharf, so I went after my prisoner, and we took a street car to the pier. On the way, Harrison was glum and silent. I

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A PHOTOGRAPH OF THE SCAFFOLD, TAKEN DURING THE READING OF THE WARRANT

asked him what was the matter, and he replied: 'I don't think it was a bit nice of you to lock me up in a place like that, after I had given you my word of honor not to escape.' I replied: 'Harrison, I am a soldier and must obey orders.' He felt better after this, and we got on board the boat. I told the captain who my prisoner was, and told him to get us a good supper. I told him that Harrison had lived on hard-tack, pork, and coffee for two months, and could stand a good meal. The cook made raised biscuits, and real honey and good butter were placed on the table. I bade my man good-by at Fort Delaware, and returned on the despatch-boat to Philadelphia. The boat arrived at midnight, but I stayed on board till morning, when I took the train for Washington.

"Harrison was not treated as badly at the prison as he might have been. He was a model prisoner, and every one appreciated his position and respected him. He was always very anxious to get the newspaper, and after a time I let him have books and gave him all the news. We used to let him take exercise in the yard, and often sent him extra delicacies from the officers' mess.

"John Wilkes Booth alone was behind the conspiracy. His original plan was to abduct

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A PHOTOGRAPH OF THE SCAFFOLD, TAKEN WHILE THE NOOSES WERE BEING ADJUSTED

Lincoln and send him to Davis at Richmond as a hostage. A gang of mounted men were to surround Lincoln's carriage at a lonely spot on one of the President's drives, seize the coach, and carry Lincoln across the Potomac. The plot failed because on the night that the conspirators assembled Lincoln did not appear. Secretary Chase drove out in his stead.

"The actor made his plans to kill all the heads of the departments on the same night. Lewis Payne (Powell) was to kill Seward, John Surratt was to kill Grant, and Booth was to murder Lincoln. He called the conspirators together and revealed his plot. He wrote to O'Laughlin and Arnold, ordering them to come to Washington to participate in the triple murder. These two men had been implicated in the attempted abduction of the President, but wrote back refusing to be mixed up in the murder. This letter was afterward found among Booth's effects, and saved the lives of the pair, although they were sent to Dry Tortugas for life.

Payne Tries to Kill Himself in Prison

"Payne, on the night of Lincoln's death, knocked at the door of the Seward mansion, and found that the old man, having retired early,

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was in bed. The attendant refused him admittance, but Payne pushed him aside, forced his way upstairs to the hall, and encountered Seward's son Frederick. A scuffle ensued, in which Payne, who was a giant, forced his way to Mr. Seward's room and stabbed him as he lay on the bed. He thought he had killed him, but he had only succeeded in inflicting a wound in the breast. There was great excitement, and in the confusion Payne escaped by the back door. He made his way out of the city, and hid in the trenches for some days; but, finding himself in danger of starving to death, he came in the night to Mrs. Surratt's house, and hid in the cellar, where he found plenty of food. He was found there by the officers when they came to look for him. Upon his being brought up out of the cellar, Mrs. Surratt cried to the officers: 'So help me God! I don't know the man, and didn't know he was in the house. I never set eyes on him before.' Payne also denied that she knew him, and maintained it to the last. He was taken to the prison under heavy guard, and placed in one of the cells on the main floor of the prison.

"One night the guard heard some commotion in Payne's cell, and, creeping up quietly and looking in, he found the man lying on the floor, bathed in blood. Upon investigation, he found that Payne was not dead, but had tried to beat his brains out against the bars of his cell. He was immediately placed in a padded cell; a cotton cap heavily padded with batting was put on his head, and a pair of handcuffs with a fourteen-inch iron bar were put on his wrists. The other prisoners, with the exception of the woman, were hooded in the same way. In a few days the effect of this began to tell on the men. The summer was warm and the heat told on the prisoners. Major Porter, the prison physician, was afraid they would lose their reason, so he ordered the caps removed, and then the men felt better.

"Payne never complained — no matter what you did to him, he never said a word; and I grew fond of the fellow, and was sorry for his predicament. He had been a Confederate soldier, and was wounded at the battle of Gettysburg, taken prisoner on the field, and sent to the hospital at Washington. When he became convalescent, he was paroled — upon taking an oath that he would never bear arms against the Union again. He loafed around the city, and finally fell in with Booth, being willing to do anything for the sake of the cause which he loved and believed in.

John Surratt's Long Flight

"John Surratt was a coward, and when the time came to kill Grant, he lost his nerve. Before the murder of Lincoln he escaped from the city; he fled to Canada, then to England, then to France, and from there to Italy, where he joined the Pope's army and remained a year. Then he began to talk — for he couldn't keep his mouth shut — and told his fellow soldiers who he was and that a price was on his head. He didn't know that every other nation was cooperating with the United States for the apprehension of the conspirators, and that Queen Victoria had ordered that all suspects might be arrested in Canada and taken out of country without extradition. While in the Papal Zouaves he was recognized by an acquaintance and betrayed; but the day after his arrest he broke away from the six men who were guarding him, jumped over a cliff, and made his escape. He went to Naples, and from there sailed to Egypt, but was recaptured and sent back to the United States. He was tried by a civil court; but the war was over, and the jury disagreed, so Surratt was liberated. Had he been tried by a court martial, he would surely have been hanged.

"Mrs. Mary A. Surratt was the widow of an army man, and she kept a blockade for the rebel government, as her sympathies were all that way. She had formerly owned a hotel at Surrattsville, just outside of Washington, but leased the place to a man, and took up her residence in the city, where she ran a house at which the conspirators frequently met, and where the plot was hatched. While she denied her guilt to the last, it was known that on the afternoon of Lincoln's murder she had gone to Surrattsville, and had left guns and provisions at the place, to be called for that night. It was afterward found that Booth and Herold called at the place after the murder of Lincoln and took the things away; so she was convicted on circumstantial evidence, as were all of those who were executed.

Spangler the Most Cowardly of the Prisoners

"One day they brought in a prisoner named Spangler. He had been on the stage with Booth when he shot Lincoln, and it was generally supposed that he had left open the door through which Booth escaped after the crime. We found he had been lackey to Booth for ten years, followed him like a dog, and wore his old clothes. He was a harmless fellow, a big coward, and very fond of eating. He was always hungry, and could eat anything that was placed before him. For a long time we weren't sure just what his name was; so, one day while the prisoners were exercising in the yard, I passed him, slapped him on the back, and said: 'Well,

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Jenkins, how are you to-day?' He replied at once: 'My name is not Jenkins; my name is Spangler.' I have said he was a coward, and this is true. The day after the hanging, the gibbet was still standing in the yard, and when Spangler went out to the yard he turned to me and said: 'Captain, I have been in hell for twenty-four hours. I heard the condemned pass my cell; then my heart stopped beating, for I expected to be called next. I heard the drop fall, and my agony was terrible. I had no relief till supper-time, when I couldn't eat, and this hurt me worse than anything else.' Up to this time the rest of the conspirators hadn't been sentenced and didn't know their fate.

"Dr. Mudd was hard to get along with. He was never satisfied, no matter what you tried to do for him. He protested his innocence all the way through; but we knew perfectly well that he had set Booth's leg after the shooting of Lincoln, and we felt that this alone showed that he was in league with the conspirators, and that he could easily have told where Booth was, as the actor was at his home for three days. The men were allowed to go into the yard, and we listened to their conversation and learned many things that we never could have learned otherwise. They never denied their guilt among themselves, only disagreed on dates. Payne held himself aloof from the others, although they all knew one another.

Payne and the Old Slave Woman

"There was a mystery about Payne. He was a great big fellow, and as brave as a lion. One day General Hartranft said to me: 'There is a colored woman here who comes from Florida and claims she knows Payne; and she says his name is Powell, and that his father is a Baptist minister there. I will seat her in the court-room, and you bring Payne up and perhaps we can identify him.' When I took Payne upstairs, the old woman, who had been a slave, was sitting in the center of the room. As soon as she saw the prisoner, she ran to him, embracing him and calling him by endearing names. But he repulsed her, looked at her with a stolid look, and said: 'I don't know you, woman; go away.' She wept and crooned over him, and there was no doubt in my mind that he really was Powell.

"With Mrs. Surratt was arrested her daughter Annie, about seventeen years old, who was held as a material witness. Each day she was brought to the prison, so that she would be on hand in case the judge advocate wanted to see her. One day word came to send her up, and I ordered a soldier to precede her and stand in front of Mrs. Surratt, hiding her completely from her daughter. I knew there would be a scene, and that she would attempt to go to her mother, whom she had not seen for some time. When Annie returned to the waiting-room, she said to me: 'I didn't see my mother. Was she there?' I told her of my ruse, and she fell on the floor in a dead faint. I was nonplussed, for, though I had fought in twenty battles, had heard the shot and shell, and had faced death a score of times, I had never seen any one faint. I remembered, however, that I had heard that cold water would revive any one who had fainted; so I ran from the room, got a cup of water, and sprinkled it on her face. She suddenly came to, and then such a tirade of abuse I never heard in all my life. She gave me the worst tongue-lashing I had ever had; but all I can remember of what she said was, 'You mean old Yankees.'

The Meeting between Mrs. Surratt and Her Daughter

"After the trial, an orderly came to my room one day and told me there was a young woman there to see Mrs. Surratt, with an order from the judge advocate. I went to the door and found Annie Surratt. I took her to the court-room and brought in Mrs. Surratt. General Hartranft told me to 'stay in the room and listen to all they say.' When Annie saw her mother, she threw herself on her neck, and such a torrent of weeping I have never seen. I couldn't stand it, and left the room, saying: 'I will let you have your visit alone; do as you like.' In about two hours I went back and said to the girl, 'Don't you think it is time to go home now?' She didn't say a word, but bade her mother good-by, weeping all the time. Mrs. Surratt bade her daughter keep up, and apparently was as stolid as a rock.

Afterward Annie was a daily visitor to the prison, and often ate her meals with her mother, staying nearly all day. When I returned from taking her home after that first visit to her mother, I said to the general: 'That woman is like a rock. When she saw her daughter she acted as though she hadn't any heart.' The general said: 'You think so? Then you ought to have been here when I went to take her to her cell. She collapsed, cried terribly, and we had to carry her bodily from the room.'

"Payne thought he had killed Seward, and when he was confronted by Mr. Seward in the court-room, he was amazed. I had often wondered why Payne hadn't used his revolver instead of his knife, and one day I examined the Remington army pistol in the court-room; then I understood the reason. The pin on which the

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barrel revolved had got bent when it struck the bannister in the scuffle in the upper hall, and it wouldn't explode. Then, there being no time to see what was the matter with it, Payne had to use his knife.

Payne's Grim Humor on the Scaffold

"Payne had a grim sense of humor. One day we were discussing our nerve, and afterward I threw myself on the bed for a little sleep. Suddenly I awakened, feeling as if an icy hand had gripped my heart. There was Payne looking down at me, with an ugly expression on his face. I wondered how he had got out of his cell, and just then saw Lieutenant-Colonel McCall in a corner, laughing. Payne laughed, and I knew they were only trying my nerve. I was not afraid, though I was startled for a time.

"Payne's grim humor could come pretty close to being gruesome. On the death march to the gallows, Payne, who was bare-headed, took McCall's straw hat off his head and put it on his own. His head was large and the hat was too small, and he wore it until it was time to adjust the noose on his neck. It was not because of his lack of reverence, but because of his great sense of humor. He was a good fellow. We used to pitch quoits in the yard together; he was always good-natured.

"I often wished that Annie Surratt would give her mother something that would put her into everlasting sleep, but she seemed to share my hopes that her mother would be reprieved. I never mentioned this hope to the girl, and I was glad afterward that I hadn't; but I hoped right along until the last. The day before the execution, General Hartranft informed me that I would be expected to hang four. So I went to the carpenter of the arsenal, who made the army boxes, and told him what I wanted him to do. I thought he was going to faint, and he said, 'Captain, I have made everything out of wood except a gallows, and now you ask me to do that.' I told him it was necessary, and that I would give him some soldiers to help him. I drew up a draft of the gallows, and he went to work upon it. I had more trouble getting men to dig the graves. All the workmen at the arsenal were superstitious, and refused; so I got soldiers to do this work, and for coffins had boxes sent from the navy-yards. I got some rope from the navy-yards; it was 31-strand ¾-inch Boston hemp. I had been a sailor and knew the kind to get. I put seven knots in each one except one, and I only put five in that, for I fully expected that Mrs. Surratt would never hang.

"I wanted to be sure that the rope would work, so, after tying the nooses on the cross-beam of the gallows, I took a length of it out behind the prison, filled a bag with shot, and climbed out on the limb of a tree. A crowd stood around watching me, interested in the experiment. I threw the bag from the limb, first securing it to the rope. It brought up with a jerk, the limb broke off short, and I was precipitated to the ground with great force. But the rope held. I was bruised a little, but I didn't care, as my experiment had proved a success.

Payne Makes a Last Effort to Save Mrs. Surratt

"That night Payne sent for me and said: 'Captain, if I had two lives to give, I'd give one gladly to save Mrs. Surratt. I know that she is innocent, and would never die in this way if I hadn't been found in her house. She knew nothing about the conspiracy at all, and is an innocent woman.' He knew that the sentence of death had been read to her an hour before, as it had been read to all those who were to die.

"I hastily conferred with Major Eckhart, telling him what Payne had told me. We hurriedly sent word to the War Department, and in an hour had orders to take Payne's statement. Then I was filled with a great hope, and thought that the woman would be saved, after all. But I didn't communicate any of my hopes to the woman herself, and I was glad afterward that I had not.

"Each morning a hundred soldiers reported at the prison for any duty that might be assigned them. On the morning of the execution, I looked them over in order to pick out the men I wanted to help me. I chose two husky fellows to knock the posts from the platform under the drop. I instructed them in the signals, and everything went off without a hitch. Four others were chosen to place the nooses around the necks of the condemned, and I had three to lead the condemned men from their cells and bind them securely before they were executed. I had Lieutenant-Colonel McCall lead Mrs. Surratt from her cell to the gallows, as I didn't want an ordinary soldier to lay his hands on her.

"I told these men that they must volunteer their services, as I could not command them to take part in the gruesome work. I was simply overrun with volunteers; seemingly they regarded it as an honor to serve in any capacity in avenging the death of Lincoln. I told my men I would relieve them from all other duties for the day, and would, in addition, give them each a drink when the thing was over.

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"All in readiness, the march to the gallows began. I had received orders from General Hartranft to execute Mrs. Surratt, Payne, Herold, and Atzerodt. The order read to have the execution take place at two o'clock, or as near thereafter as circumstances would permit. This was July 7, 1865. The execution was delayed because of the absence of General Hancock, whose presence was necessary at the hanging, and who, for some reason or other, did not appear.

The March to the Gallows

"The march to the gallows, however, was begun, and those who were in the yard saw a little gate behind the scaffold opened, and the soldiers stand at attention and at order arms. The flags were run up before each company, and the civilians bared their heads in the fierce sun. First came the woman, walking between two shaven priests. She was dressed and veiled in black, and her face could not be seen. But her carriage showed her agitation, as she staggered first against one priest and then against the other. The priests carried crosses in their hands and were reading the service of the dead. A quartet of soldiers came after, with guns at shoulders, followed by Lieutenant-Colonel McCall.

"Behind them came Atzerodt, guarded by soldiers and accompanied by a Lutheran minister. The man shambled unsteadily, shrinking from the sight of the dangling nooses. He had chains upon his ankles, and these clanked as he walked. He had a long white cap on his head, which gave him an uncanny look. An armed quartet of soldiers followed him also.

"Next came Herold, who had been Booth's attendant on the night of his crossing the Potomac. He was a mere boy, full of fear and cringing like a coward. He was attended by a minister, and followed by a guard of four soldiers, like those who preceded him.

"Last of all came Payne. He walked like a king about to be crowned, his fearless blue eyes roving carelessly over the scaffold and his yellow hair shining like a golden halo in the sun. He, too, was attended by a minister and guarded as were the others. The condemned marched up the steps to the gallows, and were seated in arm-chairs behind the drop, the dangling nooses swaying before their eyes. I wanted to give Mrs. Surratt any honor I could, so I seated her on the right, Payne next, then Herold, and the German fourth. The warrants and findings were read to the four by General Hartranft in a low voice, an umbrella being held over his head by an attendant during the reading. Another was held over Mrs. Surratt.

The Hanging

"Payne was dressed in his trousers and a close-fitting jersey shirt, open at the throat and showing his powerful neck. When the nooses had been adjusted and the caps pulled over the heads of the condemned, before I gave the signal to the men below to knock the posts from under the drop, I stepped up to Payne, tightened the noose around his neck under the cap, and said: 'Payne, I want you to die quick'; to which he replied in a soft voice without a single tremor: 'You know best, Captain.' That was the last word he ever spoke.

"When Hancock failed to put in an appearance, I was sure Mrs. Surratt would be saved. But at last he came, and, turning to me, said: 'All is ready, Captain; proceed.' I said to him: 'Her, too?' 'Yes,' he said; 'she can not be saved.' I gave the signal, the two drops fell with a sickening thud, and, as one, the four bodies shot downward and hung in mid-air. After twenty minutes Major Porter pronounced them dead, but I let them hang ten minutes longer. Then I ordered them cut down, put in the boxes, and buried. I took charge of Mrs. Surratt myself, not being willing that any hand should desecrate her. I lifted her tenderly in my arms, her limp body bending as I held it. I removed the noose from her neck, and with my own hands and alone placed her in the box. Colonel Watts, of Adrian, Michigan, placed a bottle containing the names in each of the coffins, and in an hour the terrible work of the day was at an end."

[LIEUTENANT-COLONEL CHRISTIAN RATH, who had charge of the hanging of Mrs. Surratt and her three companions, is a German by birth; he served in the Ninth Army Corps under General Hartranft, and since the close of the war has lived near Jackson, Michigan, where he has a large fruit farm and is engaged in breeding chickens. Rath had taken an oath not to tell what he knew of the Lincoln conspirators until permitted to do so by the War Department, and for forty-six years has been consistently reticent, although his friends and his neighbors and his comrades in the Grand Army Corps knew of his connection with the trial. An account by Mrs. Burton Harrison, recently published, has incited Captain Rath to tell the story as he remembers it, and his interview, given to Mr. Gray, is published here for the first time. THE EDITORS.]

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The Adventures of Miss Gregory

by Perceval Gibbon

The Honest Man

Illustrations by Irma Dérèmeaux

"BRUSSELS," wrote Miss Gregory in her diary, "is a fine, sleek city; but at present it seems to be inhabited chiefly by members of the Gould family."

It was to be her last halt before crossing to England, a lingering out of the flavor of travel before proceeding to the process of digestion; but, in the Goulds, it seemed as if England were thrusting forward to meet her. She had not finished inscribing her name in the hotel register before she heard that name pronounced behind her in accents of joy, and turned to encounter a demonstrative old gentleman with misty white whiskers, whom she recognized, after a moment of hesitation, as Gould senior.

"Of all people!" he was babbling. "But this is simply charming! The wanderer returned, eh? I was sure I recognized your back."

"Very good of you," said Miss Gregory, surprised. The Goulds for some years past had certainly seen more of her back than of her face; but they seemed to have made the best of it.

"And you are making a little stay here?" inquired the old gentleman. "Yes? How delightful! My wife will be so pleased to see you. Yes, she's here — we're all here, in fact. Ah, there's my daughter. Iris, come and welcome Miss Gregory. You remember Iris, Miss Gregory?"

"Oh, perfectly," said Miss Gregory. "How d'ye do?" She shook hands with the stout young woman whom Mr. Gould called Iris, mentally remarking how like her father she was. All the Goulds had that easy smile and the same shifty, humorless eyes — except one, who was no longer of their number.

"The others are somewhere about," said Mr. Gould zestfully. "Where did you leave them, Iris?"

"I shall see them later, no doubt," said Miss Gregory. "I'm going up to my room now."

She gave Iris a nod, and walked away to the elevator, where a porter was waiting with her dressing-bag. She preferred to take the Goulds, if she had to take them at all, in small doses.

They were not people whom she had ever known well or much liked. The only one of them who had interested her had disappeared some years before. That was Lawrence, the third son, a dark youth with awkward, shy manners, who seemed to find himself rather lonely and oppressed in the company of his showy family. There had been a season when Miss Gregory saw him frequently and found him bearable. He had been a lawyer, and it was said that he had embezzled money and been allowed to vanish in time to escape arrest. Miss Gregory recalled the demeanor of the remaining Goulds at that time; her active dislike of them dated from then. There had been no loyalty to the dishonest boy, no contriving to cover up his shame. They had seen advantage for themselves in publicly disowning him, in adopting the airs of victims to his wrong-doing. Mrs. Gould had claimed sympathy from every woman she could rely on, and managed to snatch a shabby social profit from the affair; old Gould had talked about it in his clubs till men began to cut

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him. The others, Iris and the rest, had followed the lead of their elders. It had been a curious exhibition.

Their presence in Brussels was annoying and a little strange. If Miss Gregory had felt herself less capable than she was, it might have moved her to change her hotel. She had faith, however, in her power to keep them at a convenient distance.

"If necessary," she reflected, as she changed her shoes in the solemn solitude of her bedroom, "I don't mind walking to freedom over the body of a Gould or two."

The Goulds, however, seemed anxious that she should regard their bodies as entirely at her disposal. When at length she descended from her room, trim, compact, and comely, they were all assembled to greet her with a joyous outcry — the whole smiling family of them, from Mrs. Gould, who was a stout invalid in a chair, to the dim, discouraged aunt who waited on her and was ill used by all the others. Their smiles made an illumination in the hall; people turned to look in astonishment; and Miss Gregory was overwhelmed and captured before she could strike a single blow. Mr. Gould, maintaining an appearance of almost light-headed gaiety, introduced her all round, and she found herself sitting at Mrs. Gould's side and being served with tea and invited to dinner.

"We sha'n't let you go, now we've got you, Miss Gregory," declared Mrs. Gould, in the thin voice that went with her large proportions.

"No fear!" corroborated a male Gould hilariously. "You'll have to get used to being lionized, Miss Gregory; better practise on us."

"And you will tell us something about your wonderful, *wonderful* travels, won't you, Miss Gregory?" besought Iris.

"Hush!" commanded Mr. Gould. "Miss Gregory can't get in a word edgeways. You mustn't mind them, Miss Gregory; but it *is* rather exciting to run across you like this."

"Very good of you," said Miss Gregory uneasily.

They were accommodating in everything: if she would talk, they would listen delightedly; if not, they would fill up the gap themselves. Impossible to be more obliging than the Goulds. Miss Gregory looked round on the smiling circle, and beheld each countenance radiant and prodigal of sunshine, and in each the same constrained and hungry eyes bent upon her as if in calculation. It made her wonder what a real raw Gould was like.

"They want something," she concluded warily. "They're not crawling like this and stroking my back for love. Presently they'll come to it, and then we'll see!"

"No, thank you," she said aloud, in reply to their invitation. "I'm afraid I can't dine. I'm going out."

"To-morrow, then?" suggested Mr. Gould.

"It would be such a pleasure," said Mrs. Gould, and the group of them seemed breathless for her answer.

It was embarrassing; and, besides, Miss Gregory wanted to know what was at the back of it all. It was on her lips, the cool reply that would clear the air of Goulds; but curiosity withheld it.

"That will be very nice," she replied, smiling, and was resolute in getting away.

It was on the following night, after the dinner at which she had been the guest of the Goulds, that she made the entry in her diary, concerning the population of Brussels, with which this record begins. Throughout the day they had seemed to pervade the bright little city like a doubtful odor. She met them in shops and on the street; she entered a restaurant for lunch, and, behold! two of them were already there, and quarreling; and she barely contrived to escape unseen. One or more was always in the hall of the hotel, either buying picture postcards or making inquiries in tangled French of the German porter, who spoke English faultlessly. At dinner they were all together, as cordial as ever, as lavish of smiles, acquiescing in and applauding each word that she uttered, with the same undertone of falsity and insincerity stultifying all their genial pretense. But of their purpose in all this no word had yet been spoken.

They unmasked their batteries on the following morning. Miss Gregory, descending toward the world and its inhabitants, would easily have spared a meeting with Mr. Gould, but he was in waiting for her. He affected white spats in the day-time, and these, in some queer way, made him seem lame and clumsy with his feet. Miss Gregory, with a bath and breakfast to reinforce her, saw him with distaste, and would have managed to appear in a hurry, but for the fact that he was without his customary smile. It made enough of a change in his effect to arrest her.

"I wonder if you could spare us a few minutes — my wife and me?" he requested, after greeting her.

"Certainly," said Miss Gregory, with relief. She would know, now, what they wanted with their hospitality and their smiles.

"You are very kind," he said, and led the way to the retired spot where Mrs. Gould was qualifying the dim aunt for a crown of martyrdom. Upon their arrival, this relative was dismissed abruptly.

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"I've asked Miss Gregory to spare us a little time," explained Mr. Gould.

The prosperous invalid rolled eloquent eyes. "Ah, Miss Gregory," she said, "a mother's heart knows no peace."

"Doesn't it?" said Miss Gregory, accepting the chair Mr. Gould placed for her.

"No — I assure you," replied Mrs. Gould. "I had hoped that at last we should have had our poor, wrongly accused son back again. What with the suicide of Mr. Bishop and all ——"

Miss Gregory's expression of utter mystification brought the invalid to a stop, and Mr. Gould opened the matter in a comprehensible form:

"Of course you haven't seen the English papers often of late, Miss Gregory? Naturally not. Well, a very strange and fortunate thing has happened. Lawrence has been cleared."

"Lawrence!" exclaimed Miss Gregory.

"Yes. You remember my son Lawrence? He left us, you know. Perhaps you didn't hear, but a very grave charge of — of malversion of funds had been brought against him, and the circumstances were such that no defense seemed possible."

Perhaps she hadn't heard! He was speaking seriously; possibly he had forgotten how he himself, and all his treacherous brood, had trumpeted the boy's dishonor. His white whiskers and pink face were earnest and simple; the man was a moral quick-change actor.

"I did hear it," said Miss Gregory. "I didn't believe it, though. Well?"

"No one who really knew my son believed it," he answered surprisingly. "But it *was* believed, and he fled. All these years he has remained in exile, bearing the burden of the crime he did not commit; and we have borne it, too."



"EVENING SAW HER SET FORTH UPON HER MISSION"

"It has been a heavy burden," remarked Miss Gregory. "What was that about a suicide?"

"I am about to tell you," replied Mr. Gould. "The senior partner of the firm in which my son was employed was a Mr. Bishop — Mr. Roger Burton Bishop. Some three weeks ago Mr. Bishop was discovered dead in a first-class carriage — he had shot himself. The affairs of the firm proved to be in a lamentable disorder; there had been the wildest juggling with trust funds; the accountants arrived at their conclusions only after much difficulty. But one thing was established beyond doubt — the *Times* had a paragraph about it, even: Lawrence was as innocent of the theft with which he was charged as — as I am."

"Thank God for that," said Miss Gregory emphatically. "Next to being honest, the best thing is to be proved honest. But what was it you wanted with me?"

"I will explain," replied Mr. Gould. "Lawrence, when he fled, came here to Brussels. He secured employment, and has not been unsuccessful. But his exile has made a change in him. He has become embittered, distrustful of his own family; he received us, when we went to him, in the strangest manner; and he refused in the most positive manner to return to England."

"Did he?" said Miss Gregory. "That's queer."

"It's awful," cried the invalid. "Think, dear Miss Gregory! If he doesn't go back now, what will people say?"

"Oh, that doesn't matter," said Miss Gregory. "He's sore and rather revengeful, no doubt; who wouldn't be? You see, all the years of his punishment he's known it was undeserved. Perhaps if you left him alone for a while he'd go

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back of his own accord. Lawrence wasn't the kind of boy to take root in a place like this."

Mr. Gould shook his white head.

"It would hardly serve to leave him to himself," he said. "There is another question. Lawrence has entered into relations with some very curious people in this place, and there is an entanglement. He has engaged himself to marry a young woman whose name is sufficient to explain why his mother and I are so troubled. I have not seen her,— I refused to see her,— but ——"

"What *is* her name?" demanded Miss Gregory.

"Orline," said Mr. Gould.

"Oh!" The name recalled to Miss Gregory's mind a *cause célèbre* of some dozen years before, when a brilliant and notorious woman of society had fenced for two days with a cross-examiner and gone from the court to the outer darkness of lost and broken souls.

"Not *the* Mrs. Orline?" she cried incredulously.

"Her daughter!" said Mr. Gould. "You see now how it is, Miss Gregory. Nothing that we can do will move him; he treats us as strangers. But he always liked and admired you. When I saw you here, I thought Providence must have sent you specially."

"I see," said Miss Gregory drily. She really couldn't allow Mr. Gould to draw out his pious stop. "I suppose you want me to go and see him? Is that it?"

"Oh, if you would, Miss Gregory," cried Mrs. Gould, "you would earn a mother's blessing!"

"Thanks," said Miss Gregory. "But where is he to be found?"

"The house is the Pension Blum," replied Mr. Gould, and gave the address. "He is there in the evenings. I will escort you to the door myself; it is a queer neighborhood."

"My good sir," said Miss Gregory, with spirit, "I know neighborhoods in this city where *you* wouldn't be safe unless *I* escorted you. I will go by myself or not at all."

Mr. Gould made haste to recognize his mistake: "Of course, of course. I forgot I was speaking to a great traveler. Absurd of me!"

Their thanks, profuse and extravagant, pursued her as she left them. It had been worth while, after all; it was a queer twisted story, and it spoke well for Lawrence Gould. She was glad she had liked him; it is always profitable to like a man to whom life is capricious.

The evening of that day saw her set forth upon her mission. The Goulds almost managed to make it farcical by assembling in the doorway to see her go forth and offering to lend her umbrellas. They even had a cab waiting for her, which was really the reason why she elected to go on foot. If Lawrence had been anything like the others, she would have left him to his fate.

The *pension* of Madame Blum was in a street so steep that before the door was reached it turned into stone steps and abandoned all pretense of being a thoroughfare. But the tall house had the massive, ornate quality with which the builders of old Brabant enhanced their architecture; the door that admitted to Madame Blum's hospitality was ribbed and studded like the door of a church. In answer to Miss Gregory's tattoo upon the great wrought-iron knocker, it was thrown open by an undersized man in the dress of a waiter, who stared at her in shrewd appreciation of her quality.

"Mr. Lawrence Gould?" inquired Miss Gregory.

The stunted waiter smiled comprehendingly.

"Ah, Mr. Gould!" he said. "He is within — yes. If Madame will give herself the trouble to enter!"

Miss Gregory crossed the threshold, and the waiter scuttled before her to show the way along a black passage which was pervaded by vague smells of food. It ended in a door and an apartment whose window gave a view of clothes-lines and back yards, and here she was requested to wait. The waiter drew forward a chair for her and invited her to be seated. He paused at the door as he went out and gave her a confidential smile.

"It is not luxurious, this," he remarked; "but so one sees life — *hein?*"

There was a cheap tawdriness about the little room which spoke more eloquently than an inventory of the manner of house to which it belonged. Everything that such a room should contain was present in it, and yet everything was bad, pretentious, and rather dirty. The tall gilt-framed mirror over the mantel had a flaw which distorted Miss Gregory's face as she looked in it, and there was a stale cigar-end lying in the fender. What fashion of life was it that accomplished itself in such surroundings as these? wondered Miss Gregory. What became of them? How did they excuse themselves? And Madame Blum, who owned the showy, worthless stuff—what was her life?

She stopped in the middle of her reflections, as the door opened and Lawrence Gould entered the room. She looked at him with a quick curiosity to see what the years had done to him. For some moments he failed to recognize her, and stood in an awkward silence; he had preserved his unhandy manners, at any rate. He was a tallish young man, still dark and harsh of

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feature; but what had been the reserve of shyness in the youth Miss Gregory had known had turned to a rather bitter taciturnity. The best feature of him was a certain directness in his gaze; he had the manner of a man who could forgo preliminaries.

He frowned in an effort to seize her name as she rose, smiling. "Is it—" he hesitated. "Yes, it is—Miss Gregory!"

"I'm glad you haven't quite forgotten me," she responded. "I've thought about you many times. I would have written to you if I'd known where you were."

"Yes," he said. "I suppose you've been seeing my people, haven't you?"

"I got your address from them," replied Miss Gregory. "They told me the news, and I'm awfully glad to congratulate you. It's a splendid thing."

She threw an extra cordiality into her tone to combat his want of responsiveness. He gave her a dark, inquiring look.

"You mean—?" he suggested deliberately.



"'A VERY STRANGE AND FORTUNATE THING HAS HAPPENED'"

"The news?" Miss Gregory did not quite understand. "Why, the news about Bishop, of course; the news that you are cleared at last. What else could I mean?"

He nodded slowly. "Oh, that!" he said. "Yes. I thought perhaps you had heard also that I am to be married. Still, thank you very much, Miss Gregory."

He spoke with a sour humor, as if he rather

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relished the situation and the difficulties for her. Miss Gregory paused and considered him.

"I *had* heard that, too," she said quietly. "But — what do you expect me to say?"

He shrugged his shoulders indifferently, but did not answer. Miss Gregory leaned her elbow on the plaster mantel and went on:

"I'm here in the first place, of course, because I've seen your people and they begged me to come and talk to you. But I was glad to come on my own account, too, for the sake of the boy you used to be when I knew you in London. All I learned from your father was that you were still in some trouble and wouldn't return to England. I hoped I could help you in some way. Does that offend you?"

"No!" He dropped his hands in his pockets and stood, considering, with one foot on the edge of the fender and a frown on his face. "No; why should it? But — I *am* going to be married, you know."

"Well," said Miss Gregory, "why not?"

"And I'm not going back to England!"

He looked up at her sharply, as if an idea had come to him.

"Look here, Miss Gregory," he said. "I wish you'd meet Marcelle — that's the girl I'm going to marry. You might understand, then. They've told you who she is, of course, and who her mother was?"

Miss Gregory nodded.

"Of course," he continued. "Yes; they haven't even seen her, but they told you that! And then they're surprised that I won't go back with them."

"Is that why you won't go?" asked Miss Gregory.

He met her eyes. "No," he admitted; "it isn't."

From somewhere in the house a gong began to boom dully.

"That's for dinner," he said. "I say, I wish you'd stay and dine. You'd be able to see her then, and see all the rest of us, too. You used to be fond of experiences — do stay. And afterward I can tell you why I won't go back."

Miss Gregory hesitated. She had lived long enough in the world to take dinner seriously, and nothing she had seen in Madame Blum's *pension* promised a meal worthy of her palate. But a touch of boyishness in Lawrence Gould's manner, as he begged her to stay, had power to decide her.

"I'll stay, with pleasure," she said; "and I shall like to meet your Marcelle."

He smiled almost bashfully, and Miss Gregory touched him on the arm with her gloved fingers. She was as little given to sentimentality as any woman of fifty in all Europe; but there was one thing she wished to know.

"Is she pretty, Lawrence?" she asked gently.

He flushed splendidly, and his face leaped to life. "Yes," was all he said, but Miss Gregory had had her answer. Whatever queer tangle might complicate his affairs, here was a simple enough thing.

A sour-faced Flemish housemaid took her upstairs to remove her hat and gloves in the bedroom of Madame Blum, where Madame at that moment was making a toilet by putting on rings. Madame was revealed as a squat, middle-aged woman of unidentifiable nationality; she had moles on her face like a certain kind of Frenchwoman, but spoke only a rude French; she had abundant glossy black hair and a cast-iron self-possession. Her room was all curtains and tassels; it had the atmosphere of an upholsterer's store-room, and the wash-hand-basin was not much larger than a tea-cup.

"It is Mr. Gould whom you visit?" she inquired over her shoulder of Miss Gregory. "Ah, yes!" and she smiled slowly. "He has many friends who visit him just now. But you are the first who stays to dine."

It had the sound of a compliment to Miss Gregory, or at the least of a reflection on Mr. Gould's other friends, who possibly had not treated the establishment in a manner to make themselves beloved by its proprietress.

Lawrence Gould was in waiting at the foot of the stairs to receive Miss Gregory and conduct her to the dining-room.

"I won't introduce you to anybody," he said in a low voice, pausing before opening the door.

"Why not?" inquired Miss Gregory.

"There are several well-known people here besides Marcelle's mama," he replied. "Some of them might want to carry the acquaintance further, you know."

Miss Gregory laughed. "I don't mind," she said. "I've a large and mixed circle of acquaintances as it is. The more the merrier! Let's go in."

She had seen already, in a dozen countries, too much of the lee-side of life to look for a spectacular quality in the people who inhabit there; but she was unprepared for the quiet, domestic character of Madame Blum's dinner-table, when Gould opened the door and let her pass into the room. Madame, who had preceded her down the stairs, was in her place at the head and her guests were already seated; the hum of agreeable small talk, the tones of good humor and sociability, made an atmosphere about them. About a dozen men

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"'I HOPED I COULD HELP YOU. DOES THAT OFFEND YOU?'"

and five women made up their number at the long, narrow table, and their effect was one of gentle vivacity and ease. The pert small waiter darted forward to draw out two vacant chairs, and Miss Gregory found herself seated with Gould on her left, and a thin, silvery, black-clad man, with pointed mustaches and an imperial, on her right.

The waiter laid soup before her, and Gould gave her a sidelong smile.

"You will find the food better than the company," he told her in a murmur.

"I expect to enjoy both," said Miss Gregory valiantly, and reached for her spoon.

The dinner certainly was an occasion for surprise. Somewhere in the recesses of Madame Blum's being there dwelt a culinary conscience and the soul of a cook, which had survived the stress of a career that closed in the *pension* at Brussels. The meal was simple and excellent, as distinctive in its way as the people who ate it. The small man who was on Miss Gregory's right needed but a glance to wake into smiles and an eager, polite volubility.

"Madame is not to remain here?" he inquired. "No, merely a visit? We are unfortunate, for one sees in Madame the intelligence and sympathy of a woman of the world. Possibly my name is not unknown to Madame: Miremont — Achille de Miremont."

Miss Gregory looked at him with interest. He was a ghostlike creature, pale and thin, with

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a delicate face as pliant as a glove. Yet he seemed to have a core of tougher material, too.

"Yes," she said; "I know that name. It isn't the—er—the duelist?"

The steely wraith at her side lit up with smiles. Miss Gregory had heard his name as that of a dexterous assassin who had had a vogue in the time of Garibaldi.

"Ah!" he said. "It is a happiness to talk to a woman of the world. It is only from such as you, Madame, that greatness receives its due."

Lawrence Gould smiled his sardonic smile at their conversation.

"You surely haven't met an acquaintance?" he asked.

"I knew his name," replied Miss Gregory. "Have you any more like him?"

"Take your choice," he said. "They're all here."

It was easy to recognize Mrs. Orline, who sat near Madame Blum on the opposite side of the table. Tall, serious, composed, she preserved yet some of the quality that had been hers when she lived securely and notably, before her exposure and disgrace had snuffed her out like a candle. In that easy and familiar company of men and women she managed to be remote and aloof; something feminine and exquisite set her apart from them. Once she had been beautiful, and beauty and delicacy were still in the effect that she made. The men at each side of her treated her with a grave ceremoniousness; she had no share in the light freedom of intercourse that prevailed among her companions. "She's intrenched," thought Miss Gregory, watching her. "She's had enough of being a woman: she means to be a lady."

Mrs. Orline, turning her head, found Miss Gregory's eyes upon her. Her own hesitated for not more than a second; her long penance had fortified her against such meetings as this. She bent her head in a gesture of recognition and greeting, without smiling. Miss Gregory made haste to acknowledge it, with as much cordiality as she could muster. A memory pressed itself upon her of Mrs. Orline as she used to be, brilliant, daring, fearless of fate, a woman like a firefly; and now, throughout the time that Miss Gregory had watched her, she had not smiled once.

Each of the other women who were present was interesting in her particular way. One, bloated and red, carried herself like an empress, and proved to be an especially disreputable actress; another had escaped from Siberia. The house seemed to be a gathering-point for the corsairs of civilization; it offered a roof and a refuge to damaged reputations of all varieties. The faces about the table would have furnished Hogarth with a year of material; each of them masked a sore and vengeful spirit. But the talk, the cheerful conversation that ran, with occasional sparkles, among them, was as innocuous as the gossip of school-girls. A large man with a leonine head conversed lengthily about a cure for colds in which he had strong faith. Gould saw Miss Gregory watching him, and touched her elbow.

"He has cured many worse diseases than colds, in his time," he said.

"Indeed," said Miss Gregory. "He's not a doctor, though, is he?"

"No," said Gould. "He *says* he was a soldier, but"—he smiled—"I have heard he was an executioner."

"Really!" exclaimed Miss Gregory. "How exciting! Still, he might call himself a surgeon, mightn't he?"

Gould nodded. "You haven't asked me which is Marcelle," he said.

"I don't need to," replied Miss Gregory placidly, going on to take mental notes of the "surgeon." She would be able to find room for him in the book she was writing, the volume of travels which was to be the justification and memorial of her wanderings. A phrase came to her ready-made, and she stored it in her memory: "He looked like any other practitioner of the unnecessary trades."

The girl whom it was not needful to point out to Miss Gregory had her seat only two places away from this practitioner. She might have been twenty years of age, a child in all but her possibilities. A child's self-possession and a child's deep reserve joined in her, and with them a fleeting hint of that beauty that had been her mother's. She had smooth brown hair and dark eyebrows, and a gravity of expression which was somehow not unbecoming or cheerless. It suggested that she was not defenseless in the strange world to which she had been transplanted, since she looked on it without mirth and without fear. She had inspected Miss Gregory, as she entered the room, with candid, serious eyes, and then looked away calmly.

"But"—Gould was insistent—"aren't you going to say anything about her?"

"Here?" questioned Miss Gregory.

"Why not? Our neighbors won't understand if you speak English."

"Well," said Miss Gregory, after thinking of it, "your Marcelle is better than you led me to expect. You ought to take her back to England."

"Oh, England!"

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"'BEFORE LAWRENCE ASKED ME TO MARRY HIM, HE TOLD ME EVERYTHING'"

"Yes — England," repeated Miss Gregory. "You owe it to her. She's seen you under a cloud, with only your word to prove that you are an honest man and a gentleman. You must show her — *show* her, not merely tell her — the truth."

Lawrence Gould looked at her with rather a startled eye.

"She knows the truth," he said shortly.

"Yes; but —" began Miss Gregory, when he interrupted.

"She knows it, I tell you," he said. "Knows it better than you do."

"I never believed in your guilt, if that's what you mean," retorted Miss Gregory.

"That isn't what I mean," he said. "But — I'll tell you all that afterward. You do like Marcelle, though, don't you?"

"Yes," said Miss Gregory; "I do. A girl who looks like that after so many years in this place — of course I like her. And you really are going to be married, Lawrence?"

He smiled; it was a thing so certain that it was not necessary to be emphatic about it.

Dinner closed with coffee, Madame Blum's own superlative coffee, which added to the meal the perfection of completeness. There was a little rush to open the door for her, as if her guests were eager to honor the artist of their appetite; the duelist won, and Madame strode out, with her enigmatical smile, and the others followed at her heels. Gould detained Miss Gregory with a whisper, and made a signal to the girl. He closed the door on the heels of the last to leave, and they were alone together in a privacy of soiled plates and disordered chairs.

"Well," said Gould, and stood doubtfully looking from one to the other. "I must introduce you, though, first."

The girl gave Miss Gregory a warm hand and murmured a greeting. Away from her chair, she turned out to be small of stature, a fragile, erect little creature.

"I hope you'll get used to thinking of me as Lawrence's friend," said Miss Gregory, holding her hand still. "I've come to tell him that he must bring you to England."

Gould made a movement, but said nothing. The girl did not try to draw her hand away.

"We are not going to England," she said.

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Her voice had a faint foreign accent. "Lawrence has explained to me — and we are not going."

"He hasn't explained to me," said Miss Gregory; "he said he was going to."

She let the girl go; her passivity was so unresponsive to Miss Gregory's impulses of friendship that that able lady was beginning to feel a little impatient.

"Yes," said Gould. "If I'd told you at first you wouldn't have stayed to see Marcelle. And I wanted some one to know what she was like — some one like you, Miss Gregory."

He was propped up against the edge of the table, with both hands thrust deep into his pockets and his long legs stretched out. His dark, thin face had resumed its gloom, and he was frowning at the floor. The girl went nearer to him. The long, bare room, with the débris of dinner in the middle of it and the aroma of coffee still in the air, was suddenly still, as if in waiting for what Lawrence Gould had to tell. Miss Gregory felt that something was impending, something that should put a climax on the evening and the affair. She drew back a chair and sat down.

"I wouldn't have stayed, you say," she remarked. "Why not?"

"Because," answered Gould, "you would have seen that it was no use — that I *couldn't* go back to England."

He gave her a brooding look, and paused.

"But why?" demanded Miss Gregory.

The girl touched him. "Shall *I* say why, Lawrence?" she asked. He nodded. She turned to Miss Gregory.

"It is simple," she said. "It is because he is honest now. He has always been honest with me. When that man Bishop shot himself, the people who searched his papers found much they could not understand, and they — made mistakes."

Miss Gregory stared. "They understood enough to clear Lawrence, at any rate," she said.

Marcelle shook her head. "No," she said. "For Lawrence and I knew that he was guilty."

"Good Lord!" exclaimed Miss Gregory.

"It would be easy to take what they offer," the girl went on. "Very easy! But Lawrence is an honest man. Before he asked me to marry him, he told me everything. So now — we shall not go to England, and we shall never bother you again. We are going to America, to take another name and work for ourselves; there is perhaps a place for people who are honest and will work."

She stood back, and slid an arm through that of her lover, and looked up to him with a smile. They had seen strange things and strange people in their time; they had tasted dire experience and bitter knowledge; but it was with them as with others — they loved each other and were glorified. It was a couple of minutes before Gould spoke again.

"I'm sorry, Miss Gregory," he said. "I ought to have told you before asking you to dine. I'm very sorry."

Miss Gregory was thoughtful.

"Ye-es," she said. "And when do you propose to be married?"

"This day week," he replied. "Why?"

"Because," replied Miss Gregory, "I mean to be there. You'll have to get used to me, Marcelle. I always believed Lawrence was honest, and now I know."

WHEN MAMMY'S AWAY

BY ADAM BREEDE

YALLER-BOY am sittin' in de middle o' de flo',—
Mammy she gone lef' him like she neber done befo'.
Shadows am a-creepin' an' a-peepin' thro' de do',
Animals am growlin'— growlin' 'neath de flo'.
Honey-boy he sit dah, an' he neber make a noise,
Neber eben turn his head to look fo' any toys.
Alligator, crocodile, wolf, an' prowlin' bah,
All am creepin' in de house to see jes' who am dah.
Honey-boy done hol' his bre'f an' open wide his eyes;
Eberything am growin'— growin' twice its reg'lar size.
But Honey-boy he sit dah, an' he neber make a call —
Oh, no, Mr. Honey-boy — he not skeered at all!

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THE "RECALL" IN SEATTLE

HOW THE PEOPLE DISLODGED A MAYOR UNDER WHOSE ADMINISTRATION THE "VICE SYNDICATE"—GAMBLERS, SALOONKEEPERS, AND EXPLOITERS OF WOMEN—RULED A CITY

BY

BURTON J. HENDRICK

AUTHOR OF "GOVERNOR HUGHES AND THE ALBANY GANG," ETC.

THE citizens of Seattle have recently dismissed from office an unfaithful public employee — their Mayor. They have turned the Honorable Hiram Gill out of the City Hall as unceremoniously as the average business man discharges a delinquent office-boy. The governmental agency that has made possible this expeditious action is technically known as the "Recall." It is one of those newfangled devices which, in the opinion of many serious people, are overturning our most sacred institutions and substituting anarchy for the orderly social and political system that now exists. Other essential features of the approaching revolution — the Initiative, the Referendum, the Direct Primary, and the popular election of United States senators — Oregon and other States have extensively experimented with. Los Angeles and Seattle, however, are the only places that have thoroughly tested the Recall. To what extent, therefore, have these enterprising cities suffered from the new expedient?

The experience of both Los Angeles and Seattle is especially valuable because the conditions that existed there are typical of most American cities. Arthur C. Harper and Hiram Gill, the repudiated mayors, have had many predecessors in New York, Chicago, San Francisco, and other large American communities. The particular issues that led up to the Recall in both cases are also, unfortunately, commonplaces in municipal administration. Perhaps there is no feature of American civilization quite so amazing as the question upon which our city elections so frequently turn. In the last ten years, at different times, New York, Chicago, San Francisco, Seattle, Los Angeles, Pittsburgh, and Philadelphia — to name only a few — have found themselves engaged in the fiercest contests with the organized outlaws and outcasts of human society. Their history represents a harassing attempt to keep the social sediment at the bottom — to prevent it from rising to the top and submerging the machinery of government. In these cities the people whose natural habitation is the penitentiary or the workhouse have repeatedly been found in control of the municipal organization. Political parties, so called, have existed, not for the purpose of maintaining certain civic ideals, but merely as clearing-houses for commercializing the vices that, to some degree at least, seem inherently a part of city life.

These were the elements that were largely influential in making Hiram C. Gill the Mayor of Seattle. They certainly chose unerringly when they selected Gill as their representative. For many years "Hi" Gill had been one of the familiar and picturesque characters of the town. As a local politician and as president of the Seattle Council, he had long had a claim upon the interest, if not the affection and respect, of Seattle. Gill was a lawyer of undoubted cleverness along certain lines. Coming as a young man to Seattle in its early days, he had many of the personal qualities — a freedom of speech, a talent for expressive epithet, a raciness in story-telling, a fondness for conviviality, and a love for poker — that frequently spell success in a frontier community. Personally, Gill is not an impressive figure. He is small and slender, with a pinched, triangular face, a nervous, twitching mouth, and keen but shifting blue eyes. Gill's particular insignia — the things in which he takes a special pride and with which Seattle always identifies him — are a broad-brimmed Stetson hat and a corn-cob pipe.

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"I'll be just the same as now if I'm elected Mayor," he said in a campaign speech in 1910. "If Bill Taft comes to Seattle, I'll wash my face and put on a dress suit. But I'll smoke a cob pipe, if I want to, as long as I teach no one else the habit." It was quite natural, perhaps, that a lawyer of this easy informality should have attracted many clients from the *disjecta membra* of society. "Hi" Gill has made no secret of the fact that his clientèle included a fair proportion of gamblers, prostitutes, and professional exploiters of vice. According to the numerous anecdotes told in Seattle concerning him, he has always shown a particular solicitude for gamblers. Once, when presiding over the City Council, he created a scandal by dropping his gavel, leaving the chamber, and hunting up bail for gamblers who had fallen into the hands of the police.

Gill Advocates a "Restricted District"

When Hiram Gill announced his candidacy for Mayor in 1910, these vicious elements unanimously rushed to his support. Whatever personal failings Gill may have had, he was at least outspoken and direct. His political platform frankly advocated a policy which amounted virtually to the official licensing of vice. Among Seattle characters, the man whom Gill admired above all others was Tom Humes, who had been Mayor from 1898 to 1904. It was Humes who, for the first time, showed the Pacific Northwest, not inexperienced in matters of this kind, precisely what an open town was like. In all large cities the most vexatious problem is the handling of prostitution and its attendant evils; but in Seattle this problem is especially difficult. The city is brand-new; its population has grown, in fifteen years, from fifty thousand to two hundred and fifty thousand. In many vacant lots the burnt stumps of the original forest are still standing; people, within the last five years, have caught trout in the brooks that flowed across its residential streets. In other words, in spite of the fact that Seattle is a great modern metropolis, with spacious parks, splendid office buildings and hotels, and beautiful residential areas, it is still a city in a wilderness. A frontier town inevitably attracts a wild and undisciplined population, and, in addition, Seattle is the gateway of Alaska. At certain times of the year the city is overrun with sailors, miners, and loggers, all plentifully supplied with money and eagerly on the scent for the crudest forms of dissipation. The Humes administration accepted this situation as a fact, and set aside a particular part of the city as a "restricted district." One of the inevitable results was to stimulate the growth of these particular evils. Under a policy of municipal cultivation, Seattle added to its already numerous industries the production, on a large scale, of gamblers, thieves, prostitutes, and "maques." "Maque," it may be explained, is the word (from the French *maquereau*) applied on the Pacific Coast to the man who makes a business of seducing girls, initiating them into lives of prostitution, and then appropriating their earnings. Thus there arose in Seattle a small coterie of tenderloin capitalists — men who cultivated vice intensively and organized it in the way to wring from it the largest profits. The Federal Immigration Commission, in its recent report, said that Seattle was one of the headquarters of the white slave trade.

The voters had periodically protested against this "restricted district" idea; they elected Richard A. Ballinger, ex-Secretary of the Interior in President Taft's Cabinet, as a reform Mayor in 1904, and Mr. Ballinger materially improved conditions. But under Ballinger's successor, William Hickman Moore, things "opened up" once more, only to close again under John F. Miller, who was Mayor from 1908 to 1910. Gill now came forward, more boldly than any of his predecessors, as an advocate of segregation. He repeatedly declared that, if elected Mayor, he would at once establish an open market-place of prostitution. "Somewhere in this city," he said, "occupying about a hundredth of one per cent of its area, these unfortunates, whose lives are gone, most of them beyond recall, will go. They will go out of the resident districts and the apartment-houses and hotels of this city. They will stay out." His arguments had a certain plausibility. They were the old familiar ones. Unless there was a restricted area, said Gill, all parts of the city would swarm with vicious women. Would it not be wiser to quarantine them, like an infectious disease, so that they might contaminate only the people who voluntarily put themselves in the way of danger? The protection of the home, of young boys and girls — this was the real object of segregation. This theory, which has been experimented with many times, is, of course, utterly fallacious — as fallacious as Lecky's famous picture of the courtezan as the beneficent "guardian of virtue." But the forces back of Hiram Gill did not approach the problem from the standpoint of social philosophers. The people most interested in his election were grafting politicians and professional exploiters of vice. A segregated district enormously simplifies the operation of both these classes. It makes it far easier for the professional politician to levy blackmail; it is obviously easier to shear a flock of sheep in a corral than when they are scattered on the

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"HI" GILL, THE "RECALLED" MAYOR OF SEATTLE, UMPIRING A BASEBALL GAME

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Courtesy of Wells Cleveland Steele Studio, Washington

GEORGE W. DILLING, ELECTED MAYOR IN PLACE OF GILL. A REMARKABLE CHANGE IN CONDITIONS FOLLOWED HIS ELECTION

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open hillsides. It simplifies the routine of the professional dealer because it makes him the concessionaire of vice — gives him almost a legal standing and protects him against the continual harassment of the police.

Banks and Public-Utility Corporations for Gill

Other influences also supported Gill. In every great municipal contest almost identically the same elements can be found fighting for and against civic order and decency. There are usually ranged upon one side the panders, the gamblers, the race-track touts, and the other professionally vicious classes; and, in their company, the bankers, the large business interests, the public-utility corporations, and frequently individuals of wealth and fashion. Against them usually stand the *bourgeoisie* — the prosperous middle-class business man, the mechanic, the bookkeeper, and the clerk; the churches, the men's clubs, and certain civic organizations. Those who have a direct pecuniary interest in the result, that is, are usually arrayed against those whose only interest arises from a natural inclination toward respectability. Fortunately, the second class outnumbers the first, and, whenever thoroughly aroused, usually comes out victorious. In the case of "Hi" Gill, however, the people were not aroused. Seattle had just passed through an exhausting Exposition, and her civic spirit had evidently reached a condition where it needed a rest. Moral conditions under the Miller administration, in which the segregated district had been nominally closed, were far from satisfactory, and there was a general disposition to let "Hi" Gill try out his ideas. Even one of the best-known clergymen in Seattle, in a Sunday sermon, preached in favor of restriction. The breeziness of Gill's campaign also attracted many light-hearted voters. "I want the bands to play in Seattle," said Gill on the stump. "I want them to play on Sunday. I want the people to sit on the grass in the parks and eat it." "What Seattle needs," he said on another occasion, "is a Mayor who will get a Chief of Police to handle the restricted district, who will back the Chief up when the delegations of citizens call and protest —one who will stand by the Chief of Police; and I'm the bird." The people of Seattle evidently decided that he was. By a small majority, on March 7, 1910, they voted for cakes and ale.

The Great Migration to Seattle

And they certainly got them. All the disintegrating elements in Seattle society acclaimed Gill's victory as their own. All through the night of the election and far into the early hours of the morning, the streets and cafés and hotels were filled with drunken men and women, wildly celebrating the arrival of the wide-open town. They sent telegrams to the brotherhood and sisterhood in nearly all the largest American cities, notifying them that the Seattle harvest-time had arrived. Gill gave the only additional assurance needed when he selected Charles W. Wappenstein as his Chief of Police. "Wappy," as the under-world affectionately called him, had already figured in several municipal scandals, and, as Chief of Police, he had already caused the downfall of one Seattle administration. His appointment was the signal for a sinister migration of undesirables from all over the country. Each arriving train brought its quota of gamblers from El Paso and Kansas City; prostitutes came from New Orleans and Chicago; pink-cuffed procurers, or "maques," crap-shooters, hand-book men, race-track followers — there was a large immigration of the whole miscellaneous assortment of men and women who make their living by commercializing the lowest instincts of human nature. All nations were represented: there were Jewesses, Frenchwomen, and importations even from China and Japan. According to conservative estimates, not far from two thousand characters of this kind were added to the population of Seattle in a few weeks. "Every gambler from Nome to Texas who could get a ticket," said Mayor Gill himself, in an official communication to the Seattle Council, "came to Seattle and proceeded to open up."

Manifestly, even those who voted for Gill mistakenly but sincerely, believing in the policy of restriction, had anticipated nothing of this kind. This was hardly a literal fulfilment of the Mayor's preélection promises. He had agreed to herd all the vicious elements in a few city blocks and keep them there. This was precisely what he was not doing. The limits of the restricted district, under the Wappenstein régime, were the limits of Seattle itself. The new Chief drove only a small proportion of this population into the licensed area. For the most part, the established population still plied their vocations in the business and residential sections. The streets, the cafés, even the better class of hotels, were still crowded with prostitutes. The old conditions were as prevalent as before, and the segregated area was populated chiefly by new arrivals. This area consisted of perhaps ten or a dozen blocks, located between the business section and a large and growing residential district in the southern part of the city. Thousands of inno-

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PRESENTING THE CITIZENS' PETITION

cent women and children had to pass daily through "the district" on their way from the business section to their homes. They could not avoid coming into contact with vice in its most repellent forms. The place was open twenty-four hours a day and seven days a week. From scores of rookeries came the strains of the hurdy-gurdy and the strumming of the cracked piano; the streets were filled with "barkers" distributing cards and enticing the curious crowds within; dance-halls, bagnios, "crib houses," opium dens, "noodle joints" were running, not in some sequestered, darkened corner, but openly advertised in the full glare of the electric light. The district was full of thieves and pickpockets, and was the constant scene of robberies and brawls.

From Thirty to Forty Wide-Open Gambling-Places

Nor were these the only forms of dissipation that Seattle officially provided. In twenty-four hours the city seemed to have been transformed almost magically into one great gambling hell. All kinds of "games" simultaneously started up, in full view of the public. Cigar stores and barber shops did a live business in "crap-shooting" and race-track gambling, drawing their patronage largely from school-boys and department-store girls. In the back of billiard-rooms "poker games" were operating as openly as in a mining town. All over the city "flat joints," "pay-off stations," and "dart-shooting galleries" were reaping a rapid harvest. At one time it looked as if the whole of Seattle were going mad over faro, roulette, blackjack, and the numerous other forms of entertainment provided in the thirty or forty gambling-places opened up under the administration of "Hi" Gill. The Chinamen and Japanese, of whom there is a large population in Seattle, found their national gambling games exceedingly popular with their Caucasian neighbors. The town was overrun with "Johnnies," "kids," "Crooked Finger Ryans," and other ingeniously named deities of the world of chance. There were regularly incorporated clubs—the "Glim Club," the "Union," the "Northern Club"—which were merely euphemisms for gigantic gambling-houses.

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ASKING FOR THE "RECALL" OF MAYOR GILL

The Northern Club, in particular, became one of the greatest spectacles of the Pacific Northwest. According to the testimony of gambling experts, no American city had ever seen anything comparable with it. The most hardened "sports," after a glimpse at its openly exhibited wonders, would telegraph to their "pals" to come to Seattle and inspect it merely as a curiosity. In order not to lose any possible patronage, the Northern Club ran twenty-four hours a day (including Sunday), utilizing the services of three "shifts" of employees. At the door "barkers" were regularly stationed; "Gambling upstairs, gentlemen," they would call out to the passing crowds. There were "cappers" located at convenient points, who made a specialty of teaching high-school boys how to "beat the game" inside — instruction which, as these young gentlemen subsequently learned, was entirely misleading. Respected and prosperous business men frequently found their sons in possession of "membership" cards giving them the entrée to this institution. In the main, however, introductions were not required. A few days after the club opened, a self-appointed committee of Seattle lawyers, curious to learn how Gill was redeeming his pledge, "made the rounds." They found the Northern Club filled to suffocation with two or three hundred of their fellow citizens, and from sixty to eighty attendants were solicitously providing for their needs. Everywhere the wheels were clicking and the bones were rolling; and a particularly impressive sight was a heavily gold-braided police captain who benignantly elbowed his way in and out of the throng. There were other circumstances that connected this institution, sentimentally at least, with the administration. One of its two managers was Clarence Gerald, keeper of the restaurant where the Mayor's lunch club had met for several years.

Wappenstein Personally Supervised the Opening of the District

The shame of the situation was not so much that these conditions existed, as that they existed with the connivance, and even the protection, of the police. On this point there is not the slightest doubt. The people of Seattle at

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NEWLY ENFRANCHISED WOMEN REGISTERING. ABOUT TWENTY-TWO THOUSAND WOMEN BECAME VOTERS FOR THE FIRST TIME AT THE "RECALL" ELECTION

once nicknamed the restricted section "Wappyville," in honor of their Chief of Police, Wappenstein, or "Wappy." This ready humor placed the responsibility exactly where it belonged. Wappenstein supervised the opening of the district, and kept a close personal watch over it. The chief concessionaires of law-breaking, under the Wappenstein régime, were Clarence Gerald and Gideon Tupper. These two men, on the witness-stand, have recently described Wappenstein's method of procedure. Gerald said that, on the very day of Gill's election, he and Wappenstein had entered into confidential relations. "There will be a chance for us all to make some money," he quoted Wappenstein as saying. Gideon Tupper, the manager of the most atrocious dives in the restricted district, testified that he had opened them under the personal direction of the Chief of Police. On the day that Wappenstein assumed office the two conspirators had met at Gerald's bar-room. Wappenstein commanded Tupper to "get" the "Midway" — the largest "crib house" in Seattle — and "open up." A few days later Wappenstein sent for Tupper and practically ordered him to open the "Paris House," another place of similar character. Tupper had some difficulty in negotiating the lease, the owner not regarding him as entirely "responsible." Wappenstein himself quieted apprehension on this score, calling up the landlord and informing him that Tupper was "all right." It is certainly a singular picture that this testimony furnishes: that of a Chief of Police, a man solemnly sworn to enforce the laws, going around the red-light district and reëstablishing brothels, "crib houses," and the other abodes of the outlaws whom he was especially appointed to suppress. Under Wappenstein there were plenty of honest officers eager to enforce the law. Several have testified, under oath, that they had had specific orders from the Chief to leave certain places alone. Some who showed insubordinate zeal were promptly "sent up on the hill" — degraded and transferred to sections where they could do no harm. Captain Claude Bannick testified that when he protested against conditions to Wappenstein, he was told that "if he didn't like his job he could quit."

Profits in the Restricted District

Conditions of this kind, of course, have only one possible meaning. The real explanation of

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the restricted district was the enormous financial interest involved. Not everybody realizes how profitable is the business of catering to the average man's love of excitement and dissipation. The Northern Club, Seattle's great gambling emporium, ran for fifty-four days, and the earnings are estimated at $200,000. The financial rewards of the professional exploiter of prostitution are also enormous. The Midway, one of the largest brothels in the restricted district, netted its proprietors from $10,000 to $12,000 a month. In Seattle the popular method is to place prostitutes in so-called "crib houses" — hideous rookeries, divided into a multitude of small rooms, which they rent by the day or week. By an ingenious financial arrangement, the proprietor of these places obtains a revenue of $6 a night from every tenant. On a conservative basis, there were about five hundred women in the restricted section alone. A little figuring shows that these wretched creatures provided somebody with an income of $3,000 a night, or $21,000 a week — for the places ran Sundays as well as week-days. And this represents the possible profits from only one source, a particularly low type of dive, and does not include the resorts of a "higher" and more expensive kind, or the profits from the several forms of gambling.

Wappenstein's Tariff of $10 a Month

Just what individuals were dividing up this swag is not yet entirely clear. The best public opinion in Seattle acquits "Hi" Gill of participating in it. In selecting Wappenstein, it appears that Gill was not entirely a free agent; and in the management of the Police Department the Mayor seems to have been really an "outsider." Unquestionably, the whole Seattle situation did get entirely beyond the nominal Mayor's control. One of the most dominant political figures in Seattle is Alden Joseph Blethen, the proprietor and editor of the Seattle *Times*. Blethen supported Gill's administration in his paper, and in particular approved Wappenstein's policy in the segregated area. At present Blethen and his son, Clarence B. Blethen, managing editor of the Seattle *Times*, are under indictments on a charge of conspiring with Wappenstein and certain notorious members of the Seattle under-world to protect gambling, houses of prostitution, and other illegal resorts. Blethen, according to general reputation, is a man of considerable wealth, and that he should have personally profited from Seattle conditions seems incredible. While the pending criminal proceedings against Blethen will determine whether there



WOMEN VOTING AT THE "RECALL" ELECTION; THEY LARGELY INFLUENCED THE RETIREMENT OF GILL

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CHARLES BERRYMAN, ONE OF THE REAL RULERS OF SEATTLE UNDER MAYOR GILL

is any justification in these suspicions, and to what extent, if at all, he became involved, the fact is already evident that he was the confidential adviser as well as journalistic advocate of Wappenstein. And a Seattle jury has just branded Wappenstein as a grafter and a blackmailer. It was William J. Burns who secured the confessions from Gerald and Tupper that led to Wappenstein's conviction. Part of the evidence collected by Detective Burns was recently presented in the criminal proceedings against Wappenstein. Both Tupper and Gerald (partners) testified that they had paid Wappenstein ten dollars a month for every prostitute in their employ. As they had nearly a hundred, this meant a monthly tribute of a thousand dollars.

Q. What further, if anything, did Wappenstein say as to arrangements with him?

A. (By Gideon Tupper.) Well, he agreed on my paying him ten dollars a woman. . . . It was monthly.

Q. Monthly? In pursuance of that arrangement, Mr. Tupper, did you make any settlements with Mr. Wappenstein, then Chief of Police?

A. Why, the first payment I made was along, I think, about the first of May [of one thousand dollars]. . . . I made the same payments every month.

Q. And where did you pay Mr. Wappenstein this money?

A. In his office.

These payments, of course, represented Wappenstein's collections from only one firm of dive-keepers. The Chief, according to the testimony against him, had the business systematized, and made use of the Police Department to check up the people on whom he was levying blackmail. His men periodically visited the restricted district, counted the number of women in each resort, and submitted typewritten reports to the Chief of Police. When his concessionaires came to police headquarters, therefore, to make their monthly settlements, Wappenstein could tell to a dollar whether he was being "double-crossed." The court has just sentenced Wappenstein to an indeterminate sentence of from three to ten years. There are many other similar indictments pending against him.

A New Form of Municipal Franchise

Naturally, these conditions aroused the anger of Seattle against Gill. But the Mayor seemed entirely proof against public sentiment. He treated with the scantest courtesy delegations of protesting citizens. He paid no attention to the repeated requests that he remove Wappenstein and clear the city of promiscuous vice. He did not even acknowledge letters addressed to him by responsible citizen organizations. Instead of taking steps to crush these evils, Gill attempted to establish them permanently. The present district, he said, was temporary — a makeshift; and the Mayor and his associates in the Council deliberately set themselves to relocate it. And now the city of Seattle became officially the sponsor for what is probably the most remarkable enterprise in the history of any modern municipality. There was formed a corporation known as the "Hillside Improvement Company," the leading spirits in which were Gerald, Tupper, and other great captains of the under-world. There was no secret as to the nature of its proposed business. The company purchased several acres of land in an outlying section, in the neighborhood of a large brewery. Here, under the protection of the Gill administration, was to be established the new restricted district. The corporation actually built, at considerable expense, a huge "crib house" containing two hundred and fifty rooms. It so happened that, in order to facilitate building operations, the architects encroached eighty feet upon the public street — in fact, occupied nearly the whole highway. The Seattle Council did not hesitate; it passed an ordinance giving the Hillside Improvement Company a fifteen-year lease of this street. "Hi" Gill signed this lease. Many

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American cities have voted away their streets to gas companies, electric-light lines, and street railways; but Seattle is the first, so far as the present writer knows, that ever granted a franchise to a public thoroughfare for the erection of a huge brothel. Stock in this enterprise was openly peddled around Seattle, and it was generally regarded as an excellent investment. And, indeed, from a strictly commercial standpoint, it would have been; a conservative estimate placed the reasonable profits of this one building alone at five hundred thousand dollars a year. This enormous structure stands there to-day at the foot of the hill, cheerless, dark, untenanted, in full view of arriving visitors — a monument to the leading ideas of the Gill administration.

The "Recall" Petition Starts

For, before it could be opened, certain things had happened. A Public Welfare League had been organized, and had obtained injunctions closing up the old restricted district and forbidding the opening of the new one. And now a small army of volunteers began calling at the homes and offices and business establishments of Seattle, requesting signatures to a certain interesting paper. This document was called "A Petition for the Recall of Mayor Hiram C. Gill," specifying in detail the reasons for this drastic step. Seattle was taking a leaf from the experience of Los Angeles. It was in this California city that the American use of the Recall had its first trial. It was inserted in the charter of 1902, through the effort of Dr. John R.



ALDEN JOSEPH BLETHEN, EDITOR OF THE SEATTLE "TIMES," UNDER INDICTMENT ON A CHARGE OF CONSPIRING TO PROTECT GAMBLING AND ILLEGAL RESORTS

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Haynes — a tireless and effective worker for civic reform, whose labors in behalf of this pet measure have caused him to be affectionately known in Los Angeles as "Recall John." In 1909 Los Angeles had suffered from maladministration not unlike that which afterward overwhelmed Seattle. The chief difficulty was the same — the official encouragement and protection of vice. Conditions finally became so unbearable that the electorate resorted to the Recall to get rid of the Mayor, A. C. Harper, who was chiefly responsible for them. In this, the first use of the Recall ever made on a large scale in this country, the issue did not come to a vote, for Mayor Harper resigned rather than face the ordeal. The device served its purpose, however, since it relieved Los Angeles of a bad Mayor and gave it, in his place, a good one.

In 1906 Seattle followed the example of Los Angeles and inserted in its charter a provision for the Recall. According to its terms, any elective officer could be removed, at any time, by a plurality vote. The machinery provided was simple: whenever twenty-five per cent of the voters petitioned for the Recall of an elective officer, the law directed that a special election should be held. At this election the name of the officer in question was to go upon the ticket unless he himself refused to stand. Other candidates could be named, as in an ordinary campaign. The Recall election, according to this program, was to take place not earlier than forty and not later than fifty days after the filing of this petition. If the existing incumbent received a plurality of the votes cast, he was to be regarded as having been "vindicated" and was to retain his office: in other words, he was not "recalled." If, on the other hand, one of his opponents received a plurality, this successful candidate was to succeed him at once in the Mayor's office.

This method of cleaning up an administration, which now prevails upon the Pacific Coast, has many critics. In the opinion of many people, it leads to political instability. Few ambitious men will care to accept public office, it is urged, with the threat of Recall perpetually hanging over them. This criticism assumes, of course, that the voters are fickle — that they will be eager to throw out of office one day the man whom they elected the day before. Up to date, however, actual experience has not sustained this contention. Los Angeles has had the Recall for nearly ten years, and has used it only twice — once against Mayor Harper and once against a councilman. Since 1907 many elective officers in the State of Oregon, including those of counties and municipalities, have been subject to recall — but none has been recalled. Much of the opposition to the Recall idea is undoubtedly caused by the fact that, in nearly all places where it has been introduced, it has been made applicable to the judiciary. Clearly, the recall of judges is quite a different question from the recall of executive officers. There is no justification for making judges subject to the will of the majority; for, by the very nature of constitutional government, they are set apart specifically to protect the minority against the majority. One would imagine, however, from current discussions, that a considerable number of our Western States were giving up the larger part of their time to recalling judges. As a matter of fact, no judge, not even a petty judge, has ever been dismissed from office by a Recall election — though the provocation for its exercise, especially on the Pacific Coast, has undoubtedly been marked in particular cases. In these instances, as in the few applications of the Recall to executive offices, the people have shown remarkable conservatism and self-restraint.

Difficult to Get "Recall" Signatures

Even when the faithlessness of a Mayor had been so clearly demonstrated as in the case of Hiram Gill, the people showed remarkable reluctance in making use of the Recall. Here was a man who had delivered the city of Seattle over to exploitation by the city's most vicious elements; yet the people hesitated about disgracing him in this open fashion. The Public Welfare League began circulating its petitions October 8, and, although its volunteers worked diligently, they did not obtain the ten thousand names required until December 20 — nearly three months afterward. Signing a petition for a Recall election is quite a different matter from casting a ballot. One goes upon record publicly against an influential group of politicians and business interests. In any event, one is likely to make powerful enemies, and, if the Recall fails, as may not infrequently happen, the result upon one's personal fortunes may be disastrous. The men and women who were soliciting signatures against Hiram Gill met these influences constantly. The gang, of course, aggressively supported Gill's side; the great inert mass of partizan voters had no sympathy with the movement; the liquor interests, "big business," the banks, the public-utility corporations, were all actively opposing it. Many leading merchants did not favor the proceeding, because it was advertising Seattle unfavorably and thereby "hurting business." Citizens even remotely dependent upon these interests — and they formed a considerable part of the population — were afraid to

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CHARLES W. WAPPENSTEIN, SEATTLE'S CHIEF OF POLICE UNDER GILL. HE MADE SEATTLE A NATIONAL RENDEZVOUS FOR THE OUTLAWS AND OUTCASTS OF SOCIETY. HE HAS JUST BEEN CONVICTED OF GRAFTING, AND SENTENCED TO FROM THREE TO TEN YEARS IN THE PENITENTIARY

sign the petitions. "I'd like a chance to vote against 'Hi' Gill, because I can do that secretly; but I mustn't sign anything" — statements like this represented the attitude of thousands of citizens. Few city employees dared to put down their names, although a considerable number of unusually courageous policemen did not hesitate to do so. One of the assistant postmasters advised his subordinates—not threateningly, but out of real solicitude for their future — not to sign the petition. There were also many voters who refused to indorse the movement on principle; they did not believe in the Recall, and thought that Gill should serve out his term. Others, more cynical, declared that the Mayor, in giving the city the wide-open town which he had promised, was only redeeming his pledges, and that the Recall advocates were merely "squealers." This latter argument was obviously absurd — for certainly even

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those who voted for Gill and the restricted district had hardly bargained for the conditions that followed his election.

As the agitation proceeded, however, Seattle became more and more aroused. Gill's behavior continued to fan the public excitement. In the early part of September, when the wide-openness of the town had reached its completest glory, Gill took a two weeks' vacation in Alaska. He became a guest on a yacht owned by certain individuals who would have considerably profited from the opening of the new restricted area. Afterward, in his campaign speeches, Gill referred sorrowfully to his "fateful cruise on the boozy boat"; and it certainly was a tactical mistake. The chairman of the Council, Max Wardall, who became acting Mayor, proceeded to investigate and to clean up the town. Wardall even removed Wappenstein from office; but Gill, hurriedly returning from his vacation, at once reinstated his Chief of Police. The Council then began an official investigation — an investigation which, while it produced no actual evidence of graft, as Detective Burns did afterward, succeeded in showing highly suspicious relations between the Police Department and the vicious classes. These proceedings tremendously stimulated the Recall movement; and all the respectable forces joined hands in the contest. The Seattle *Times* was daily ridiculing and abusing the entire proceeding, but the vigorous and intelligent support of the *Post-Intelligencer* and the Seattle *Star* more than counterbalanced its influence.

The anti-Gill agitation was now thoroughly organized. All over the city, volunteers, under the direction of the Public Welfare League, were circulating petitions. The city was divided into wards, each ward with its captain, under whose orders the canvassers worked. At one time nearly four hundred men and women, the larger number unpaid volunteers, were engaged in the canvass. All over town, in office buildings, stores, and private residences, were posted placards: "Recall Mayor Gill — Sign Recall Petition Here." Labor unions, men's clubs, and the Y. M. C. A. transformed their headquarters into stations where petitions could be signed; even several of the large department-stores displayed the petitions on their counters. The churches took a foremost part in the work. Ministers preached sermons advocating the Recall, and mentioned it constantly in their prayers. On certain Sundays, among the regular announcements, they would inform the congregation that, at the end of the service, an opportunity would be furnished to go on record against Gill. When the members of the congregation filed out they were met by canvassers who had taken up their stations at the church door, and who urged them to sign. In this way hundreds of signatures were obtained. Visitors to Seattle during November and December of 1910, indeed, would have had many opportunities of learning that there were other elements in its citizenship than those which were represented by the restricted district and the City Hall — that the community had awakened, had determined to clean house and administer suitable discipline to those who had betrayed its real interests. This feeling found its appropriate expression, one day in the latter part of December, when half a dozen men, led by William T. McKenney, secretary of the Public Welfare League, went up to the Controller's office and deposited an armful of legal papers. This was the petition, signed by 10,701 male voters, demanding, under the terms of the Seattle charter, an election to decide whether Hiram C. Gill should retain his office as Mayor.

The several forces opposed to Gill selected, as their candidate, Mr. George W. Dilling, a prominent real-estate man. Dilling had served one term creditably in the Washington legislature, and enjoyed an excellent reputation for business honor and clean living. He had figured little in politics, had aroused no political antagonisms, and thus was an excellent candidate, about whom all the enemies of the Gill ideas could rally. The campaign that followed lasted only about thirty days.

Women Take Part in the Campaign

Since Hiram Gill's election in March, 1910, one far-reaching change had taken place in the political situation in Seattle. In the November election of 1910 the voters had adopted a constitutional amendment giving the franchise to women. The Recall election, therefore, furnished the State of Washington its first opportunity of testing the workings of this experiment. Naturally, this election presented an issue that made a powerful appeal to women voters. Protecting the home, eliminating the vices from which women are the greatest sufferers — here certainly were questions that should arouse their sympathies and interest. The politicians who supported Gill, realizing this, made all possible efforts to have the Recall election take place before the women could legally qualify to vote. In this, of course, they did not succeed. Many of the strongest and most intelligent men in Seattle had worked hard in the woman's suffrage movement, and now they called upon the women

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HIRAM C. GILL, THE MAYOR WHOM SEATTLE "RECALLED"

to join hands in the campaign and justify their support.

At first the women were a little slow. Political activity, after all, was something new and strange. The leaders among the women, however, showed an admirable spirit, and, under the tutelage of experienced campaigners, they rapidly acquired the essential technique. Largely attended public meetings for women were held in which formal lectures were given on the details of registration and balloting, illustrated by blackboard demonstrations. Hardly had the Dilling Campaign Committee begun work when appeals began to come in from women's clubs, always with the same question: "What can we do to help?" As a result, a Woman's Dilling Campaign headquarters was opened next door to a similar headquarters for the men. These two organizations, working side by side for the same result, and working in the utmost harmony, certainly seemed to indicate that a new political era had arrived. To the women constantly applying for advice the men had a single word: "Get out and hustle! Get your women in to register! Cover the whole town systematically, and wherever you find a woman old enough to vote, get her name down on the books."

Interest of Workingwomen and Department-Store Girls

And now, all over Seattle there was a perceptible swishing of skirts. The women workers penetrated everywhere. Their campaign committee divided the city into districts and assigned districts to stipulated "workers." They made house-to-house canvasses, dragged forth the frequently reluctant mothers and daughters of Seattle, and personally conducted them to the registration booths. A large number, perhaps a majority of Seattle women, were either hostile to the franchise or had no particular interest in it, and little less than a kidnapping expedition could compel them to perform their new civic duties. Automobiles and miscellaneous conveyances, however, were constantly arriving at the registration headquarters, in charge of certain strong-minded leaders. Whatever theoretic views the opponents may have had of equal suffrage, this was clearly the time to lay them aside. "If you never vote again in your lives, vote now against Hi Gill and the exploitation of women." This was the campaign cry. The telephones of the laggards were constantly jangling. "Have you registered yet?" "No, I haven't, but George says that

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I ought to. But I don't believe in women voting — what do you think?" There was little difficulty in persuading women of this type. Nor was it difficult to reach workingwomen and department-store girls. There was something particularly significant and pathetic about the eagerness that these classes manifested in the anti-Gill campaign. Evidently they knew, from their own personal ordeals, where were the largest recruiting-fields for the restricted area, and they needed no automobiles to conduct them to the registration stations. Nor, in the main, did the wives of workingmen and small-salaried clerks. With the apartment-house and the bridge-whist types, however, persuasion was not so easy. Many of these women had cynical ideas about the inevitability of certain features of city life. "Society," indeed, contributed little to the purgation of Seattle. The women, in their sympathies, followed very much the same lines as the men. The wives of the wealthier classes, to whom vice seemed more or less of a vulgar detail with which decent people ought not to besmirch themselves, favored Gill, as did their husbands; women, however, such as those found in the university section, and the wives of professional and business men of moderate means, as well as the women of the working classes, strongly favored Dilling.

"Red-Light" Women in the Campaign

And when the Gill forces saw that the Dilling committees were pressing women into service, they proceeded to follow their example. They handled their women allies in much the same way as Tammany Hall in New York herds its miscellaneous crowds of vagrants on election day. The "red-light" leaders (the "maques") brought to the registration booths automobiles filled with prostitutes. Many were aliens, particularly the Frenchwomen, and few of the others had lived in Seattle long enough to acquire a voting residence. Like Tammany Hall, however, their leaders did not hesitate to register them. And just as Tammany imports trainloads of tramps and loafers from Philadelphia and other towns and "colonizes" them on the Bowery, so the Seattle "red-light" captains brought dissolute women from Tacoma, Portland, Vancouver, and installed them in the lodging-houses of the restricted district.

A Plain-Speaking Campaign

The whole campaign was especially notable for its wholesome plain speaking. The voters, men and women, had an exceedingly ugly situation to face, and they faced it without prudery. Certain progressive philosophers believe that many social evils could be mitigated if their existence were not so persistently ignored by decent people; and certainly the anti-Gill campaigners acted on this idea. Every boy and girl who followed the open discussion received a liberal education in the practical consequences of vice. Public meetings largely attended by both men and women dealt plainly with the restricted district in all its phases. Especially notable was the woman's mass meeting held in the Grand Opera House. In reality, there were three simultaneous gatherings; for so many women turned out that "overflows" were held in the Seattle Theatre and in the street. These assemblages represented all that was best in Seattle's womanhood; there were white-haired women, young matrons, unmarried girls — and all were voters! In addition to discourses on the several political aspects of the situation, well-known physicians gave information on "vice and disease."

Against odds of this kind Mayor Gill had difficulty in making headway. His supporters, numerous and strong, worked almost entirely in the dark; only two speakers took the stump in his favor — and one of them was a woman. Gill's own speeches consisted chiefly in vilifying his opponents. On the public platform he referred to them as "dogs," "pups," "skunks," "a bunch of magpies," and "a lot of ringtails." One distinguished political enemy was a "human rat," and a well-known local clergyman was "another tramp." "Happy Hooligan" and a "senile old dude" were other epithets generously sprinkled through his speeches. His opponent, Mr. Dilling, said Mayor Gill, "hadn't got the brains of an underfed microbe." One of Seattle's millionaires he publicly described as "a tightwad by comparison with which the bark on a tree appears like the loosest Mother Hubbard gown." Before one of his largest audiences Gill cautioned a man who had interrupted with a question "not to go out and throw a shot of booze into himself." Arguments presented by his opponents he characterized as "bull con."

Women at the Polls

On election day the most picturesque figures were the women watchers stationed at the polls. They handed out cards to all comers: "Vote for Dilling and decency." Almost twenty-two thousand women voted,— perhaps half the number of eligibles,— against almost thirty-six thousand men. A large majority of these women unquestionably voted for Dilling. There were many women, however, who cast their first ballots for Hiram Gill. All the women of the restricted district, who came up

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noisily in automobiles, did this as a matter of course. But there were other automobiles from the respectable residential sections, filled with richly dressed women, ornamented with "Vote for Gill" banners. In many cases these women sat stiffly outside while their husbands went into the booths; in some cases they themselves got out and cast their ballots for the tenderloin Mayor. When the votes were counted, however, "Dilling and decency" had won by a comfortable majority. Whether Dilling would have won had it not been for the women's votes can not, of course, be decided. The fact that the largest Dilling majorities came from the wards where the increased registration was largest — the increased registration, of course, representing the new women voters — is one indication that the women voters may have been the determining factor. Irrespective of their actual votes, however, the women did remarkable service in campaigning — in holding rousing meetings and stirring up public sentiment. The directness, dignity, and lack of squeamishness with which the women met the important issues were also above all praise. The definite lesson to be drawn from this experiment in woman suffrage is that women, when they have the ballot, behave just about as men do. There is a safe majority of women who, when aroused, can be depended upon to support decent government, just as there is a safe majority of men. On the other hand, there is a minority of women who will vote for bad government, just as there is a minority of men. On the whole, however, the Seattle Recall election must be regarded as a triumph for woman's suffrage.

The Seattle Exodus

Seattle will never forget the influx of undesirables that followed Mayor Gill's election in 1910. Neither will it ever forget the equally memorable outpouring that followed his recall. One event complemented the other; each was significant of the ideas that possessed the two administrations. One signalized the old Seattle, the other signalized the new. Mayor Dilling's first official act was to accept the resignation of Wappenstein, and to appoint as his successor Captain Claude Bannick — the same officer whose protest to Wappenstein against protected vice had been met with the suggestion that he "quit his job." Chief Bannick is a clean-cut, tall, muscular young man about thirty-five, an ex-football-player with a constitutional aversion to the kind of things fostered by Wappenstein. The under-world promptly acted on the hint of Bannick's appointment. In the week following Gill's election, from two to three thousand men and women left Seattle. The restricted district was congested with wagons carrying away their trunks and furniture. The pawn-shops were crowded with women pawning their jewelry to get the money to leave town. The Union Station was filled with a miscellaneous crowd — prostitutes of every color and nationality, their male companions, gamblers, blackjack men, and the rest of the crew. Train after train rolled out packed closely with emigrants of this type. Once more the restricted district became quiet and dark. Out of the uptown cafés and hotels the life had apparently gone. Street-walkers had almost mysteriously vanished from the business sections. If there were any gamblers left, they pursued their trade so quietly that few people knew they were in town. All over the country went the word that Seattle had a Chief of Police who "wasn't right."

Seattle does not claim that it has solved the vice problem. Unquestionably it still exists on a considerable scale. What Seattle has done has been to end the alliance between these elements and the constituted authorities. The people now control their government, and the vice exploiters have been driven out of public life. Vice is not encouraged to make its headquarters in Seattle; it is not even tolerated. And the city now is a thoroughly wholesome place in which to live. On the new conditions the testimony of so experienced a man as Detective William J. Burns is certainly valuable. A year ago, says Mr. Burns, Seattle was the vilest city in the United States. Now, he adds, it is the cleanest. Moreover, the city is not merely satisfied with driving out the old gang. It is punishing them. It has already secured a conviction and a penitentiary sentence of from three to ten years for Wappenstein. It has indicted on several counts practically all the men responsible for the recent conditions, and will unquestionably land many in the penitentiary. So much the Recall has done for Seattle.

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The Case of Richard Meynell

by Mrs. Humphry Ward

XXI

BUT, before he took the midday train from Markborough to the North on the following day, Meynell spent half an hour with his Bishop in the episcopal library. It was a strange meeting. When Bishop Craye first caught sight of the entering figure, he hurried forward, and, as the door closed upon the footman, he seized Meynell's hand in both his own.

"I see what you have gone through," he said, with emotion; "and you would not let me help you!"

Meynell smiled faintly.

"I knew you wished to help me — but ——"

Then his voice dropped, and the Bishop would not have pressed him for the world. They fell upon the anonymous letters, a comparatively safe topic, and the relation of Barron to them. Naturally, Meynell gave the Bishop no hint whatever of the graver matter that had finally compelled Barron's surrender. He described his comparison of the Dawes letter with "a document in the young man's handwriting which I happened to have in my possession," and the gradual but certain conviction it had brought about.

"I was extraordinarily blind, however, not to find the clue earlier."

"It is not only you, my dear Meynell, that need regret it!" cried the Bishop. "I hope you have sometimes given a thought to the men on our side compelled to see the fight waged ——"

"With such a weapon? I knew very well that no one under your influence, my lord, would touch it," said Meynell simply.

The Bishop observed him, and with an inner sympathy, one might almost say a profound and affectionate admiration, which contrasted curiously with the public position in which they stood to each other. It was now very generally recognised, and especially in Markborough and its diocese, that Meynell had borne himself with extraordinary dignity and patience under the ordeal through which he had passed. And the Bishop, whose guess had so nearly hit the truth, who had been persuaded that in the whole matter Meynell was but the victim of some trust, some duty, which honour and conscience would not let him betray in order to save himself — the Bishop was but the more poignantly of this opinion, now that he had the man before him. The weeks of suffering, the long storm of detraction, had left their mark; and it was not a light one. The high-hearted little Bishop felt himself in some way guilty — obscurely and representatively, if not directly.

Yet, at the same time, when the personal matter dropped away and they passed, as they soon did, to a perfectly calm discussion of the action in the Court of Arches which was to begin within a week, nothing could be clearer or more irrevocable than the differences, ecclesiastical and intellectual, which divided these two men, who in matters of personal feeling were so sensitively responsive the one to the other.

Meynell dwelt on the points of law raised in the pleadings; on the bearing of previous cases — the "Essays and Reviews" case above all — upon the suit. The antecedents of the counsel employed on both sides, the idiosyncrasies of the judge, the probable length of the trial —

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their talk ranged round these matters, without ever striking deeper. It was assumed between them that the expulsion of the Modernist clergy was only a question of months — possibly weeks. Once, indeed, Meynell referred slightly to the agitation in the country, to the growing snowball of the petition to Parliament, to the now certain introduction of a bill "to promote an amended constitution for the Church of England." The Bishop's eyebrows went up; his lip twitched. It was the scorn of a spiritual aristocracy threatened by the populace.

But in general they talked with extraordinary frankness and mutual good feeling; and they grasped hands more than cordially at the end. They might have been two generals meeting before a battle, under the white flag.

Still the same mild January weather, with unseasonable shoots putting forth, and forebodings on the part of all garden-lovers, as fresh and resentful as though such forebodings, with their fulfilments, were not the natural portion of all English gardeners.

In the Westmoreland dales the month was rainier than elsewhere, but, if possible, milder. Yellow buds were already foolishly breaking on the gorse, and weak primroses, as though afraid to venture and yet venturing, were to be found in the depths of many woods.

Meynell had slept at Whindale. In the morning a trap conveyed him and his bag to the farm-house at the head of the valley; and the winter sun had only just scattered the mists from the dale when, stick in hand, he found himself on the road to Mrs. Elsmere's little house, Burwood.

With every step his jaded spirits rose. He was a passionate lover of mountains, with that modern spirit which finds in them man's best refuge from modernness. The damp fragrance of the mossy banks and bare hedges; the racing freshness of the stream, and the little eddies of foam blown from it by the wind; the small grey sheep in the fields; the crags overhead dyed deep in withered heather; the stone farm-houses with their touch of cheerful white on door and window; all the exquisite detail of grass and twig and stone, and overhead the slowly passing clouds in the wide sweep of the dale — these things to him were spiritual revival; they dressed and prepared him for that great hour to which dimly, yet through all his pulses, he felt he was going.

The little house sent up a straight column of blue smoke into the quiet air. Its upper windows were open, and the sun was on its lichened porch, and on the silver stem of the birch tree which rose from the mossy grass beside it.

He did not need to knock. Mary was in the open doorway, her face all light and rose colour; and in the shadows of the passage behind her stood Catherine. When, with the touch of Mary's hand still warm in his, Meynell turned to greet her mother, he was seized, even through the quiet emotion which held them all, by an impression of change. Some energy of physical life had faded from the worn nobility of Catherine's face; instead a "grave heavenliness" which disquieted the spectator, beautiful as it was.

But the momentary shock was lost in the quiet warmth of her greeting.

"You are going to take her for a walk?" she asked wistfully, as Mary left them alone in the little sitting-room.

"You allow it?" said Meynell, hardly knowing what he said, and still retaining her hand.

Catherine smiled.

"Mary is her own mistress." Then she added, with a deep involuntary sigh: "Whatever she says to you, she knows she has her mother's blessing."

Meynell stooped and kissed her hand.

A few minutes later he and Mary had taken the road along the dale.

Catherine stood under the little porch to look after them. Mingled sweetness and bitterness filled her mind. She pictured to herself for an instant what it would have been if she had been giving Mary to a Christian pastor of the stamp of her own father, a man "sound in the faith," a "believer," entering upon what had always seemed to her from her childhood the ideal and exalted life of the Christian ministry. As things were, in a few weeks Richard Meynell would be an exile and a wanderer, chief among a regiment of banished men, driven out by force from the national Church, without any of the dignity — that dignity which had been her husband's — of voluntary renunciation. And Mary would become his wife only to share in his rebellion, his defiance, and his exile.

She crossed her hands tightly upon her breast as though she were imprinting these sad facts upon her consciousness, learning to face them, to bear them, with patience. And yet — in some surprising way — they did not hurt her as sharply as they would once have done. Trembling, almost in terror, she asked herself whether her own faith was weakening. And, amid the intensity of aspiration and love with which her mind threw itself on the doubt, she turned back, tottering a little, to her chair by the fire. She was glad to be alone, passionately as she loved her Mary. And as she sat, now following Meynell and Mary in thought along the valley, and now listening vaguely to

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the murmur of the fire or the stream outside, there came upon her a first gentle premonition — as though a whisper from far away — of the solitude of death.

Lines from the "Christian Year," the book on which her girlhood had been nourished, stole into her mind:

> Why should we faint and fear to live alone,
> Since all alone, so Heaven has willed, we die?

Never had sunshine seemed to Meynell so life-giving as this pale wintry warmth. The soft sound of Mary's dress beside him; the eyes she turned upon him when she spoke, so frank and sweet, yet for her lover so full of mystery; the lines of her young form, compact of health and grace; the sound of her voice, the turn of her head — everything about her filled him with a tumult of feeling not altogether blissful, though joy was uppermost. For, now that the great moment was come, now that he trembled on the verge of a happiness he had every reason to think was his, he was a prey to many strange qualms and tremors. In the first place, he was suddenly and sorely conscious of his age! Forty-five to her twenty-six! Was it fitting? — was it right? And more than that! Beside her freshness, her springing youth, he realised his own jaded spirit, almost with a sense of guilt. These six months of strenuous battle and leadership, these new responsibilities, and the fierce call that had been made on every gift and power, ending in the dumb, proud struggle, the growing humiliation of the preceding weeks, had left him ripened indeed, magnified indeed, as a personality; but it was as though down the shadowed vista of life he saw his youth, as "another self," a *Doppelgänger*, disappearing for ever.

While she! — before *her* were all the years of glamour, of happy instinctive action, when a man or woman is worth just what they dream, when dream and act flow together. Could he give her anything worth her having in exchange for this sheer youth of hers? He saw before him a long and dusty struggle; the dust of it choking, often, the purest sources of feeling. Cares about money; cares about health; the certain enmity of many good men; the bitterness that waits on all controversial success or failure: all these there must be — he could not shield her from them.

She, on her part, saw plainly that he was depressed; knew well that he had suffered. As the Bishop had perceived, it was written on his aspect. But her timidity as yet prevented her from taking the initiative with him, as later she would learn to do. She felt for him at this stage partly the woman's love, partly the deep and passionate loyalty of the disciple. And it was possibly this very loyalty in her from which Meynell shrank. He felt toward himself and his rôle, in the struggle to which he was committed, a half-despairing, half-impatient irony which saved him from anything like a prophetic pose. Some other fellow would do it so much better! But meanwhile it had to be done.

So that, charged as was the atmosphere between them, it was some time before they found a real freedom of speech. The openings, the gambits, which were to lead them to the very heart of the game, were at first masked and hesitating. They talked a little — perfunctorily — about the dale and its folk; and Mary fell without difficulty now and then into the broad Westmoreland speech, which delighted Meynell's ear and brought the laugh back to his eyes. Then, abruptly, he told her that the campaign of slander was over, and that the battle, instead of "infinite mess and dislocation," was now to be a straight and clean one. He said nothing of Barron; but he spoke tenderly of the Bishop, and Mary's eyes swam a little.

She, on her part, dared to speak of Alice and Hester. And very soon it was quietly recognised between these two that Alice's story was known to Mary; and, for the first time in his life, Meynell spoke with free emotion and self-criticism of the task that Neville Flood had laid upon him. Had there been in Mary some natural dread of the moment when she must first hear the full story of his relation to Alice? If so, it was soon dispelled. He could not have told the story more simply; but its beauty shone out. Only, she was startled, even terrified, by certain glimpses which his talk gave her into his feeling with regard to Hester. She saw plainly that the possibility of a catastrophe, in spite of all he could do, was ever present to him; and she saw also, or thought she saw, that his conception of his own part in the great religious campaign was strangely — morbidly — dependent upon the fate of Hester. If he was able to save her from herself and from the man who threatened her, well and good; if not, as he had said to Mary once before, he was not fit to be any man's leader, and should feel himself the Jonah of any cause. There was a certain mystical passion in it, the strong superstition of a man in whom a great natural sensitiveness led often and readily to despondency — as if he "asked for a sign."

They passed the noisy little river by the stepping-stones, and then climbed a shoulder of fell between Long Whindale and the next valley. Descending a sunny mountainside, they crossed

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some water meadows, and mounted the hill beyond, to a spot that Mary had marked in her walks. Beside a little tumbling stream and beneath a thicket of holly, lay a flat-topped rock commanding all the spectacle of flood and fell. Mary guided him there, and then stood, silent and flushed, conscious that she herself had brought the supreme moment to its birth. The same perception rushed upon Meynell. He looked into her eyes, smiling and masterful, all his hesitations cleared away.

"Sit there, my lady of the fells!"

He led her to the rocky throne, and, wrapped in his old Inverness cloak, he took a place on a lesser stone at her feet. Suddenly he raised a hand and caught hers. She found herself trembling and looking down into his upturned face.

"Mary! — Mary *darling!* — is it mine?"

The question was just whispered, and she whispered her reply. They were alone in a lovely wilderness of fell and stream. Only a shepherd walked with his flock in a field half a mile away, and across the valley a ploughman drove his horses.

At the murmur in his ear, Meynell this time put up both hands and drew her down to him. The touch of her fresh lips was rapture. And yet ——

"My rose!" he said, almost with a groan. "What can you make of such an old fellow? I love you — *love* you — but I am not worthy of you!"

"I am the judge of that," she said softly. And, looking up, he saw the colour in her cheeks fluttering and two bright tears in her eyes. Timidly she took one hand away from him and began to stroke back the hair from his brow.

"You look so tired!" she murmured,— "as though you had been in trouble. And I wasn't there!"

"You were always there!"

And, springing from his lowly seat, he came to the rock beside her, and drew her within the shelter of his cloak, looking down upon her with infinite tenderness.

"You don't know what you're undertaking," he said, his eyes moist, his lips smiling. "I am an old bachelor, and my ways are detestable! Can you ever put up with the pipes and the dogs? I am the untidiest man alive!"

"Will Ann ever let me touch your papers?"

"Goodness! What will Ann say to us? I forgot Ann," he said, laughing. Then, bending over her, "We shall be poor, darling! — and very uncomfortable. Can you really stand it — and me?"

"Shall we have a roof over our heads at all?" asked Mary, but so dizzily happy that she knew but vaguely what she said.

"I have already bespoken a cottage. They are going to make me editor of the *Modernist*. We shall have bread and butter, dearest, but not much more."

"I have a little," said Mary shyly.

Meynell looked rather scared.

"Not much, I hope!"

"Enough for gowns! — and — and a little more."

"I prefer to buy my wife's gowns — I will!" said Meynell with energy. "Promise me, darling, to put all your money into a drawer — or a money-box. Then, when we want something really amusing,— a cathedral — or a yacht,— we'll take it out."

So they laughed together, he all the while holding her close crushed against him, and she deafened almost by the warm beating of a man's heart beneath her cheek.

And presently silence came, a silence in which one of the rare ecstasies of life came upon them and snatched them to the third heaven. From the fold of the hill in which they sat, sheltered both by the fell itself and by the encircling hollies, they overlooked a branching dale, half veiled and half revealed by sunny cloud. Above the western fells they had just crossed hung towers and domes of white cumulus, beneath which a pearly sunshine slipped through upon the broad fell-side, making of it one wide sunlit pleasance, dyed in the red and orange of the withered fern, and dotted with black holly and juniper. Round the head of the dale the curtain of cloud hung thicker, save where one superb crag tore it asunder, falling sheer into the green gentleness of the fields. In the silence all the voices of nature spoke: the rising wind, which flung itself against the hill-slopes at their feet; the insistent flow of the river descending from the reservoirs far away; and the sharp chatter of the little beck leaping at their side from stone to stone. Passionately in Meynell's heart the "buried life" awoke, which only love can free from the cavern where it lies and bring into the full energy of day.

"One goes on talking — preaching — babbling — about love," he said to her. "What else is there to preach about? If love is not the key to life, then there is no key, and no man need preach any more. Only, my Amor has been till now a stern God! He has in his hands — I know it! — all the noblest rewards and ecstasies of life; but, so far, I have seen him wring them out of horror, or pain. The most heavenly things I have ever seen have been the things of suffering. I think of a poor fellow dying in the pit and trying to give me his last message to his

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wife; of a mother fading out of life, still clasping her babes with hands twisted almost out of human shape by hard work; or a little lad" — his voice dropped — "only last week! — who saved his worthless brother's life by giving him warning of some escaping trucks, and was crushed himself. 'I couldn't help it, sir!' — *apologising* to me and the foreman, as we knelt by him! — 'I knew Jim had the drink in him.' In all these visions, Love was divine — but awful! And here! — *here!* — I see his wings outspread upon that mountainside; he comes clothed, not in agony, but in this golden peace — this beauty — this wild air; he lays your head upon my breast!"

Or again:

"There is a new philosophy which has possessed me for months: the thought of a great man, which seizes upon us dull lesser creatures, and seems to give us, for a time at least, new eyes and ears, as though, like Melampus, we had caught the hidden language of the world! It rests on the notion of the endless creativeness and freedom of life. It is the negation of all fate, all predestination. *Nothing* foreknown, nothing predestined! No *necessity* — no *anagké* — darling! — either in the world process, or the mind of God, that you and I should sit here to-day, heart to heart? It was left for our wills to do, our hearts to conceive, God lending us the world, so to speak, to work on! All our past cutting into — carving out — this present; all our past alive in the present; as all this present shall be alive in the future. There is no 'iron law' for life and will, beloved — they create, they are the masters, they are for ever new. All the same!" his tone changed,— "I believe firmly that this rock knew from all eternity that you and I should sit here to-day!"

Presently Mary disengaged herself. Her hat was not what it had been; her hair had escaped its bounds, and must be rigorously put to rights. She sat there flushed and bareheaded, her hands working, while Meynell's eyes devoured her.

"It is January, Richard, and the sun is sinking."

"In your world, perhaps, dear, not in mine."

"We must go back to Mother." She laid a hand on his.

"We will go back to Mother!" he said joyously, with a tender emphasis on the word, without moving, however. "Mary! — next to you I love your Mother!"

Mary's sweet face darkened a little; she buried it in her hands. Meynell drew them tenderly away.

"All that affection can do to soften the differences between us shall be done," he said, with his whole heart. "I believe, too, that the sense of them will grow less and less."

Mary made no reply, except by the slight pressure of her fingers on his. She sat in an absorbed sadness, thinking of her mother's life, and the conflict which had always haunted and scorched it, between love and religion; first in the case of her husband, and then in that of her daughter. "But oh! how could I — how could I help it?" was the cry of Mary's own conscience and personality.

She turned with painful eagerness to Meynell. "How did you think her? How does she strike you?"

"Physically?" He chose his words. "She is so beautiful! But — sometimes — I think she looks frail."

The tears sprang to Mary's eyes. She quickly threw herself upon his misgiving, and tried to argue it away, both in herself and him. She dwelt upon her mother's improvement in sleep and appetite, her cheerfulness, her increased power of walking; she was insistent, almost resentful, her white brow furrowed with pain, even while her hand lay warm in Meynell's. He must needs comfort her, must needs disavow his own impression. After all, what value had such an impression beside the judgment of her daily and hourly watchfulness? — the favorable opinion, too, so she insisted, of their local doctor.

As they walked home, he startled her by saying that he should only have three days in the valley.

"Three days!" She looked her remonstrance. "You know the trial begins next week?"

Yes, she knew, but had understood that the pleadings were all ready, and that a Northwestern train would take him to London in six hours.

"I have to preach at St. Hilda's, Westminster," he said, with a shrug and a look of distaste.

Mary asked questions, and discovered that the sermon would no doubt be made the opportunity for something like a demonstration, and that he shrank from the thought of it.

She perceived, indeed, a certain general flagging of the merely combative forces in him, not without dismay. Such moments of recoil are natural to such men — half saints, half organism. The immediate effect of her perception of it was to call out something heroic and passionate in herself. She was very sweet, and very young; there were eighteen years between them; and yet, in these very first hours of their engagement, he felt her to be not only

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rest, but inspiration — not only sympathy, but strength.

When they neared the little ivy-coloured house on their return home, Mary broke from him. Her step on the gravel was heard by Catherine. She came quickly to the door and stood awaiting them. Mary ran forward and threw herself into the tender arms that drew her into the shadows of the passage.

"Oh, Mother! Mother! he does love you!" she said, with a rush of tears.

If Catherine's eyes also were dim, she only answered with a tender mockery:

"Don't pretend that was all he said to you in these two hours."

And, still holding Mary, she turned, smiling, to Meynell, and let him claim from her, for the first time, a son's greeting.

For three blissful days did Meynell pitch his tent in Long Whindale. Though the weather broke and the familiar rain shrouded the fells, he and Mary walked incessantly among them, exploring those first hours of love, when every tone and touch is charged, for lovers, with the whole meaning of the world. And in the evenings he sat between the two women in the little cottage room, reading aloud Catherine's favourite poets, or in the familiar talk, now gay, now grave, of their new intimacy, disclosing himself ever more fully and rooting himself ever more firmly in their hearts. His sudden alarm as to Catherine's health passed away, and Mary's new terror with it. Scarcely a word was said of the troubles ahead; but it was understood that Mary would be in London to hear him preach at St. Hilda's.

On the last day of Meynell's visit, Catherine, greatly to her surprise, received a letter from Hester Fox-Wilson.

It contained a breathless account of an evening spent in seeing Œdipus Rex played by Mounet-Sully at the Comédie Française. In this half-sophisticated girl, the famous performance, traditional now through two generations of play-goers, had clearly produced an emotion whereof the expression in her letter greatly disquieted Catherine Elsmere. She felt, too, — a little grimly, — the humour of its address to herself.

"Tell me how to answer it, please," she said, handing it to Meynell, with a twitching lip. "It is a language I don't understand! And why did they take her to such a play?"

Meynell was inclined to echo the question. For the Greek conception of a remorseless fate as it is for ever shaped and embodied in the tale of Œdipus had led Hester apparently to a good deal of subsequent browsing in the literature — the magazine articles, at any rate — of French determinism; and she rattled through some of her discoveries in this reckless letter:

> You talked to me so nicely, dear Mrs. Elsmere, that last evening at Upcote. I know you want me — you want everybody — to "be good"!
>
> But "being good" has nothing to do with us.
>
> How can it? — such creatures, such puppets, as we are!
>
> Poor wretch, Œdipus — he never meant any one any harm, did he? And yet — you see ——
>
> *"Apollo, friends, Apollo it was that brought all these my woes, my sore, sore woes! — to pass."*
>
> Dear Mrs. Elsmere! — you can't think what a good doctrine it is, after all — how it steadies one! What chance have we against these blundering gods?
>
> Nothing one can do makes any difference. It is really very consoling, if you come to think of it; and it's no sort of good being angry with Apollo!

"Part nonsense, part bravado!" said Catherine, raising clear eyes, with half a smile in them, to Meynell. "But it makes one anxious."

His puckered brow showed his assent.

"As soon as the trial is over — within a fortnight, certainly — I shall run over to see them."

Meynell and Mary travelled to town together, and Mary was duly deposited for a few days with some Kensington cousins.

On the night of their arrival — a Saturday — Meynell, not without some hesitation, made an appearance at the Reformers' Club, which had been recently organised, as a London center for the Movement, in Albemarle Street.

It was no sooner known that he was in the building than a flutter ran through the well-filled rooms. That very morning an article in the *Modernist*, signed "R. M.," had sounded a note of war so free, lofty, and determined that men were proud to be on Meynell's side in such a battle. On the following Tuesday the Arches Trial was to begin. Meynell was to defend himself; and the attention of the country would be fixed upon the duel between him and the great orthodox counsel, Sir Wilfrid Marsh.

Men gathered quickly round him. Most of the six clergy who with him had launched the first Modernist manifesto were present, in expectation of the sermon on the morrow and the trial of the following week. Chesham and Darwen, his co-defendants in the Arches suit, with whom he had been in constant correspondence throughout the winter, came to discuss a few last points and understandings; Treherne, the dear old scholar in whose house they had met to draw up the manifesto, under the shadow of the Cathedral, pressed his hand and launched a Latin quotation; Rollin, fat, untidy, and talkative as ever, could not refrain from "interviewing" Meynell for a weekly paper; while Derrick, the

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Socialist and poet, talked to him in a low voice, and with eyes that blazed, of certain "brotherhoods" that had been spreading the Modernist faith and Modernist sacraments among the slums of a great Midland town.

And in the voices that spoke to him and the eyes that met his Meynell could not but realise a wide and warm sympathy, an eagerness to make amends — sometimes a half-confessed compunction for a passing doubt. He stood among them, haggard and worn, but steeped in a content and gratitude that had more sources than they knew. And, under the kindling of their faith and their affection, his own hesitations passed away; his will steeled itself to the tasks before him.

The following day will be long remembered in the annals of the Movement. The famous church, crowded in every part with an audience representing science, literature, politics, the best of English thought and English social endeavour, was but the outward and visible sign of things inward and spiritual.

"Can these dry bones live?"

As Meynell gave out the text, there were many who remembered the picture of Oxford hanging in Newman's study at Edgbaston, and those same words written below it.

"Can these dry bones live?" So Newman had asked, in despair, of his beloved University and of English religion, in the early years after he had deserted Anglicanism for Rome. And now, more than half a century afterwards, the leader of a later religious movement asked the same question on the eve of another contest which would either regenerate or destroy the English Church. The impulse given by Newman and the Tractarians had spent itself, though not without enormous and permanent results within the life of the nation; and now it was the turn of that Liberal reaction and recoil which had effaced Newman's work in Oxford, yet had been itself wandering for years without a spiritual home. During those years it had found its way through innumerable channels of the national life as a fertilising and redeeming force. It had transformed education, law, science, and history. Yet its own soul had hungered. And now, thanks to that inner necessity which governs the spiritual progress of men, the great Liberal Movement, enriched with a thousand conquests, was sweeping back into the spiritual field, demanding its just share in the National Church, and laying its treasures at the feet of a Christ unveiled, illuminated, by its own labour, by the concentrated and passionate effort of a century of human intelligence.

Starting from this conception,— the full citizen right within the Church of both Liberal and High-Churchman,— the first part of Meynell's sermon became a moving appeal for religious freedom, freedom of development and "variation," within organised Christianity itself. Simpler creeds, modernised tests, alternative forms, a "unity of the spirit in the bond of peace," — with these ideas the Modernist preacher built up the vision of a Reformed Church, co-extensive with the nation, resting on a democratic government, yet tenderly jealous of its ancient ceremonies, so long as each man might interpret them "as he was able," and they were no longer made a source of tyranny and exclusion.

Then, from the orthodox opponent in whose eyes the Modernist faith was a mere beggarly remnant, Meynell turned to the sceptic for whom it was only a modified superstition. An eloquent prelude, dealing with the preconceptions, the modern philosophy and psychology, which lie at the root of religious thought to-day — and the rest of the sermon flowed on into what all Christian eloquence must ultimately be, the simple "preaching of Christ."

Amid the hush of the crowded church, Meynell preached the Christ of our day — just as Paul of Tarsus preached the Christ of a Hellenised Judaism to the earliest converts; as St. Francis in the Umbrian hills preached the Lord of Poverty and Love; as the Methodist preachers among the villages of the eighteenth century preached the democratic individualism of the New Testament to the English nascent democracy.

In each case the form of the preaching depended on the knowledge and the thought-world of the preacher. So with Meynell's Christ.

Not the phantom of a Hellenistic metaphysic; not the Redeemer and Judge of a misunderstood Judaism; not the mere ethical prophet of a German professorial theology: but the King of a spiritual kingdom, receiving allegiance and asking love from the free consciences of men; repeating for ever, in the ears of those in whom a divine influence has prepared the way, the melting and constraining message: "This do in remembrance of me."

"Of me — and of all the just, all the righteous, all the innocent, of all the ages, in me — pleading through me — symbolised in me. Are you for Man — or for the Beast that lurks in man? Are you for Chastity — or Lust? Are you for Cruelty — or Love? Are you for Foulness—or Beauty? Choose! — choose this day.

"The Christ who thus speaks to you and me, my brethren, is no longer a man made God, a God made man. Those categories of thought,

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for us, are past. But neither is he merely the crucified Galilean, the Messianic prophet of the first century. For, by a mysterious and unique destiny,—unique at least in degree,—that life and death have become Spirit and Idea. That Power behind the veil, the Spirit from whom issues the world, has made of them a lyre, enchanted and immortal, through which he breathes his music into men. The setting of the melody varies with the generations, but the melody remains. And as we listen to it to-day, expressed through the harmonies of that thought which is ourselves, — blood of our blood, life of our life,— we are listening now, listening always, as the disciples listened in Nazareth, to the God within us, the very God who was 'in Christ, reconciling the world unto himself.'

"Of that God all life is, in some sense, the sacramental expression. But in the course of ages some sacraments and symbols of the divine are approved and verified beyond others — immeasurably beyond others. This is what has happened—and, so far as we can see, by the special will and purpose of God — with the death-unto-life—with the Cross of Christ. . . .

"The symbol of the Cross is concerned with our personal and profoundest life. But the symbol of the Kingdom is social, collective — the power of every reformer, every servant of men. . . .

"Many thinkers," said the preacher, in his concluding passage, while all eyes were fixed on the head sprinkled with grey and the strong humanity of the face — "many men in all ages and civilisations have dreamed of a City of God, a Kingdom of Righteousness, an Ideal State, and a Divine Ruler. Jesus alone has made of that dream history; has forced it upon and stamped it into history. The Messianic dream of Judaism — though wrought of nobler tissue — it's not unlike similar dreams in other religions; but in this it is unique, that it gave Jesus of Nazareth his opportunity, and that from it has sprung the Christian Church. Jesus accepted it with the heart of a child; he lived in it; he died for it; and by means of it, his spiritual genius, his faithfulness unto death transformed a world. He died, indeed, overwhelmed — with the pathetic cry of utter defeat upon his lips. And the leading races of mankind have knelt ever since to the mighty spirit who dared not only to conceive and found the Kingdom of God, but to think of himself as its Spiritual King — by sheer divine right of service, of suffering, and of death! Only through tribulation and woe,— through the *peirasmos* or sore trial of the world,—according to Messianic belief, could the Kingdom be realised and Messiah revealed. It was the marvellous conception of Jesus, inspired by the ancient poetry and prophecy of his nation, that he might, as the Suffering Servant, concentrate in himself the suffering due from his race and from the world, and by his death bring about — violently, 'by force' — the outpouring of the Spirit, the Resurrection, and the dawn of the heavenly Kingdom. He went up to Jerusalem to die; he provoked his death; he died. And from the Resurrection visions which followed naturally on such a life and death, inspired by such conceptions and breathing them with such power into the souls of other men, arose the Christian Church.

"The Parousia for which the Lord had looked, delayed. It delays still. The scope and details of the Messianic dream itself mean nothing to us any more.

"But its spirit is immortal. The vision of a kingdom of Heaven,— a polity of the soul, within, or superseding the earthly polity,— once interfused with man's thought and life, has proved to be imperishable, a thing that can not die.

"Only it must be realised afresh from age to age, embodied afresh in the conceptions and the language of successive generations.

"And these developing embodiments and epiphanies of the kingdom can only be brought into being by the method of Christ — that is to say, by '*violence*.'

"Again and again has the kingdom 'suffered violence' — has been brought fragmentarily into the world '*by force*,' by the only irresistible force — that of suffering, of love, of self-renouncing faith.

"To that 'force' we, as religious reformers, appeal.

"The parables of the mustard seed and the leaven do not express the whole thought of Christ. When the work of preparation is over, still men must brace themselves, as their Master did, to the last stroke of 'violence' — to a final effort of resolute and, if need be, revolutionary action — to the 'violence' that brings ideas to birth and shapes them into deeds.

"It was to 'violence' of this sacred sort that the Christian Church owed its beginning; and it is this same 'violence' that must, as the generations rise and fall, constantly maintain it among men. To cut away the old at need, and graft in the new, requires the high courage and the resolute hand of faith. Only so can the Christian Life renew itself; only so can efficacy and movement return to powers exhausted or degenerate; only so 'can these dry bones live'!"

Amid the throng, as it moved outward into the bustle of Westminster, Flaxman found him-

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self rubbing shoulders with Edward Norham. Norham walked with his eyes on the ground, smiling to himself.

"A little persecution!" he said, rubbing his hands, as he looked up, "and how it would go!"

"Well, the persecution begins this week — in the Court of Arches."

"Persecution — nonsense! You mean 'propaganda.' I understand Meynell's defence will proceed on totally new lines. He means to argue each point on its merits?"

"Yes. The Voysey judgement gave him his cue. You will remember, Voysey was attacked by the Lord Chancellor of the day — old Lord Hatherley — as a 'private clergyman,' who 'of his own mere will, not founding himself upon any critical enquiry, but simply upon his own taste and judgement,' maintained certain heresies. Now, Meynell, I imagine, will give his judges enough of 'critical enquiry' before they have done with him!"

Norham shrugged his shoulders.

"All very well! Why did he sign the Articles?"

"He signed them at four-and-twenty!" said Flaxman hotly. "Will you maintain that a system which insists upon a man's beliefs at forty-four being identical with his beliefs at twenty-four is not condemned *ipso facto!*"

"Oh, I know what you say! — I know what you say!" cried Norham good-humouredly. "We shall all be saying it in Parliament presently — good heavens! Well, I shall look into the court to-morrow, if I can possibly find an hour, and hear Meynell fire away."

"As Home Secretary, you may get in!" laughed Flaxman — "on no other terms. There isn't a seat to be had — there hasn't been for weeks."

The trial came on. After the drastic and powerful speech of Sir Wilfrid Marsh, the counsel for the prosecution, Meynell's defence of the Modernist position held, for one brilliant week, the attention of England. Point by point, he took the charges against him, showing how, even in the twenty years that had elapsed since his own ordination, the continuous pressure of a New Learning had affected every section of the Christian story, every article in the Christian creed.

"Must honest men" — he turned with sudden passion to the ranks of Modernist clergy behind him — "be driven out of the Christian Church to-day because, in the natural development of mind and knowledge, their ultimate historical conclusions differ from those of the Edwardian or Elizabethan or Caroline divines?

"Yet, to the men who drew up the Articles and compiled the Prayer-book, *history, in the modern sense, was unknown!* Might you not as well require the astronomer or the chemist of to-day to measure his work and trim his conclusions by the standards of the thirteenth century?"

Each day the court was crowded, and, though Meynell seemed to be addressing his judges, he was in truth speaking quite as consciously to a sweet woman's face in a far corner of the crowded hall. Mary went into the long wrestle with him, as it were, and lived through every moment of it at his side. Then, in the evening, there were half hours of utter silence, when he would sit with her hands in his, just gathering strength for the morrow.

Six days of Meynell's speech were over. On the seventh the court opened amid the buzz of excitement and alarm. The defendant in the suit was not present, and had sent — so counsel whispered to each other — a hurried note to the judge to the effect that he should be absent through the whole remainder of the trial, owing to "urgent private business."

In a few more hours it was known that Meynell had left England, and men on both sides looked at one another in dismay.

Meanwhile Mary had forwarded to her mother a note written late at night, in anguish of soul:

> Alice wires me to-night that Hester has disappeared — without the smallest trace. But she believes she is with Meryon. I go to Paris to-night. Oh, my own, pray that I may find her! R. M.

XXII

THE mildness of the winter had passed away. A bleak February afternoon lay heavy on Long Whindale. A strong and bitter wind from the north blew down the valley, with occasional spits and snatches of snow, not enough as yet to whiten the heights, but prophesying a wild night and a heavy fall. The blasts in the desolate upper reach of the dale were so fierce that a shepherd on the path leading over the pass to Marly Head could scarcely hold himself upright against them. Tempestuous sounds filled all the upper and the lower air. From the high ridges came deep, reverberating notes, a roaring in the wind; while the trees along the stream sent forth a shriller voice, as they whistled and creaked and tossed in the eddying gusts. Cold grey clouds were beating from the north, hanging now over the cliffs on the western side, now over the bare screes and steep slopes of the northern and east-

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ern walls. Grey or inky black, the sharp edges of the rocks cut into the gloomy sky; while on the floor of the valley blanched grass and winding stream seemed alike to fly scourged before the persecuting wind.

A trap,— Westmoreland calls it a car,— a kind of box on wheels, was approaching the head of the dale from the direction of Whinborough. It stopped at the foot of the steep and narrow lane leading to Burwood, and a young lady got out.

"You're sure that's Burwood?" she said, pointing to the house partially visible at the end of the lane.

The driver answered in the affirmative.

"Where Mrs. Elsmere lives?"

"Aye, for sure." The man as he spoke looked curiously at the lady he had brought from Whinborough station. She was quite a young girl, he guessed, and a handsome one. But there seemed to be something queer about her; she looked so tumbled and tired.

Hester Fox-Wilson took out her purse and paid him with an uncertain hand, one or more of the shillings falling on the road, where the driver and she groped for them. Then she raised the small bag she had brought with her in the car, and turned away.

"Good day to yer, Miss," said the man, as he mounted the box. She made no reply. After he had turned his horse and started on the return journey to Whinborough, he looked back once or twice. But the high walls of the lane hid the lady from him.

Hester, however, did not go very far up the lane. She sank down very soon on a jutting stone beneath the left-hand wall, with her bag beside her, and sat there looking at the little house. It was a pleasant, homelike place, even on this bitter afternoon. In one of the windows was a glow of firelight; white muslin curtains everywhere gave it a dainty, refined look; and it stood picturesquely within the shelter of its trees, and of the yew hedge which encircled the garden.

Yet Hester shivered as she looked at it. She was very imperfectly clothed for such an afternoon, in a serge jacket and skirt, supplemented by a small fur collarette, which she drew closer round her neck from time to time, as if in a vain effort to get warm. But she was not conscious of doing so, nor of the cold as cold. All her bodily sensations were miserable and uncomfortable. But she was actively aware only of the thoughts racing through her mind.

There they were, within a stone's throw of her, — Mary and Mrs. Elsmere,— in the warm, cosy little house, without an idea that she, Hester,— the wretched, disgraced Hester,— was sitting in the lane so close to them. And yet they were perhaps thinking of her — they must have often thought about her in the last fortnight. Mrs. Elsmere must, of course, have been sorry. Good people were always sorry when such things happened. And Mary? — who was eight years older — *older!* than this girl of eighteen who sat there, sickened by life, conscious of a dead wall of catastrophe drawn between her and the future.

Should she go to them? Should she open their door and say, "Here I am! Horrible things have happened. No decent person will ever know me or speak to me again. But you said — you'd help me — if I wanted it. Perhaps it was a lie — like all the rest"?

Then, as the reddened eyelids fell with sheer fatigue, there rose on the inward sight the vision of Catherine Elsmere's face — its purity, its calm, its motherliness. For a moment it drew, it touched, it gave courage. And then the terrible sense of things irreparable, grim matters of fact not to be dreamed or thought away, rushed in and swept the clinging, shipwrecked creature from the foothold she had almost reached.

She rose hastily.

"I can't! They don't want to see me — they've done with me. Or perhaps they'll cry — they'll pray with me; and I can't stand that! Why did I ever come? Where on earth shall I go?"

And she looked round her in petulant despair, angry with herself for having done this foolish thing, angry with the loneliness and barrenness of the valley, where no inn opened doors of shelter for such as she, angry with the advancing gloom, and with the bitter wind that teased and stung her.

A little way up the lane she saw a small gate that led into the Elsmeres' garden. She took her bag, and, opening the gate, she placed it inside. Then she ran down the lane, drawing her fur round her and shivering with cold.

"I'll think a bit," she said to herself; "I'll think what to say. Perhaps I'll come back soon."

When she reached the main road again, she looked uncertainly to right and left. Which way? The thought of the long, dreary road back to Whinborough repelled her. She turned towards the head of the valley. Perhaps she might find a house that would take her in. The driver had said there was a farm which let lodgings in the summer. She had money — some pounds, at any rate; that was all right. And she was not hungry. She had arrived at a junction station five miles from Whinborough by a night train. At six o'clock in the morning she had found herself turned out of the express, with

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no train to take her on to Whinborough. But there was a station hotel, and she had engaged a room and ordered a fire. There she had thrown herself down on the bed without undressing, and had slept heavily for four or five hours. Then she had had some breakfast, and had taken a midday train to Whinborough, and a trap to Long Whindale.

She had travelled straight from Nice without stopping. She would not let herself think now, as she hurried along the lonely road, what it was she had fled from, what it was that had befallen. The slightest glimpse into this past made her begin to sob; she put it away from her with all her strength. But she had had, of course, to decide where she should go, with whom she should take refuge.

Not with Uncle Richard, whom she had deceived and defied. Not with "Aunt Alice." No sooner did the vision of that delicate, withered face, that slender form, come before her, than it brought with it terrible fancies. Her conduct had probably killed "Aunt Alice." She did not want to think about her.

But Mrs. Elsmere knew all about bad men, and girls who got into trouble. She, Hester, knew, from a few things she had heard people say,— things that no one supposed she had heard,— that Mrs. Elsmere had given years of her life and sacrificed her health to "rescue" work. The rescue of girls from such men as Philip? How could they be rescued — when ——

All that was nonsense. But the face, the eyes, the shining, loving eyes, the motherly arms — yes, those, Hester confessed to herself, she had thirsted for. They had brought her all the way from Nice to this northern valley, this bleak, forbidding country. She shivered again from head to foot, as she made her way painfully against the wind.

Yet now she was flying even from Catherine Elsmere, even from those tender eyes that haunted her.

The road turned toward a bridge, and on the other side of the bridge degenerated into a rough and stony bridle-path, giving access to two grey farms beneath the western fell. On the near side of the bridge the road became a cart-track leading to the far end of the dale.

Hester paused irresolute on the bridge, and looked back towards Burwood. A light appeared in what was, no doubt, the sitting-room window. A lamp, perhaps, that, in view of the premature darkening of the afternoon by the heavy storm-clouds from the north, a servant had just brought in. Hester watched it in a kind of panic, foreseeing the moment when the curtains would be drawn and the light shut out from her. She thought of the little room within, the warm firelight, Mary with her beautiful hair — and Mrs. Elsmere. They were perhaps working and reading — as if that were all there were to do and think about in the world! No, no! After all, they couldn't be very peaceful — or very cheerful. Mary was engaged to Uncle Richard now; and Uncle Richard must be pretty miserable.

The exhausted girl nearly turned back towards that light. Then a hand came quietly and shut it out. The curtains were drawn. Nothing now to be seen of the little house but its dim outlines in the oncoming twilight, the smoke blown about its roof, and a faint gleam from a side-window, perhaps the kitchen.

Suddenly a thought, a wild, attacking thought, leapt out upon her, and held her there motionless in the winding, wintry lane.

When had she sent that telegram to Upcote? If she could only remember! The events of the preceding forty-eight hours seemed to be all confused in one mad flux of misery. Was it *possible* that they too could be here — Uncle Richard and "Aunt Alice"? She had said something about Mrs. Elsmere in her telegram — she could not recollect what. That had been meant to comfort them, and yet to keep them away, to make them leave her to her own plans. But supposing, instead, its effect had been to bring them here at once, in pursuit of her?

She hurried forward, sobbing dry sobs of terror, as if she already heard their steps behind her. What was she afraid of? Simply their love — simply their sorrow! She had broken their hearts; and what could she say to them?

The recollection of all her cruelty to "Aunt Alice" in Paris — her neglect, her scorn, her secret unjust anger with those who had kept from her the facts of her birth — seemed to rise up between her and all ideas of hope and help. Oh, of course they would be kind to her! — they would forgive her. But — but she couldn't bear it! Impatience with the very scene of wailing and forgiveness she foresaw, as of something utterly futile and vain, swept through the quivering nerves.

"And it can never be undone!" she said to herself roughly, as if she were throwing the words in some one's face. "It can never, *never* be undone! What's the good of talking?"

So the only alternative was to wander a while longer into these clouds and storms that were beginning to beat down from the pass through the darkness of the valley; to try and think things out; to find some shelter for the night; then to go away again — somewhere. She was conscious now of a first driving of sleet in her face; but it lasted for only a few minutes. Then it ceased; and a strange gleam swept over the

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valley — a livid storm-light from the west which blanched all the withered grass beside her, and seemed to shoot along the course of the stream as she toiled up the rocky path beside it.

What a country, what a sky! Her young body was conscious of an angry revolt against it, against the northern cold and dreariness — her body, which still kept, as it were, the physical memory of sun and blue sea, and orange trees, of the shadow of olives on a thin grass, of the scent of orange blossom on the broken twigs that some one was putting into her hand.

Another fit of shuddering repulsion made her quicken her pace, as though again she were escaping from pursuit. Suddenly, at a bend in the path, she came on a shepherd and his flock. The shepherd, an old white-haired man, was seated on a rock, staff in hand, watching his dog collect the sheep from the rocky slope on which they were scattered.

At sight of Hester the old man started and stared. Her fair hair escaping in many directions from the control of combs and hair-pins, and the pale, lovely face in the midst of it, shone in the stormy gleam that filled the basin of the hills. Her fashionable hat and dress amazed him. Who could she be?

She, too, stopped to look at him, and at his dog. The mere neighbourhood of a living being brought a kind of comfort.

"It's going to snow," she said, as she stood beside him, surprised by the sound of her own voice amid the roar of the wind.

"Aye — it's onding o' snaw," said the shepherd, his shrewd blue eyes travelling over her face and form. "An' it'll mappen be a rough night."

"Are you taking your sheep into shelter?"

He pointed to a half-ruined fold, with three sycamores beside it, a stone's throw away. The gate of it was open, and the dog was gradually chasing the sheep within it.

"I doan't like leavin' 'em on t' fells this bitter weather. I'm afraid for t' ewes. It's too cauld for 'em. They'll be for droppin' their lambs too soon if this wind goes on. It juist taks t' strength out on 'em, doos the wind."

"Do you think it's going to snow a great deal?"

The old man looked round at the clouds and the mountains, at the powdering of snow that had already whitened the heights.

"It'll be more'n a bit!" he said cautiously. "I dessay we'll have to be gettin' men to open t' roads to-morrow."

"Does it often block the roads?"

"Aye, yance or twice i' t' winter. An' ye can't let 'em bide. What's ter happen ter foak as want the doctor?"

"Did you ever know people lost on these hills?" asked the girl, looking into the blackness ahead of them. Her shrill, slight voice rang out in sharp contrast to the broad gutturals of his Westmoreland speech.

"Aye, Missy, I've known two men losst on t' fells sin I wor a lad."

"Were they shepherds, like you?"

"Noa, Missy — they wor tramps. Theer's mony a fellow cooms by this way i' th' bad weather to Pen'rth, rather than face Shap fells. They say it's betther walkin'. But when it's verra bad we doan't let 'em go on — noa, it's not safe. Theer was a mon lost on t' fells nine years ago coom February. He wor an owd mon, an' blind o' yan eye. He'd lost the toother, dippin' sheep."

"How could he do that?" Hester asked absently, still staring ahead into the advancing storm, and trembling with cold from head to foot.

"Why, sum o' the dippin' stuff got into yan eye, an' blinded him. It was my son, gooin' afther th' lambs i' the snaw, as found him. He heard summat,— a voice like a li'l' child cryin', — an' he scratted aboot an' dragged th' owd man out. He worn't deed then, but he died next mornin'. An' t' doctor said as he'd fair broken his heart i' th' storm — not in a figure of speach, yo' unnerstan' — but juist t' plain truth."

The old man rose. The sheep had all been folded. He called to his dog, and went to shut the gate. Then, still curiously eyeing Hester, he came back, followed by his dog, to the place where she stood, listlessly watching.

"Doan't yo' go too far on t' fells, Missy. It's coomin' on to snaw, an' it'll snaw aw neet. Lor' bless yer, it's wild here i' winter. An' when t' clouds coom down like yon" — he pointed up the valley — "even them as knaws t' fells from a chilt may go wrang."

"Where does this path lead?" asked Hester absently.

"It goes oop to Marly Head, and joins on to t' owd road — t' Roman road, foak calls it — along top o' t' fells. An' if yo' follers that far enoof yo' may coom to Ullswatter an' Pen'rth."

"Thank you. Good afternoon," said Hester, moving on.

The old shepherd looked after her doubtfully, then said to himself that what the lady did was none of his business, and turned back towards one of the farms across the bridge. Who was she? She was a strange sort of body to be walking by herself up the head of Long Whindale. He supposed she came from Burwood — there was no other house where a lady like that

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could be staying. But it was a bit queer, anyhow.

Hester walked on. She turned a craggy corner, beyond which she was out of sight of any one on the lower stretches of the road. The struggle with the wind, the roar of water in her ears, had produced in her a kind of trancelike state. She walked mechanically, half deafened, half blinded, measuring her force against the wind, conscious every now and then of gusts of snow in her face, of the deepening gloom overhead climbing up and up the rocky path. But, as in that fatal moment when she had paused in the Burwood lane, her mind was not more than vaguely conscious of her immediate surroundings. It had become the prey of swarming recollections — captured by sudden agonies, unavailing, horror-stricken revolts.

At last, out of breath and almost swooning, she sank down under the shelter of a rock, and became in a moment aware that white mists were swirling and hurrying all about her, and that only just behind her and just above her was the path clear. Without knowing it, she had climbed and climbed till she was very near the top of the pass. She looked down into a witch's cauldron of mist and vapour, already thickened with snow, and up into an impenetrable sky, as it seemed, close upon her head, from which the white flakes were beginning to fall steadily and fast.

She was a little frightened, but not much. After all, she had only to rest and retrace her steps. The watch at her wrist told her it was not much past four; and it was February. It would be daylight till half past five, unless the storm put out the daylight. A little rest — just a little rest! But she began to feel ill and faint, and so bitterly, bitterly cold. The sense of physical illness, conquering the vague overwhelming anguish of heart and mind, began to give her back some clearness of brain.

Who was she? — why was she there? She was Hester Fox-Wilson — no! Hester Meryon, who had escaped from a man who had called himself, for a few days at least, her husband: a man whom in scarcely more than a week she had come to loathe and fear; whose nature and character had revealed to her infamies of which she had never dreamed; who had claimed to be her master, and use her as he pleased, and from whom she had escaped by night, after a scene of which she still bore the marks.

"You little wild-cat! You think you can defy me — do you?"

And then her arms held — and her despairing eyes looking down into his mocking ones — and the helpless sense of indignity and wrong — and of her own utter and criminal folly.

And through her memory there ran, in an ugly dance, those things, those monstrous things, he had said to her about the Scotchwoman. It was not at all absolutely sure that she, Hester, was his wife. He had shown her those letters at St. Germains, of course, to reassure her; and the letters were perfectly genuine letters, written by the people they professed to be written by. Still, Scotch marriage law was a damned business — one never knew. He *boped* it was all right; but, if she did hate him as poisonously as she said, if she did really want to get rid of him, he might perhaps be able to assist her.

Had he, after all, tricked and ruined her? Yet, as her consciousness framed the question in the conventional phrases familiar to her through newspapers and novels, she hardly knew what they meant, this child of eighteen, who in three short weeks had been thrust through the fire of an experience on which she had never had time to reflect. Flattered vanity and excitement, leading up almost from the first day to instinctive and fierce revolt — intervals of acquiescence, of wild determination to be happy, drowned in fresh rebellions of soul and sense — through these alternations the hours had rushed on, culminating in her furtive and sudden escape from the man of whom she was now in mad fear — her blind flight for "home."

The *commonness* of her case, the absence of any romantic or poetic element in it — it was that which galled, which degraded her in her own eyes. Only three weeks since she had felt that entire and arrogant belief in herself, in her power over her own life and Philip's, on which she now looked back as merely ludicrous! — inexplicable in a girl of the most ordinary intelligence. What power had girls over men — such men as Philip Meryon?

Her vanity was bleeding to death — and her life with it. Since the revelation of her birth, she seemed to have been blindly struggling to regain her own footing in the world — the kind of footing she was determined to have. Power and excitement; *not* to be pitied, but to be followed, wooed, adored; not to be forced on the second and third bests of the world, but to have the "chief seat," the daintiest morsel, the *beau rôle* always — had not this been her instinctive, unvarying demand on life? And now? If she were indeed married, she was tied to a man who neither loved her nor could bring her any position in the world; who was penniless, and had only entrapped her that he might thereby get some money out of her relations; who, living or dead, would be a disgrace to her, standing irre-

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vocably between her and any kind of honour or importance in society.

And if he had deceived her, and she were not his wife, she would be free indeed. But what would her freedom matter to her? What decent man would ever love her now — marry her — set her at his side? At nineteen— *not yet nineteen* — all those chances were over for her. It was so strange that she could have laughed at her own thoughts; and yet, at the same time, it was so ghastly true! No need now to invent a half-sincere chatter about "Fate." She felt herself in miserable truth the mere feeble mouse wherewith the great cat Fate was playing.

And yet — after all — she herself had done it! — by her own sheer madness. She seemed to see Aunt Alice's plaintive face, the eyes that followed her, the lip that trembled when she said an unkind or wanton thing; she heard again the phrases of Uncle Richard's weekly letters, humorous, tender phrases, with here and there an occasional note of austerity or warning.

Oh, yes — she had done it — she had ruined herself.

She felt the tears running over her cheeks, mingling with the snow as it pelted in her face. Suddenly she realised how cold she was, how soaked. She must — must go back to shelter, to human faces, to kind hands. She put out her own, groping helplessly, and rose to her feet.

But the darkness was now much advanced, and the great snow-storm of the night had begun. She could not see the path below her at all, and only some twenty yards of its course above her. In the whirling gloom and in the fury of the wind, although she turned to descend the path, her courage suddenly failed her. She remembered a stream she had crossed on a little footbridge with a rail; could she ever see to recross it— above the greedy tumult of the water? Peering upwards, it seemed to her that she saw something like walls in front of her — perhaps another sheepfold? That would give her shelter for a little, and perhaps the snow would stop — perhaps it was only a shower. She struggled on and up, and found, indeed, some fragments of walls beside the path, one of the many abandoned places among the Westmoreland fells that testify to the closer settlement of the dales in earlier centuries.

And just as she clambered within them, the clouds sweeping along the fell-side lifted and parted for the last time, and she caught a glimpse of a wide, featureless world, the desolate top of the fells, void of shelter or landmark, save that straight across it, from gloom to gloom, there ran a straight white thing — a ghostly and forsaken track. The Roman road, no doubt, of which the shepherd had spoken. And a vision sprang into her mind of Roman soldiers tramping along it, helmeted and speared, their heads bent against these northern storms — shivering like herself. She gazed and gazed, fascinated, till her bewildered eyes seemed to perceive shadows upon it, moving — moving — towards her.

A panic fear seized her.

"I must get home! — I must!"

And, sobbing, with the sudden word "Mother!" on her lips, she ran out of the shelter she had found, taking, as she supposed, the path towards the valley. But, blinded with snow and mist, she lost it almost at once. She stumbled on over broken and rocky ground, wishing to descend, yet keeping instinctively upwards, and hearing on her right from time to time, as though from depths of chaos, the wild voices of the valley, the wind tearing the cliffs, the rushing of the stream. Soon all was darkness; she knew that she had lost herself, and was alone with rock and storm. Still she moved; but nerve and strength ebbed; and at last there came a step into infinity — a sharp pain — and the flame of consciousness went out.

TO BE CONCLUDED

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BOY GANGS AND BOY LEADERS

BY

J. ADAMS PUFFER

FORMER PRINCIPAL OF SCHOOLS AT THE MASSACHUSETTS STATE REFORM SCHOOL, FORMER VOLUNTEER PROBATION OFFICER OF THE BOSTON JUVENILE COURT, DIRECTOR OF BEACON VOCATION BUREAU, AND LECTURER ON BOY PROBLEMS

THE gang age, from ten to sixteen, is a very definite stage in a boy's life. In the earlier years of that period the social instincts are born; in the later, if the boy develops normally, they become fixed as social habits, which persist throughout the rest of his life, and in no small measure determine his relations with his fellow men. Before the gang age, the little boy is interested in his surroundings; after it, the young man becomes a squire of dames. But between ten and sixteen the interests of a normal boy are neither in pet rabbits nor in girls, but in other boys. He plays the group games —baseball, football, cricket, hockey. He learns coöperation, self-sacrifice, loyalty, team play. That is what the gang is for. There the future business man, politician, or citizen first practises the great art of getting on with other people.

One man out of ten may be a member of a church; one man out of five may be a member of a fraternity. But at least three men out of four have been members of some gang, good or bad.

The respectable citizen who finds himself hustled off the sidewalk by a crowd of young toughs at the corner, and the fond mama whose carefully nurtured offspring has been sneaking off to the swimming-hole with the denizens of the next street, will probably unite in condemning the boys' gang for an unmitigated nuisance. Every Jew peddler, every Chinese laundryman, every farmer with a fruit-orchard, and most policemen will heartily agree with them. Even the best behaved boys individually are little savages when they get together; the unruly boy, in company with his fellows, blossoms into new depravities. From this standpoint, the boys' gang seems thoroughly bad.

On the other hand, men of science, psychologists, and officers of juvenile courts point out that only by associating himself with other boys can any youth learn and practise the great social virtues. Since older people disagree about the boys' gang, let us turn to the boys themselves. On the activities of the boys' gang, I quote, in the boys' own words, from the records of sixty-six boys' gangs, good, bad, and mixed — mostly mixed.

Boys' Own Accounts of Their Gangs

Gang Number 1. Name, "Moss Hollow Athletic Club." Number of members, 9 to 11. Ages, 12 to 17. Nationalities: 1 Irish, 2 French, 2 Americans, 1 negro, 1 Scot.

"Met nearly every day in vacation-time; had a shanty for a club-house over in the woods; met there most of the time; met on R. C.'s hill. R. C. was the leader, because he could jump the farthest. President could jump the farthest; vice-president jumped next farthest; the secretary next; the treasurer next. The club was for athletics, so that was the way we wanted it. Wouldn't let a fellow into our club unless he could play baseball or football; sometimes put a fellow out of the club because he wouldn't play or pay his share of the expenses. We have been going together for four years; we take in a new crowd of younger boys every year. We played baseball in the spring and football in the fall. Nights we could meet on the corner of the street and talk over games. Sundays we went to church; go up on the hill in the afternoon and watch some men play cards for money; they gave coppers to the boys. We often jumped a freight to Gates Crossing and then went berrying or after nuts. We used to play Indian in the woods; one boy captured the others and put them in a hole. We had three detectives. We stole some apples out of orchards. We had a fight with the 'Garden of Eden' gang; we were coming home from football; we guyed them for beating us. They fired sticks at us. We made some swords out of wood, got an air-rifle, and made an attack on them and drove

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them up to a hay-mow in a barn. We sometimes ran away from school; two of us would go out at a time, so as not to throw any suspicion on the gang. Our rules were that all members should be present Wednesdays and Saturdays and each boy should pay equal parts for ball. When there were disputes the officers would 'most always settle them."

This is distinctly a "good" gang, although none of its members are probably in any immediate danger of translation. Here is another even better.

Gang Number 2. Name, "The Tennis Club." Number of members, 15 boys; most of them Americans — 2 Swedes. Meeting-place, M's house and tennis-court.

"Met after school, nights, and Saturdays. Had a captain of the baseball nine, a captain of the football, and a treasurer. The treasurer collected things at M's house: balls, bats, gloves, rackets, etc. If a fellow was a good ball-player or an all-round athlete, let him in. Sometimes we would pounce upon a fellow and give it to him for two or three minutes — tell a fellow we didn't like him and he didn't belong there, and he would leave. We had been going together seven months when I left going. M's parents would buy things for him and we could all use them. I wish I had stayed in that gang. We played tennis, baseball, cricket; went bicycling, riding, swimming, boating, and camping out. We went out to camp days and came back nights. We made a boat and went fishing for pickerel and perch. We would never allow a big fellow to pick on a little fellow. We were against smoking."

Two "Bad" Gangs and What They Did

Here, by way of contrast, are two "bad" gangs.

Name, "Red Flag Gang." Number of members, about 50. (This means a big crowd. Large gangs usually divide into smaller groups of about ten for definite activities.)

"I didn't steal before I joined this gang; all fellows in clubs steal — make a business of it. Had a club-room in an old house; nobody lived there; paid five cents a week to belong to the club; had a president — vote on him — and a treasurer. Play harmonicas in club-room; talk about shows and theaters. Club was started by the boys. Ten of us used to go stealing together. Some one see a nice place to steal; talk it up and then go to the place. Start out at seven o'clock and come back at nine o'clock. Stole money from people; snatch pocket-books out of hands of people and run; got fifty dollars once. Break and enter hen-coops and pigeon-coops; steal the hens and sell them to Chinamen. Another crowd of about ten used to go gambling in freight-cars so they would not get caught. Fellows would go off and steal anything they could get and sell it; divvy up the money."

Name, "Dowser Glums." Number of members, 8. Nationalities: 4 Irish, 3 French, 1 American.

"Met out in the woods, back of an old barn; met every day that we didn't get work. If any one had anything, he was to divide with the rest. Put a fellow out for spying or telling anything about the club. The purpose of the club was to steal. Been going together for two years. Stole 'most anything they could get their hands on: fruit from fruit-stands; snag ice-cream at picnics; robbed a store and put stuff in an old barn — revolvers, knives, and cartridges. Each of us had a revolver. Nights we would meet and tell stories of what we had done during the day. Go to shows. Sunday we loafed around the streets or went on a trip into the country. We would jump freights to Wayland, Littleton, and Boston. We would work for two or three days and then lay off and spend the money: go to a circus. Sometimes our folks would make us spend our money for clothes. Play cards — poker, whist, high-low-jack. Smoked cigarettes, pipes, and cigars. The biggest fellow drank; he tried to make the other fellows, but they wouldn't drink."

How thoroughly primitive all this sounds! how like the spontaneous activity of all healthy young barbarians the world over! Of my sixty-six gangs, seventy-four per cent reported that they had occupied themselves in hunting, fishing, boating, building huts, going off into the woods, playing Indians, and other "tribal occupations."

The reason is not far to seek. The normal boy at the gang age — that is to say, between ten and sixteen — is a savage; he is passing through the stage in which his savage ancestors lived in the days of the mammoth. He likes to play at doing the things that they did perforce. He admires their virtues and makes them his — their courage, loyalty, coöperation, their sense of dependence on one another. With these he has also the savage vices; but, on the whole, he is laying the broad foundation of the primitive savage virtues on which, in later adolescence, he will support the civilized ones. Possibly Nature might make a civilized adult without making first a young barbarian. For some reason,

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possibly for a good one, she does not. Her method is less to be criticized than studied.

Taking New Boys into the Gang

The older and stronger the gang, the more careful are its members in selecting new material. A boy is kept on the waiting list in order that the members may have time to size him up in regard to loyalty. As soon as the group is satisfied on this point, he may enter, with or without a formal initiation. Some of the initiations, however, are interesting:

(1) "Have him [the new fellow] wrestle with Gibson, to see if he was strong."

(2) "Punched and rapped him all over. Put him up in the air and throw him down for five or ten minutes. If he did not cry, let him in."

(3) "Had to bring something to make sure he would stay in the club. Had a dark hole; had a barrel half full of water in this hole; if he would not go in, chuck him in."

(4) "Make him take an oath to keep secrets. Put him on a train, blindfold him, and send him off alone, to see if he could come back; if he came back he was a member of the gang."

Most adults do not really understand boys. Half of us, to be sure, were boys ourselves; but when we became men and settled down to work, we not only put away childish things — we went further and forgot them. When we read the "Story of a Bad Boy," or the "Real Diary of a Real Boy," or "Tom Brown," or "Huckleberry Finn," we say: "Why, yes, to be sure; that's exactly the way boys do. I used to do just that sort of thing myself." But the next hour we have forgotten, and the boy we once were is again a stranger to us.

Consider, for example, the strange vagabond instinct of youth. We grown men are content to work year after year at one desk, and think ourselves blessed if we can warm our feet year after year over the same register. But, with the boy, it's anything for a change.

Let me quote from the boys themselves, from their own reports as to how and why they ran away.

Why Boys Run Away from Home

Boy Number 1 has a fair home ten miles out of Boston; both his parents are living. He is a promising boy, with a frank face; is truthful, and has altogether an attractive personality. He began to run away from home when he was eleven years old, and by the time he was fourteen he had been off eight times, and in consequence had been committed to the Lyman School for Boys (the Massachusetts State Industrial School), where I first made his acquaintance. His reason for leaving home was simply: "I like to see places." He gave this account of his various trips:

Trip A. "Went to Framingham, to the military encampment; stayed there two days; walked to Boston [twenty miles], and stopped around the wharves; begged something to eat; slept in alleyways and in a mission; policeman caught me; took me to the station till father came and got me."

Trip B. "Went to Brighton to watch them drive cows to get killed; stopped there three days, and worked for something to eat by driving cows; slept in the stock-yard barn."

Trip C. "Went to Watertown to see them make guns, and stopped at arsenal two days; went to Cambridge, to a boy's house I knew; went to theater; stopped out too late; policeman took me; father came and got me."

Trip D. "Went to Charlestown to the place where they keep war-ships; stayed there a week, looking at guns and things; went on errands for men; slept in a barn; took some apples off a fruit-stand; policeman took me; father came and got me."

Trip E. "Went to Boston again; liked to go to places; went out for a week, catching fish [salt-water fishing]; went out as far as a lighthouse; slept in bunk; after return stayed in Boston four days; went to Brighton again to see them kill cows; policeman took me; father came and got me."

Trip F. "Went to Watertown again."

Trip G. "Went to Readville horse races."

Trip H. "Went to Portland, Maine, on the night boat; got a job in bowling-alley in Monument Square, Portland; slept in a mission; stole eight dollars; came back to Boston; broke into a store in Hyde Park three nights in succession for something to eat; did not get caught; rang in the fire alarm; got caught; police took me; father came and got me."

After this trip he landed in the Lyman School.

Boy Number 2 is a boy of fine ability, and not at all a bad fellow, in spite of a well-defined propensity to "rap on doors, push and pull people, play tick-tack on windows, and to go down to the East End to fight the crowd there with fists." His story shows really fine traits of character. He had grit and he stood loyally by his chum. He says:

"G stole some money, seventy-five dollars, and asked me to go with him to see the world. 'We'll go to St. Louis, earn some change, and come back.' Went to Providence from Boston; stayed there two nights; went by boat to New York; and then, the same day, took boat to

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LOOKING FOR JESSE JAMES LITERATURE

BOYS WHO CAN NOT RUN AWAY FROM HOME GENERALLY GET ADVENTURE AT SECOND HAND—BY WAY OF THE THEATER OR THE DIME NOVEL

Norfolk, Virginia; stayed there three weeks. Went around taking in the theaters, concert-gardens, and having a good time. Went to cut-rate office for a ticket to St. Louis; found it would take all our money. We went over to Baltimore, and then to Philadelphia. We were financially embarrassed. Worked at a restaurant for something to eat. Struck Wanamaker's for a job. I got four dollars a week. I told hard-up story to the floor-walker, and he gave me one dollar in advance; hired a room for one dollar a week. He [the chum] didn't pay anything toward the room, but bummed around, looking for a job. We stayed in Philadelphia five weeks. I paid rent and meals for all but once. Man paid me off and gave me two dollars extra. We told hard-up story to our landlady; she went and told the Associated Charities; two policemen came and took us. We would not tell right names; we were sent to the House of Detention for two weeks; sent me back to Boston, and kept my chum. Sent me over to jail on

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Charles Street for three weeks. I would not tell my name; got bread and water twice a day. I told them that I lived on Cherry Street, New York. I was getting sick with the itch, and got scared and told my right name. Folks didn't want to send me here; the judge did it."

"Here" is, of course, the Lyman School. One doesn't like to think what might have been this boy's fate if the jail-caught disease had not shaken his nerve.

Truancy

Truancy is another manifestation of the *Wanderlust*. Notice the very suggestive words of the boys in reference to school. These statements came from twenty-nine different truants in answer to the question: "Why did you run away from school?"

Boy Number 1 said: "Miss E. [his teacher] was all right. When I could not get my lessons she would not scold me, but helped me out of them. Miss L. [another teacher] had it in for me. I was to blame part of the time, but she blamed other folks' actions on me, and the school was right near the park. I could see them playing and having fun. I wanted to have some fun, too, so I ran away with another fellow."

Boy Number 2 said: "Ran just to get away from school. Gather up old barrels and old junk to get money to go to shows; used to go alone mostly."

Boy Number 3, a negro, said: "Liked all the teachers but one; she didn't like colored boys. I liked to walk around the streets and look into the big store-windows. Ran away to go to the theater, and to go to ride on an express wagon."

Boy Number 4 said: "I didn't like school; I didn't like geography and history. I liked to go to shows. Rather be out working than going to school. Went down around markets to get jobs; about four of us used to go together."

The rest of the twenty-nine boys each gave one of the following reasons:

"Didn't like to be in there sitting down. Didn't like to study. Have to sit quiet as can be all day. Went to wharves to see them take out fish. Ran away to go swimming and nutting. Ran to go to the circus. Ran to go to the ball games. Ran to go fishing. No fun in school. Ran to go to the theater."

There is a plain evidence in the reports of these boys that they were tired of the inactivity, restraint, and monotony of the school, and longed for the greater excitement and adventure outside.

The boys who can not run away from home get this adventure at second hand, by way of the theater — the theater, which Miss Jane Addams, in her book on Youth and the City Streets, calls the "House of Dreams." The boys' passion for the theater springs from a desire to learn about life and the world. Boys will do anything to get into the theater — peddle bills, pick over the dump, work hard, be good for a whole week. Many of us can recall to this day our bitter disappointment at not being allowed to go to the show that came to our town, or to the circus that came within twenty-five miles.

What Boys Like Best in the Theater

The time is past when the church must look upon the theater as the agency of the devil. Surely this attitude has allowed one of the best educational institutions in our country to degenerate into our present vaudeville shows. The time was when melodrama was a very popular program, but that day is fast passing; only a few theaters presenting the drama are left in any of our large cities. No one who studies the problem without the old inherited church prejudices can think of melodrama as dangerous; we must realize that, on the contrary, it furnishes a very wholesome form of amusement. The great bulk of the moving-picture shows to-day are good. The bad shows should be under the censure of a high public opinion, expressed in the press, the church, and the city government.

From thirteen boys I elicited the following reports in regard to the theater:

(1) "Go to shows two or three times a week; liked tragedies; got up shows myself and let fellows from our district come in."

(2) "Go once or twice a week to the theater; like love plays best."

(3) "Go to shows once a week; like funny plays best. Father gives me money to go."

(4) "Go to shows about every night; stay around and they would let us in late; hook our way in sometimes; jump over the bannister when man's back was turned. Like to see men get shot; like to see trains come on the stage."

(5) "Like tragedy best, where there was a hero in too. In the 'Devil's Island,' the hero was a fellow in the English army. One fellow was maltreated and sentenced to Devil's Island, but finally came out the victor."

(6) "Like war plays. Liked the acting where there was fighting and singing. Ran away from school to pick coal to make some money to go to the theater."

(7) "I like murders and plays that have villains in them. Get passes from fellows who go out after the first act."

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BOY NUMBER 1 RAN AWAY FROM HOME; "WALKED TO BOSTON [TWENTY MILES]; LIKED TO SEE PLACES; STOPPED AROUND WHARVES; BEGGED SOMETHING TO EAT; SLEPT IN ALLEYWAYS AND IN A MISSION"

(8) "Saturday night go to theater; like tragic plays best, where the hero kills the villain."

(9) "Go to shows Saturday afternoons; like all kinds. I like war shows and heroes and all like that."

(10) "We had the best time going to theaters; like comical plays; like to see Irishmen and fighting."

(11) "Like plays with fighting in them best."

(12) "Like hero plays."

(13) "Like excitement and Indian plays best."

Out of eleven boys, five said their favorite play was "Uncle Tom's Cabin"; two spoke for "The Great White Diamond" and two for "The Queen of the White Slaves." Other boys expressed a preference for one or another of the following plays: "Steeplechase," "Railroad Jack," "White Eagle," "Devil's Island," "Peggy from Paris," "Girls from England," "Under Southern Skies," "Arnold the Traitor," "Wedded in the Streets," "Shaumus O'Brien," "Limited Mail," "The Power of the Cross," "Paul Revere's Ride," "New York by Day,"

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A FOOTBALL GAME BETWEEN TWO BOSTON GANGS
THE CROSSES INDICATE THE TWO LEADERS. EVERY GANG HAS A LEADER, AND IN THE REPORTS OF TWENTY-NINE BOYS THE LEADER WAS SPECIFIED IN ALL BUT ONE CASE AS THE "BEST PLAYER" OF HIS GROUP

"Heart of Maryland," "Why Women Sin," "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch," "Across the Rockies," "Monte Cristo," "Midnight in Chinatown," "Rip Van Winkle," "James Brothers in Missouri," "Eight Bells," "Across the Pacific," "Way Down East," "McFadden's Flats," "The Blue and the Gray."

"Swiping" Not a Sign of Depravity

In primitive society, all the enemy's property is contraband of war. "Go to —— Market," report my boys; "steal apples, candy, grapes, and peanuts. Went in a crowd." "Stole pigeons; broke into slot-machines. Got lager beer Saturday nights off beer teams." "*Go round stealing for fun.* Go out to Arlington Heights for apples, pears, and things. Take bananas off of Italians. Steal off bakers' teams. Take baskets of doughnuts and pies. Take milk out of doors. Steal clothes off clothesline, sell to ragman. Stole junk, sold it to another ragman."

Of course, all this is very wrong, but how many of us men are there who have never lived off the enemy's country to the extent of at least an apple or a "spud"? Even Henry Ward Beecher confesses — let us hope, for the good of his soul — to having "swiped" certain properties of his Uncle Samuel "off" the Charlestown Navy Yard. Stealing is so thoroughly instinctive in boys of the gang age that it is by no means a sign of depravity. It is not nearly so grave a fault as, for example, lying or cowardice, for these are against the native impulses of boyhood, and will grow worse instead of better. At any rate, seventy-four per cent of our boys' gangs own up to what we may term, euphemistically, "predatory activities" — and you know the formula: "If he says he never did it, then he does it now." But I pass to the most absorbing amusement of savage and of boy life — fighting. "Make forts," reports the spokesman of one of my gangs. "Fight with snowballs. Go down to East End. Fight with crowd there. Fight with fists." Apparently there was not the slightest reason for going "down to East End" except for the chance of getting into a row.

The somewhat unsavory "Island Gang" "fought with another gang to see which was strongest. Fought with clubs." A hunting gang "had a shanty in the woods; other boys would come and tear it down" — and the natural consequences would follow. The loosely organized "Gold Streeters," largely a stealing gang,

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GANG NUMBER 1 "HAD A SHANTY FOR A CLUB-HOUSE OVER IN THE WOODS; WENT BERRYING OR AFTER NUTS. USED TO PLAY INDIAN IN THE WOODS; ONE BOY CAPTURED THE OTHERS AND PUT THEM IN A HOLE"

discouraged fighting within its own ranks, the bigger boys for the most part settling disputes. But the gang as an organization kept all outsiders away from its favorite street corner, and, in addition, it "fought a gang from another school. Fought with sticks and stones. Chased fellows on streets. Split a few boys' heads open."

One boy reports: "Had a regular battle with Sewall Street gang. Made a fort on a hill. Sewall Street gang tried to take the fort down on us. We pelted them with snowballs. They took it down at seven o'clock, while we were eating breakfast. We drove them over a fence."

By way of conclusion, consider this really unique case of a federation of local gangs, and a war between the confederacies.

"Chelsea gangs fought East Boston gangs. Everybody thought that East Boston fellows were picking on little fellows in Chelsea too much. We had it all arranged, but there was a traitor in our camp; he told East Bostons. We met in the middle of ice on Mystic River; fought with clubs, sticks, and stones; in close quarters where we couldn't use clubs, used our fists. About four hundred of us boys, same number on other side. One of our fellows got knocked out. We licked. Half of us got hit on the arms. The ice broke in on the river. A lot of our fellows pulled the others out; we didn't like to see them drown. One fellow on the other side got drowned — a little fellow."

Gang Leaders

Almost always, whether stealing or fighting or playing Indians, the gang has a leader. Sometimes he is formally elected; more often he simply comes to the fore by virtue of his inherent force of character. Occasionally, on the other hand, there is no special leader; or, where the gang follows various lines of activity, different boys in turn take the lead, each in the thing he does best.

Typical reports concerning these leaders from the boys themselves are: "A was oldest and largest. He collected us and got us into it." "B was leader. He was the sharpest. He always wanted to go first." "D was leader. He could fight the best and had the most money." "T was leader; English, good-natured, good player at anything." "J was the ring-leader; steals most, says come on." Two boys report of themselves: "I was leader. Had stumps, and the one who could do the most stumps was leader." "I was leader; I wasn't afraid of anybody."

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TWO BOYS COÖPERATING TO ROB A FRUIT-STAND
THE "DOWSER GLUMS" "STOLE 'MOST ANYTHING THEY COULD GET THEIR HANDS ON; FRUIT FROM FRUIT-STANDS; SNAG ICE-CREAM AT PICNICS; ROBBED A STORE AND PUT STUFF IN AN OLD BARN"

It is with boys as with men. The leader is the best fighter, the one who wants to go first, and can do things, who says come on, who isn't afraid of anybody. The rest — who are afraid of somebody, and who prefer to see the other fellow go first — they are the rank and file.

Now, there is not much doubt that the leader of boys becomes in due time the leader of men. He learns the art as a boy; as a boy he develops the qualities of leadership, and the habit. It becomes, therefore, a matter of no small moment to find out what sort of boy it is who, in the give and take of boy life, comes to the top of the heap. As there are certain obvious advantages in after life in being at the top of the heap rather than at the bottom, it becomes well worth while knowing how a boy acquires the valuable knack of getting there.

By way of getting light on these points, I put questions to the boys at the Lyman School concerning the leaders of their gangs. The following are specimen replies.

C's report concerning leader Number 1: "He seems to be a quiet, sensible fellow; minds his own business; never has any trouble with any fellows. He is leader in our sports; when he plays the whole cottage plays. He will always help you, and never gets you into trouble if he can help it."

F's report on the same boy: "He is a favorite. He is good to the fellows. He is the best athlete. He is never in a fight, and does not try to pick up fights. When he has anything he always divides up. He is strong and well built."

B's report on the same boy: "Kind-hearted. Leader of all the sports. He will let any fellow play. Gives a fellow a fair chance. He is quiet; hardly says anything."

Other reports are to the same effect: "Best player and best boxer. Not a fighter, but hits fellows when they don't behave." "He does about what is right." "Never is fooling; stops fighting." "Tries the best he can. Is fair to everybody. Doesn't fight."

The subject of the above reports was the most marked leader of his time in the school. His house-master, from whom I inquired the secret of his power, describes him as cool-headed and of good judgment; silent and distant; a good player; and, as shown by his gymnasium examinations, the strongest boy physically in the entire school.

Here are some reports on other leaders.

A boy's report on leader Number 2: "He

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A TYPICAL BOYS' GANG

GANG NUMBER 4 "WOULD WORK FOR TWO OR THREE DAYS, AND THEN LAY OFF AND SPEND THE MONEY; GO TO A CIRCUS. NIGHTS WE WOULD MEET AND TELL STORIES OF WHAT WE HAD DONE DURING THE DAY"

seems to use us fellows more squarely. He was captain of the baseball, and we liked him. He is a pitcher of the baseball team. He is the best fighter and boxer; likes to fool; he is good-natured."

Another boy's report on leader Number 2: "He does lots of things for boys. He wanted to be the leader. He is about the best in sports; he is the strongest. He is equal to anybody in fighting; nobody wants to fight with him. He is the brightest fellow."

A boy's report on leader Number 4: "He is an athlete; good-natured; will take lots of fooling. He helps lots of fellows. He will fight when he has to, but will never pick up a fight. He does not care to choose up, and will play anywhere."

A boy's report on leader Number 7: "Popular among the boys. He is a good player. He treats fellows right; picks up no fights; stops fighting. He is generous; he is strong."

Here, by way of contrast, is a report on a would-be leader, ambitious for office, but unable to "make good":

"Wants to lead, but can not; do not like him. He thinks he is quite the fellow. Wants to pitch and can't. He wants to choose up and put himself in pitcher."

Twenty-nine reports concerning eleven different leaders specify of all except one that he is the "best player" of his group. All but three are noted as being the "best fighter," but "not fond of fighting." All but four are described as "fair and square." Or, to sum up the reports in slightly different terms: Characteristics depending on physical strength and activity were mentioned fifty-nine times; moral qualities of the altruistic group, good nature, kindness, squareness, generosity, and the like, thirty-eight times; the egoistic moral qualities, self-reliance, reserve, power, industry, twenty-one times.

Boys as Judges of Character and Ability

Altogether it is a pleasing picture which these by no means model boys of the Massachusetts State Industrial School give of their leaders. One and all almost without exception, they are strong of body, skilled at games, courageous and self-reliant, generous, kind-hearted, even-tempered, not given to unnecessary fighting, yet almost invariably the best fighters of their groups. Naturally, our reporters put little stress upon intellectual qualities, such being the way with boys; but dullards rarely come

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to the fore, while the successful leader usually possesses not only the courage and initiative to go ahead and do things, but also the imagination to plan them. Especially noteworthy is one oft-recurring phrase: the would-be leader "wants to choose up and put himself pitcher"; the real leader "does not want to choose up and will play anywhere."

We have listened first to the youths, as seems to be the custom in these days. Let us now turn to the opinion of the elders.

I took one hundred boys just as they came alphabetically on the lists of the Lyman School, and had their teachers and house-masters classify them as leaders or easily led. I also selected twenty qualities, some physical, some mental, and some moral, which, taken together, seemed to me to be on the whole the fairest index to boy character, and had the teachers and masters rank each of these hundred boys with respect to each of these twenty qualities. The results of this rating appear in the table below.

This table is well worth further study. It shows that in kindness of heart, goodness of nature, sweetness of disposition, and cheerfulness the leaders have but a slight advantage over their followers. Even in brightness of mind and in activity and perseverance the difference is not especially marked.

The leaders are twice as well endowed with ambition, stability, good temper, truthfulness, attention, and memory, and three times more likely to have a normal physical life, and, perhaps in consequence, to be brave. The great differences are in the remaining qualities. The leaders, judged by this test, are 3.4 times more likely to be shrewd; 4.4 times more likely to be generous; 4.7 times more likely to be strong-willed; and, to crown all, they are 5.8 times more likely to have good reasoning power. Their superiority, in short, lies far more in the manly than in the gentle virtues.

With this excess of manly qualities goes a marked advantage on the animal side. As compared with the thirty-seven easily led boys, the thirty-one leaders, as appears from their gymnasium examinations, were

4 months younger, and therefore
$\frac{1}{2}$ inch shorter, but
$4\frac{1}{6}$ pounds heavier
$\frac{1}{2}$ inch larger in girth of chest
$2\frac{5}{8}$ inch better in chest expansion
10.3 cubic inches better in lung capacity
8.8 pounds stronger in right hand
8.8 pounds stronger in left hand
26.4 pounds stronger in back
44 pounds stronger in legs
6.6 pounds stronger in chest

Or, taking both groups at the same age, the leaders would have eleven per cent more lung capacity, forty per cent more chest expan-

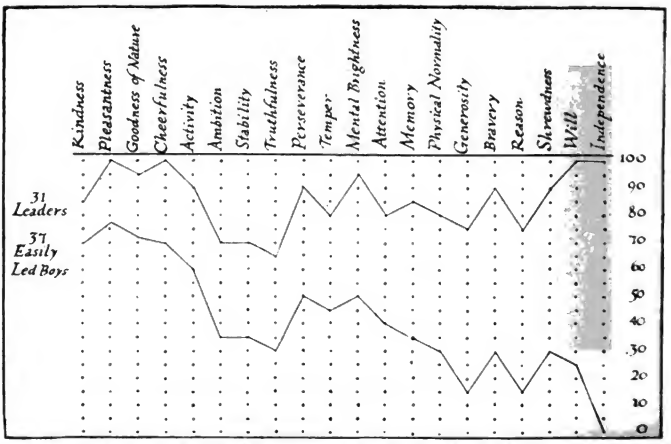


TABLE SHOWING THE COMPARATIVE RATING, AS TO PHYSICAL, MENTAL, AND MORAL QUALITIES, OF THIRTY-ONE LEADERS AND THIRTY-SEVEN EASILY LED BOYS

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GANG NUMBER 1 "HAD A FIGHT WITH THE 'GARDEN OF EDEN' GANG. THEY FIRED STICKS AT US. WE MADE SOME SWORDS OUT OF WOOD, GOT AN AIR-RIFLE, AND MADE AN ATTACK ON THEM AND DROVE THEM UP TO A HAY-MOW"

sion, and eighteen per cent more muscular strength.

Moreover, when they entered the Lyman School at thirteen and a half years of age, the boys of the leader group were one whole grade ahead of the easily led. Two years later, when this study was made, they were two grades ahead.

What the Gang Does for the Boy

My more precise study, therefore, bears out fully the impression given by the boys' own reports. The gang leader is a special sort of boy, on the whole a decidedly good sort. The leader earns his place by virtue of his own inherent quality. As Ambassador Bryce has well said concerning children of a larger growth, "political society has depended upon the natural inequality of the strength of individual wills and the activity of individual intellects, so that the weaker have tended to follow the stronger not so much because the stronger have compelled them to do so as because they themselves have wished to do so." The characteristics of the leader (physical vigor, mental capacity, reasoning power, strength of will, shrewdness, generosity, courage) are qualities strongly hereditary; so that, without question, the natural leader of men is in part born rather than made. At the same time, there is no one of these qualities which is not also the result of training. While certain boys and certain men will inevitably come to the fore, no matter where they are born nor what their early condition may be, and while certain others are by nature predetermined to an invertebrate dependence, a very considerable number of persons are of that intermediate quality which environment may develop into the one class or force back into the other. There is an instinct for leadership in nearly every normal boy, which is especially strong and especially educable just at the gang age. Helped at the right time and in the right way, the budding leader forms the habit of success and goes from strength to strength. Hindered, the impulse aborts, and the boy remains a follower to the end.

The leaders, as we have seen, are noted for their fighting ability. Yet they are not fighters. They have fought their way to independence and now enjoy their freedom. They do not stir up quarrels; but, on the contrary, they stand for fair play and can be depended on to stop unjust fights. They are lovers of peace — but they are not to be imposed upon.

This is the class we all want our own boys to enter. There is only one open road to it: the boy must fight his way. Every boy is tested by his playmates. If he fails to defend his rights, he loses his own self-respect and the respect of his fellows. He has lost the road to independence and to self-reliance. He will never hold his own, either among boys or among men.

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THE INFLAMMABLE TENEMENT

HOW NEW YORK HAS PLACED TWO AND A HALF MILLION PEOPLE IN THE WORST FIRE-TRAP DWELLINGS IN THE WORLD

BY

ARTHUR E. McFARLANE

AUTHOR OF "FIRE AND THE SKYSCRAPER," ETC.

THERE are forty fires a day in New York City — twice as many and twice as costly as the fires of London, Berlin, and Paris together. More than half of these fires are in tenements — the dwellings where three quarters of the New York population live. Every year 300,000 people in New York hear the cry of "Fire!" within the walls of their own tenement; every year tens of thousands of families are frightened out of their homes by fires; and every year dozens are burned to death. In 1910 there were sixty-three people killed by fire in New York, ten in Paris, and none in Berlin.

Japan, a country of wood and paper houses, has about 15,000 fires a year — practically the same number as New York City has. But in Japan, as in other semi-civilized countries, the people live near the ground, and in case of fire can escape. There has been no parallel for the constant condition of danger in the dwelling-places of New York since the plebeians of ancient Rome were roasted to death in their six- and seven-story tenements, in the time of Augustus Caesar.

Three and a half millions of people live in the tenements of New York, at an average height of thirty-five feet above the ground. Two and a half millions of these live in "old-style" tenements — the most dangerous human habitations in the world. The mass of population in these houses does not decrease; in spite of new laws, it steadily increases. It was less than 2,400,000 in 1901; it is by the estimate of the Board of Health nearly 2,580,000 to-day. And, in all human probability, New York will remain for decades to come what it is at present — the city that kills more persons by fire in their homes than any other in the world.

The First Mass of Tenement Dwellers

The New York tenements were built to house the great hordes of immigrants who were thrown into the city from Europe. The end of the Napoleonic wars let loose the advance-guard of these, in 1817. New York was then a town of detached brick and frame houses, set in gardens. Within twenty months it was compelled to find room for 22,240 immigrants — mainly Irish peasants. The owners of the houses in the poorer districts of the city provided for them by dividing up the old two-story-and-attic single houses to accommodate two families or more. Two families pay more rent than one. The situation naturally continued.

In 1828 another great rush of immigration began. The supply of old houses was exhausted; the slum builder began to put up the first type of the New York tenements as we know them now — wooden boxes, three or four stories high, sometimes with brick fronts, but always practically of frame construction. The front of the lots being filled, many of these were built back in the old gardens. By 1834 there were at least 100,000 people in the tenements of New York. There are still — surrounded by the solid brick walls composed of the houses on the street — 4,000 "rear tenements," built originally in old Manhattan gardens. In the thirties, New

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Courtesy Tenement House Department, New York

ROOM IN AN OLD-STYLE TENEMENT AFTER A FIRE. FIVE PEOPLE SLEPT IN THIS ROOM, ALL OF WHOM WERE SUFFOCATED

York had already developed its problem of congestion, and with it the danger of burning its population in their homes.

A Box-Stove and a Chimney

The first little two- and three-family tenements had early shown that fifteen people are more likely to set a house on fire than five; that they are less likely to get out alive; and that fire in twelve or sixteen rooms is harder to extinguish than fire in five or six. For every story and every family added, the risk was manifestly greater. Accordingly, in 1849 New York passed a law "for the more effectual prevention of fire." Brooklyn followed, in 1852, with an ordinance to the effect that every building "should have a scuttle or place of egress in the roof thereof." Fire-escape legislation had begun.

By 1854 the average tenement held more than five families. The new houses, many of them five stories high, brick without and wood within, held eight and ten families — from thirty to fifty people. These boxlike wooden structures were something unique as traps for burning people alive. They were built on the general plan of a box-stove, connected with a chimney. Every family had its own woodbin in the cellar, full of wood, paper, and straw. The cellar, divided into these bins by wooden partitions, was the stove, and it was always full of kindling. The single stairway going from the cellar to the top of the house was, to all intents and purposes, a chimney. Until 1901, practically all New York tenements were built after this model. Two thirds of New York's tenement population are living in them now.

In 1860 there were two cases of wholesale death in tenement fires — "big roasts," as the old firemen call them. In Elm Street a "cellar fire" — that is, a fire starting in the cellar woodbins and going up the stairs — gave a death list of twenty; ten more were killed in a similar fire on West Forty-fifth Street. The Common Council of New York immediately enacted an ordinance calling for fire-escapes. The State legislature passed laws virtually requiring either the erection of an outside brick staircase as a fire-escape, or fire-proof construction for tenements throughout.

How to build fire-proof tenements was no mystery in 1860. Since 1854, under the rules of Baron Haussmann, who remade Paris, France,

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Courtesy Tenement-House Department, New York

PHOTOGRAPH OF THE HALLWAY OF A "NEW-LAW" TENEMENT, TAKEN AFTER A FIRE ON THE FLOOR BELOW. IN THE "NEW-LAW" TENEMENT THE FLOORS ARE OF CONCRETE OR TILE, THE STAIRWAYS OF METAL AND SLATE, AND ALL THE WOODWORK IN THE HALLS IS METAL-SHEATHED

had been building them by the hundred. By these rules, in place of wood, tenements must have iron floor-beams with brick arching between; all stair-shafts must be inclosed in brick; and all spaces between partitions must be filled with concrete or gypsum. This is almost exactly what was called for, forty years later, in the tenement-house law of 1901. In 1860 one might have expected that New York was to be as fire-proof a city as Paris. In 1862 the "fire-proof" law was repealed holus-bolus. It had raised the cost of construction. In place of it more fire-escape legislation was enacted.

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Courtesy Tenement-House Department, New York

THE THIRD FLOOR OF AN OLD-STYLE OR TYPICAL NEW YORK TENEMENT AFTER A FIRE. NOTE THE FLIMSY CHARACTER OF THE WOODEN CONSTRUCTION. THE AVERAGE HALL OR STAIRWAY IN THE OLD-STYLE TENEMENT IS LESS THAN THREE FEET WIDE

The New York Fire-Escape

In 1866 five persons were burned to death in a tenement in Avenue A, nine in Division Street, and seven in East Thirty-first Street. If it cost too much to make the whole tenement fire-proof, the wood-bins could, at any rate, be made safe. In 1867 the first general tenement-house law contained a provision that all cellar wood-bins should be constructed wholly of fire-proof material. But to do this also gave the builder additional expense, and that law lasted just four years, until 1871. Another fire-escape law was substituted.

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But fires were still starting in the tenement cellar, and to it the eye of the legislature was still, willingly or unwillingly, directed. In place of fire-proof wood-bins, in 1871 it was enacted that "the floor above the cellar, with the stairs leading thereto, were to be constructed fire-proof." This would have cost more than fire-proof wood-bins. The law was never enforced and it lasted only three years, being repealed in 1874. Once more, in place of laws compelling safe construction, a fire-escape law was written.

The New York fire-escape was the cheapest apparatus that could be required by any law for fire protection. Those put up in the seventies — and they are still the commonest type to-day* — are ladders running straight up and down a vertical wall, passing through holes in iron balconies at each story. When a crowd of people, numb or frantic with terror, try to climb down these ladders, they jam at every balcony, or step on one another's hands, or fall and carry others with them. And, as the fire-escape laws were not enforced, many tenements had not even this protection. Widened window-sills, or balconies with floors of wooden slats, were allowed to pass as fire-escapes.

The "Dumb-Bell Double-Decker" — a Perfect Fire-Trap

All this was brought about for the benefit of the speculative builder. Three quarters of the city dwellings in America have been built by him. But never in the history of the country has there been such development of speculative building as came in New York shortly after 1880. The reason for this was the flooding into America of an immigration beyond any movement of population that had ever taken place before on the face of the earth. In 1879 only 99,240 immigrants arrived in the port of New York; in 1880 there were 226,726; in 1881, 400,725; and in 1882, 502,000. A large percentage of these stayed in New York. The speculative builder was prepared to house them. In 1879, as it happened, there had been evolved for him, in an architectural competition, the "dumb-bell double-decker."

The problem of the tenement-builder was to set the greatest number of families possible on a 25-foot-front building lot, and to give them all a semblance of air and light. The law had at last forbidden the erection of any form of tenement that covered the lot solidly. The "dumb-bell double-decker" was an open form of construction; but what it was most of all open to was fire. It got the first part of its name from its floor-plan, and the second part from its five, six, or seven decks, or stories, each divided lengthwise into two parts. A building is open to fire just so far as fire is able to find its way upward in it, through flues that give upon inflammables. The "dumb-bell," like its predecessors, formed a stove and a chimney; it had the same cellar full of wood-bins, opening into a single central stair-well. Like all the tenements before it, it had the hundred little flues, between wood-lined partitions, found in all our hollow lath-and-studding American construction; and it had the floor openings created by cheap plumbing. To these the "dumb-bell" tenement added two dumb-waiter shafts,— oil-soaked wooden flues opening upon every floor,— and on both sides of the house an air-shaft. There were openings from the cellar into both the dumb-waiters and the air-shaft. The air-shaft was soon littered with rubbish and old papers, and hung across with drying clothes; and, once fire had got into it, the flames cracked the windows and entered all the middle rooms of the house by another route. They could also pass into the houses on the right and left.

An Average Profit of Five Thousand Dollars

Four families could be put on every floor of the "dumb-bell," sometimes six; it could be built in six months. And for years the speculative builder could count on his five thousand dollars profit apiece for as many as he could build. He learned to run them up "on a shoe-string." Short-time credit and a few thousand dollars in cash were all he needed.* And he knew that almost before his "dumb-bell" was finished he could sell it, fully rented, to one of a hundred eagerly waiting landlords. He learned to beat the landlord, too, by taking tenants rent-free for a month or more, on conditions of secrecy.

What is called by firemen "three-months paint" had been invented. It was very cheap paint,— three months was its uttermost lease of life,— and it was very dangerous. Whatever it was made of, let a lamp or a candle come near enough to it while it was still damp, and fire would go around the room or down the tenement hall as fast as a man could run. But such paint was good enough when you were building to sell. As for fire-escapes, the bar iron could be brought to the legal thickness by successive coats of "black wash." But, as a matter of fact,

* This article was written in Greenwich House, a social settlement in the heart of the West Side tenement district. Seven out of ten of the fire-escapes to be seen from its front windows are vertical ladders.

* See "The Tenement-House Problem," by de Forest and Veiller, for a full account of the methods of the speculative builder, who is at present giving New York most of its fire-trap loft factories.

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Courtesy Tenement-House Department, New York

PHOTOGRAPH, TAKEN AFTER A FIRE, OF THE CELLAR STAIRS IN AN OLD-STYLE TENEMENT. THESE STAIRS LED FROM THE WOOD-BINS INTO THE STAIR-WELL. TWENTY-FIVE PEOPLE WERE BURNED TO DEATH IN THIS HOUSE

in those years builders were little bothered by legal restrictions. In 1885 it was decreed that all tenements thereafter erected more than seventy feet high should be fire-proof — it being then unlikely that many builders would wish to erect tenements more than seventy feet high. But, when this condition no longer maintained, the height limit was at once raised to eighty feet. By 1892 it was eighty-five. Wood was held by the president of the Board of Buildings to be a "slow-burning material," and wooden stairs and hallways were considered entirely safe, if backed by wire lath and plaster.*

* See the minutes of the examination of the chief officers of the New York and Brooklyn Departments of Buildings before the Tenement-House Commission in December, 1900, and published in its report.

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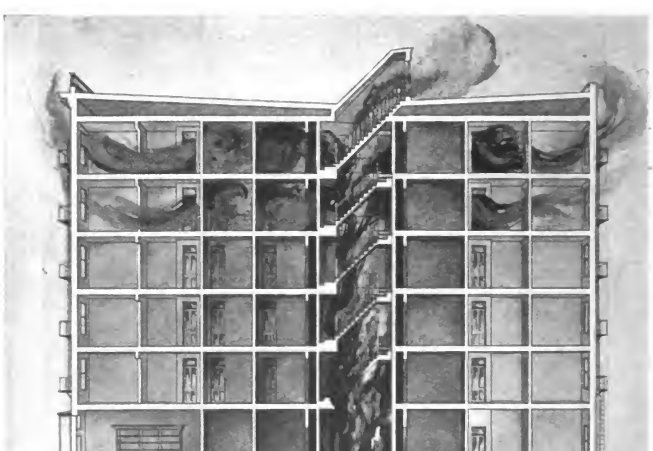


DIAGRAM GIVING A SIDE VIEW OF A TENEMENT FIRE. A CELLAR FIRE, OR ANY FIRE ON A LOWER FLOOR, TURNS THE STAIR-WELL INTO A CHIMNEY. IN TENEMENT FIRES, THE GREATEST LOSS OF LIFE IS CAUSED BY SUFFOCATION

The Immigrant and the Fire-Trap

In twenty years about forty-seven thousand tenements, large and small, were flung together in the territory that is now New York,—the "dumb-bell" being the prevailing type,—and 1,550,000 people crowded into them. There were already eight hundred thousand in the still older tenements. These people were foreigners, unaccustomed to fire as a destroyer. The German came from a country in which one house is burned where five are burned with us; in the Austro-Hungarian's home land the proportion is one to nine in the United States; in the Italian's, one to twenty-one. The Italian peasant may grow to manhood and never see a house burn down. Letting all Europe make the average, our losses of dwellings by fire are still eight to one.

But these figures are for our ordinary single-family houses. In 1906 Chief Bonner had the records of sixty thousand New York fires examined, in order to determine just what part the tenement had played in them. It was found that fire occurs in it more than four times as often as it does in the ordinary American house. Fifty-two per cent of all fires on Manhattan Island were ascribed to the tenement, and in Greater New York forty-seven per cent; and the proportion was constantly growing. Leaving it at forty-seven per cent, this would mean 6,700 tenement fires for the year ending in December, 1910, and for that decade about 48,000. Now, as at the beginning, those who fill New York's tenements are almost wholly foreign. A population, unaccustomed to fires in their European dwellings, were suddenly thrown into houses that were in greater danger of burning than any others in the civilized world. Their customs and habit of life in their earlier surroundings became at once a great danger.

Fifty-one per cent of all tenement fires start in the apartments themselves, from carelessness with matches, the upsetting of lamps and candles, the drying of clothes too near stoves, and similar causes. A cold spell will mean a great increase in "stove fires"; for the cooking

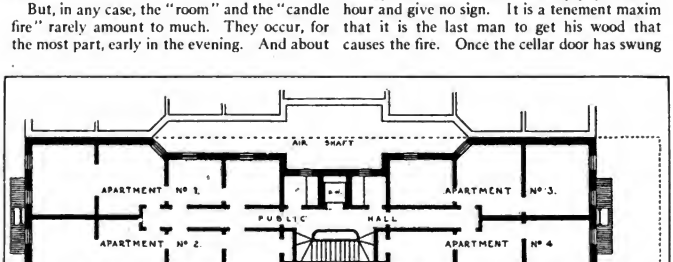
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and heating of eighty-five per cent of the tenements in New York are done by means of wood or coal stoves.

Even religious customs become dangerous in the tenements. Until two years ago, on the night of Yom Kippur, the Jewish New Year, the holy candles lit in every house caused such a doubling and trebling of fires that a second engine had to be brought down, on that night, and made ready outside every fire-house in the Ghetto. This custom has not been changed, but the chief rabbis now instruct their people to stand the candles in pans or bowls of earth, and that particular danger has been largely averted.

But, in any case, the "room" and the "candle fire" rarely amount to much. They occur, for the most part, early in the evening. And about upset the candle, but, if he has been lighting his way with a match, he throws it behind him. After a fire in a "double-decker" on Eleventh Avenue, in which twenty-five people were burned to death, the cellar was found to be sprinkled with half-burned matches; the draft of flame had swirled up into the house so swiftly that many of them remained untouched.

The German, the Bohemian, and the Austrian do not go to bed so early as the Italian, and their fires come later still. The Jew, now inveterately attached to the cigarette, adds that to the match. And the cigarette is the more dangerous, because it does not declare itself at once. It may smolder in a nest of damp paper for an hour and give no sign. It is a tenement maxim that it is the last man to get his wood that causes the fire. Once the cellar door has swung



FLOOR-PLAN OF THE "DUMB-BELL DOUBLE-DECKER." SUCH A HOUSE IS ONLY TWENTY-FIVE FEET WIDE AND LESS THAN EIGHTY FEET LONG; BUT IT FREQUENTLY HOLDS A HUNDRED AND FIFTY PEOPLE. THE AIR-SHAFTS PASS THE FIRE ON TO THE TENEMENTS ADJOINING

ninety-four in every hundred are "killed" in the apartment where they start. One family may lose all it possesses, but that is the worst. It is the cellar fire, coming later in the night, which is always the dangerous one. And forty per cent of tenement fires start in the cellar.

The Night Fire in the Cellar

An East Side battalion chief who has been "on tenements" for twenty years, sitting grimly in his bedroom office, hard by the brass sliding-pole, can almost see the cellar fire start. The getting of the morning's kindling still causes most of them. The Italian finishes his night's smoke, and gets his first. At home he lived in a house where even the floors were stone, and you can't teach him caution. He may not to upon it, it can take all the time it needs to gather for its leap, and be almost certain of catching the whole house sleeping. These fires usually start between midnight and one o'clock.

But there are other cellar fires which break out at three and four in the morning; and of these an ever-growing proportion is incendiary. The fire-bug, seeking insurance money or revenge, has only to slip into the basement with his match and twist of paper; a hay-rick is hardly more easy to kindle than the biggest "dumb-bell." But often, to make quite sure, he pours a can of coal-oil down the wooden steps; frequently he leaves the can behind him. There is another kind of incendiary who kindles the early morning fire—the thief. He starts a fire, rushes up through the tenement, alarming the occupants, goes through their rooms as soon as

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they have rushed panic-strickenly out of them, and escapes with his loot through the scuttle and over the roofs.

Fighting the Big Tenement Blaze

The fighting of all tenement fires has long since become a matter of thoroughly ordered system. Response to alarms is now, as nearly as is humanly possible, instantaneous. In tenement districts fire-houses are placed so closely that every first alarm will bring out two truck companies and either three or four engines. Within thirteen seconds after the gong strikes, those engines and trucks will "roll across the gutter plank." The nearest will be upon the scene in a minute and a half; half-minute intervals will bring out the rest.

Every first alarm is answered by a battalion chief. As he jumps from his racing buggy, his first glance at the front of the tenement will probably give him its type, and all that he needs to know about stairs and fire-escapes; if not, ten seconds in the hall will tell him the rest. The number of letter-boxes means the number of apartments. And, though he may have to get to it sliding on his stomach, one look at the smoke-filled stairway will give him the floor-plan. If the fire is in the apartments, it is soon put out. If it is in the cellar, the fight to beat it must be fast and ugly.

There are in these bad tenement fires two things to do: first, the flames must be kept from getting from the cellar to the "chimney" — the stair-well. The first engine company carries its line at once to the head of the stairs leading from the cellar. The men at the pipe-nozzle may have to be relieved at one-minute intervals. They may drop so fast that in a few minutes a double company will be used up; but they must hold this position.

The second thing is to open the "chimney" and let the smoke out. From the first hook-and-ladder truck company half a dozen men go immediately to the roof to "open up." For it is the smoke that does the general killing. When it can not get out of the stair-well it "mushrooms" and "bunches" and "banks down"; every moment it becomes thicker and more charged with gases. It is deadly enough in any case; and if the steam from the pipes below does not soon "wet it down," it will explode. It is for the first truck-men to get the roof door open, or the scuttle, and give it vent. After that they may begin to "go through" — that is, to search the rooms for those who have been left behind.

The men of the second and third engine companies strike the fire from the side of the cellar and the rear. Immediately and automatically, the ladder men attack the outside walls of the building to save the lives of the tenants on the fire-escapes.

The Tools of the Firemen

On the first truck, the driver and tillerman have been left behind by the men who have gone up the stair-way. They catch a loose twenty-foot ladder from the truck and run it up to the first-floor fire-escape landing. They do this, even if no one has as yet appeared upon the fire-escapes. If these are filled, a thirty-five-foot ladder is run up to the landing above. And another twenty seconds will raise the automatic extension-ladder to the upper floors. The best grips for fire-escape rescue work have been taught, and how best to make "ladder slides."

If, before the arrival of the department, the fire has gained headway enough to cut off the stairs completely, it will, of course, be impossible to reach the roof from the inside. And this will explain the attacking orders given to the men of the second truck company. They make at once for the rear through the next house with their "hooks" (scaling-ladders) and a twenty-foot ladder to use on the rear fire-escape. If there are people to be rescued there, two or three men remain on the escape for that. The others pull themselves straight on up to the roof, and proceed to open it from above.

They carry the tools for it. A burglar's kit served as the first model; and to jimmies, lock-openers, and claw-tools there have been added axes and tin-cutters; for it may be necessary to cut holes in the roof. It is not so long since, in an Allen Street fire, twelve people were burned to death because a roof door had been fastened on the inside with a great "bull-nose" padlock.

Between the engine and the truck companies, almost as many specialized tools are carried as are used by a modern dentist or surgeon. There is a great variety of apparatus merely for throwing water. To let down into the cellar from the front or rear, there are Hart or Baker pipes—long steel nozzles, with elbows or crook-necks to throw the stream levelly, when there is a heat that men can not face. For the engine-men at the cellar mouth there are half a dozen kinds of nozzles, and as many methods of using them. If they can not get down into the cellar, they cut a hole in the floor, insert a distributor nozzle,— much like some great garden-hose "whirler,"—and try to do the work with that. But to be effective the hole must be cut in the spot immediately above the main body of fire.

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An old tenement fire-fighter will find that place by a sort of specialized instinct. He can *smell* fire, if that is the word for it, through an inch of pipe. He drops flat, and his face tells him what his hands can not. But often enough the rapid *crick, crick, crick!* of warping and snapping wood can be detected as soon as the ear is laid above it. Or there will be a tiny ooze of melting pitch somewhere on the floor; or, where a crack has opened, a line of red as thin as the edge of a piece of paper. Where the main body of fire is not beneath the hall, the faucets in one of the first-floor apartments may tell the story. If the water comes through both of them half boiling, the location of the fire is plain.

Meanwhile it has got into the dumb-waiter shaft, and into the walls themselves, and through the cellar windows into the air-shaft. Once the roof has been opened,— and, unless every one in the building is to be suffocated, it must be opened,—a draft is created that sucks the fire up through the "dumb-bell's" every flue. It is then that the houses next door must be looked to. And, at the same time, the flames begin doubling back in through all the air-shaft windows of the house that was first attacked. When this begins, lines of hose must be carried up the stairs, one company "covering" another.

On the other hand, down in the heart of the fire in the cellar there may come a moment when, by shutting off the stream of water at the back and using full power from the front, the draft of the smoke and heat can be started out through the rear areaway and the battle will virtually be over. No old "smoke-eater" will overlook such opportunities.

Everything is known about the tenement fire that can be known.

The Fire that is Never Beaten

Now, here we have fifty men and their leaders, working together in a fire-fighting machine as powerful, as perfectly organized, and as rapidly moving as it can be made. If the fire be bad, a second alarm has long since brought a dozen more companies to their assistance. A tenement is only a little twenty-five-foot building, with an almost unvarying floor-plan, and with fire-escapes from every apartment. Who will say that it is an adversary worthy the men and officers of a fire department held to be the first in the world? Whatever it may be as an adversary, for fifty years the New York fireman has been beaten by it.

Only about four per cent of all tenement fires "get away" and extend through the building. But four per cent of 6,800 fires is nearly 300. And no enemy is in any sense conquered that can come back and win victories three hundred times a year. If the fireman did not hate the tenement so much, he would take off his hat to it.

The tenement fire beats the fireman for two reasons. One lies in the leaping swiftness with which fire can leave the stovelike cellar and go up the chimney of the stair-well. The other is in the fact that in the sixty or eighty cubby-holes which open from the stair-well there are generally from a hundred to a hundred and fifty people. Let slowness in turning in the alarm give a cellar fire five minutes' start up the stairway, and, in the department's phrase, it will be "found in full possession."

In a few seconds it may use up all the oxygen; but it can still work its will in smoke. It "mushrooms" in through the transoms of the top floor, suffocating the inmates in their beds; for hot smoke acts like ether or chloroform. If it is able to get air, it works its will in every way. There is always one engine company that is held responsible — the company that is first due. Every death by fire in its district is a black mark against it. For most excellent personal reasons, every fireman in New York fears and hates the tenement fire.

Often the fire will manage to get into the stair-well in the two minutes between the ringing in of the alarm and the arrival of the apparatus. In February, 1910, a patrolman named Boyle saw fire in the cellar of a Varick Street tenement; he ran into the house and up the stairs, beating on the apartment doors with his night-stick. The flames followed him so closely that he had to take to the fire-escape with the tenants. Frequently the men of the first truck company are all but outrun to the roof.

On the other hand, very little fire may show itself at first, and the way to the street may still seem to be open. In that case, twenty apartments try to empty themselves down the stairs and into the three-foot gorge of the front hall at once. Of the hundred or more people all fighting their way downward together, some are wholly overcome by panic. If the tenement is occupied by Italians, the men will be crazily firing their revolvers to aid in giving the alarm. Some will try to save their household goods, and trunks will become jammed across the doorways, on the stairs, in the lower hallway. It is impossible for any engine company to get a line in. And, while truckmen and patrolmen are breaking the jam and pulling people out of that choked-up bottle-neck as best they can, in the cellarway at the back of the hall every moment the fire is gaining strength.

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The Paralysis of Fear

If the smoke and fire begin to "come thick," all those tenants who are not already on the ground floor will rush back into their rooms, most of them leaving their doors open behind them. In their rooms fear-paralysis may take them. They will seem to forget that there are such things as fire-escapes at all. In a fire on Seventh Avenue, a year ago, in which ten people were burned to death, a young mother let herself drop upon a lounge, took the heads of her two children in her lap, and the three died together. The window that opened upon the escape was only a few yards from them. In an Italian tenement fire in upper Second Avenue, in 1907, a whole family was found dead, grouped around a little girl who was holding a crucifix.

But such cases are the exception. In general every one will rush for the fire-escapes, and almost always the front fire-escapes. The tenement dweller does not believe that the firemen will find him at the back of the house. The windows choke with screaming people, thirty or forty to a window, fighting to get out upon a platform which can give standing room only to eight or ten. In a fire in a Chrystie Street "double-decker," in 1907, where twenty people were killed, some of the platforms fell into the street. In an Attorney Street Ghetto fire, where there were fourteen dead and fifty injured, it was the fifth-floor fire-escape platform in the rear that fell.

But, after all, cases of fire-escapes that give way are exceptional. In the main, those who get out upon them are safe from the moment that they are reached by the firemen. Yet the first work of the man on the ladder is not one of rescue. The Italian will almost always try to get his women and children down ahead of him; but not so the men of some other tribes and nations. If the fireman tries to thrust them back to take the helpless, he knows that they will kick him in the face, hold his hands, or, in their mania of fury, try to beat him off and throw the ladder down. His first work, therefore, is to knock them out, and he does it with the same rapid calculation that he brought to bear when he laid his ladder alongside. Later, and in due course, though he may have to do it "under cover of the streams," he intends to take down even those he has knocked out. In a single tenement fire, one hundred and twenty-five people have been taken from the escape.

"She Only Got Six on Us"

"She only got six on us, in the rooms an' all," said an old battalion chief, after a Spring Street fire; "an' there was a hundred an' sixty in there, if there was one. *I'll* never tell you how we done it!"

A fine showing — until one remembers that if these New York fire-escapes were in any sense the thing that they pretend to be, there would be no need of making rescues.

And on the fire-escapes the tenement fire is, once more able to laugh at the fireman. One truckman has saved nine in as many minutes; but there will always be those who can not bring themselves to wait, and jump; or who try to get down through the holes in the platforms, and fall. In an Allen Street fire in 1905, when the death list was already nineteen, half a dozen pipemen were carrying a line up the stairs, when the stairs fell behind them, the fire was again in control, and they themselves were taken from the escapes only just in time.

Last of all, the tenement fire beats the fireman in the cellar itself, even when he has fought his way down to it and believes that he has it "killed." Often the heat will have melted the solder of the gas connections, and the cellar will be half filled with escaping gas. When it is mixed with smoke it can not be detected; but suddenly the pipemen begin to go down in clumps. If "flash" — a recurrence of actual flame — gets to the gas, the worst of explosions takes place. And, when men fall in a tenement cellar, death may come to them in any one of six ways — by the explosion itself, by gas-poisoning, by fire, smoke, drowning, or by the unmanned, flailing nozzle. It required eight successive attempts to get one man out of a tenement cellar in Cornelia Street a few months ago, and sent the best men of three companies to the hospital. In the famous Williamsburg Bridge tower fire, one of the most spectacular and seemingly one of the most perilous ever witnessed in New York, only one man was injured. Two days later a gas explosion in a little Second Avenue tenement cellar piled up a casualty list of twenty-six.

What Really Beats the Fireman

The New York fireman has not been beaten by fire itself, but by murderously bad building construction. And in every other large city in America he is being beaten, lives are being lost, and property destroyed to a value of millions, by the same thing. The Manhattan tenement may furnish the outstanding example; but it is only a basis of comparison. There is only one "dumb-bell double-decker" — and even as New York has shown that she could produce the worst of all factory fires,

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so has she been showing for years that she has housed her workers in the worst of all fire-trap dwellings. Yet the most rapid leafing over of a few pages of statistics will make it plain that we have not a town of twenty thousand that can stand against a town of the same size in Europe. In some cases the score against us in loss of property is one hundred to one. And in countries where either the Roman or the Napoleonic tradition of building has been implanted, fires that cause loss of life are almost unknown. We have had organized fire departments in America for fifty years; and dependence upon them, instead of upon the solid basis of proper building laws, has brought us to an annual drain upon our resources almost equal to that of war itself.

A Tenement that is Fire-proof

And, even while saddled with the tenement, it has been given to New York to demonstrate how easy it is to substitute good construction for bad. In April, 1901, the tenement was taken from the control of the Bureau of Buildings, a separate Tenement-House Department was created, and a new and genuine tenement-house law was passed. What it demanded called for no profound special knowledge and for no radical methods of construction. Everything can be told in a single paragraph.

In the case of all New York tenements to be erected in the future, the "new law" made the first floor of good concrete or brick arching. It closed and bricked over that door which for fifty years had opened from cellar to stair-well — from "stove" to "chimney." It made all common halls, and all shafts or flues, including the stair-well itself, fire-proof. It put metal sheathing on all dumb-waiter and all outer apartment doors, and attached springs to them to make them self-closing. Where the fire started, there it should be confined. In the matter of fire-escapes, for vertical ladders it substituted outside iron stairways with easy descents. Tenements more than six stories in height must be fire-proof throughout. Between ten and twelve per cent was thereby added to the cost of construction. As before, the builders fought it. But the "new law" stood. More than nineteen thousand tenements have been built under it. About 980,000 people are living in them now, and, so far, in them there has not been one case of loss of life by fire.*

* In a fire in a "new-law" tenement in 1904 a child was left behind, hid itself under a bed, and, being overlooked by the firemen, was suffocated. And there have been cases in the "new law" of people who have set themselves on fire. But such things could happen anywhere.

But the law of 1901 did not even attempt to undo what had been done already. Save where they had wooden fire-escapes, or none at all. New York's eighty-two thousand old tenements remained, and still remain, untouched. In the matter of fire they are still more dangerous to-day than when they were erected; for they are more broken and rickety, and they are more densely crowded. New York has now in them a tenement-house population of 2,580,000, which for generations to come must exist under the constant menace of being burned alive.

The Condition in Other Cities

For forty years Boston has had the tenement, in a type as close to the New York "dumb-bell" as its irregular blocks will permit. And the tenement is now spreading itself across the continent. It has appeared, in some form, in Baltimore, Pittsburgh, St. Louis, Chicago,— which has its "dumb-bells,"— in New Orleans, Los Angeles, and San Francisco — in virtually every big city that we have. As long as two families will pay more rent than one, there is no city that is safe from it. The manufacturing towns of Massachusetts, such as Lawrence, are building rows of three-story "three-deckers" entirely of wood. Brooklyn showed long ago that the three-story wooden tenement can produce its twelve deaths, at any rate. In the vicinity of New York, cities the size of Yonkers and Hoboken have felt it necessary to have their "dumb-bell double-deckers." Hoboken can now boast of a density of population, together with a fire average, equal to that of New York itself. We have the spectacle of this New Jersey town of seventy thousand people being classed by housing experts with New York and Boston as "hopeless"!

Yet, once more, the thing is vastly broader than that. If the question were one only of the tenement fire, with all its horrors, it is doubtful whether this article would ever have been written. Every city has a chance to choose between good and bad construction. It is of no avail to pass fire-escape laws. If it will not collect its ten or its fifteen per cent from its builders at the beginning, it can be very sure that that ten or fifteen per cent will be collected from it, over and over again, and for years to come, by its fire department and its underwriters. If it has not the courage to pass laws that will house it safely and lastingly, it will later look on helplessly at the burning of its citizens. There is one index of the wise city and the unwise, and that is fire.

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INFORMATION ABOUT THE MONTESSORI METHOD

IN May, McCLURE'S MAGAZINE published an article by Miss Josephine Tozier on Maria Montessori and her methods of teaching young children. Since the publication of this article Miss Tozier and Madame Montessori have received from America so many letters asking for further information that they have found it impossible to reply to all these inquiries directly. Many of the letters are from physicians, psychologists, and teachers, and the questions asked cover pretty much the whole range of Madame Montessori's work and experiments. The simplest way to reply to these letters seems to be to publish a more extensive study of Madame Montessori's work in English. In the December number of McCLURE'S, Miss Tozier will begin a series of articles upon the theory and practice of Madame Montessori's educational methods, with an introduction by Miss Anne Everett George. Miss George is a primary teacher from the Chicago Latin School (formerly of the Roland Park School, of Baltimore), who has just returned from a year's study with Madame Montessori in Rome.

Maria Montessori is an example of genius in the field of education — a field where genius is not often found. Her work is creative, and can not be defined in any number of formulae. She is always experimenting, revising, modifying. She has stepped out of the shadow of all the traditions about children. This magazine believes that her experiments are of the highest importance, and that her system of teaching is based upon observations and experiments that have never been made before, or, having been made, were never so correlated.

NOTE.—More than two hundred letters have been received in this office, asking where the translation of Madame Montessori's book can be had and where the apparatus can be obtained. Madame Montessori is now corresponding with manufacturers in this country, and we hope that by the time Miss Tozier's first article is published the apparatus will be obtainable in the United States. A translation of Madame Montessori's book on the Houses of Childhood is now being made, and will be published under the direction of the Department of Education of Harvard University, with an introduction by Assistant Professor Henry W. Holmes.

We publish below a few of the letters of inquiry received, which may give some idea of the wide interest felt in primary education, and of the almost universal wish to improve the methods now used in this country.

59 Winthrop Street, TAUNTON, MASS.

My dear Miss Tozier:

Your article in the May number of McCLURE'S on the educational methods of Maria Montessori is so interesting, and seems to me of such wide significance, that I venture to ask you for more detailed information on the subject.

You have made, in me, not merely an interested inquirer, but an ardent convert. I am extremely desirous of putting into practice as rapidly and completely as is feasible, with my own children, methods that seem so eminently reasonable and sound. Apart from the book already referred to, I should like, if possible, to confer with some one who has been in close touch with Maria Montessori's work. Are there "teachers, disciples, missionaries" accessible in this country?

I trust that the sincerity of my interest and the earnestness of my purpose to extend so far as in me lies the influence of these pregnant new ideas may be my excuse for this abrupt self-introduction.

Thanking you most cordially for the mental stimulus already afforded, I remain,

Sincerely yours, ALICE E. HOWELL.

932 Essex Street, SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS.

MISS JOSEPHINE TOZIER.

My dear Madam:

Your article in the May McCLURE'S interests me so intensely that I am writing you for information concerning this work of Maria Montessori.

Is it possible to obtain a course of training in such work in this country? If not, would Montessori train an American in her work? Could you give me an idea of the expenses such a course would incur? I strongly desire to enter such work.

Sincerely, H. W.

SABINAS, COAH, MEXICO.

MISS JOSEPHINE TOZIER.

Dear Miss Tozier:

In McCLURE'S MAGAZINE for May I read your article, "An Educational Wonder-Worker," explaining the methods of Maria Montessori. As I have charge of a school here in Mexico, I should like to learn more of her methods. Do you know how I may do so? Please let me know what expenses are attached to same. Respectfully,

N. F. H.

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79 Via Sistina, Rome.

Madame Maria Montessori.

My dear Madame:

Having just read, in a recent number of McClure's, an account of your wonderful method of teaching children, I take the liberty of writing to inquire where I may see the children being taught, and get some further knowledge of the subject.

Unfortunately, I do not yet speak Italian, so can not avail myself of your book, unless it has been translated. The subject is one which deeply interests me, as of vital importance to humanity. Certainly you have learned nature's own way, and will relieve much of the strain under which poor human beings suffer.

If I might aid in spreading a knowledge of your ideas I should esteem it a great privilege; but to do so I must find some way of informing myself further.

Unfortunately, I am leaving Rome next Monday. Have you any students, trained by you, pursuing your methods in the United States? If so, would you kindly tell me where?

Any information, or permission to visit a school, will be most gratefully received, and I trust my intrusion upon the time of one so occupied will be pardoned.

Yours with sincere appreciation and admiration.

Allis Hascall.

[Dr. Hascall visited the Montessori schools in Rome during the summer, and intends to work with Madame Montessori this winter. Editors]

Transportation Club, New York.

Dear Miss Tozier:

Your intensely interesting article in the May McClure's has aroused me greatly, not only because we have two young children, but in a large way, in that I am interested in several mining towns with many small children who can be greatly benefited thereby if we can but devise a place to put such a system into practice.

My wife was formerly a teacher in American schools (German), and will be equally interested. Will you kindly write your reply to her at her home address, hereinbelow, and advise how we can begin, where we can secure more information, if the publications mentioned can be obtained in the English or German, etc.?

I sincerely trust you will not be greatly inconvenienced to reply at your leisure.

Thanking you in advance for the courtesy, I am,

Very respectfully, E. M. Poston,

373 Kendall Place, Columbus, Ohio.

525 Second Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Miss Josephine Tozier.

Dear Madam:

Your very entertaining article in McClure's for May aroused my deepest interest. I would be glad to see Maria Montessori's method introduced into the day nurseries in New York. The Italian children find school-work here so irksome. There are Italian boys of fifteen in the class with my boy of ten and a half, the first half of the sixth year.

I wish that I might interest persons of means who would be able to help introduce into America this method of teaching children to use their hands, and their minds through their hands.

I used to teach, myself, and could make some of the apparatus you describe, but I would be infringing the patent, I presume; else I should try the method with my little girl of four and a half.

Thanking you for the very great pleasure and profit that I gained from your article, I am,

Yours truly, Louise Palmer.

4464 Morgan Street,
St. Louis, Mo.

My dear Madam:

Your article in the May McClure's has thrilled me. I have a little girl of six who has never been to school, and I am wonderfully anxious to see what can be accomplished for her this summer. I have a friend at the head of the summer playground work here, and it has occurred to me that we might make some sort of a beginning along these lines there. But, before starting in to make the necessary apparatus myself, I want to inquire if any of it can be purchased in the United States, and, if not, can it be had by sending to Maria Montessori herself?

Thanking you for the inspiration of the article, and hoping you may find time to answer,

Very sincerely,

Clara Clark Bartlett.

Honolulu, Hawaiian Islands.

Miss Tozier.

Dear Madam:

Your article in McClure's Magazine for May on the educational method of Madame Montessori has interested me very deeply, and I am anxious to know if, from these distant islands, there is any way in which I might learn more about this method. Can you tell me where I could send for her book, or could you, perhaps, send it to me yourself, and I could refund you upon receipt of same, if you would let me know the price of it and the postage, etc. Does Madame Montessori teach by correspondence, in which case could you give me her address? Doubtless, however, she is too busy filling the demands of people who are fortunate enough to be able to see her in person, to be bothered with letters from people far away. I am most anxious to obtain full particulars, so as to know just how much I can learn about this method without having to go to Rome in person, and I would be most obliged to you if you could help me out. Very sincerely yours,

Mrs. J. W. W.

1186 N. Columbus Street,
Lancaster, Ohio.

Josephine Tozier.

Dear Madam:

As a mother of two children, I have been interested for some time in everything which will train the child to meet life. The average child is *dulled* before he even enters school. I have been on the lookout constantly for all sorts of things to interest the mind and train the eye and hand of the young child.

I am too busy a mother to make some of the apparatus described in the article. Will you kindly inform me where I can procure Madame Montessori's book and the apparatus?

I, for one, would be glad of other articles relating to the training of children. Here is a field unexplored. We little dream of the possibilities for the child if he is, not stimulated, but nourished mentally.

Very truly, (Mrs.) Julia M. Walker.

University of Pittsburgh.

Editor of McClure's Magazine.

Dear Sir:

It may be interesting to the readers of McClure's Magazine to learn that an important feature of Montessori's method was in use over eighteen hundred years ago. Toward the end of the first century A.D., the most famous school-teacher of ancient Rome, Quintilian, wrote:

"I do not disapprove, however, of the practice, which is well known, of giving children, for the sake of

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stimulating them to learn, ivory figures of letters to play with, or whatever else can be invented in which that infantine age may take delight, and which may be pleasing to handle, look at, or name. But, as soon as the child shall have begun to trace the forms of the letters, it will not be improper that they should be cut for him, as exactly as possible, on a board, that his style* may be guided along them as along grooves; for he will then make no mistakes, as on wax (since he will be kept in by the edge on each side, and will be unable to stray beyond the boundary); and, by following these sure traces rapidly and frequently, he will form his hand and not require the assistance of a person to guide his hand with his own hand placed over it."

Very truly yours,
B. L. ULLMAN,
Professor of Latin.

2519 Sedgwick Avenue, NEW YORK.

My dear Miss Tozier:

We have found your article in the May number of McCLURE'S singularly interesting, and are anxious to practise the methods you describe with our own small children. The apparatus seems somewhat beyond our manufacturing powers, but you mention that Maria Montessori has international patents for her "didactic apparatus." That leads us to hope that some of these things can be purchased. May I ask you to tell me if this is possible, and from whom the outfit could be ordered? Also, if there is any English edition of Maria Montessori's book?

I feel exceedingly sorry to bother you to this extent. It is your penalty for giving us such a valuable piece of writing.

Yours most truly,
RUTH E. LAWRENCE.

1362 St. Urbain St., MONTREAL.

Dear Miss Tozier:

I read with deep surprise and delight your well-written and inspiring article, "An Educational Wonder-Worker," in the May McCLURE'S. If you would kindly give me some further information on the subject, I should be deeply indebted to you. Being an educator and social worker, I feel impelled to go to Rome to study this new method of Maria Montessori in relation to the education of children, and would gladly give two years to study. Do you think I could obtain admission into "Houses of Childhood" as a teacher? I should want no remuneration and would willingly devote all my time.

If you can give me further information in regard to application, etc., I should be glad. I am so interested I want to start at once. Can you advise me how to proceed and what to do?

Yours very truly,
(MRS.) A. HAMMOND BULLOCK.

WOLVERINE, MICH.

MADAME MARIA MONTESSORI.

Professoressa:

An article written by Josephine Tozier and published in McCLURE'S MAGAZINE has so interested me in your wonderful work that I am writing in the hope of knowing more.

I am a kindergarten graduate, and am very anxious to go on in more advanced lines. Would it be possible for an American girl to become a student teacher in your school?

I will be so thankful if you will let me know about this. Believe me,

Your admirer and well wisher,
RUTH LOUISE BRISTOL.

P. S. I will be very thankful to know about the expense, if there is a training offered for teachers.

* The iron pencil used for writing on waxen tablets.

SWARTHMORE, PA.

Dear Miss Tozier:

I have a school for backward children. If you can give me any information as to any literature written by Maria Montessori, or any way by which I can buy any of her apparatus, particularly that used for teaching writing, I will be very grateful.

Thanking you in advance, I am,
Very sincerely yours,
JEAN GRAY BARR.

501 West 120th Street, NEW YORK.

My dear Miss Tozier:

I am taking the liberty of writing to you because I am so very much interested in your article in the May McCLURE'S.

I have been a teacher, and I have children of my own. I have always felt that our methods of dealing with children were sadly at fault, but I never found anything better till I read of Maria Montessori's great work.

How can I find out more about it? Is there any one in this country who is doing such work?

Kindly let me hear from you.

Sincerely yours,
M. C. L.

ST. MICHAEL'S SCHOOL,
335 Lexington Avenue, New York.

My dear Miss Tozier:

Would you be willing to give me some definite information concerning the work and classes of the Professoressa Maria Montessori?

Has she student or graduate teachers who could give lectures on this method in English, either in Rome or in America? Also, do you know if one could study these methods of Professoressa Montessori's during the summer months in Rome?

Your article on her work has interested me very deeply, and I should be delighted to get some data as to the possibilities of studying this matter at first hand.

Thanking you in advance,
Very sincerely yours,
EDITH SHARON, *Principal.*

19 Cambridge Place, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

My dear Miss Tozier:

Your article in the May McCLURE'S on the methods of Maria Montessori has interested me so greatly in the Professoressa's work that I want to get in touch with her. If you will be so kind as to address the inclosed note to her I shall esteem it a great favor. I am anxious to see the book which she has written, and to find out if her didactic apparatus can be obtained in this country. I want to start an experimental class in the fall along the lines indicated by Maria Montessori, if I can make a study of them during the summer.

Thanking you for your article which has introduced me to this inspiring woman, I am,
Sincerely yours,
ELEANOR WEIR SMITH.

145 East Sixth Street,
PLAINFIELD, N. J.

MISS JOSEPHINE TOZIER.

Madam:

I read with the keenest interest your article in the May number of McCLURE'S on Madame Montessori's method of teaching young children, and I am very anxious to learn more of it in order that I may use it with a kindergarten of Italian children which I expect to have charge of this summer. A method achieving such fine results should surely be given a trial in this country.

Faithfully yours,
ZOÉ RUSSELL BATEMAN.

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THE FORTUNE HUNTER

AND

The Fortune He Built Up

BY

FREDERICK C. FLETCHER

Have you seen that joyous little play, "The Fortune Hunter"?

It's about a ne'er-do-well young chap, who had failed at every job since he left college. When he is ready to give up and die, a wealthy classmate tells him to go to some little village, hire out as clerk in a drug-store, be awfully steady, hitch up with the best church and go to all the meetings, make the most of the social chances, and finally marry the richest girl in town. For this the capitalist "stakes" him with plenty of money, as a loan to be repaid when he gets his girl and her fortune.

But it came out otherwise. The drug-store was the most down-at-the-heel drug-store imaginable. The druggist was an amiable old dreamer. The first thing the boy did was to save the easy-going old man from foreclosure by paying the mortgage out of his own "stake." From the same source he orders needed drug supplies for the empty shelves, and gradually transforms the dingy shop into the most modern type of drug-store, glistening in white, abounding in attractions, the daintiest spot in town.

But he doesn't marry the rich girl. Instead, he eventually marries the druggist's daughter.

He gets his "fortune." But the fortune is the rich drug-store business he has built up on the most modern metropolitan type—the wonder of the whole county.

That jolly play came back to me the day I went through the United Drug Company's vast establishment in Boston. Not that there was any similarity between the two things—of course there wasn't. But the play popped up just as some big realization may remind you of an old fairy story or a snatch of song that got into your imagination long ago.

The suggestion was only this: fortune in drug-stores—surprising, romantic fortune.

There, after that word "romantic" the reminder stops. For Mr. Liggett's achievement with his Rexall idea is no more like the little play than astronomy is like the tale of the cow that jumped over the moon.

Now,—for the true romance of Louis K. Liggett and his superb achievement in drug-store goods and drug-store co-operation.

It is the story of a young man who conceived the idea that level-best products and absolute truth-telling, on the part of the drug manufacturer, if joined together with unquestioned integrity and eager team-work on the part of the local dealers, would presently make the drug-store business as trustworthy and substantial as any business in the world.

A dozen years ago he was a traveling salesman visiting drug-stores. He daily met conditions that distressed and disgusted him:—impure preparations; fake remedies; false claims; small-minded and jealous men.

Why couldn't those mean conditions be wiped out of the business? Then began his dreams, his plans, his figuring.

First, he conceived a plant where every preparation should be of the purest and best known ingredients obtainable in the whole world, concocted according to the choicest

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formulæ obtainable, in strictest line with medical science and physicians' use.

That was a revolution in itself.

Next, the printed stuff about these preparations should be so truthful as to lean over backwards rather than to make a single exaggerated claim. If the best magazines refused to carry "patent medicine" advertisements because of their misleading claims these new preparations should be as ethical as the magazines themselves. They should be accurately described and should promise nothing beyond a probable helpfulness.

This was more than a revolution; it was a new earth.

But how could that new idea in drug-store remedies be made to reach the people, the victims of the old abuses? Advertising would do much. But the wiser public was rightly suspicious of advertised remedies. The educated public would trust only a local druggist of well-proved integrity. But how could even such druggists, of the highest standard, find it profitable to push only these new preparations?

The answer was: Go through the country with a fine comb: find the druggists who combine ideals of integrity with advanced common sense: MAKE THESE SELECTED DRUGGISTS PARTNERS IN THE NEW ENTERPRISE. Convince them of the wisdom of the principle, and show them the long vista of good money through taking a financial part in it. They are to make dividends on their stock in the manufacturing company, and they are to be distinguished as the exclusive local dealers in a line of preparations as nearly perfect as ingenuity and truthfulness can produce.

If the first two conceptions were the mark of an idealist, this plan of team-work was the stroke of a new captain of distribution,—of a man whose knowledge of human nature was equal to his dreams of excellence.

So I have told how the Rexall idea came around before beginning to tell how it works, which latter naturally I learned first.

When you go through that mammoth, nice-smelling manufactory in Boston—and they are glad to take you—you will see how the dreams came true.

It's a stunning place, out there on the Fens. Acres upon acres of floor space, and yet it is too small for what it has to do, and they are building a lot more to it. Bostonians are proud of it,—because it isn't merely a plant but an idea: a big new thought first, and a big thing afterwards. When a Western city recently did a bit of courting to get the concern to pull up and move, the mayor of Boston and other public men did counter-courting to keep the working idea on its original ground. They regard it not as so much invested industry for Boston, but as an object lesson in exalted co-operation, worthy of Boston origin.

What do you really see there in that plant?

First a happy cleanliness. Spick and span rooms and tables where clean men and wholesome girls are making the preparations and packing them.

You go to the chemist's laboratory where the preparations originate, and you are against earth products and floral products and animal products from all parts of the world. You are told they are each the best of its kind which man and money can extract. You are shown the laboriously perfect testings. You learn with what rectitude the formulæ are chosen and with what precision they are filled. You get a wholly new notion of the reliability that ought to be exacted from every druggist. You always knew what a difference there is between doctors: now you see you should make the same demands of apothecaries.

How many concoctions are made there? Something like three hundred they tell you. In 1902 they made only fifteen. But not one new preparation is added TILL THEY KNOW IT IS THE BEST AND PUREST THAT CAN BE MADE, AND UNTIL THEY KNOW PRECISELY WHAT THEY CAN CLAIM FOR IT IN TRUTH.

Make a rummage in the label department. The language on those labels is "mighty interesting reading." The first one you read—perhaps it is the Rexall Beef, Iron and Wine—strikes a new note in label literature. It is "designed" as a "strength-producing, tissue-building tonic." It tells what it contains in large type, and how the combination "aims" to meet certain symptoms. If it doesn't help you as you hope, bring it back and have your money back. But it makes no tight-and-fast promise of the effect. That is reassuring.

Read through a bunch of these neat, open-faced labels, and the sincerity of the thing grows upon you fast. They have an unusual candor. They have a bracing reticence. They tell all there is to tell and then stop. You say, "No hot air about this!" There can be no fake where there is no pretense. The cards are all face up. The

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guarantee is a masterpiece of square dealing; it reads: "If it doesn't give satisfaction go back to The Rexall Store where you bought it and get your money; it belongs to you and we want you to have it."

I acknowledge, this mass of label literature made profound impression on me. I'm not a chemist, but I do know the difference between disingenuousness and sincerity in written language. In these labels I didn't find a word so placed as to give a misleading impression. They are masterly in their candor and in what they don't claim.

A pile of pretty booklets was on the floor. As I picked up one, I was told the whole edition had been discarded. Why? Simply because in two preparations therein described the words used were too strong. The Cold Tablets were said to "prevent colds," whereas they only "tend" to prevent colds. The Cream of Almonds was carelessly said to "fill out hollow cheeks," whereas it only "tends" to fill them out.

All that costly edition thrown to the dump because those two claims had been left unmodified! When men pay such heed to their words lest they exaggerate—those be the men whom Fortune hunts for.



LOUIS K. LIGGETT
President United Drug Company

That, as I understand it, represents the manufacturer's side of the original Rexall idea: To get away, once and for all, from the pernicious fakes and abuses of the "patent medicine" system by setting a standard of prepared remedies, absolutely pure and aboveboard, made according to those formulæ which the medical profession have approved, and claiming nothing more for them than a physician would admit.

That is what the United Drug Company is doing with its three hundred or more "Rexall" preparations, which are now sold in nearly five thousand "Rexall Stores."

It already means a new terra firma for the public in one of the very most important lines of daily shopping. It means that in the remedies and aids for our bodily health we can know what we buy. It means the "glass-house method of business" open to us as buyers where most is at stake.

But the Rexall idea doesn't stop here. The druggist is much more than a remedy man. He sells us our finest drinking waters. He is our perfume man. He sells us candy. He provides a vast deal of the ladies' stationery.

Consequently, if there was to be full co-operation between the United Drug Company and the local druggists who represent it, why not provide them with several of the main specialties they sell?

But if so, these other specialties must be up to the standard of Rexall Remedies, and reinforce their reputation.

That is, if a spring-water, it must be chemically unsurpassed. If confectionery,—then of the highest purity. If stationery,—fit for the most exacting taste. If perfumes and toilet lotions,—peerless.

To all these lines, one by one, Mr. Liggett turned his energy.

When you visit a confectionery plant you usually don't see much. They show you the high spots, those which surely leave an appetizing taste, and don't admit you to the whole process. But in the Boston establishment where this United Drug Company makes Liggett Chocolates, Fenway Cocktails, Saturday Candies, and others, too, they took me everywhere. I saw the whole process whereby the edible cocoa bean goes through the machinery till it comes out the rich, gleaming brown fluid, which is then turned into the delectable morsels you buy in The Rexall Stores.

"The best chocolates"—that question is for the suffrage of the experts—women only. All I can say is that if the one best chocolate is a matter of skill, of purity, of downright will to make the best that can be made, then a man is strong for the confections made on the Rexall rule of superlative excellence.

Stationery has been to me from earliest boyhood the highest mark of luxuriousness.

So when I went through the canyons of beautiful boxes of stationery, lavish beyond the dreams of covetousness, I handled it

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lovingly, and listened to the story of the four mills that did nothing but supply these Rexall Stores.

All grades of paper were there, fitted for all incomes. But the cheapest had a distinction, so that a letter written on it wouldn't mark an inferior taste.

There, again, the Rexall idea was apparent,—each thing the best of its kind, and costing a little less.

But the thing that leaves the final impression in that Boston plant is the perfume making, and the other toilet dainties.

If the way they make their remedies is their morality, the way they approach their perfumes and toilet devices is their worship. In that circle you find the soul of the corporation. In other words, there is where the man Liggett lets loose his poetry and cavorts to his pleasure.

From southern France come the distillations of violets and roses and orange-blossoms. From the Arctic comes the musk. From the islands of the South Seas come the pungent odors of the almond and the cassia. For many months these distillations stand on the shelves to mature. Then, in gigantic "rockers," the tinctures are tossed about to age them more.

At last they find their communication to human life in the Harmony perfumes, the Violet Dulce, the sachet powders, the facial creams, the tempting restoratives for hair and skin which make the modern woman's happiness.

But it isn't the rapturous odors which meet you in these rooms and waft from the windows across the Fens that stamp the quality. It is the close-thinking, exact chemist who rules the laboratory. Like the poet, the perfumer is born, not made. But no art is more subject to the unerring laws of chemistry than this. Consequently, the Rexall idea requires the domination of the strictest science of all in the making of its perfumes,—for the Head of it all says they are failures if they be surpassed.

Who are the real owners of this fortune? The Rexall druggists—something like five thousand of them.

These apothecaries, located in every big town, not only have thus the right things to offer the public, but they also are themselves the manufacturers. They make their profits on their sales, and they draw their dividends from what they help to produce.

That fact is interesting enough, as a mile-stone in the march of co-operation. But its other features also signify a good deal.

These Rexall druggists are an enthusiastic fraternity. They not only have their national gathering, but also their state organizations. At their meetings they have the big men of the parent company,—frequently the founder himself,—to advise them and stimulate their enthusiasm.

In fraternity of interest they have learned the new lesson of salesmanship—to contribute their successful ideas to one another. They don't keep their effective stunts each to himself, as if success depended on secrecy. They are not afraid of one another. There is room for all when the basic idea is big enough. The more Rexall goods are sold, the more each man is advertised.

For another thing, these Rexall druggists are all picked men. To become a Rexall dealer a man has to qualify by exacting tests. His business integrity is examined as closely as the banks measure him. If he has ever had a shady record professionally, he gets the double cross. Only an apothecary who can stand exhaustive inquiry as to his professional ethics is allowed to buy stock in the United Drug Company and to qualify as a Rexall dealer.

So, wherever you know a Rexall store you know also that the dealer himself is of the highest repute as a man. He may not have the largest or showiest store, but it has always been a store which the best people patronized.

Thus the circle completes itself. Each link in the chain means a level-best product, and an utter honesty about it.

That is the Rexall duality. Nobody who is wise would try to say which is the more important. I was telling some men what I had learned about this remarkable business. One man said, "I knew they carried the best preparations probably, but I didn t know they made such a point of such extreme honesty." The other man said, "Well, I had heard that you could depend on what a Rexall man said, but I didn't know that their products were all of the same level-best standard."

So bit by bit, the idea which was born in the young salesman's mind a dozen years ago is getting among the people. I really know of no more beneficent business message which this young century has given.

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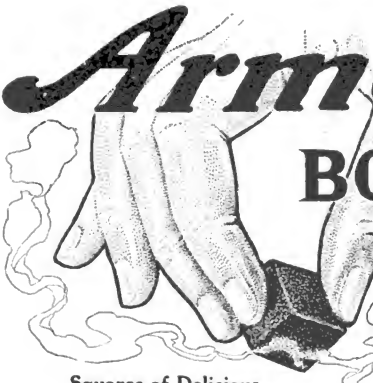
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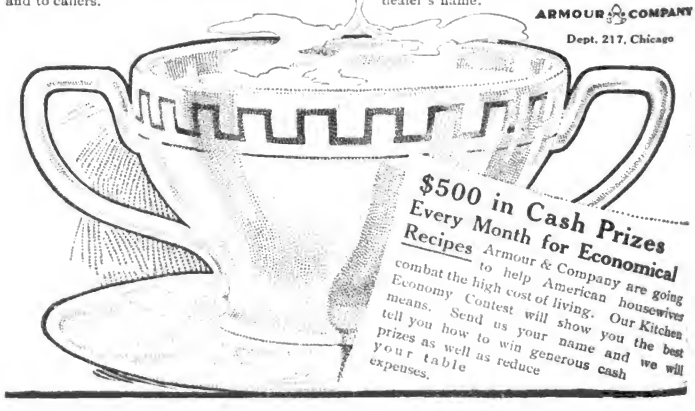
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Entered as Second-Class Matter at New York, New York. Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post-Office Department, Canada.
Copyright, 1911, by The S. S. McClure Company, New York.
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What is an Advertisement?

An advertisement is a brief statement, written or spoken, to give information about things, persons or circumstances.

An advertisement is designed to attract attention and to create knowledge of the properties, merits and uses of things for which the advertiser endeavors to secure a market.

Putting the definition in another way, an advertisement is the effort to cultivate acquaintance from which mutual benefit may be derived.

Advertising methods are numerous and sometimes people do not recognize them as such, but they always have a faculty of exerting some kind of an influence even though one is unconscious of it.

To be sure there are some things advertised of doubtful character, but there are many more things of like nature which are not advertised and for which people spend money.

As to the public's advantage in regard to all advertised articles there is no question. Advertised articles without merit and which do not give value received, cannot long exist. They are weeded out, because the advertiser is known and his goods are stamped so that everyone can freely condemn.

But the advertised product of quality will speak for itself and will prove to every purchaser that it is worthy of ownership.

Things not advertised do not give people a chance to discriminate. They may have more or less value, but are not standardized and no agreements have been made over the name of the manufacturer compelling him to fulfill a trust.

Whatever may be said of all purchasable commodities, advertised goods are the most dependable, reliable and satisfactory. And each one should make it his business, in the matter of self-interest, to pay closer attention to advertisements, that the general fund of information regarding the products of the best establishments may increase, and by so doing bring about that comfortable feeling of satisfaction for which honest business is striving.

Curtis P. Brady

Manager, Advertising Dept.

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Detective Burns' Stories

By HARVEY J. O'HIGGINS

"One Burns Detective Story in Every Number of McClure's for 1912"

THROUGHOUT the coming year Detective William J. Burns will continue to relate in McCLURE'S the stories of his most interesting cases. The midwinter numbers of the Magazine will tell the great story of Burns' work in detecting the government land frauds.



Burton J. Hendrick

Experiments in Self-Government

By BURTON J. HENDRICK

GOVERNOR WOODROW WILSON is one of the most interesting figures in American politics. In the December number of McCLURE'S MAGAZINE Mr. Hendrick will publish an article on Governor Wilson and the new era which has dawned for the Democratic party * * * Following this Mr. Hendrick will contribute a number of articles about what the people of the United States are doing to correct their inefficient system of government and to rid themselves of the debasing evils which result from it.

McCLURE'S FOR 1912

Beginning Next Month



Jane Addams

A Great New Series by Jane Addams

Entitled "A New Conscience and an Ancient Evil"

IN November Miss Addams begins her great series upon the oldest and most perplexing problem of civilization. Miss Addams, quoting from Lecky, calls the subject of her book "the most mournful and the most awful figure in history." This book was written out of long experience and long study. There is in it all the wisdom and sadness of Miss Addams' great life-work at Hull-House. Her purpose in writing it was purely utilitarian: to help the working-girl, to ask for her such protection as civilization must give her for its own good, to plead for youth and its struggle in great cities.

Mrs. Van Slyke's Syrian Stories



Mrs. Van Slyke and Antar

IN the Christmas number of McCLURE'S will appear Mrs. Van Slyke's beautiful story of how the Camel of Bethlehem came to Antar and Nazileh in the "land of Brooklyn." In the January number will come "The Gift of Tongues," the story of a new friend of Nazileh's, a little boy just from Beirut. Throughout the year Mrs. Van Slyke's poetic Syrian stories will appear only in McCLURE'S MAGAZINE.

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McCLURE'S FOR 1912



Owen Johnson

Stover at Yale

By OWEN JOHNSON

Author of "The Varmint" and "The Tennessee Shad"

THIS month begins Owen Johnson's novel of American college life, "Stover at Yale." There is a serious purpose underneath the romance and gaiety of this novel. Some of the gravest problems which confront American colleges are discussed freely and fearlessly. Stover not only struggles with his college courses: he becomes a leader, fights the politics of secret societies, falls in love * * * The man who went to college will renew his youth as he follows the adventures of Dink Stover and his friends, and the boy who wants to go to college will be willing to work his way to get there.



George Kibbe Turner

Forces that Will Shape the Future

By GEORGE KIBBE TURNER

THE seeds of the future lie in a few great ideas. A half dozen great powers, now developing, are going to revolutionize human life, probably within the next decade. One of these great ideas is aviation; another is the new uses of electricity; a third is the development of power by new chemical and mechanical processes. During the next few months Mr. Turner will give an account of these revolutionary ideas as they are set forth by the greatest specialists in each field.

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McCLURE'S FOR 1912

Maria Montessori and Her Method



Maria Montessori

MARIA MONTESSORI is a genius in the field of education—a field where genius is seldom found. Her work is creative, and is bound to bring about great changes in the education of young children everywhere. In November the Magazine will begin a series of articles on the Montessori method, by Miss Josephine Tozier, whose first article, published last May, created such a wide interest in Montessori's work throughout the world.

More "Father Brown" Detective Stories

By GILBERT K. CHESTERTON

EVERYBODY who read "The Invisible Man" and "The Eye of Apollo" will be glad to learn that Mr. Chesterton has written another group of stories around the figure of Father Brown, which will be published in McCLURE'S during 1912. These stories are so rich in spontaneous gaiety, in psychological force, and in paradoxical ingenuity that they will unquestionably be the most important short stories of the year.

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McCLURE'S FOR 1912

Beginning in April

The History of an Amateur Gentleman

By JEFFERY FARNOL

Author of "THE BROAD HIGHWAY"

FOR months "The Broad Highway" was the best selling book in America:

Jeffery Farnol has repeated the romantic success of the great story-writers of twenty years ago. A single book has brought him from obscurity to fame. Nobody was looking for "The Broad Highway." It came off the printing-presses into an indifferent world where there were already too many books, and in six months it was the story that everybody talked about.

"The History of an Amateur Gentleman" comes into a world where several hundred thousand people are awaiting its advent with impatience. The first chapters of the new novel will reassure pessimists who can not believe that lightning ever strikes twice in the same place.

Mr. Farnol has the prodigality of young genius. He is so rich in invention that he does not know what economy is. He can give you six adventures to a chapter just as easily as one, and he does. He has only to shake them out of his sleeve. Nobody since Dumas has held such a hand to play from.

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McCLURE'S FOR 1912



Photograph by E. O. Hoppe, London

JEFFERY FARNOL

Whose new novel, "The History of an Amateur Gentleman," begins in McClure's Magazine for April

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There Are Two Millionaires Among The Actors

One can go to bed and sleep and yet earn $1000 a week. The other has made $300,000 in one season.

There is also an actress who earns for herself a quarter of a million dollars in one season: who has played to over a million dollars in Chicago alone. She is the greatest money-making actress on the stage.

Another actress earns $600,000 in a single season.

Haven't you sometimes been curious to know the weekly salary paid to such actresses as Maude Adams, Ethel Barrymore, Julia Marlowe, Annie Russell, Billie Burke, and what they earn besides?

It is now all told—and from authoritative figures—in one article, "What The Actors Really Earn," and the profits and salaries are truly amazing.

In the October LADIES' HOME JOURNAL.

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The Men We Love and The Men We Marry

Are there generally two men in a woman's life—the man she loves and the man she marries?

A woman, keenly observant, and who has seen much of girls and women, holds that it is more often true than many suppose. Then she explains how it comes about: what it can mean, in suffering, to a woman, and what is the duty of a woman to be the wife of the man she married, not that of the man she wishes she had married.

A thoroughly feminine article is this. Men will not understand it, but women will.

It is in the October LADIES' HOME JOURNAL.

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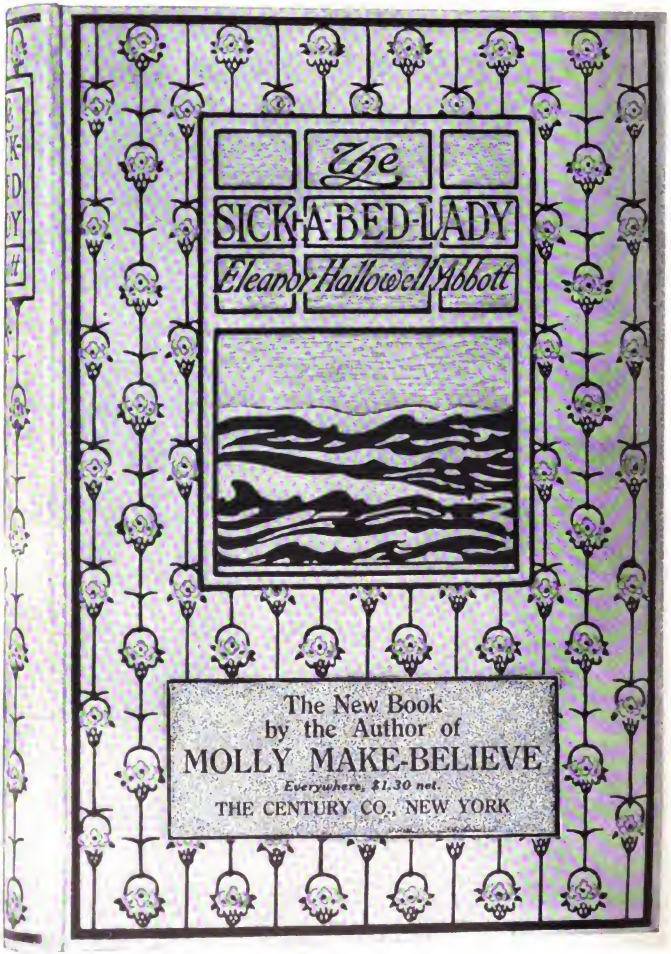
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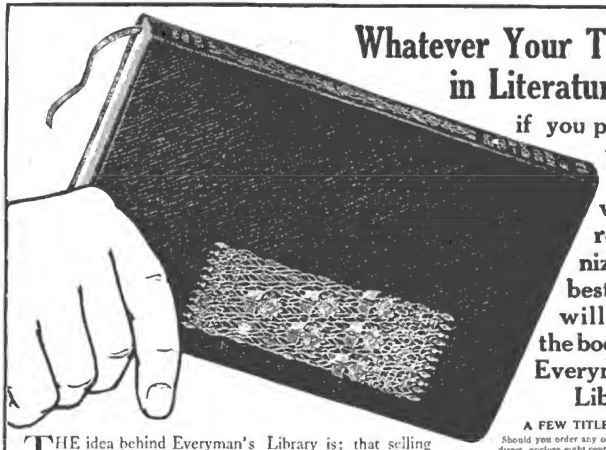
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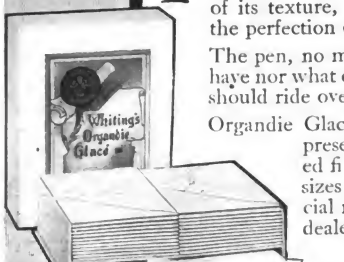
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Their Characteristics, Customs, Manners, Influence

Edited by T. Athol Joyce, M.A., and N. W. Thomas, M.A., Fellows of Royal Anthropological Institute

Contributors: Prof. Otis T. Mason, Smithsonian Institution; Mr. W. W. Skeat; Mr. Archibald Colquhoun; Dr. Theodore Koch Grunberg, Berlin Museum; Miss A. Werner, Mr. W. Crook, etc., etc.

Most readers of the "McClure's Magazine" have read about or already possess this splendid work. The allotment for America is gradually being sold, and this may be the last announcement before the work goes out of print. Prompt action is therefore urged upon members who are interested.

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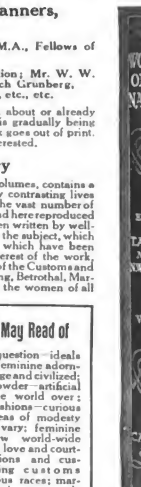
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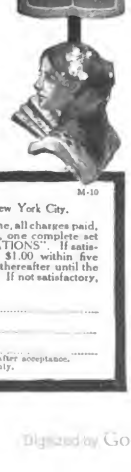
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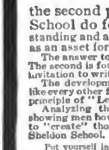
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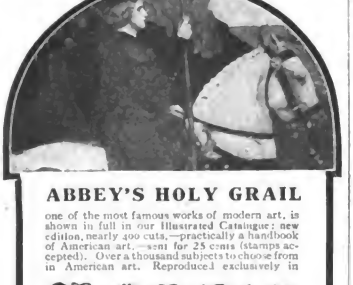
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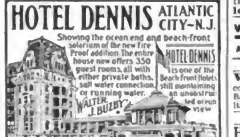
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What he himself says about what he has written for

The American MAGAZINE

In the preparation of this narrative for the American Magazine I have no literary intent whatsoever. I am not writing for the sake of writing, nor for the mere purpose of relating the events of my political life. I have not yet reached the secluded age when a man writes his autobiography for the enjoyment the exercise gives him.

Every line in this narrative is written for the express purpose of exhibiting the struggle for a more representative government which is going forward in this country, and to cheer on the fighters for that cause. I am completing the preparation of these chapters at Washington during the months from August to November, 1911, between the close of one important Congressional struggle and the opening of another. To this extent they are written from the field.

We have long rested comfortably in this country upon the assumption, that because our form of government was democratic, it was, therefore, automatically producing democratic results. Now, there is nothing mysteriously potent about the forms and names of democratic institutions that should make them self-operative. Tyranny and oppression are just as possible under democratic forms as under any other. We are slow to realize that democracy is a life and involves continual struggle. It is only as those of every generation who love democracy resist with all their might the encroachment of its enemies, that the ideals of representative government can even be nearly approximated.

The essence of the progressive movement, as I see it, lies in its struggle to uphold the fundamental principles of representative government. It expresses the hopes and desires of millions of common men and women who are willing to fight for their ideals, to take defeat if necessary, and still go on fighting.

Fortunes of birth, temperament and political environment have thrown me into this struggle, have made me in some degree a pioneer in the progressive movement. I am therefore writing my own story in these pages, because I believe this to be the best means of mapping out the whole field of conflict and exposing the real character of the enemy.

I shall give as faithful an account as I know how of political events in which I have participated, and I shall characterize the strong men whom I have known, and especially I shall endeavor to present those underlying motives and forces which are often undiscerned in American politics.

Robert M. La Follette

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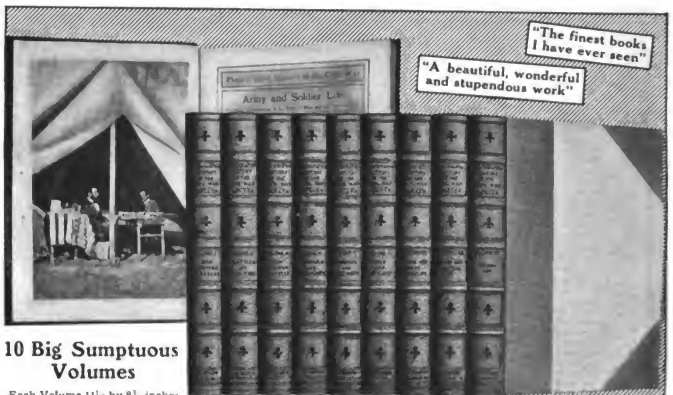
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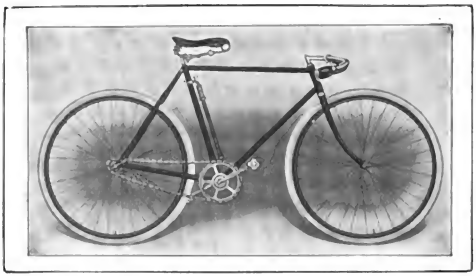
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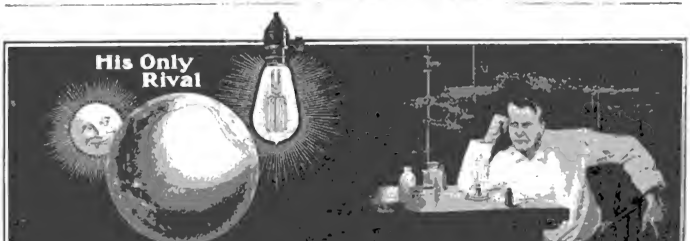
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Other styles of the Victor-Victrola $50, $75, $100, $150, $200, $250. Victors $10 to $100.

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The fact that this instrument bears the famous Victor trademark and is a *genuine* Victor-Victrola guarantees to you the same high quality and standard of excellence so well established and recognized in all products of the Victor Company.

There is no reason on earth why you should hesitate another moment in placing this greatest of all musical instruments in your home.

All we ask is that you go to any music store and hear this new Victor-Victrola.

Victor Talking Machine Co.
Camden, N. J., U. S. A.
Berliner Gramophone Co., Montreal, Canadian Distributors

Always use Victor Records played with Victor Needles—there is no other way to get the unequaled Victor tone

Victor Needles 6 cents per 100; 60 cents per 1000

New Victor Records are on sale at all dealers on the 28th of each month



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PEARLINE vs SPONGY WASHING POWDERS



Soap Powder like Sponges absorbs Moisture which makes the Powder heavier—YOU BUY WATER.

Soap Powder like Sponges can be filled with Air which makes the Powder Fluffier—Bulky. YOU BUY AIR.

It's hard to keep the water in—tho' they have found a way. Open and expose a package of fluffed Powder and see how rapidly the Water Evaporates and the Weight Decreases—Bought at Soap's prices—foolish!

PEARLINE—like Sponge No. 1 is Dry—Dense—Condensed and more than ever BEST BY TEST.

A Tablespoonful of PEARLINE is equal to several of the Spongy powders.

TRY TO MAKE SOFT SOAP OF THE SPONGY POWDERS BY PEARLINE'S DIRECTIONS. SEE WHAT YOU GET.

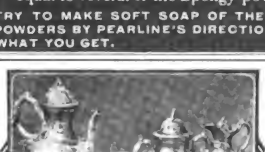
REDUCED PHOTO OF NEW SPONGE: DRY—IT WEIGHED 1⅛ OZS. AND MEASURED 3⅜ x 1¼ INCHES.



THE SAME SPONGE SOAKED IN WATER WEIGHED 17¾ OZS. AND MEASURED 7½ x 4 INCHES.



THE SAME SPONGE SQUEEZED AND DRIED WEIGHED 1⅛ OZS. BUT MEASURED 7½ x 4 INCHES.



THE BEAUTY OF YOUR SILVERWARE depends on its brilliancy and cleanliness

ELECTRO Silver Polish SILICON

with little effort and small expense will keep it always bright and fresh as new.

Electro-Silicon does not scratch or mar, and is free from chemicals. Its exceptional merit has made it famous around the world. Send address for

FREE SAMPLE

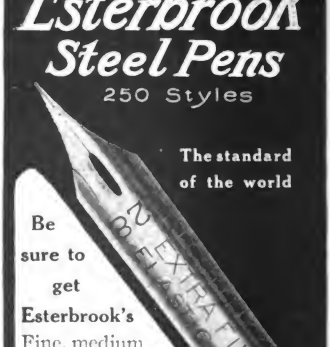
Dept. [illegible] will send you a generous sample for your trial.
The Electro Silicon Co., [illegible] Street, New York

Sold by Grocers and Druggists Everywhere

Esterbrook Steel Pens

250 Styles

The standard of the world



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BEAVER BOARD

PURE WOOD FIBRE





The dining room of Mr. Jacques is no less attractive than the living room. Both are splendid examples of the successful use of BEAVER BOARD, and are the more interesting in view of the fact that the panels were put right over the old walls without removing lath and plaster.

This living room in the home of Mr. L. T. Jacques, of Maplewood, Missouri, is a very good example of the tasteful use of BEAVER BOARD paneled walls and beam-ceilings.

Beautiful and Durable Walls and Ceilings Built Right Over the Old and Unsightly Ones by a User of

BEAVER BOARD

Mr. L. T. Jacques, of Maplewood, Missouri, obtained the pleasing effects shown in the photographs reproduced on this page, by putting BEAVER BOARD over the plaster of the old walls.*

By using nails long enough to go through lath and plaster, and following our simple directions, he nailed the panels firmly to walls and ceiling-beams. They were then painted, giving durable colors that permit more originality of treatment than wall-paper—besides being more sanitary. Last of all, the decorative panel-strips were put over the seams and the new walls and ceilings were complete. The work was done quickly and economically, and the disadvantages of plaster and wall-paper eliminated for good and all.

* BEAVER BOARD is equally superior for use in new buildings, as explained elsewhere in this advertisement.

BEAVER BOARD is made of pure wood fibre compressed into panels of different sizes and uniform thickness. These panels are nailed to the wall and ceiling beams and the edges covered with decorative panel-strips. The board comes to you unpainted so that you use your own color-scheme in decorating. It displaces lath, plaster and wall-paper altogether, and should never be papered over, though by using longer nails it can be put on walls without removing plaster. By following the simple and explicit directions which come with every bundle most artistic, durable and economical results can be secured with astonishing ease and quickness.

BEAVER BOARD Walls and Ceilings can be seen in every type of home. It is used in United States Government buildings, churches, theatres, schools, stores, restaurants, show-rooms, clubs, etc., and is adaptable for use in every type of building new or remodeled.

Our Designing Department will submit suggestions and estimates for the most artistic and effective use of BEAVER BOARD in any work you may have in contemplation. This service is free, and creates no obligation on your part.

BEAVER BOARD is sold by builders, supply dealers, lumber, hardware, paint dealers, decorators, etc., in sizes to meet all average requirements. For your protection each panel is stamped on the back with the BEAVER BOARD trade-mark. If your dealer does not handle BEAVER BOARD write us direct.

Our illustrated booklet "Beaver Board and its uses" sent free at your request. All about BEAVER BOARD and how to put it up and decorate it.

The BEAVER COMPANY of BUFFALO

In U. S. address, 220 Beaver Road, Buffalo, N. Y.
In Canada, address 179 Beaver Triangle, Ottawa, Can.

Digitized by Google



The Emerson PIANO

"A Standard Piano at an Honest Price"

An experience of over sixty years devoted to building the Emerson Piano has naturally perfected its quality, established its reputation and proved its excellence. That's logical.

The Emerson is a good piano, because it is *made right*. The materials used in it are high grade—the workmanship superior in every particular. The case shows expert cabinet-making, while the interior parts are accurately designed and honestly put together. "Only the best of everything is used in the Emerson."

The Emerson is the highest grade American piano sold at its price. This price is based on actual producing cost. You don't pay extra for "frills," or because it has certain patented "talking points."

In the Emerson you get a genuine and lasting quality. For over sixty years the Emerson has stood four-square to the world as a *standard* name-in-the-plate piano—known for its quality, valued for its integrity of construction, loved for its sweet tone and sympathetic response.

You get value received for every dollar paid. Let us prove this.

Dealers in the principal cities throughout the United States. Write for illustrated catalogue.

EMERSON PIANO CO.

560 HARRISON AVENUE - BOSTON, MASS.

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Get To It

Ask your grocer for

POSTUM

There is really no need for much of the headache and nervousness one hears about; a large part of it is the result of faulty living.

Improper table beverages, such as coffee and tea, which contain nerve-racking irritants, contribute much to bodily pain and discomfort.

The cause may be the thing you least suspect.

The quick and easy way to relief is to make a change.

If annoyed by ills that mar health and happiness, stop using coffee and tea ten days and try Postum.

Thousands have done it and know

"There's a Reason"

Postum Cereal Company, Limited
Battle Creek, Mich., U. S. A.

Canadian Postum Cereal Co., Limited
Windsor, Ontario, Canada

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MELLIN'S FOOD

"We are Advertised by Our Loving Friends"



Mellin's Food made cow's milk agree with this baby

The mother writes: "My baby is growing fast and is strong and healthy. I fed him on cow's milk until he was three months old and it didn't agree with him. He got so low we did not think he would live from one hour to the next. The physician advised us to use Mellin's Food and he began to thrive and now is as strong and healthy as any child. I cannot say enough in praise of Mellin's Food."

Mellin's Food will agree with your baby and make him "Strong and Healthy." Write to us, today, for a free sample bottle to try.

Mellin's Food Company — Boston, Mass.

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THESE GENUINE WIEDERSEIM KIDS

Were not fed on

Post Toasties

but hope to be.

(Who wants the dog?)

The kids are delicious and the food even more so, especially when served with nice yellow cream and a sprinkle of sugar.

"The Memory Lingers"

Postum Cereal Company, Limited
Battle Creek, Mich., U. S. A.

Canadian Postum Cereal Co., Limited
Windsor, Ontario, Canada

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Mallory Hats

"Cravenetted"

All That You Like in a Hat $3, $3.50 and $4



Every genuine Mallory Hat bears this Mallory trade-mark

Look for the Mallory Glass Sign in your dealer's window



A "Mallory Cravenetted Hat" is simply a hat of the finest fur felt, worked into refined and attractive shapes—the best hat qualities you can buy anywhere, plus the added value that comes from the "Cravenetting" process.

If you want this Fall's latest and most approved style in derby or soft hat, buy a Mallory hat. Ask your dealer to show you our new Scotch finish soft hat. It is entirely new.

E. A. Mallory & Sons, Inc.

Salesroom: 13 Astor Place, cor. Broadway, New York

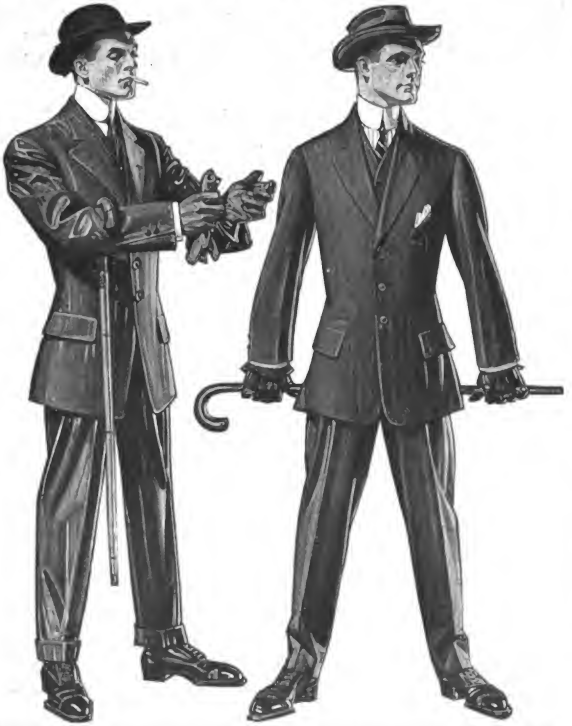
Factory: Danbury, Conn.

Store in New York:
1133 Broadway, cor. 26th Street

Boston Store: 30 Boylston Street



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WHATEVER your purse prompts in payment for clothes, you'll find for that money the utmost in quality and style in Kuppenheimer garments.

Everything that any man needs and expects to get, is tailored into them; they immediately command the admiration of people who know correct dress.

Sold by good clothiers everywhere. Our book showing the latest fashions, will be sent on request.

The House of Kuppenheimer

Chicago New York Boston

Copyright, The House of Kuppenheimer, Chicago. 1911

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Declaration
To Manufacturers

Who want to be located nearer to an abundant supply of raw material

—where they will command a dominant position with reference to the possibilities opening up with the completion of the Panama Canal.

—where they are provided with ready-made, close-at-hand markets, including rich surrounding territory, as well as the Great South and Southeast, admittedly the most prosperous sections in the country.

—where **lowest freight rates** are secured, skilled **labor** is **abundant,** strikes unknown, **cost of living is low, educational facilities are unsurpassed,** climate temperate and healthful.

—where, among a cultivated people, known internationally for their warm-hearted hospitality, an ideal home life may be found.

Such manufacturers are invited to give their serious attention to the unrivalled claims presented for their consideration by the Industrial Bureau of

NASHVILLE

which has been organized by the live Nashville Board of Trade for the purpose of furnishing reliable information to manufacturers who are seeking to improve present conditions.

The Industrial Bureau will show:

—that enormous coal deposits are near by Nashville, insuring always cheapest fuel.

—that Nashville is the largest grain market and milling centre in the South.

—that Nashville is one of the most important cities in the world in the extent of its hardwood timber resources.

—that Nashville presents superior advantages to manufacturers of cotton goods and woolen goods.

—that an inexhaustible supply of high-grade iron ores and phosphate rock, marble, limestone, fluorspar, sand, gravel and clays—all may be found at the very door of Nashville.

—that manufacturers of farm and dairy products find exceptional opportunities in Nashville.

To manufacturers in any of the above lines The Industrial Bureau is prepared to prove that Nashville offers advantages not possessed by any other city, and in so doing nothing will be presented but FACTS.

No matter where you now may be located, no matter whether your present output may be large or small, you in all probability will find it to your profit to investigate the advantages offered by Nashville. Write for FREE "BOOK OF FACTS." Address

THE INDUSTRIAL BUREAU, 202 Stahlman Building, Nashville, Tenn.

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RECENT improvements in processes of manufacture enable the Gillette Safety Razor Company to announce a razor blade of greater superiority—a blade that will give you a still better shave than any heretofore produced.

These wonderful Gillette Blades, for use exclusively in the Gillette Safety Razor, are now offered to shaving men everywhere as the ultimate achievement in edged steel.

These blades have been evolved during ten years of untiring experimental research in our own laboratories and workshops, in determining the best formula for producing razor steel and in the gradual perfecting of automatic machinery and tempering systems.

The result is a shaving implement of rare quality—uniform, keen, hard and lasting—as near perfection as human ingenuity can approach.

No expense has been spared in bringing about this achievement. In fact, the recent expenditure of $170,000.00 on special blade machinery has largely made possible the matchless Gillette Blades we are now marketing.

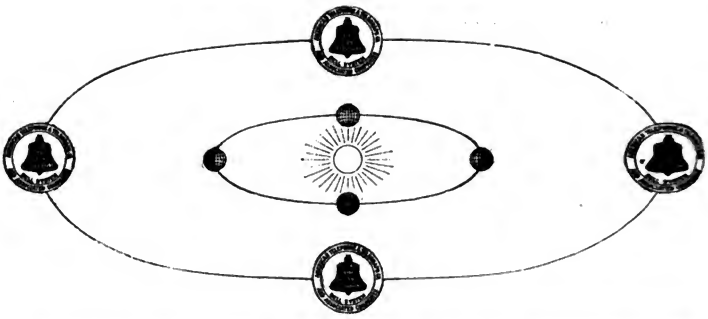
The Gillette Blade eliminates stropping and honing—an irksome, wasteful and ofttimes hopeless task for the man who shaves. This enormously important feature is the fundamental principle of the Gillette Safety Razor, and has done more than anything else to popularize self-shaving all over the world.

King C. Gillette

Try the Gillette Safety Razor—and Shaving Comfort

GILLETTE SALES CO.
52 West Second Street
Boston, Mass.
September 1, 1911

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Comparison of the Distance Traveled by Earth and Bell Telephone Messages

The Orbit of Universal Service

In one year the earth on its orbit around the sun travels 584,000,000 miles; in the same time telephone messages travel 23,600,000,000 miles over the pathways provided by the Bell system. That means that the 7,175,000,000 Bell conversations cover a distance forty times that traveled by the earth.

When it is considered that each telephone connection includes replies as well as messages, the mileage of talk becomes even greater.

These aggregate distances, which exceed in their total the limits of the Solar system, are actually confined within the boundaries of the United States. They show the progress that has been made towards universal service and the intensive intercommunication between 90,000,000 people.

No such mileage of talk could be possible in such a limited area were it not that each telephone is the center of one universal system.

AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

One Policy ***One System*** ***Universal Service***

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Old Hampshire Bond

[1]

WHICH letter do you read first? All things being equal, you pick out the best-looking letter, don't you? It's as natural as reading the leading article in your newspaper first. You do it without thinking—instinctively.

So does your correspondent—the man you want to read *your* letter first—while his mind is open.

That is why you want your letters and envelopes to be Old Hampshire Bond.



Sometimes the printer doesn't understand these things, and with the best of intention tries to sell you something else. Be gentle, but firm—like Old Hampshire Bond—and get what you know to be right.

[2]

YOU should see the Old Hampshire Bond Book of Specimens. It shows a wide selection of letterheads and business forms. One style of printing, lithographing or engraving, on white or one of the fourteen colors of Old Hampshire Bond, is sure to express exactly the feeling tone you desire for your stationery.

Hampshire Paper Company

South Hadley Falls
Massachusetts

The only paper makers in the world making bond paper exclusively.

[3]



You also need a personal note-paper.

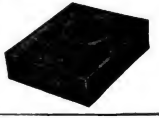
NO man *likes* to use his business letterhead for a social or personal note. It's like talking shop at a reception, or using office vernacular to your guests, or doing anything else that's out of place.

Every business man should have two kinds of stationery, one for business letters and one for private correspondence. For the latter we make

"*The Stationery of a Gentleman*"

a firm-textured white notepaper with matched envelopes. It's a man's paper—in contradistinction to frilly, feminine notepaper.

Sample box for 4 cents postage. Just to try, we'll send you enough for several letters, if you'll help out on the postage.



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Send your name for this little book—It is free!

The Howard Watch

Every man and boy who takes pride in American achievement will enjoy reading "The Log of the HOWARD Watch."

It is a voluntary contribution to HOWARD literature by Rear-Admiral Sigsbee. His service, as you know, covered the whole navy history, from the middle of the Civil War.

"The Log of the HOWARD Watch" is a remarkable evidence of the fitness of the HOWARD Watch for the hardest kind of *practical* service.

A HOWARD Watch is always worth what you pay for it.

The price of each watch—from $40 to $150—is *fixed* at the factory and a printed ticket attached.

Not every jeweler can sell you a HOWARD Watch. Find the HOWARD jeweler in your town and talk to him. He is a good man to know.

This interesting little chapter of American History is yours for the asking. Drop us a post card—Dept. B.

E. HOWARD WATCH WORKS, Boston, Mass.

JELL-O

Pour on hot water. Cool. and Serve



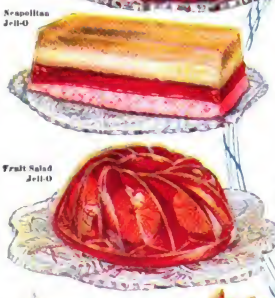
America's Most Famous Dessert

Jell-O is the dainty dessert that can be made in a minute. It does not require a cook to make it, for there is no cooking to be done. It is made by dissolving the contents of a package of

JELL-O

in a pint of boiling water.

If fruit is to be added to the dessert, you push a little in here and there, to suit yourself. Fruited Jell-O desserts are exquisite.

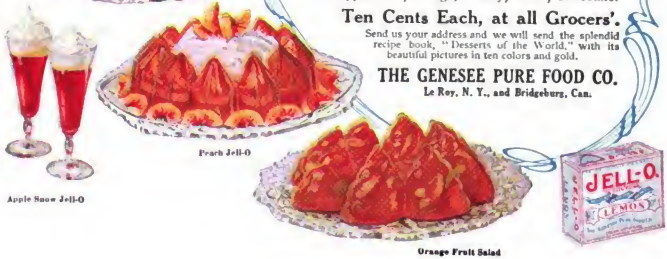


There are seven Jell-O flavors: Strawberry, Raspberry, Lemon, Orange, Cherry, Peach, Chocolate.

Ten Cents Each, at all Grocers'.

Send us your address and we will send the splendid recipe book, "Desserts of the World," with its beautiful pictures in ten colors and gold.

THE GENESEE PURE FOOD CO.
Le Roy, N. Y., and Bridgeburg, Can.



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Would You STAY Beautiful?

(Or regain the gift if gone?)



"Don't *Envy* a Good Complexion; Use Pompeian and *Have* One."

Youthful beauty and the charm of a clear, fresh, velvety complexion always have been, now are, and ever shall be woman's most prized possession. It is the joy of herself and her friends and all who look upon her.

To the women of olden days only magic was counted on to retain the charm of youthful beauty or stay its flight into the darkness called old age.

But today, you who are young and beautiful, or you who feel that the day of your youth is declining—you can retain, you can recall that royal gift of youthful charm, so precious in social and business life, by the magic of this latter-day Genii of the Jar—



POMPEIAN Massage Cream

The way Pompeian acts on your face and the way it smoothes out wrinkles and gives a rosy glow to a pale, pallid skin is even more wonderful than these words would lead you to believe. There is hardly a beautiful girl in the land but can be made more beautiful with Pompeian. There is hardly a woman who with its use can remain unattractive. For any one to continue so is an injustice to herself. Would you stay beautiful? Then use Pompeian.

Pompeian is not a "cold" or "grease" cream, is not a rouge or cosmetic, and positively can not grow hair on the face.

Pompeian simply affords a natural means to a complete cleanliness of the facial pores. And in pores which are "Pompeian clean" lies skin health. For a clear, fresh, youthful complexion, use Pompeian. If you would stay beautiful, use Pompeian.

All dealers, 50c, 75c and $1.

Trial Jar and Art Picture

both sent for 10c (stamps or coin) for postage and packing.

MAGAZINES & BOOKS FOR LIBRARY SLIPS ONE IN EVERY PACKAGE

To get you to act now we will send a "Pompeian Beauty" Art Picture, in exquisite colors, with each trial jar. This is a rare offer. This "Pompeian Beauty" is very expensive and immensely popular. Clip coupon now.

Cut along this line, fill in and mail today

The Pompeian Mfg. Co., 125 Prospect Street, Cleveland, O.

Gentlemen:—Enclosed find 10c (stamps or coin) for postage and packing, for which please send me a trial jar of Pompeian and a "Pompeian Beauty" Art Picture.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

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"Makes Cooking Easy"

Here's Something New

No more ashes to lug. No clumsy pan to spill dust and dirt on the kitchen floor

The Glenwood Ash Chute

solves the problem. It is located just beneath the grate and connected by a sheet iron pipe straight down through the kitchen floor to ash barrel in cellar. No part is in sight. Not a particle of dust can escape. Just slide the damper once each day and drop the ashes directly into the ash barrel.

The Dust Tight Cover

to barrel is another entirely new Glenwood Idea and is very ingenious. The Ash Chute is sold complete with barrel and all connections, as illustrated, at a moderate price to fit any cabinet style Glenwood. This is only one of the splendid improvements of

The New Plain Cabinet Glenwood

the Range without ornamentation or fancy nickel, "The Mission Style" Glenwood. Every essential refined and improved upon. The Broad, Square Oven with perfectly straight sides, is very roomy. The Glenwood oven heat indicator, Improved baking damper, Sectional top, and Revolving grate are each worthy of special mention.

Up-To-Date Gas Range Attachments

This Range can be had with the latest and most improved Elevated or End Gas Range attachments. It has a powerful hot water front or for country use a Large Copper Reservoir on the end opposite fire box. It can be furnished with fire box at either right or left of oven as ordered. When the Ash Chute cannot be used an Improved Ash Pan is provided. Our handsome booklet tells all about it.

Glenwood Range

Write for booklet "31" of the Plain Cabinet Glenwood, mailed free.

Weir Stove Co., Taunton, Mass. Manufacturers of the celebrated Glenwood Coal and Gas Ranges, Parlor Stoves, Furnaces, Water and Steam Boilers.

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To the General Manager:

As the head of a manufacturing business using varnish, what would a saving of 50% in the time of finishing mean to you?

When you're searching for efficiency opportunities, have you thought of looking into the varnish shop? That is where one manufacturer recently cut down his *total* cost of finishing 20% by a change from old methods to those suggested by one of our varnish-shop efficiency engineers.

In an important industry—without exceptional opportunity—we have been responsible for a saving of 19% in the annual varnish purchases of 80% of the companies in the business.

It will pay you—you personally—to look into the possibilities of

Berry Brothers' Varnishes

Shellacs, Japans, Lacquers, Stains, Fillers & Dryers

FOR ALL MANUFACTURING PURPOSES

Sold by Us Direct to Those Who Buy Sufficient Quantities

THERE are about 300 different classes of manufacturers—from the locomotive builder to the manufacturer of pins—who profit by using Berry Brothers' Products. If your money is paying the varnish bills in any of these 300 you ought to know where the profit opportunities come in.

The instances cited above are but a slight indication of what our knowledge, experience and resources can do for the man who lets us try.

Our special representative—a varnish-shop efficiency engineer—will call on any manufacturer interested in better and more economical finishing.

Write us about your varnish problems. It will place you under no obligation and may mean a great deal to you in the end.

At least send for free booklet, "*Choosing Your Varnish Maker*"—of interest to all classes of varnish users.

FOR HOMES AND OTHER BUILDINGS

Sold Through Leading Dealers and Painters Everywhere

WHETHER you use varnish for buildings in a small way or large way—it is important that you—you personally—choose the varnish and then see the label. Your choice will always be right if you insist on having one of the following four leading Architectural Finishes used. Be sure the can bears the Berry Brothers' Label.

Liquid Granite: For finishing floors in the most durable manner possible.

Luxeberry Wood Finish: For the finest rubbed or polished finish on interior woodwork.

Elastic Interior Finish: For interior woodwork exposed to severe wear, finished in full gloss.

Elastic Outside Finish: For all surfaces, such as front doors, that are exposed to the weather.

Send for booklet, "*Choosing Your Varnish Maker.*" Boys and girls should ask their dealer how they can get the famous "Berry Wagons."

BERRY BROTHERS, Limited

Largest Manufacturers of Varnishes, Shellacs, Air-Drying and Baking Japans, Lacquers, Stains, Fillers and Dryers

Factories—Detroit, Mich., and Walkerville, Ont. *Branches*—New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Chicago, Cincinnati, St. Louis, San Francisco

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Harmony and Durability in Paint

It is a fortunate thing in house painting that beauty and wear may go hand in hand. The color scheme should be one that will make the home an attractive and harmonious part of the neighborhood picture. That gives you beauty.

The wear that is the duration of the beauty depends on the materials and the way they are applied. When you buy or specify

"Dutch Boy Painter"
Pure White Lead

and pure linseed oil, you have gone as far as any one can go in the choice of right materials. They are standard and reliable. A good painter does the rest.

The cost of this best sort of painting is not excessive, for two simple reasons: White lead paint covers better than substitutes and wears longer.

Painting Helps,



one of our booklets, gives you practical aid in deciding what combination of colors will best suit your style of house. Other booklets and specifications will show you the advantages of "Dutch Boy Painter" white-leading. Ask for Painting Helps No. 743.

NATIONAL LEAD COMPANY

New York Boston Buffalo Cincinnati Cleveland St. Louis Chicago San Francisco

(John T. Lewis & Bros. Co., Philadelphia)
(National Lead & Oil Co., Pittsburgh)

Self-Inking Rotary Neostyle



is a Success

because the Neostyle Company have exacted from their machines, first—good work, then—speed. Every machine represents the highest standard of efficiency.

The Neostyle will print all kinds of office forms, letters, etc., as well as any duplicating machine on the market, and better than many, and print sixty a minute.

For booklet and price, write

Neostyle Co.

30 Reade St., NEW YORK
148 Congress St., BOSTON
232 W. Randolph St., CHICAGO

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Pay 17 Cents a Day
and Own The Printype Oliver Typewriter

IMPORTANT: The introduction of the Printype Model came as the climax to our great advertising campaign in which we offered The Oliver Typewriter No. 5 on the 17-Cents-a-Day Purchase Plan. For months past we have devoted all our advertising announcements to the new Printype Oliver Typewriter, with its revolutionary improvement in typewriting type.

The impression has gained ground that the 17-Cents-a-Day Purchase Plan does not apply to the Printype Model. In some instances the idea prevails that we can even charge extra for The Oliver Typewriter equipped with Printype.

We desire to state with all possible emphasis that The Printype Oliver Typewriter can be purchased on the "17-Cents-a-Day" Plan at the regular price of $100.

The Machine That "Typewrites Print!"

America rings with praise for The Printype Oliver Typewriter—*the first writing machine that successfully TYPEWRITES PRINT!*

This remarkable machine combines all the operative conveniences, all the practical improvements of the most highly perfected typewriter, *with the type that from time immemorial has been used for magazines and books!*

It is infinitely superior to the old style, thin outline Pica typewriter type—a fact which none will deny. It ranks in importance with *visible writing*, which the Oliver introduced.

The preference of typewriter buyers is so overwhelmingly in favor of Printype that *already over 70 per cent of our total output are "Printypes."*

The advantages of Printype are *self-evident*. The story is told at a *glance*.

Its beauty, its symmetry, its clearness and *character* lend a new distinction to typewritten correspondence.

Printype Increases Speed

Not only does Printype enhance the artistic appearance of typewritten matter, but it enables the operator to attain greater *speed*, as the type is so easy on the eyes. It relieves the tension on the *nerves* and thus gives wings to the *fingers*.

Printype — OLIVER Typewriter

The Standard Visible Writer

With all its commanding advantages from a purely mechanical standpoint, and its new *artistic* triumph, its supremacy is unquestioned. Its simplicity, versatility and extreme durability all revolve around the great basic feature—*the Oliver Double Type-Bar*. Without this Double Type-Bar the successful use of Printype would be absolutely impossible.

"17-Cents-a-Day" Plan

This machine—*The Printype Oliver Typewriter*—offered on the famous "*17-Cents-a-Day" Plan*—has all the improvements, all the exclusive features which our experts have developed. It has the Vertical and Horizontal Line-Ruling Device, the Disappearing Indicator, the Back Spacer, the Tabulator, the Adjustable Paper Feed, the Double Release, the Automatic Spacer, the Locomotive Base and many other innovations which contribute to *high efficiency*. It operates with the lightest touch and, of course, *writes in sight*.



Why Don't You Write Us Today?

How can you resist the attractions of "Printype" and the appeal of the "Penny Plan"?

Here is the world's greatest writing machine—*The Printype Oliver Typewriter*—the standard visible writer—the regular $100 machine—*actually offered for pennies!*

A small first payment brings The Printype Oliver Typewriter. Then you save 17 cents a day and pay monthly.

Your request will bring the special Printype Catalog, the details of the Penny Plan and a letter *written in Printype*. Whether you are "Commander-in-chief" of a business or a private in the ranks, you will be greatly interested in the literature we will send you. (128)

The Oliver Typewriter Company

793 Oliver Typewriter Bldg., Chicago **Agencies Everywhere**

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Story of the Covered Pianos and the "Homo"-toned Haddorff Piano

PIANOS COVERED WITH SHEETS

On Tone Alone all Experts Chose Same Piano

Here's a case where two rival high-grade pianos have contested to see which one would stay in a certain well known home of this city, and which would go back to the store.

The pianos were to be "heard, not seen," so they were completely covered with sheets, and several experts were called in, one at a time, to say which tone was the better. Strangely, they all chose the same piano—a Haddorff upright. The other lost to a good rival.



HADDORFF

The Piano with the "Homo"-Vibrating Sounding Board

THE HADDORFF Sounding Board is so constructed according to a special process, that it gives every note, high or low, the same rich beauty and volume of sound. This wonderful evenness of tone is what makes HADDORFF chords so remarkably beautiful. This is the "Homo"-tone (from the Greek, meaning like or even tone), and means to music what sterling means to silver.

DO not buy until you have first heard the HADDORFF "Homo"-tone, and have witnessed how much richer and sweeter it makes every piece of music.

If your dealer does not have the HADDORFF, we will send you the name of one who does.

Write for name of dealer and for "Homo"-tone folder.

HADDORFF PIANO COMPANY

Makers of Grands, Uprights and Player-Pianos — Rockford, Illinois

"KODAK"

Is our Registered and common-law *Trade-Mark* and cannot be rightfully applied except to goods of our manufacture.

If a dealer tries to sell you a camera or films, or other goods not of our manufacture, under the Kodak name, you can be sure that he has an inferior article that he is trying to market on the Kodak reputation.

If it isn't an Eastman, it isn't a Kodak.

EASTMAN KODAK CO.,

ROCHESTER, N. Y., *The Kodak City.*



Your best negatives deserve and your poorest negatives require

VELOX

The one paper made expressly to give the best results from the average amateur negative.

If you do your own printing use Velox because it is simplest, if you have your work done for you insist on Velox, because it is also best.

Velox offers a wide variety of surfaces and qualities from which to choose. The Velox Book, free at your dealers or by mail, tells all about them and explains in full the methods of handling the paper.

NEPERA DIVISION,

EASTMAN KODAK CO., Rochester, N. Y.

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Can You Get Hot Water When You Want It?



Can you get hot water at the turn of the faucet when there are no fires in the house—without waiting, or without lighting any heating device?

Can you always get hot water though there has been an unusual call upon the supply by other members of the family?

Can you get all the hot water you want the first thing in the morning or late at night? If not, you are missing one of the modern conveniences easily available in every home.

This miracle worker, which will give you an unlimited supply of hot water at any time of day or night, is called the RUUD AUTOMATIC GAS WATER HEATER. It requires no attention. You do not have to light it or put it out—all you do is turn the faucet and hot water flows.

Standard Dwelling Size, $100
Pacific Coast, $115 Delivered



The How and Why of the Ruud

Here is the entire operation.
A tiny pilot light is burning—somewhere a hot water faucet is opened—the pressure valve turns on the gas and it is lighted by the pilot light and heats the copper coils through which the water flows.
When the water gets too hot, the temperature regulator turns down the gas. When the coils start to cool, the temperature regulator automatically turns on the gas again.
This is a great saving, for no more gas is burned than sufficient to heat the water used.
The water is heated to an even temperature as long as it runs, and when you turn off the faucet the pressure valve shuts off the gas and the Ruud stops work.

Look in the telephone book and see if we have a branch in your town—if not, the gas company or dealer has the Ruud and will gladly show it in operation. Send for free descriptive booklet.

Skeleton view of the Ruud, with case removed



RUUD MANUFACTURING COMPANY, Dept. A Pittsburgh, Pa.
Branch Offices in all Principal Cities

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LOOK FOR THIS TRADE MARK

GLASTENBURY KNITTING CO.

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.



LOOK FOR THIS TRADE MARK

GLASTENBURY HEALTH UNDERWEAR

FOR SALE BY LEADING DEALERS

PREVENTS GRIPPE

GUARANTEED NOT TO SHRINK OR MONEY REFUNDED

PREVENTS PNEUMONIA

Made in fine Australian Lambs' Wool, Worsted and Merino

A leader for over fifty years. Every garment shaped to the figure. Drawer bands are adjustable, and require no suspender straps. Exact chest and waist measurements given on garments. *Every garment guaranteed.* Made in five grades each, *light weight, medium* and *heavy weight.* None genuine without Glastenbury trade mark on garment.

Prices 60% under imported goods of same quality. Prices, $1.50, $1.75, $2, $2.25, $2.50, $2.75 and $3 per garment For sale by dealers generally. Write for booklet and sample cuttings. Mills at Glastonbury, Conn.

Dept. D Glastonbury Knitting Company, Glastonbury, Conn.

TRADE MARK

Porosknit

REG. U.S. PAT. OF.

This Label on Every Garment.

Summer Underwear



YOU don't have to take any one's word. You know "Porosknit" every time by this label.

50c a Garment

Union Suits, $1.00

Boys' 25c each. Union Suits, 50c

Sold Everywhere

CHALMERS KNITTING CO., Amsterdam, N.Y.

All gowns—even tailor made—to fit properly need

Setsnug UNDERWEAR



The highest skill of the most noted modiste cannot produce a gown of perfect fit over ordinary bunchy underwear. Setsnug Underwear is the underwear that gives a smooth faultless set to the closest-fitting gowns. It has a patented sliding waist-band that absolutely prevents puckers and bunches at back and hips—common faults of ordinary underwear.

This exclusive invention keeps the pant-flaps flat and smooth, and they do not bulge or sag or fall out of place. No other underwear has ever been made with a device which gives such absolute comfort combined with smoothest and smartness of outer dress.

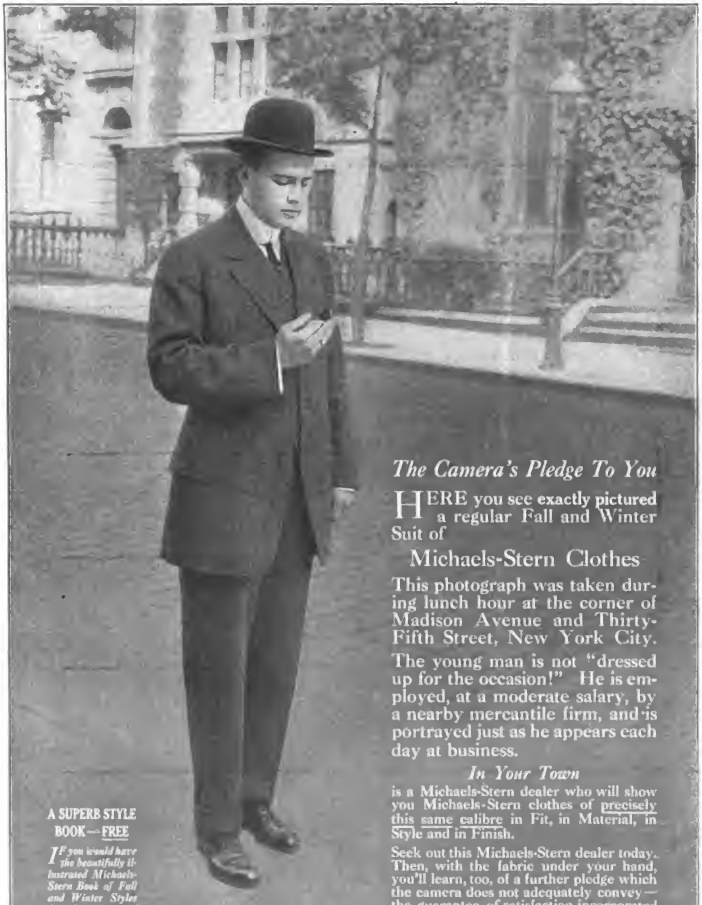
Setsnug Underwear is also made in Union Suits for men. Its perfect fit and springy knit make a strong appeal to men of action. The materials are fine, soft and durable.

Setsnug Underwear is knit on improved machines in modern sanitary mills. Made of cotton, worsted, merino, and lisle for men, women, and children. 50c a garment and up. If your dealer hasn't Setsnug Underwear write us his name and address, and we'll see that you get it. Write for illustrated booklet.

Avalon Knitwear Company

63 Broad St. Utica, N. Y.

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The Camera's Pledge To You

HERE you see exactly pictured a regular Fall and Winter Suit of

Michaels-Stern Clothes

This photograph was taken during lunch hour at the corner of Madison Avenue and Thirty-Fifth Street, New York City.

The young man is not "dressed up for the occasion!" He is employed, at a moderate salary, by a nearby mercantile firm, and is portrayed just as he appears each day at business.

In Your Town

is a Michaels-Stern dealer who will show you Michaels-Stern clothes of precisely this same calibre in Fit, in Material, in Style and in Finish.

Seek out this Michaels-Stern dealer today. Then, with the fabric under your hand, you'll learn, too, of a further pledge which the camera does not adequately convey—the guarantee of satisfaction incorporated in the sterling quality of every Michaels-Stern garment.

ROCHESTER, NEW YORK

A SUPERB STYLE BOOK—FREE

If you would have the beautifully illustrated Michaels-Stern Book of Fall and Winter Styles for the season of 1911-1912 merely send your address to

MICHAELS, STERN & COMPANY
Largest Manufacturers of Rochester-Made Clothing

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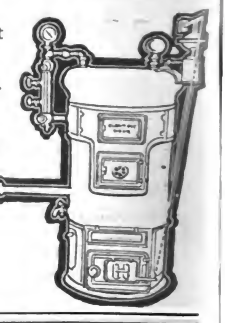
Pierce Boilers and Radiators

There is another Winter coming. Does it mean furnace drudgery, excessive coal bills and a shivery breakfast every cold snap for you?

Don't blame the weather; don't blame the house; don't blame the furnace—it does the best it can. Instead, put in a modern, sanitary, adequate, economical Pierce Heating Equipment—a steam or hot water system that is a success in over 200,000 homes. Pierce Boilers are built to meet every heating requirement. They save fuel, require little attention, cannot get out of order, and save their cost long before they have served their time.

Your steam-fitter will tell you just what Pierce Boiler your house needs, and the cost.

Pierce, Butler & Pierce Mfg. Co., 248 James St., Syracuse, N. Y.
Showrooms in Principal Cities





Be sure to send for our HEAT PRIMER
It's free and it's just the kind of information you ought to have; presented in simple, non-technical language. Send for it.

There is a Pierce Boiler exactly suited to your needs. This is the "Modern," one of 200 styles.

CONGRESS CARDS

For Social Play—Art Backs—Exquisite Colors—High Quality.
New Designs—Club Indexes—Ideal for Bridge.
Gold Edges—Air-Cushion or Ivory Finish.



50 per Pack

OFFICIAL RULES OF CARD GAMES — HOYLE UP-TO-DATE
ISSUED YEARLY — SENT FOR 15 CENTS IN STAMPS.
THE U. S. PLAYING CARD CO., CINCINNATI, U.S.A.

BICYCLE CARDS

In Use Throughout the World for General Play
The Most Durable 25 Cent Card Made.
Club Indexes—Air-Cushion or Ivory Finish.



25 per Pack

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PRATT & LAMBERT VARNISHES



A PRATT & LAMBERT Varnish is the assurance of perfect finishing results in your home. Ask your architect and painter to use the right "P & L" Varnish in the right place, and you will *know* in advance that the finish will make your home one to be proud of. It is a positive way to insure satisfaction.

Vitralite

The Long-Life WHITE ENAMEL

should be used where permanent and pure-white effects are desired, indoors or out, on any surface. It never discolors nor cracks. It flows easily, doesn't show brush marks, and dries with a hard, porcelain-like gloss that *lasts*. Can be rubbed to an egg-shell finish. Ask your architect and painter about Vitralite.

Send for "*Decorative Interior Finishing*," our free book—will help you decide on decorative effects.

Use **"38" Preservative Varnish** on all interior wood work except floors.

"P & L" Spar Finishing Varnish is the best protection for front doors and all outside woodwork.

Send for Free Vitralite Booklet
and sample panel finished with Vitralite. They will convince you.

Use **"61" Floor Varnish** on floors. It's mar-proof, heel-proof, water proof. Send for free sample panel finished with "61" and test it.

"61" FLOOR VARNISH

Ask for booklet, "The Finished Floor." If your dealer can not supply you with "P & L" Varnishes, write to 69 Tonawanda Street, Buffalo, N. Y. In Canada, 11 Courtwright Street, Bridgeburg, Ontario.

PRATT & LAMBERT VARNISHES

AMERICAN FACTORIES NEW YORK BUFFALO CHICAGO BRIDGEBURG, CANADA — ESTABLISHED 62 YEARS — FOREIGN FACTORIES LONDON PARIS HAMBURG



"A Cube Makes a Cup"

Just pour on boiling water for a cup of rich, delicious bouillon, perfectly seasoned, ready to enjoy.

"STEERO" Bouillon Cubes

Made by American Kitchen Products Co., New York

(Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)

provide you with appetizing refreshment at a moment's notice. No trouble, no cooking of any kind. The "Steero" Cube dissolves at once.

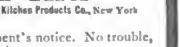
Send For Free Samples and learn how delicious they are.

Box of 12 Cubes, enough for 12 cups, sent postpaid for 35c if your grocer or druggist can not supply you. Tins of 50 and 100 Cubes are more economical for household use.

Distributed and Guaranteed by

Schieffelin & Co., 207 William Street, New York

Under Pure Food Law, Serial No. 1



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Even Old Furniture and Old Floors Can Look New!

It is rather easy to keep them all looking fine when they are finished with Old English Floor Wax, because wax finish doesn't scratch, nor mar, nor get sticky and dingy—therefore they keep like new for a long time. Old English has more of the hard (expensive) imported wax. That hard wax also makes it outwear other finishes and gives that soft, rich, subdued lustre which has made Old English wax finish famous.

Old English Floor Wax

is economical—it spreads much farther than the ordinary soft wax—a 50-cent can will do a large room.



Send for Free Sample and Our Book

"Beautiful Floors, Their Finish and Care." Tells all about

Finishing New Floors	Cleaning and Polishing	Finishing Furniture
Finishing Old Floors	Care of Waxed Floors	Interior Woodwork
Hardwood Floors	Finishing Dance Floors	Stopping Cracks
Pine Floors	Kitchen, Pantry and Bathroom Floors	Removing Varnish, etc.

A. S. BOYLE & CO., 1913 W. 8th St., Cincinnati, O.

Use "Brightener" to clean, polish and preserve all wax, varnish or shellac finishes. Ask for free sample to try.

A. S. BOYLE & CO., 1913 W. 8th St., Cincinnati, O.
Send Booklet and Free Sample so I can try Old English at home

Name.....

Address.....

My Dealer is.....





"SWAN SAFETY" FOUNTPENS ARE ABSOLUTELY SAFE



Because the **"Screwdown Cap"** creates an air-tight chamber around the nib when the pen is closed which makes leaking impossible. The **"Swan Safety"** is also fitted with the **"Gold Top Feed"** which insures instant writing, and the **"Ladder Feed"** which makes it impossible for the pen to blot.

"Swan Safety" Fountpens are known the world over. They can be depended on to write instantly. "Swan's Safetys" never leak, never blot and **always write.**

For Sale at all Stationers and Jewellers
Write for Illustrated List.

Price $2.50 and up

Mabie, Todd & Co. The Makers

17 Maiden Lane, New York — 209 S. State Street, Chicago
124 Yonge Street, Toronto — 79, 80 High Holborn, London, England
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Were It Not for "Acid Mouth" Your teeth should Last 100 Years —



THE enamel—the flint-like armor of the teeth—is almost indestructible. It has but one sure destroyer—"acid mouth."

A dentifrice, neutralizing or preventing acidity, can preserve 95% of the teeth now subject to decay. Pebeco Tooth Paste is scientifically designed to save the teeth by removing the cause of decay. Scientific acid tests prove that the daily use of

PEBECO
TOOTH PASTE



does prevent "acid mouth." (We send you free the Test Papers for this interesting test, upon receipt of request.) Pebeco Tooth Paste is highly antiseptic and deodorant, securing a germ-free mouth and a sweet, wholesome breath.

Pebeco heals and hardens bleeding, "spongy" gums and whitens and polishes the teeth without injuring the surface of the enamel.

Enough Pebeco for a *ten days'* trial—and acid test papers—will be sent on request.

With these you can prove our claims. Resolve to make the test.

Pebeco originated in the hygienic laboratories of P. Beiersdorf & Co., Hamburg, Germany. Its qualities soon gave it an enviable reputation—a real preserver of the teeth. It is sold in large 50c tubes in every country where care is taken of the teeth. It is very economical, for so little is needed for perfect results. Use only one-third of a brushful.

LEHN & FINK, 117 William Street, New York
Producers of Lehn & Fink's Riveris Talcum Powder

Actual size of extra large 50-cent tube

Comptometer
ADDS MULTIPLIES DIVIDES SUBTRACTS

"Say Mr. Jones, the bill clerk is ready to begin extending his bills and he wants the Comptometer."

"Tell him he'll have to wait until I finish checking my postings."

"All right, but how about Mr. Brown—he says to tell you he's been holding up some percentage work for two or three days, waiting for a chance at the machine?"

"Well, I won't keep it long, but there's nothing doing until I get through."

—This is typical of what happens in offices where they understand the Comptometer—where its value has been demonstrated by use on all kinds of figure work—addition, multiplication, division and subtraction.



It won't cost you anything to have a Comptometer put in your office on trial. Write us about it.

FELT & TARRANT MFG. CO., 1732 N. PAULINA ST., CHICAGO, ILL.

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KEEP THE SKIN CLEAR

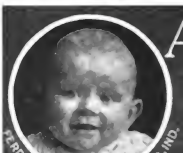


With

CUTICURA SOAP

And Cuticura Ointment. No other emollients do so much for pimples, blackheads, red, rough and oily skin, itching, scaly scalps, dry, thin and falling hair, chapped hands and shapeless nails. They do even more for skin-tortured and disfigured infants.

Although Cuticura Soap and Ointment are sold throughout the world, a liberal sample of each, with 32-p. book on the care and treatment of skin and hair will be sent post-free, on application to "Cuticura," Dept. 24F, Boston.



AT 2½ months, this bright boy weighed less than at birth. The family physician then ordered

Eskay's Food

which soon made him a happy, healthy child. The photograph shows him at 6 months.

10 Feedings and our helpful book "How to Care for the Baby" mailed free on request.

SMITH, KLINE & FRENCH CO.
443 Arch Street PHILADELPHIA

"Round the World"

THREE TOURS

leaving during November, February and March. Four to eight months.

SOUTH AMERICA

A Winter tour of ninety-two days, sailing from New York February 1st, 1912

CALIFORNIA Through trains from New York and Boston frequently during winter months; also automobile tours through California.

Send for Booklets.

RAYMOND & WHITCOMB CO.
Boston New York Philadelphia Pittsburg Detroit

"A Kalamazoo Direct to You"

And Gas Stoves Too



Will You Write a Postal To Save $5 to $40?

That will bring the Kalamazoo Stove Book FREE with full particulars of the $5 to $40 saving, the $100,000 bank bond guarantee, 400 stoves priced and described.

30 Days' Free Trial Freight Prepaid

CASH OR CREDIT

360 Days' Approval Test. Prompt shipment. 170,000 customers testify this is the greatest stove offer and the Kalamazoo the finest stove made. Get catalog 173

Kalamazoo Stove Company, Mfrs., Kalamazoo, Mich.

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Educator Toasterettes are a delicious dainty beloved alike by young and old

One of many varieties of **Educator Crackers.**

They are baked by the daughter of their creator. She personally samples each day's baking and insists upon the same high quality that has made **Educator Crackers** famous for twenty-five years.

EDUCATOR CRACKERS

The Cracker of Economy

Educator Toasterettes are made from whole wheat flour—freshly stone-ground in the good old-fashioned way.

The flour is mixed with pure, sweet spring water from our own Artesian wells.

Then it's savored with table salt. And toasted to a delicate brown. And touched with table butter.

Yes, you'll find **Toasterettes** a unique and wholesome delicacy—delightfully different from any other cracker you ever tasted. Just try them once. Then you'll never be without them.

Ask Your Dealer—If he cannot supply you, order from us direct. Anyway send ten cents in stamps for trial box of **Toasterettes** and mention your dealer's name, if you please.





The Ostermoor Smile

in the morning means a day of clean work and clear thinking. It's the smile that proves the difference between the Ostermoor and an imitation.

For the Ostermoor is essentially a mattress of COMFORT. It compels relaxation and drives away fatigue; you arise in the morning with a thoroughly refreshed feeling—and that year-'round Ostermoor Smile. Get *inside* facts about mattresses—

Send for Our 144-page Book, Free
(With Ticking Samples)

and learn how the Ostermoor differs from common cotton mattresses that are merely "stuffed." The Ostermoor is *built*—four thousand downy, interlacing sheets of cotton are scientifically compressed by our own exclusive process into a mattress that can't mat, can't get lumpy, and never loses its resiliency.

The book gives proof of service (as no imitator can do) by telling what prominent people, after five to fifty-five years' use, say of the

OSTERMOOR MATTRESS $15.

Don't buy a "just-as-good." Our trade-mark is your guarantee. When necessary, we ship mattress, express prepaid, on thirty nights' free trial, same day your order is received. Money back if you want it. Be sure to send for the *free* book.

OSTERMOOR & CO., 112 Elizabeth St., New York
Canadian Agency:
Alaska Feather & Down Co., Ltd., Montreal.

MATTRESSES COST Express Prepaid	
Best Blue & White Ticking	
4'-6"—45 lbs.	$15.00
4'-0"—40 "	13.35
3'-6"—35 "	11.70
3'-0"—30 "	10.00
2'-6"—25 "	8.35

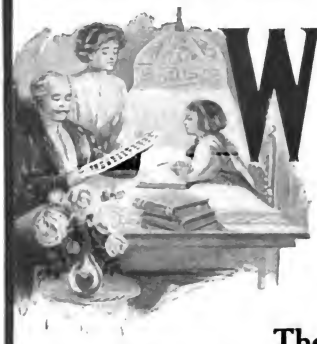
All 6 feet 3 inches long. In two parts, 50c extra. Dust-proof, satin-finish ticking, $1.50 more. French Mercerized Art Twills, $5.00 more.



"Built—Not Stuffed"

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Use Paints made with Oxide of Zinc.



WHEN you select the colors for your house, remember quality also.

Paint, to be satisfactory, must preserve as well as beautify. Colors are durable and paint is permanently protective only if made with Oxide of Zinc.

Does your paint contain Oxide of Zinc?

Oxide of Zinc is unalterable even under the blow pipe

The New Jersey Zinc Co.

NATIONAL CITY BANK BUILDING

55 Wall Street, New York

We do not grind Oxide of Zinc in oil.

A list of manufacturers of Oxide of Zinc Paints mailed on request.



One of 100 uses—
For the mouth and teeth

Dioxogen

Many serious disorders can be prevented by maintaining *germ-free* cleanliness of the teeth, the mouth and the throat. Dioxogen is ideal for this purpose because it is a most efficient germ destroyer and yet is *absolutely harmless*. The daily use of Dioxogen *prevents* sore throat, decayed teeth and many serious ailments due to the entrance of germs through the mouth.

Write for free two-ounce trial bottle and booklet.

THE OAKLAND CHEMICAL CO., 130 Front Street, New York, N.Y.

CHEER UP!

Get a **50c** bottle of LIQUID VENEER anywhere. Dust with it. If you're not positively delighted with the wonderfully beautifying results, take it back and get your money back. We'll pay the dealer. Dust *everything* with

LIQUID VENEER

TRIAL BOTTLE FREE ON REQUEST

BUFFALO SPECIALTY CO., 85 Liquid Veneer Building, BUFFALO, N. Y.

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HEISEY'S

TRADE (H) MARK

GLASSWARE



HEISEY'S (H) GLASSWARE is made in many graceful, attractive, yet practical shapes to meet every phase of table service.—Its dazzling brilliancy displays its beauty of form and design to rare advantage.—Its durability marks a new epoch in the manufacture of glass. See that your glassware bears this Trade Mark (H)

Write for our booklet "Table Glass," beautifully illustrated, featuring Heisey's reproduction of Ye old Colonial patterns.

A. H. HEISEY & CO., Newark, Ohio, U. S. A.





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YOUR GROCER HAS OR CAN GET IT



The Solid Shot of Coffee HONESTY—

which, by the compelling weight of its splendid quality, is driving out of the market the cheap, poor, unreliable brands; and is educating the people to expect—to Demand—and to GET WHITE HOUSE COFFEE in preference to any other.

"WHITE HOUSE" is NEVER SOLD IN BULK—ALWAYS in 1, 2 and 3 lb. labelled tin cans. If you care for fragrance and *flavor*; if you care for strength and *purity*; if you care to feel perfectly *certain* that the coffee you serve on your table is of the very *highest quality* and has been packed under the most rigid *sanitary conditions*, insist that your grocer supplies you with "White House." IT SUITS WHEN OTHER COFFEES DISAPPOINT.

PRINCIPAL COFFEE ROASTERS DWINELL-WRIGHT COMPANY BOSTON AND CHICAGO

DURING 1910, 2,623,412 CHICLETS WERE SOLD EACH DAY

Chiclets

REALLY DELIGHTFUL

The Dainty Mint Covered Candy Coated Chewing Gum

Just ask your doctor what *he* thinks of Chiclets. Doctors, dentists and trained nurses use and recommend Chiclets for their patients' use and use them themselves in the sick-room, the office or home. That exquisite peppermint, the *true* mint, makes Chiclets the refinement of chewing gum for people of refinement.





For Sale at all the Better Sort of Stores

5¢ the Ounce and in 5¢, 10¢ and 25¢ Packets

SEN-SEN CHICLET COMPANY,

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New Model 27 **Marlin** Repeating Rifle

The only gun that fills the demand for a trombone ("pump") action repeater in .25-20 and .32-20 calibers.



Shoots high velocity smokeless cartridges, also black and low pressure smokeless. Powerful enough for deer, safe to use in settled districts, excellent for target work, for foxes, geese, woodchucks, etc.

Its exclusive features: the quick, smooth working *"pump" action;* the wear-resisting *Special Smokeless Steel* barrel; the modern *solid-top* and *side ejector* for rapid, accurate firing, increased safety and convenience. It has *take down* construction and *ivory Bead* front sight; these cost extra on other rifles of these calibers.

Our 136 page catalog describes the full *Marlin* line. Sent for three stamps postage. Write for it.

The Marlin Firearms Co.
11 WILLOW STREET, - NEW HAVEN, CONN.

"THE TANKS WITH A REPUTATION"

CALDWELL Tanks and Towers

TANKS of Steel or Everlasting Louisiana Red Cypress with hoops of guaranteed strength. No leaks, no danger of bursting; no trouble from freezing.

TOWERS of Steel of the famous Tubular-Column design or of Structural Steel. Both of such heavy and rigid construction that they will withstand cyclones.

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Catalog B
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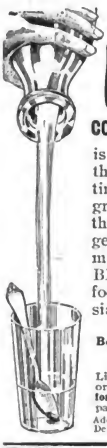
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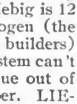
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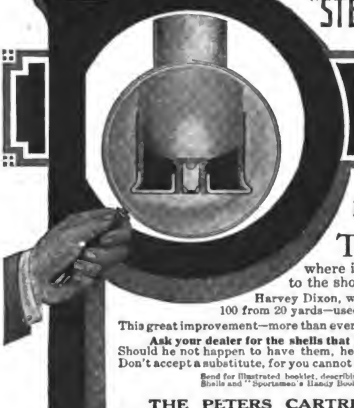
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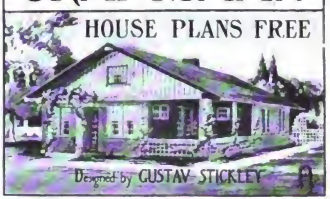
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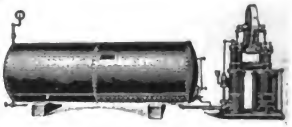
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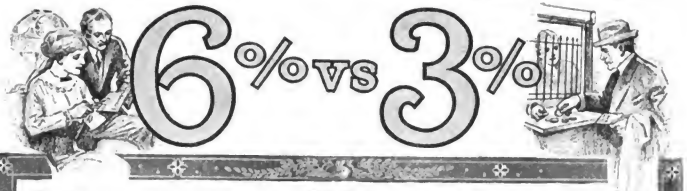
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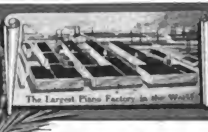
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CHARLES P. LIMBERT COMPANY, Holland, Mich., Dept. M, Grand Rapids, Mich.

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"A Stitch in Time Saves Nine"

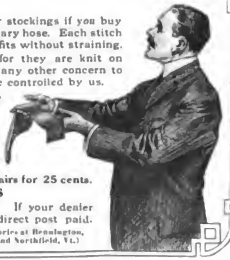
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has 34 stitches in Time

which give many more points of saving than any other hose in the market

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"Lasherhose" Is Fully Guaranteed

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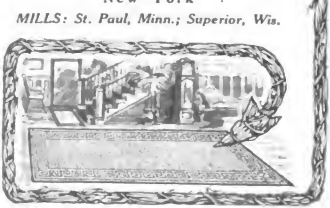
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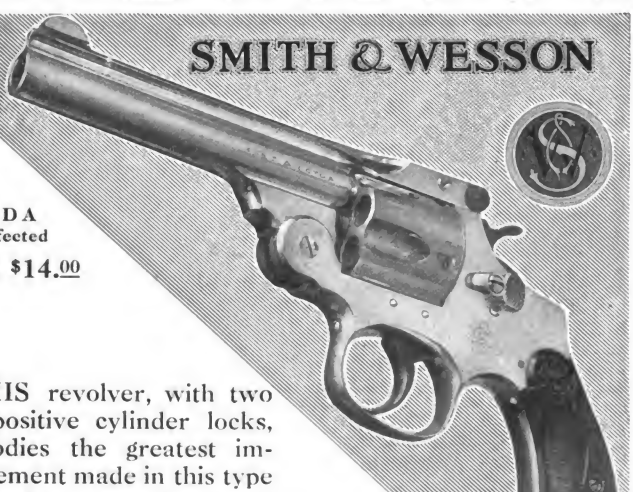
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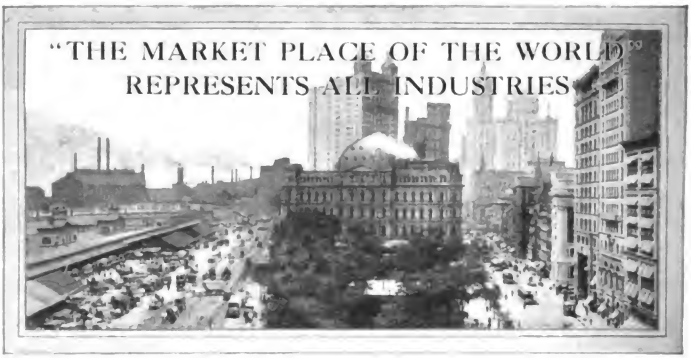
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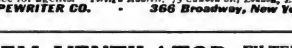
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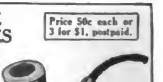
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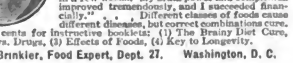
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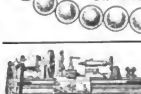
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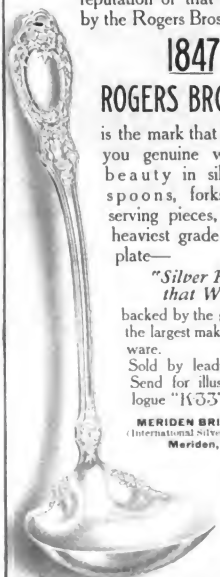
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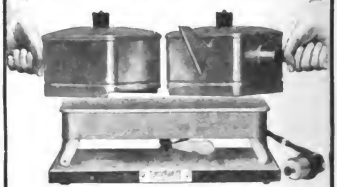
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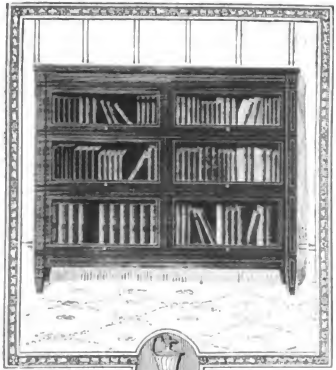
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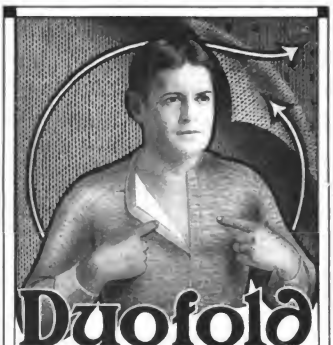
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A sheep wears his wool on the outside. That's where it is in **Duofold.**

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Single garments and union suits in all weights and various styles for men, women and children. $1.00 and upwards.

Your dealer has them or will get them for you. Write us for Style Booklet.

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You Can Weigh

Exactly what You Should Weigh



You can be **Strong—Vigorous**—full of Life and Energy.

You can be free from **Chronic Ailments**—every organ of your body strong as nature intended.

You can have a **Good Figure**—as good as any woman.

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NO DRUGS—NO MEDICINES

My pupils simply comply with Nature's laws.



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"Every one notices the change in my complexion, it has lost that yellow color."

"Just think what you have done for me! Last year I weighed 216 pounds, this year 146, and have not gained an ounce back. I am not wrinkled either. I feel so young and strong, no *rheumatism*, or sluggish liver, and I can *breathe* now. It is surprising how easily I did it. I feel 15 years younger."

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"I feel as if I could look every man, woman and child in the face with the feeling that I am *growing*—spiritually, physically and mentally. Really I am a stronger, better woman. I don't know how to tell you or to thank you."

Reports like these come to me every day. Do you wonder I want to help *every woman* to vibrant health and happiness. Write me your faults of health or figure. Your correspondence is held in strict confidence. If I cannot help you I will tell you what will.

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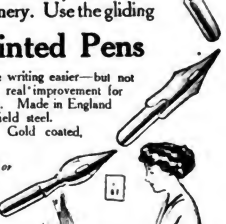
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Illustration shows Model 140 and Pillow muff, Natural Minnesota Raccoon, guaranteed. Sent express prepaid upon receipt of $45.00.

1911-12 Catalog of Albrecht Furs

now ready. This gives valuable information how to choose furs—their description and actual name in plain English, also their corresponding trade name and definite prices—color photographs from actual furs—interesting facts not procurable elsewhere. You'll want it to make an intelligent selection. Sent free. Write for Catalog No. 41 NOW.

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No feature could be added to make it any better, else we would have done so long ago, when we made the first and original improvement in cards.

A sample tab of the cards, will give you the evidence when you detach the cards one by one, and note the smooth edges and the cleanliness that must be the result of the book in the case. Send for the tab, and see for yourself.

OUR SMART CARD IN CASE



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Every KNOX Hat has in it this Seal of Approval, and the Indorsement of the man who wears it

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AGENCIES IN EVERY IMPORTANT CITY IN THE WORLD

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U. S. GOVERNMENT REPORT

(Dept. of Agriculture, Forest Service, Bulletin 95,) issued June 30, 1911, says of



CYPRESS:

"AS SIDING IT PRACTICALLY WEARS OUT BEFORE IT DECAYS."

(From page 44. U. S. Government Bulletin 95.)

Same report says "CYPRESS shows paint well and holds it for many years, but lasts a long time without it."

(*You know the conservatism of Government Reports.*)

Here's a photograph (straight from the wood) of a piece of *Cypress Siding* taken from St. Charles College, La., duly attested in writing by the president, Father Maring. Built 1819—Torn down 1910. *NOT A TRACE OF ROT.* Note that the lower or exposed edge, originally the thicker, has become the thinner by the simple erosion of nearly a century of rains.



CYPRESS SIDING SOUND AS A DOLLAR after withstanding the tempests of a century and willing to start again! *91 YEARS "ON THE JOB," WITHOUT EVEN PAINTING,* on a church in use till the day it was razed to make room for a larger building, and the *CYPRESS LUMBER COMPOSING IT THEN USED AT ONCE* to erect a new gymnasium!

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WILL STAND ANYTHING." ***ASK FOR VOL. THREE ALSO—FULL OF VITAL FACTS.***

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WHEN Lincoln said "You can't fool all the people all the time," he voiced the idea that nothing can win in the end without merit.

That President Suspenders have unusual merit is proven by bigger sales every year. The same people buy them again and again.

The Shirley Guarantee of Satisfaction or Money Back is only possible because of the quality of material and workmanship in every pair of President Suspenders.

Insist on the SHIRLEY GUARANTEE when buying suspenders

Price 50 Cents from all dealers or from factory. Light, medium or extra heavy. Extra lengths for tall men.

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1702 Main Street Shirley, Mass.

ANY custom tailor of the first class—and only such—can supply you with suits or overcoats made of imported Willis woolens.

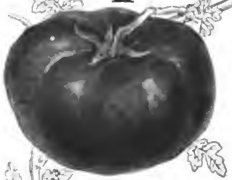
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only of Custom Tailors — Never in Ready-made Clothing

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A zestful, appetizing relish with the true tomato flavor.

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Made with scrupulous care by skillful chefs, in spotless kitchens from the solid meat of juicy, red ripe tomatoes picked at the moment of their perfection, combined with just the right proportion of rich, pure spices. No artificial flavoring or coloring.

Contains only those ingredients recognized and endorsed by the U. S. Government

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Fits the Figure Perfectly-Won't Shrink Always Springs Back to Shape

UNDERWEAR is a necessity – but Wright's Spring-Needle Ribbed Underwear is a *luxury* at the moderate price of a *necessity*—$1.00, $1.50, $2.00 for shirts or drawers; $1.50 to $4.00 for union suits; at all dealers.

WRIGHT'S Spring Needle Ribbed UNDERWEAR

is a wonderfully *elastic* fabric, permanently *springy*. Fits any figure perfectly, and keeps its shape under the hardest usage. Very *durable*. The Non-Stretching Neck (pat. applied for) ensures neck will always *hug snug*.

Made in fine Egyptian cotton, all-wool, or cotton-and-wool, in various colors. All weights for all seasons. If not at your dealer's, send us his name and we'll see you are supplied.

Write for booklet showing samples of different fabrics

WRIGHT'S SPRING NEEDLE TRADE MARK RIBBED UNDERWEAR

WRIGHT'S HEALTH UNDERWEAR CO.

Makers of the famous Wright's Health Underwear (all-wool, fleece-lined), and Wright's Spring-Needle Ribbed Underwear.

Made in both two-piece garments and union suits.

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Perfect Team Work of Perfect Units—that is what Wins the Typewriter Game. The

L. C. Smith & Bros. Typewriter

(Ball-Bearing, Long-Wearing)



is a rare and unusual combination of mechanical features of superior excellence, each of which is designed,

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And,

Second—To work so smoothly and accurately, in conjunction with all others, that the completed result is just as perfect as the work of any individual part.

That is what makes a good-working typewriter—it is what justifies the overwhelming verdict of 150,000 users in approval of the L. C. Smith & Bros. Typewriter—it is why this typewriter does all kinds of work superlatively well ***without attachments*** and gives no disappointing results.

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Ask us the reason you should not accept any substitute.

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Get a pair at your hardware or Electrical Supply store today. You will wonder how such an ordinary tool could be made so useful and powerful by scientific design, material and workmanship. Insist upon getting the Utica. Guaranteed satisfactory in every way or your money back for any reason. Not to be compared with inferior tools now on the market.

The only Plier that Fits the hand. **Household style No. 700.** Wire cutter and plier combined. Has screwdriver at end of handle. One of many different styles and sizes.

Costs 85c at dealers, 15c. extra for postage from us. Send for free descriptive catalog, "Plier Palmistry."

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Banishes Night Fear

Says Detective Wm. J. Burns



"RECENTLY I obtained one of your Savage Automatic Pistols and thoroughly tested it yesterday at Police Headquarters Target Practice, in the presence of a number of gentlemen among whom were police officials of the City of Chicago, and was surprised, as were those present, with the ease and accuracy with which it could be fired.

"In my opinion the Savage Automatic Pistol is the greatest weapon ever invented for the protection of the home, because a woman can shoot it as expertly as a crack shot. It banishes night fear."

Many great gun men have made similar comments on the new Savage Automatic including such as Col. W. F Cody, "Buffalo Bill," Dr Carver, W A. Pinkerton, Walter Duncan, Major Sylvester; and Bat Masterson has even written a book about it, entitled "The Tenderfoot's Turn" Sent free.

If you want to do the best thing you ever did for your home, you'll get a Savage Automatic before tonight.

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WM. J. BURNS was famous in the San Francisco graft investigation, Los Angeles Times dynamiting case. Wm. J. Burns National Detective Agency protects American Bankers' Assn.,—over 11,000 banks.

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It isn't especially important that science has found a way of utilizing a beverage for making billiard balls, or records upon which Caruso's voice can be preserved, but they illustrate two of a hundred uses that have been found for the new commodity. And maybe it affects your business, directly or indirectly.

Also, it is but one development of thousands that are in process that will change the history of the world.

These things you must know if you are really going to *live*, to be a part of conscious life.

For sixty-seven years a journal has devoted itself to recording weekly the important, the necessary, the significant in creative development—and with the stamp of authority.

This journal is the **Scientific American.**

It has occupied a unique place in American progress. It has told with technical accuracy, but with simple clearness, the things that have made the real history of the world.

To-day it is bigger, broader, more important, more necessary to the man of affairs than ever it was.

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FRANKLIN COMMERCIAL CARS INCLUDE PNEUMATIC-TIRED TRUCKS, LIGHT DELIVERY WAGONS, PATROLS, AMBULANCES, OMNIBUSES AND TAXICABS.

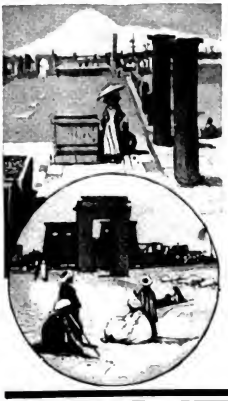
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In addition to our regular Mediterranean sailings there will be a

Special Trip by the superb transatlantic liner **"Kaiserin Auguste Victoria"** (25,000 tons) to **Madeira, Gibraltar, Riviera, Italy, Egypt and the Nile.**

The largest and most luxurious steamer of the Hamburg-American service. Equipped with Ritz-Carlton Restaurant, Palm Garden, Gymnasium, Electric Elevators, etc.

Will leave New York, February 14th, 1912, arriving at Funchal (Madeira) February 21st; Gibraltar, February 23rd; Algiers, February 24th; Villefranche (Nice), February 25th; Genoa, February 26th; Naples, February 28th, and Port Said, March 2nd.

Returning, the **"Kaiserin Auguste Victoria"** will leave Port Said March 4th for New York, via Naples and Gibraltar.

Time for sight-seeing at each port.

To or from Port Said, $165 and up.

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That Anyone Can Play



A Song at Twilight with the Cecilian

If you have music in your soul, you need not be restrained by having untrained fingers. On the **Cecilian**, your own ideas, your own ideals, may mould the musical masterpieces into something intimately your own.

The **Cecilian Piano** likewise brings to the trained musician an instrumegt of exquisite quality in touch and in tone. Write or send for catalog.

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C = Be Conscious = C

If people will make sure to be conscious of the fact that they are buying advertised goods, they will be more likely to obtain what they want wherever they happen to be.

Also

they will be able to duplicate the satisfaction of securing like values every time they are in the market for the same goods.

TELL ME YOUR FOOT TROUBLES



It will ease your Mind;
I will ease your Feet.
Enlarged Joints Reduced and Toes Straightened by ACHFELDT'S (Patented) "PERFECTION" TOE SPRING
Worn at night without inconvenience, with auxiliary appliances for day use.
Sent on approval. Money refunded if not as represented.
For My Improved Instep Arch Supporter for "Flat Foot" and broken down instep. Send outline of foot.
Full particulars and advice free in plain sealed envelope.



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$3,000,000

Seven Per Cent. Cumulative Preferred Participating Stock

Federal Biscuit Company

Organized for the Purpose of Merging More than 70 Leading Independent Baking Plants in 30 Different States—Economic Distribution over an enormous Territory

The combined companies produce biscuits, crackers and bread, great food staples.

The Company will be the largest and best equipped producer of bread and biscuits in the world when the consolidation is completed.

CAPITALIZATION

7% Cumulative Preferred Participating (par value $100).....$12,000,000
Common Stock (par value $100)..... 18,000,000

Only $3,000,000 7% Cumulative Preferred Participating Stock offered for public subscription. Such part of the balance as required will be issued for the plants.

When the merger is completed, the stock offered to the public and that issued for plants is estimated at $25,000,000, leaving a margin of $5,000,000 unissued.

Conservative estimates of the plants to be merged show combined assets are $25,000,000, the combined sales for 1910 were $27,650,000, the actual net profit for 1910 was $1,300,000, fifty per cent. more than sufficient to pay the dividends on the Preferred Stock.

It has been estimated by experienced biscuit manufacturers that specialization in production in the different plants, aided by judicious advertising and aggressive business management, will increase the total business at least 25%. This will mean $7,000,000 more gross business of $1,000,000 estimated net additional profits.

The baking industries of the country have for ten years shown constantly increasing output and stability of volume unaffected by general conditions to a far greater extent than other industries. Bread is the great food staple, and the demand for crackers has increased 20% per capita in the past six years.

The possibilities of this important industry is illustrated by the fact that one concern in England, where the population is much smaller than in the United States, is credited with as much business as all the cracker manufacturers in America combined.

It is estimated that a saving of $2,900,000 per year will be effected by operating these plants as a unit. This alone is sufficient to pay 7% in dividends upon the total capitalization and still leave 2% for a surplus. This large saving is to be made in the following way:

1. ***Lowering the cost of material by purchasing in enormous quantities.***
2. ***Cutting the cost of distribution.***
3. ***Utilizing one corps of salesmen and delivery wagons in each district.***
4. ***Eliminating duplicate warehouses.***
5. ***Co-ordination of factory management.***

The figures given above showing earnings and savings with increased business clearly illustrate the earning possibilities of the stock of this Company.

The lumping of the advertising appropriations of all the plants—into one large fund for the benefit of the whole—alone will constitute a great saving and multiply the sales of every factory. Economy of management and concentration of efforts will enable the Federal Biscuit Co. to give the public more and better baked products for the price.

The patents of the Reynolds "Aertite" Box are controlled by the Federal Biscuit Co., assuring products reaching consumers in perfect condition, free from contamination, dust or moisture.

No bonds or mortgages can be issued without the consent of two-thirds of all the stock.

The officers of the Federal Biscuit Company are experienced wholesale bakers and individual operators of successful plants; they operate a purchasing agency for wholesale bakers which has paid handsome dividends to its stockholders. Associated with them are broad-gauged business men, bankers, &c. They are nationally known as successful executives.

STOCK SUBSCRIPTION BOOKS NOW OPEN

The 7% Cumulative Preferred Participating Stock, preferred as to dividends and assets, is now offered with a bonus of Common Stock. This bonus offer may be withdrawn at any time.
Application will be made to the N. Y. Stock Exchange for listing the stock of this Company.
Transfer Agents: Title Guarantee and Trust Company, 176 Broadway, New York City.
Registrar: Columbia Trust Company, 135 Broadway, New York City.

PRICE ON APPLICATION

For complete list of officers and directors and other information, address

Federal Biscuit Company, 100 Hudson St., New York City

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Ingersoll and Ingersoll-Trenton



$1.00



$25

Here are two distinct kinds of watches one built upon the experience of the other—one a plain, practical timekeeper which during 18 years has so proved its usefulness that now over half the watches sold are Ingersoll Watches; the other a fine jeweled watch for those who buy for extreme accuracy, durability and beauty. The Ingersoll Watch has always been regarded as a really wonderful thing for the money—something only possible through a manufacturing ability never approached in the watch industry and in mighty few others.

The Ingersoll-Trenton is coming to be known as the Ingersoll value in high-grade watches.

All the experience, the economies, the highly specialized methods, the manufacture of great numbers in few styles, the efficiency principles, learned in making almost thirty million watches, combined with unique originality and inventive power, are producing in the new Ingersoll-Trenton factory the finest American watches at prices that heretofore would buy only commonplace timepieces.

7-jewel movement, **$5**
In solid nickel case

7-jewel movement, **$10**
In 20-year case

15-jewel movement, **$12**
In 20-year case

19-jewel movement, **$25**
In 20-year case

Ingersoll-Trenton Watches are sold only by responsible jewelers. Nine thousand jewelers handle them. For a complete and conclusive description of the Ingersoll-Trenton Watch write today for the book, "How to Judge a Watch."

ROBT. H. INGERSOLL & BRO., 49 ASHLAND BUILDING, NEW YORK

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The Newest Shape—
DELMAR, 2¼ in.—REXTON, 2 in.

A Closed-Front Shape that Remains Closed

If you have tried—without success—to get a close-meeting collar that *would meet close* and *stay so*, try the DELMAR. You'll find it *all* you have desired.

Collars Can't Fit, If Buttonholes Tear or Stretch

Collars simply *cannot* retain fit and style if buttonholes tear or stretch. There can be no comfort with such a collar.

LINOCORD BUTTONHOLES used *exclusively* in all IDE SILVER COLLARS prevent such annoyances. See how they are *protected* where the strain comes.

You can get these collars in any style—the particular one *you* like best.

We *bake* our close-meeting styles and form them, while baking, by our special **Vertiform Process,** so that they retain the straight-front effect—always close-meeting. Have ample scarf space.

Ide Silver BRAND
¼ Sizes Collars 2 for 25¢
In Canada, 3 for 50c.

The newest is the DELMAR.

See the DELMAR and other IDE SILVER COLLARS at your dealer's or write us for "What's What," an illustrated authority on dress, and the clever story booklet, "What I Know About Laundries" (actual experiences).

GEO. P. IDE & CO. - - - 483 River Street, Troy, N. Y.

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Chafing Dish Cooking

Is sure to be insipid and decidedly disappointing without a sharp and snappy seasoning. The world-wide popularity of

LEA & PERRINS
SAUCE

THE ORIGINAL WORCESTERSHIRE



Extending over a period of nearly **Eighty Years,** is based on qualities which no other table sauce possesses. **Soups, Fish, Roasts, Steaks, Chops, Stews** and **Hashes** are greatly improved by its use.

Seasoning is the Test of Cooking.

JOHN DUNCAN'S SONS, Agents, New York

"HOW I BECAME A NURSE"



Mrs. Jane B. Marshall, Beverly, Mass. C. S. N. Graduate

Would you like to read the stories of 200 intelligent, sincere women, who became successful nurses by 6 to 12 months' study at home? **"How I Became a Nurse"** is the title of a book issued in celebration of 10 years' successful correspondence training in nursing. It contains 184 pages of intensely interesting experiences by graduates of this school who studied, practiced, and mastered the art of professional nursing by the C. S. N. home-study course. Thousands of our graduates, with and without previous experience, are today earning $10 to $25 a week.

Send for a copy of "How I Became a Nurse," with our 10th annual 64-page illustrated Year Book explaining method.

The Chautauqua School of Nursing
272 Main Street
Jamestown, - N. Y.

McClure's

The reason why McClure's is in the front rank is, because we have builded for the respectable and responsible reader as well as the respectable and responsible advertiser, and have brought them together in the right way by making the right kind of people acquainted with each other.

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Whitman's

Fussy Package

In half-pound, one, two, three and five pound packages

"A List of Good Things"



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Chocolate Covered Molasses Blocks
Caramels
Nut Brittle
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Marshmallows
Cream Walnuts
Cream Pecans
Brazil Nuts
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Blossoms of Solid Chocolate and Fussy Nut Bricklets.

One dollar a pound everywhere. Sent postpaid on receipt of price if no Whitman agent is convenient.

Write for booklet "Suggestions."

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Makers of Whitman's *Instantaneous* Chocolate.

NOW—Our Institution—NOW

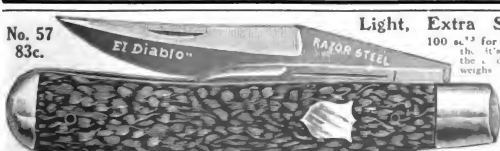
McClure's has always labored to serve the public, and the outcome has enabled us to witness the erection of an establishment which fully demonstrates the wisdom of our original policy.

We want an institution that will last and not be subject to downfall with a huff and a puff.

So we introduce advertisers to our readers with as much care as we plan our Table of Contents.

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No. 57
83c.



Light, Extra Strong, Razor Steel

100 sc[illegible] for **$100, in one shop in one day,** th[illegible] it's well worth $2. The front half of the [illegible]de is similar to an Italian Stiletto; weighs [illegible]t 3 ozs., yet few knives are so strong; can be resharpened easily. Stag handle, German silver finish; blades file tested, hand forged razor steel and warranted. **Sample 83c, postpaid.** Send for Shopage. Free List and "How to Use a Razor."

Maher & Grosh Co.
608 A Street, TOLEDO, OHIO

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One
of
Eleven
Beautiful Designs

YOU will be delighted with the masterful, classic lines, simple elegance and complete appointments of the 1912 Detroit Electrics.

Surprised at its *easy* riding qualities and wealth of *power* as it springs to instant life beneath you.

Your first impressions will be strengthened as you learn of our many *progressive* movements.

All Detroit Electrics for 1912 will be equipped with our "Chainless" Shaft Drive — an *exclusive* feature.

The word "Chainless" does not refer to the absence of side chains alone, but applied to the Shaft Drive, means no chains or gear reductions *concealed* at the motor beneath the car.

The springs this year are exceptional. They are long, easy and unusually flexible — marvels of *resiliency*.

Larger, more powerful brakes than ever. A new patented feature is a positive brake on rear wheels, operated by the Speed Control Lever. You need not use the foot pedals unless you so desire. An *exceptionally* ingenious device.

Further improvements are — larger, more comfortable bodies mounted four inches lower, due to drop in frame —body panels and hoods of aluminum, hoods piano-hinged to bodies — Ball-Bearing Steering Knuckles — accessibility to *all* Battery Cells.

One standard chassis built in four sizes—eleven stunning body designs. Pneumatic or Motz Cushion Tires optional on all models.

Batteries: Edison — nickel and steel, Detroit Electric, Ironclad and Exide lead. Edison and Ironclad at additional cost.

Detroit
ELECTRIC
Shaft Drive
Chainless

Do not hesitate to write us for any information you may desire.

ANDERSON ELECTIRC CAR COMPANY, Detroit, Michigan

BRANCHES: New York, Broadway at 80th St.; Chicago, 2416 Michigan Ave Cleveland, Buffalo. St. Louis Kansas City, Minneapolis and Brooklyn. Selling representatives in all leading cities.

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Fifteenth Year

FIAT

The Master Car

THE model Poughkeepsie Plant of F. I. A. T., Turin, Italy, established to meet the increasing demand for Fiat cars in America, is building under the direct supervision of resident Italian Engineers, the 35 H. P. Shaft Drive Fiat with long stroke monobloc motor.

This exclusive Italian product, advanced in every detail of design and construction, is now marketed with no import charges and with a guarantee of resident factory service, at the price of high-grade American automobiles. The great value of Fiat ownership is therefore apparent.

$4,500—Open Bodies $5,500—Limousine Bodies
Completely Equipped

F·I·A·T

Poughkeepsie New York

Advance Catalogue from Sales Dept. O



FIAT 35 H·P· FORE-DOOR LIMOUSINE

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POPE QUALITY HAS NEVER BEEN QUESTIONED

After you have satisfied yourself that the

POPE-HARTFORD

Has no superior in any feature



Consider the price

$3000.

Pleasure Vehicles
Public Service Wagons
Three Ton Trucks

4-cyl. 50 h.p. $2000
With Catalogue Equipment

6-cyl. 60 h.p. $4000
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Catalogues on Request
THE POPE MANUFACTURING COMPANY
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34 YEARS' EXPERIENCE IN THE MANUFACTURE OF HIGHEST GRADE MECHANICAL VEHICLES

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FOR LONG DISTANCE SERVICE

over good roads, between town and country, the Baker has no equal among electrics. One world's record after another have established its mileage supremacy. Its smooth, silent running is due to superior electrical design, mechanical refinement, and a *frictionless shaft drive.*

The Baker Motor-Vehicle Company

65 WEST 80th STREET. CLEVELAND. OHIO

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Confidence Inspiring Ability

There's exhilaration in a dash into the real country—through the crisp autumn air,—with perhaps a mountain stream to ford at full speed, when you have perfect confidence in your car. The owner of an Oldsmobile enjoys every moment of such a ride, without strain or fatigue. The Oldsmobile is *emergency-proof* and the more intimate your acquaintance with the car the more confidence you feel in its ability under "out-of-the-ordinary" conditions.

This ability cannot be measured by rated horse-power or a printed list of specifications. For example, while retaining all the manifest advantages of a long-stroke motor,—such as the persistent application of power over varying grades and smoothness of operation,—the Oldsmobile will accelerate under full load; is "quick on its feet" and marvelously responsive to the throttle.

Engine and Chassis

Tilted Motor; 5½ in. bore, 6 in. stroke. Compression relief for easy starting. 3-speed transmission with unusually quiet gears. Demountable rims. ¾ elliptic springs and pistol shackles. Complete equipment. Improved system of lubrication.

Body and Equipment

Ventilators in front doors an exclusive Oldsmobile feature. Nickel and black enamel finish on metal parts. Regular equipment includes top and slip cover, wind shield speedometer, electric and oil side and rear lamps, horn, tire irons, etc., all of the finest quality.

The "AUTOCRAT," 4-cylinder, $3500
38 x 4 in. Tires

The "LIMITED," 6-cylinder, $5000
43 x 5 in. Tires

Touring, Roadster, Tourabout and Limousine Bodies.

OLDS MOTOR WORKS, LANSING, MICHIGAN

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Oakland

TRADE MARK

"The Car of Minute Detail"

THE REALIZATION OF AN IDEAL

OAKLAND Cars for 1912 represent the fulfillment of ideals and plans which we have been working on for two years—ideals that have reached full growth.

The New Models "45," "40" and "30" are uniform in design and construction—the only difference being the length of wheel base and the power. These models are all equipped with unit power plants—the motor, clutch and transmi sion being one complete unit.

Note these important features. Leather faced cone clutch with springs under leather; selective transmission, three speeds forward and reverse; chrome nickel gears and shafts; drop forged I-beam axles, rear axles full floating type with removable differential; square tube radiators, large cooling surfaces; dual ignition system—magneto and battery; exceptional simplicity and accessibility throughout.

1912 Oaklands have been driven in extended tests, under the severest strains, under all road conditions and for many thousands of miles. Their performance has satisfied us.

OUR LINE FOR THIS SEASON

The New Model "40" $1450. 5-passenger, fore-door touring car; inside control; motor, 4½"x4½"; Schebler carburetor; square tube radiator; Prest-O-Lite tank; wheel base 112"; tires, 34"x4".

Other Types of the New Model "40"

"Sociable" Roadster—$1450. Torpedo body; seats three persons on one seat.

"Colonial" Coupe—$1900. Seats three persons; electrically lighted.

The New Model "45"—$2100. 7-passenger, fore-door touring car; inside control; motor, 4½"x5½"; Bosch magneto; Schebler carburetor; full floating rear axle; Prest-O-Lite tank; wheel base, 120"; tires, 36"x4½"; demountable rims.

The New Model "30"—$1200. 5-passenger, fore-door touring car; inside control; motor, 4"x4"; Schebler carburetor; Prest-O-Lite tank; wheel base, 100"; tires, 32"x3½".

The Oakland "Oriole"—$1200. 10 h. p. roadster, torpedo body; motor, 4"x4"; Prest-O-Lite tank; wheel base, 100"; tires, 32"x3½".

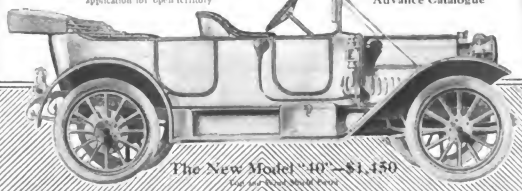
The Model "26"—$1050 (with fore-doors); $1000 (without fore-doors); 2-passenger, 10 h. p. roadster; motor, 4"x4"; wheel base, 100"; tires, 32"x3½".

NEW MODELS READY FOR DELIVERY

OAKLAND MOTOR CAR CO., 3700 Oakland Ave., Pontiac, Mich.

Established dealers are invited to make application for open territory

Write for Advance Catalogue



The New Model "40"—$1,450

Cap and Road Model Extra

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Quality
Is
Economy

Murphy Varnishes are Efficient because They are Scientific

The Shot-gun method of practicing medicine is to heap in all sorts of drugs and trust that some of it will hit the disease.

The Rifle method is to scientifically determine both the disease and the remedy and then fire the proven remedy straight and true.

For more than forty years Murphy Varnish Company have studied, with chemical and surgical exactness, the diseases and the remedies in Finishing Work.

Their ceaseless experiments, meantime, in the Best Equipped of Varnish Laboratories, enable them to produce a Scientifically Efficient Varnish for each case.

Write for our free book, "*Quality and Economy in Varnish and Varnishing.*"

The Varnish That Lasts Longest

Murphy Varnish Company
FRANKLIN MURPHY, President
Associated with Dougall Varnish Company, Limited, Montreal, Canada

NEWARK, N. J.
CHICAGO, ILLS.

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The Haynes in the Royal Gorge

The Haynes Goes Everywhere

AND the best part of it is that ever since 1893 the Haynes has been going everywhere that any automobile could go. Eighteen years of the history of automobiling are built into the 1912 Haynes. This means a whole lot to you who are considering the buying of your first automobile this year, or the buying of another car to take the place of the old one that is worn out or isn't good enough.

This eighteenth year of the Haynes car is a year of triumph for the pioneer American builder of automobiles. Last year automobile experts, and the public as a whole, declared the Haynes had reached the limit of quality production at a $2100 price. It was hard to figure how any more automobile worth could be put into a car at the price of the splendid 1911 Haynes, but there *is more* in the 1912 Haynes, and the price remains $2100.

The 1912 Haynes is not radically different from its recent predecessors. It is not radically better, but it does represent more all-round value than *anybody* has ever before been able to put into a car selling at the Haynes price.

The 1912 Haynes is a bigger car—120-inch wheel base; it's a roomier car—wider rear seat and more depth both in the tonneau and in front; it's a more powerful car—the 48-S4 motor gives forty to forty-five horsepower; it's a safer car—larger brakes give one square inch of braking surface to every thirteen pounds of car, and it is a snappier, more stylish car—the whole car is finished in black with seventeen hand-rubbed coats of paint, and the trimmings are of black enamel and nickel.

The 1912 Haynes is now ready for delivery. You can see the new models at our branches and agencies, or we will send you a catalogue and name of dealer nearest you. The line is complete, meeting every demand—5-passenger Touring, 40 h. p., $2100; 4-passenger, 40 h. p., Close-Couple, $2100; Colonial Coupe, 40 h. p., $2450; 7-passenger Touring, 50-60 h. p., $3000; 4-passenger Close-Couple, 50-60 h. p., $3000; Model 21 Limousine, 40 h. p., $2750; Model Y Limousine, 50-60 h. p., $3800. Complete regular equipment for all models is of the very highest class. All models are so designed as to permit installation of electric lighting equipment at nominal cost. Address

Haynes Automobile Company, Dept. F, Kokomo, Indiana | **NEW YORK, 1715 Broadway**
CHICAGO, 1702 Michigan Avenue

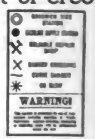
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The Last Word in GOODRICH SERVICE to the Tourist:- "GOODRICH ROAD MARKERS"

Goodrich service to the public begins, of course, with Goodrich Tires—their quality, their reliability. That service is extended by a system of tire distribution over every state and territory and in Europe. It has been further extended by a system of road marking so broad and thorough in its scope that nothing like it has ever been attempted except in certain districts of France.

The Goodrich Road Marker is a handsome, permanent sign, including a heavy post of creosoted timber, anchored in the ground, bearing a metal disc which gives accurate road distances and directions, together with other information of great value to the tourist; such as the location of gasoline, tire and repair stations; dangerous crossings, grades, etc.



These markers have been erected by expert Goodrich crews, over the best touring section of New England; all the way from Cleveland to Buffalo; to Albany and New York City; New York to Philadelphia to Atlantic City, and back to New York by way of Lakewood; throughout Long Island, New Jersey and the Connecticut River Valley; also in Southern California, as far south as the Mexican border. The work has been planned to include all the main transcontinental touring routes, as well as all roads connecting principal cities and towns everywhere. It is going on now and will continue until every tourable highway in the country has been covered by our crews.

Route Books, containing accurate maps, have been prepared covering several important touring sections. Other books are now in preparation. Free on Request.

We are trying to make our Road Markers and Route Book service equal in quality and permanence to "the tires that are

"Best in the Long Run"

The B. F. Goodrich Co., Akron, O.

Largest in the World

Branches in all Principal Cities

Wholesale Tire Depots Everywhere

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MOTT'S PLUMBING

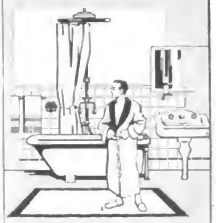
Vitreous Cisterns

OUR latest contribution to modern bathroom equipment is the vitreous porcelain cistern.

This snow-white cistern is made in one piece of vitreous porcelain ware; glazed inside and out. It is sightly, non-stainable, easily cleaned and enduring.

It obviates the defects of the wooden cistern with metal lining—the peeling and discoloration of the exterior varnish—the corrosion and leaking of the inner metal tank—warping of the wood itself.

The difference in cost is slight.



MODERN PLUMBING The complete line of Mott products includes plumbing fixtures for every conceivable purpose. Our Booklet, "Modern Plumbing", contains illustrations of 24 bathroom interiors ranging in cost from $74 to $3,000. Sent on request with 4 cents to cover postage.

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1908 *OVER EIGHTY YEARS SUPREMACY* 1911

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BRANCHES: Boston, Chicago, Philadelphia, Detroit, Minneapolis, Washington, St. Louis, New Orleans, Denver, San Francisco, San Antonio, Atlanta, Seattle, Portland (Ore.), Indianapolis, Pittsburgh, Columbus, O., Kansas City, Salt Lake City
CANADA: 138 Bleury Street, Montreal

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"Hello dear! Been afraid?"

"No—not since

you carried that little Key—and I have known the absolute security of a Yale Cylinder Lock. It's the most comforting thing we ever bought."

Add a Yale Cylinder Lock or Latch to *your* doors and know the comfort of security.

You, yourself, can put them on—and all hardware dealers can supply them.

Write us for "His First Latch-Key"—a little story about Night Latches.



The Yale & Towne Mfg. Co.
9 Murray Street, New York, U. S. A.

The Makers of Yale Products
Locks, Padlocks, Builders' Hardware, Door Checks and Chain Hoists

Chicago, 74 East Randolph Street.
San Francisco, 716 Phelan Building
London Paris Hamburg



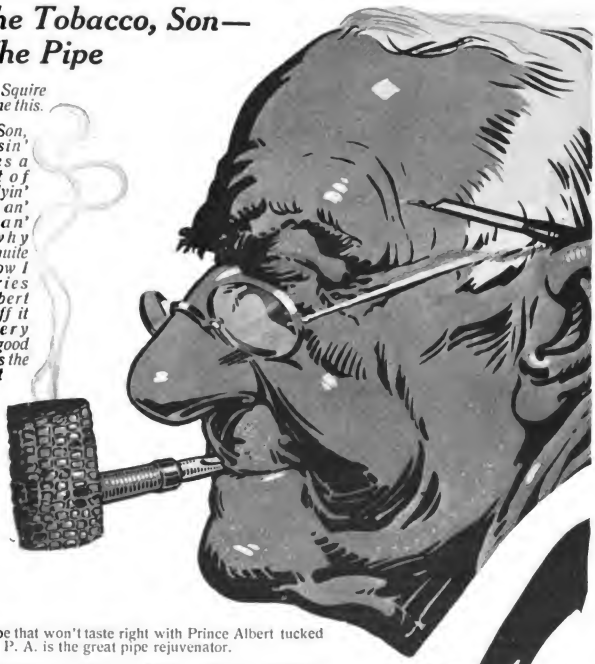
YALE

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It's The Tobacco, Son— Not The Pipe

It's the old Squire that hands me this.

Says he: "Son, I been fussin' with pipes a whole lot of years. Dallyin' with this an' tryin' that an' wonderin' why none suited quite perfect. Now I know, I tries Prince Albert and right off it makes every pipe I have good as gold. It's the tobacco—not the pipe."



It's a poor pipe that won't taste right with Prince Albert tucked in the bowl. P. A. is the great pipe rejuvenator.

Take down 'most any old hod. Load 'er up with Prince Albert and she smokes sweet and clear. No sour heel, none of the old rankness, no tongue-bite.

It's the tobacco—not the pipe.

Prince Albert is made special for joyful pipe smoking. Made by a patented, exclusive process that takes out the old pipe drawbacks, takes out the bite and the rankness.

Now listen! These are facts. P. A. has worked a revolution in pipe smoking because it's different—a new deal—a real tobacco without a fault. No other tobacco can be like P. A., because of the patent process. Do you get that? Now try the others if you want to. Get the tobacco question settled.

But you're wise when the "justthesame" bunc is passed across.

All on-the-job dealers are ready to swap the joy smoke for U. S. coin. They know it's a steady-growing seller because it fills. Ten cent tins, 5c bag wrapped in weather-proof paper—awful handy when you want to roll up a cigarette—classy half-pound and pound humidors.



R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO., Winston-Salem, N. C.

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The Bread and Butter Question

TO a widowed mother with children to support, the future looks a little brighter if there comes to her each month, as the result of her husband's foresight, a monthly income.

That is just what the Guaranteed Low Cost Monthly Income Policy of The TRAVELERS INSURANCE COMPANY does. It guarantees a specified income payable every month for life. It cannot be diverted from the purpose for which it was taken out. It cannot be lost by the inexperience or misconduct of others, nor diminished by taxes or attorney's fees.

The TRAVELERS acts as a Trustee without charge and assumes all risks. The policy will not lapse if you become unable to pay the premiums in consequence of total and permanent disability from accident or disease.

This policy yields the wife and children a bread and butter income and now and then a little cake and cream. It is worth looking into, even though you already carry some insurance. Send coupon for particulars.



The Travelers Insurance Company

HARTFORD, CONN.

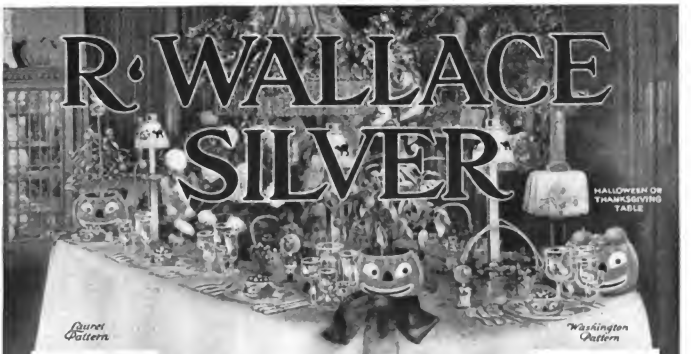
Please send me particulars regarding The Low Cost Guaranteed Monthly Income Policy.

Name_____

McClure's

Address _____

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R·WALLACE SILVER

Laurel Pattern

Washington Pattern



TRADE MARK

R W & S STERLING

The Washington, our new Sterling Silver Service, embodies the finer features of the Colonial period. It is a pattern that will endure. It perpetuates the simple grace of pre-Independence days.

Its original charm and expert craftsmanship give the pieces that substantial richness so characteristic of sound Sterling Silver.

There is an atmosphere of nobility about The Washington which lends a certain distinction to any table.



TRADE MARK

"1835 R·WALLACE"

Silver Plate That *Resists* Wear

Besides the *Sterling* character imparted to 1835 R. Wallace Silver Plate by superior design and execution, each piece is extra plated on the parts most exposed to wear. This gives a lasting quality difficult to find elsewhere.

Any piece of silver bearing the 1835 R. Wallace trade-mark which does not give positive satisfaction in any household will be replaced.

A postal card brings our valuable book, "The Dining Room, its Decorations and Entertaining," including "How to Set the Table," by Mrs. Rorer.

R. WALLACE & SONS MFG. CO

Box 23 Wallingford, Conn.

New York Chicago San Francisco London

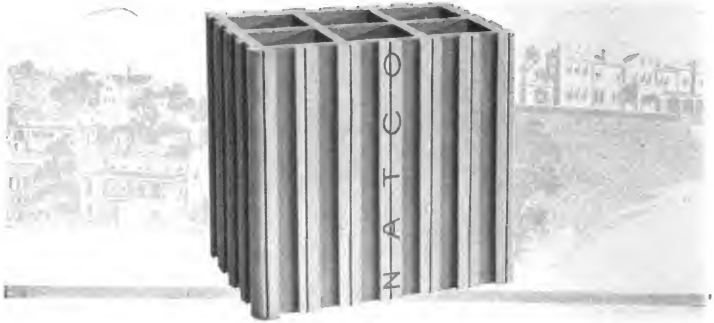
1835 R·WALLACE Silver plate

R W & S STERLING

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Unless each tile bears the word "NATCO" impressed in the clay, it is not genuine

NATCO HOLLOW TILE



AS a result of the great demand that has developed for NATCO HOLLOW TILE many other concerns have engaged in making products imitating the design and appearance of NATCO.

Samples of such imitations may often compare well with "NATCO" and the argument is invariably lower price. The vital difference becomes clear only in the delivery of the material in quantities for actual construction, and affects for all time the investment worth of the building.

Only genuine "NATCO" has behind it the vast experience and modern equipment of this company, whose methods and materials have fireproofed most of America's great business and public structures.

The cost of "NATCO" is only slightly higher than imitations, but the added living and market values of the resulting building are great.

NATCO HOLLOW TILE is rapidly superseding older forms of construction for all moderate-sized buildings, residence, commercial and industrial. It is fireproof, decay-proof, moisture-proof, vermin-proof. Buildings of "NATCO" are cooler in Summer, warmer in Winter

Send 10c. in stamps for our elaborate 96-page handbook, "FIREPROOF HOUSES." Every detail of Natco Hollow Tile construction explained, with technical drawings and typical floor plans, also illustrations from photographs of forty-five houses built of Natco Hollow Tile, ranging in cost from $4,000 to $200,000. An invaluable guide to the prospective builder. Write today.

NATIONAL·FIRE·PROOFING·COMPANY

Dept. C. Offices in all principal cities. PITTSBURGH, PA.

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It Isn't Jap-a-lac Without the Jap-a-lac Name and Label

MADAM—please remember that. The market is full of "near" Jap-a-lacs—"almost" Jap-a-lacs—"just-as-good-as" Jap-a-lacs—cheaply made from poor materials to "cash in" on the Jap-a-lac name.

Beware of them. Jap-a-lac is an original, distinctive product. There is nothing like it. Nothing that approaches it. It is made of a special selection of gums and oils, combined and blended in the famous Glidden way.

That is why Jap-a-lac gives *far* better—more beautiful—results than any imitation—why it covers more space—why it wears longer. Get the genuine

JAP-A-LAC

It is made in twenty-one different colors and Jap-a-lac Natural (clear varnish). There is no end to the ways you can use it about the home. It brightens old discolored and scarred furniture, floors and interior woodwork. Turns your old tin or zinc bath tub into an enameled one. Fine for kitchen table top; for pantry shelves; for re-enameling iron beds and re-gilding radiators.

50,000 paint, hardware and drug dealers sell Jap-a-lac yearly to millions of housewives all over America. The prices are right.

In the United States, Jap-a-lac prices are (Full U. S. Measure): $\frac{1}{4}$-Pt. 20c; $\frac{1}{2}$-Pt. 30c; Pt. 50c; Qt. 90c; $\frac{1}{2}$-Gal. $1.65; Gal. $3.00.

In Canada (Full Imperial Measure): $\frac{1}{4}$-Pt. 25c; $\frac{1}{2}$-Pt. 35c; Pt. 60c; Qt. $1.10; $\frac{1}{2}$-Gal. $1.95; Gal. $3.50.

The Glidden Varnish Company

Factories: Cleveland, O.; Toronto, Ont. ***Branches: New York; Chicago***

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SARGENT

Hardware

is used throughout many of the most notable public buildings in this country.



Experienced architects and owners know its solid worth. They appreciate the beauty and distinction of Sargent designs. They realize that Sargent quality means long, satisfactory wear and the saving of repair bills.

Whether you propose building a great office structure, a magnificent residence or a modest cottage, it is well worth while to understand the advantages of Sargent Hardware. Sargent designs include styles to harmonize truly with every period and school of architecture. Let us send you a complimentary copy of the

Sargent Book of Designs

It contains illustrations and descriptions of a great variety of patterns, also much other information that is valuable to anyone who builds. Our Colonial Book will be included if you mention an interest in that period.

SARGENT & COMPANY, 159 Leonard St., New York

Sargent Locks are Famed for Security.

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Come in and get warm

The really complete home has the air of generous hospitality. It is warm all over. Even the first breath of air from the hall causes the visitor to say, with Shakespeare: "The air smells wooingly here." Our radiator heating accomplishes that, and more. It puts cordial warmth into family life. It means hospitable halls, genial living-rooms, healthful sleeping-rooms, surely-warmed bathroom.



AMERICAN RADIATORS & IDEAL BOILERS supply these steady comforts, with the least expenditure of money and household energy. IDEAL Boilers are so easily regulated that they produce just the degree of warmth necessary for mild to severe weather. They bring no dust, dirt or coal gases into the rooms. Compared with old-fashioned methods, you get *full returns* from coal burned, while the entire house-cleaning labor is reduced fully one-half.



A No. 2-22-W IDEAL Boiler and 460 sq. ft. of 38-in. AMERICAN Radiators, costing the owner $205, were used to heat this cottage.

At this price the goods can be bought of any reputable competent Fitter. This did not include cost of labor, pipe, valves, freight, etc., which are extra, and vary according to climatic and other conditions.

AMERICAN Radiators are built in many heights and shapes which admit their location in any part of a room. They radiate warmth at the exposed points where most needed. Made in handsome plain or ornamental designs with smooth surfaces and bas-reliefs, which take the finest bronze or enamel finish in tints to harmonize with any furnishings, however artistic. Easy to keep clean; our radiator brushes reach every angle



Made also in special forms for ventilating purposes, insuring liberal volumes of fresh air throughout the building. No parts in IDEAL-AMERICAN outfits to loosen, warp, corrode. They have a popular reputation which increases property rentals and selling prices. Made in special sizes for cottages, residences, churches, schools, stores, public buildings of all kinds. Are you having trouble with your present equipment? Are you planning to build? In either case—write us about your heating problem. If you want cordiality and comfort united for family and guests, our booklets and special service (available in every section of the country) will be helpful. Inquiries welcomed—puts you under no obligation to buy.

Showrooms in all large cities

AMERICAN RADIATOR COMPANY

Write Dept. 21 CHICAGO

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Here is a Visible BURROUGHS



The Most Visible of all Visible-Writing Adding Machines

No other writing machine shows *at one glance* the item you are writing, the figures you have written, the number of items and the total as it accumulates.

This extraordinary machine is built on Burroughs principles, by Burroughs men, in the Burroughs factory, backed by Burroughs Guarantee and Burroughs Service—considerations which in the past have influenced nine out of every ten adding machine purchasers to buy a Burroughs make in competition with all others.

On this Model the carriage is 5 to 7½ inches nearer the operator than on any other machine. Compact, handy, easily carried about. Low keyboard, can be "covered" by the hand; short, close, easy lever-pull. Proof against misoperation through separate keys for total and sub-total. Paper-lock on carriage makes the accurate handling of sheets almost automatic. Item-counter registers items added. Locked or flexible keyboard. Hand or electric. Easier to operate than a typewriter.

Burroughs leadership is focused in every one of the 86 Burroughs Models, which meet every need, every pocket-book. Monthly payments when desired. Try this visible Burroughs at our expense and risk in your own office, in comparison with any other machine. Make a request today—on your letterhead.

Every business man should read these books—sent free
"A Better Day's Work," "Why Don't You Go Home?"
(for retailers), and "Cost-Keeping Short Cuts."

BURROUGHS ADDING MACHINE COMPANY 225 Burroughs Block, Detroit, Michigan
Largest Makers of Adding Machines in the World
European Headquarters: 76 Cannon Street, London, E. C., England

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Night scene, showing Tailoring Shops of Ed. V. Price & Co. during the busy season

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HAMBURG-AMERICAN
CRUISES TO THE WEST INDIES



Visit the American Mediterranean and the Panama Canal

Five delightful cruises to the West Indies, Panama and the Spanish Main by the palatial twin screw steamers

Steamers Moltke and Hamburg

Leaving New York—**S.S. Moltke** (12,500 tons) **28 days,** Jan. 23, Feb. 24, 1912, **$150** and up—**S.S. Hamburg** (11,000 tons) **21 days,** Feb. 10, March 7, 1912, **$125** and up—**S.S. Moltke** (12,500 tons) **16 days,** March 26, 1912, **$85** and up.

Every luxury of travel. Every refinement of service insured. You carry your hotel with you.

A wonderful opportunity for the busy man

THIRD ANNUAL CRUISE TO SOUTH AMERICA



The *S.S.* "*Bluecher*" (12,500 tons) will sail from New York, January 20th, 1912, on the third annual cruise of 18,300 miles to the picturesque and wonderful cities of South America.

80 days, the duration of this cruise, will be spent under the most ideal conditions both aboard and ashore.

The *S. S.* "*Bluecher*", the largest cruising steamer sailing from one America to the other, is well adapted for this cruise; her spacious, well ventilated cabins afford the maximum amount of luxury and comfort.

The minimum cost of **$350.** is less than $5.00 per day, or two cents a mile for the entire cruise.

To assure the comfort of all, the cruise is limited to 300.

The itinerary will include the following ports: **Bridgetown, Pernambuco, Santos, Montivideo, Punta Arenas** (through the Straits of Magellan), **Valparaiso** (across the Andes), **Buenos Ayres, Rio de Janeiro, Bahia, Para, Port of Spain** and **St. Thomas** — optional side trips everywhere.

Number of miles covered, 18,300. ***All accommodations first class.***

Write for full information

Cruising Department, Hamburg-American Line
41-45 Broadway **New York**

Chicago Philadelphia Boston St. Louis
San Francisco Pittsburg

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Oswego Serge

is a staple, year-round fabric for men's wear, a Serge-at-its-best, which — owing to its dependability — has been produced year after year in increasing quantity by the

American Woolen Company

Wm. M. Wood, President.

Oswego Serge grows in popular favor, possessing those characteristics which appeal to well dressed men, and stamp serge as the fabric of universal wear.

You seek style, fit and finish. Let us speak for **Oswego Serge** — a masterpiece of the loom, possessing wear, feel, hang and finish. Made of finest wool, and — quality considered — priced low.

In order to be sure of the cloth when ordering a custom suit from your tailor, or a ready-to-wear suit from your clothier, insist on **Oswego Serge.**

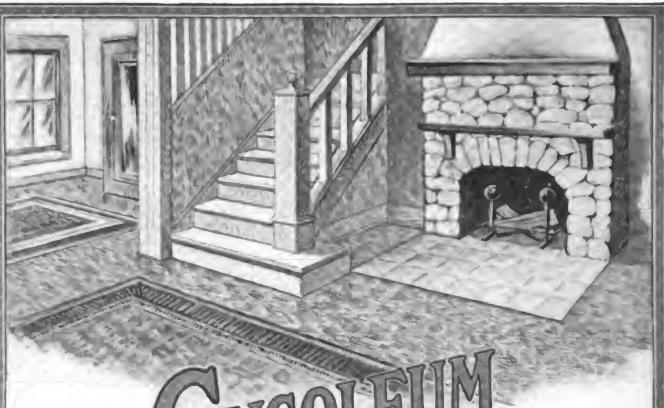


If unable to obtain **Oswego Serge,** send us the name of your tailor or clothier, accompanied by money order or check for quantity desired at $3.00 per yard, and we will see that you are supplied.

Samples furnished on request.

AMERICAN WOOLEN COMPANY OF NEW YORK
J. Clifford Woodhull, Selling Agent
AMERICAN WOOLEN BUILDING
18th to 19th St., on 4th Ave., New York

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CONGOLEUM

for Flooring & Wainscoting

HERE is something entirely new in floor covering. It is a tough, durable fabric with a beautiful oak finish, heavily coated with a high grade varnish which gives a brilliant polish.

The finish is so perfect that, when you lay Congoleum on your floor, it is difficult to tell it from the real wood.

Congoleum is absolutely cleanly and can be washed with soap and water.

Congoleum will be found especially attractive as a border around rugs, as shown in above illustration.

Congoleum has ideal laying qualities. That is, it does not have to be nailed or glued to the floor; it has no tendency to curl.

It is made in two shades—light oak and golden oak. It also can be obtained in parquet design in a simple, handsome and effective pattern, as well as in plain slate grey. The rolls are a yard wide and 50 yards long. The dealer will sell any length required.

Also as a wainscoting in conjunction with a real wood top rail and base board it is very popular.

Booklet and sample free on request.

CONGO ROOFING

Congo Roofing is the only roofing that is *guaranteed* to last for *ten years* and has that guarantee backed up by a *real Surety Bond* with every purchase.

If you buy Congo you buy a certainty. This bond is issued by the National Surety Company and is exactly the same as fire or life insurance, and means that your roof is absolutely guaranteed until 1921. Send for sample and copy of this bond.

UNITED ROOFING AND MANUFACTURING COMPANY

PHILADELPHIA CHICAGO KANSAS CITY SAN FRANCISCO

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Woman's Fight with Dirt has Always been an Unequal One



Many a woman wears herself out before her time trying to keep her home spotless—simply because up till now she has had the most imperfect of tools to work with.

At best, brooms or carpet-sweepers remove not more than 20% of the dirt and dust. The balance, 80%, either remains where it is or simply changes its location to some other part of the room.

It is this fine dirt ground into carpets and rugs that causes them to wear out—that makes wall-paper, hangings, furniture and pictures look dingy, and ruins beautiful belongings long before their time.

With "RICHMOND" Vacuum Cleaning, all this is changed.

Instead of devoting a day out of every week and a week or more out of every year, the work can be done in a few hours now and then—without bother, annoyance or disturbance.

"RICHMOND" Vacuum Cleaning may be installed in any building, large or small, old or new, town or country. Wherever installed—in a two-room residence or a building which measures its floor space by the acre—it will pay for itself in from eighteen to thirty months.

"RICHMOND" VACUUM CLEANING

STATIONARY ELECTRIC-STEAM-GAS

PORTABLE ELECTRIC-HAND

Collect the Dust - Don't Spread It

"RICHMOND" Vacuum Cleaning embodies the combined ingenuity of all the best inventors of Vacuum Cleaning machinery; including the Kenney Basic Patent and eighty-four others.

With a "RICHMOND" you clean everything right where it is, with tools specially adapted for the work. There is only one operation—and that an easy one—moving the tool over the surfaces to be cleaned. No more beating rugs; no more tearing-up. No more clouds of dust through the house, for the "RICHMOND" way is absolutely dustless and sanitary.

With "RICHMOND" Vacuum Cleaning, house cleaning is forever ended. That expense is instantly stopped for all time. And your house is cleaner *Every Day* and *Always*, than it is even on the day when house cleaning is finished!

The expense of two or three house cleanings would easily pay the whole cost of a "RICHMOND".

"RICHMOND" Vacuum Cleaning embraces every provedly successful type of apparatus. It includes Hand Power Cleaners for $29.00; Portable Electric Cleaners for $73.00; and Stationary Plants which can be installed complete for $275.00 and upward—all on our "Easy Payment Plan"; or a liberal discount will be allowed for cash.

Send for booklet entitled "How "RICHMOND" Vacuum Cleaning Saves Money"; also Reference Book giving names of 1800 prominent installations all over the world.

Our "Special Agency Plan" enables live, energetic young men to become the "RICHMOND" Vacuum Cleaning Representatives of their respective communities. Our "Special Correspondence Course in Salesmanship," together with direct instructions from our trained representatives, insures success. Write for particulars. Local agents wanted everywhere.

THE McCRUM-HOWELL CO.

Largest Makers of Vacuum Cleaning Systems in the World.

"RICHMOND" Vacuum Cleaning Systems (manufactured and sold under the protection of the Basic Kenney Patent and 84 others) "RICHMOND" and "MODEL" Heating Systems; "RICHMOND" Bath Tubs, Sinks, Lavatories; "RICHMOND" Concealed Transom Lifts, Basement Window and Outside Shutter Adjusters.

General Offices

NEW YORK 346 Terminal Bldg. **CHICAGO** 409 Rush St. **MONTREAL** 15C Concord St.

Branches or Agencies in other Principal Cities

SEVEN MANUFACTURING PLANTS

One at Norwich, Conn.; two at Uniontown, Pa.; one at Racine, Wis.; one at Chicago, Ill.; one at Philadelphia, Pa.; one at Montreal, Canada



A Truly Portable Suction Cleaner

The "RICHMOND" Portable Suction Cleaner shown in the illustration weighs but ten pounds instead of sixty. All that any portable cleaner can do, this one does. And it does besides some things which no other portable machine can do. You can, for example, use this "RICHMOND" Suction Cleaner either with or without the hose. For use with the hose, we furnish, without extra cost, special tools for cleaning portieres, walls, books, bedding, upholstery, clothing, hats—in fact, tools and attachments for more than twenty different uses. Please note how small and compact the "RICHMOND" is, and how light and readily portable it must be. It represents as great an advance over heavy weight portable cleaners as these cleaners represented over brooms, for it is the lightest and simplest suction cleaner ever designed. There is nothing to wear out. There are no gears, no diaphragms, no valves. Nothing to jiggle loose. To operate simply attach to any electric lamp socket. Costs only 1c per hour to operate.

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WE ALL WANT CANDY

When your children crave it — give them

PETER'S MILK CHOCOLATE

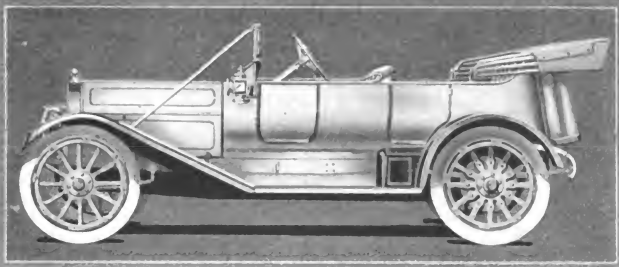
THE FOOD AND CANDY COMBINED

It has the delectable, truly delicious chocolate flavor men, women, and children all over the world love.

It is just as good as it is delicious.

Peter's Milk Chocolate
Peter's Almond Milk Chocolate
Peter's Milk Chocolate Croquettes
Peter's Bon-Bons
Peter's Thimbles with Roasted Hazelnuts

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1912 THOMAS "SIX-FORTY" SURREY $4000

NOTHING COUNTS LIKE SERVICE

Thomas

TECHNICAL SERVICE for THOMAS OWNERS

Confidence

The success of the present Thomas organization rests upon the confidence of the public in its product, its methods and its business integrity.

With a full realization of this fact the Thomas Executives place themselves squarely on record as exponents in the broadest sense of "The Square Deal".

Two Chassis 134-inch and 126-inch Wheel Base **Four styles of Open Bodies** Seven Passenger Touring Car Five-Passenger Phaeton Four-Passenger Surrey Two-Passenger Runabout **Price $4,000 for each type**

Enclosed bodies are built for both chassis and full details are given in our catalogue—"The Story of the Thomas", which awaits your request.

E. R. Thomas Motor Car Company, Dept. P, Buffalo

THOMAS DECLARATIONS (No. 1) *We assert that the 1912 Thomas "Six-Forty" has the most powerful and effective brakes of any car of its weight and class, insuring the utmost safety to passengers.*

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NEW-SKIN

$250
In Prizes

WE are frequently surprised to learn of some new use for New-Skin.

Look down the following list of uses and see if you know of any others.

If you do, send us a letter or post card with the information. For the ten suggestions which we consider best worth advertising, we will pay $25.00 each.

Uses For New-Skin

We know that New-Skin is good for Small Cuts and Wounds of all kinds, including Scratches, Abrasions, Bruises, Burns, Scrapes, etc.

For Protecting the Skin in anticipation of unusual wear—A man who is going to take an unusually long walk, for example, can paint his feet with New-Skin and the shoes will chafe on the New-Skin film and not injure the skin underneath.

For Chapped and Split Lips and for Hangnails.

For Chilblains and Frosted Ears and Feet.

For use by Physicians and Medical Students, in certain cases as a protection to the fingers and hands.



10c and 25c

For Photographers' Fingers—to avoid staining the hands with chemicals.

For Stings of Insects.

For Corns and Calloused Spots.

For Repairing Photographic Films, Eye Glasses, etc.

If you happen to know of any other uses, send us a post card and perhaps you will win one of the prizes.

If more than one person makes the same accepted suggestion the prize will be equally divided.

Contest will close December 31, 1911.

Address "Prize Offer Manager."

NEWSKIN COMPANY **Dept. H** **BROOKLYN, NEW YORK**

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The gracious art of entertaining knows this invariable rule—

NABISCO
Sugar Wafers

should be served.

Like the last delicate touches of the painter's brush, they add charm, delight, completion.

In ten cent tins
Also in twenty-five cent tins

NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY



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YOU, MADAM, are only interested in the results *you* can obtain from flour.

The guaranteed *Occident Flour* is offered to *you* on a plan that safeguards *your* interests while *you* are making a test of its superiority over all other flour.

The Guaranteed

OCCIDENT FLOUR

We *guarantee* to *you* that *you* can bake lighter, more tender, deliciously flavored loaves of bread—whiter, flakier biscuits and more delicious cake and pastry from a bag of Occident Flour than from any other brand.

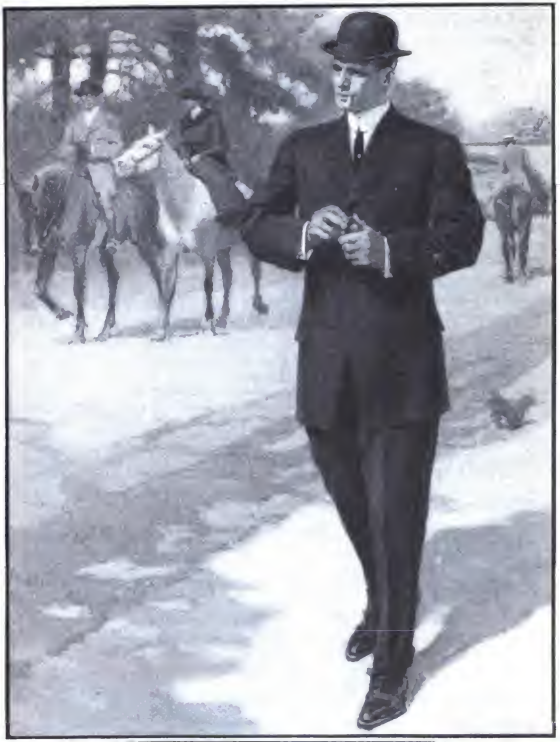
Costs More—Worth It

Ask your grocer to explain the Money-back plan under which Occident is sold.

Send for our booklet—"Better Baking"—for North—East—West—South.

Russell-Miller Milling Co.
Minneapolis, U. S. A.

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Bridle path in Central Park

Copyright by Hart Schaffner & Marx

MANY young men favor the two-button model; this one has the smart peak-lapel; a distinguished looking style.

Our mark in clothes means all-wool fabrics; and fine tailoring. Send for the new Style Book

Hart Schaffner & Marx

Good Clothes Makers

New York Boston Chicago

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Overland

Why we can Build a 30 H.P. Five-Passenger Fore-Door Touring Car to Sell for $900

TO the average man an automobile factory is merely a factory—a place where cars are made. Yet there is the greatest difference in the world. On one hand you have a plant, which, on account of its great production, can make and sell its car for far less than the other factory. And on the other hand you might have a very small factory, which, while it produces a good car, has a very small capacity, and its car for car production costs are considerably higher than those of the larger plant. That is why you find one manufacturer selling his 30 horsepower touring car for $1250 while we market that type of machine for $900.

¶ We have just published a very thorough book which explains in a clear, definite and readable manner the difference in automobile plants. And the point of this whole book is to prove the economical manufacturing ability of the Overland plants—to prove its strength by showing and explaining to you the interior and exterior of the greatest automobile plant in the world. The book is free. It is interesting and full of information.

¶ Above all it gives you a clear understanding of economics in the production of automobiles in great quantities, and we believe it proves why no other manufacturer in the business can produce the car described below and sell it at our price without losing money. To realize this you have but to compare this automobile with any other similar car on the market. Do this and the exceptional value of this car will show you where to invest your money. Our Model 59 is the most progressive step the industry has ever witnessed and it means a great deal to the motor buyers of America. Write and ask for book A-110.

The Willys-Overland Company, Toledo, Ohio



Model 59-T 5-Passenger, Fore-Door Touring Car, $900

Wheel base 106 inches; horse-power 30; Splitdorf magneto; transmission selective; 3 speeds and reverse; F. & S. ball bearings; tires 32x3 1-2 Q. D.

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Overland

Compare this $1500 45-Horse-Power Car with Any Other Big Machine on the Market

NO matter what you buy you must make some kind of a comparison to determine values. Every time you fail to do this you lose money. And the more carefully and thoroughly you make your comparison the more secure and satisfied you will feel with what you have bought. A comparison of our Model 61-T (shown below) with any other car of similar size will give you a good understanding of its great value. The main facts concerning it are as follows:

¶ It is a big five-passenger touring car. The body is finished in that dark rich Brewster green with ivory striping. All of the bright parts are nickel plated. The big massive lamps are dead black, trimmed with heavy polished nickel. The wheel base is 118 inches. Like all of our cars the shifting levers and door handles are on the inside, leaving all the long sweeping body lines graceful and unbroken; the upholstering is of the best leather and carefully worked by the most skilled body builders. It has a powerful 45-horse-power motor. The selective transmission is fitted with F. & S. annular ball bearings. No finer are made. The front axle is a drop forged I-section, Timken bearings. The rear axle full floating, Timken bearings. Most every one concedes that Timken axle bearings are the best on the American market. The frame is of pressed steel with double drop. It has a Bosch magneto. Tires 34 x 4 inches. These few facts give you an idea of the car's good thorough construction. At the best you will not find its equal for less than $2000.

¶ The book we refer to on the opposite page will assist you in your comparisons and thoroughly inform you what an automobile is and how it is made. It also shows our complete 1912 line. Write for copy A-110 today.

The Willys-Overland Company, Toledo, Ohio



Model 61-T 5-Passenger Fore-Door Touring Car, $1500

Wheel base, 118 inches; horsepower 45; Bosch magneto; tires 34 x 4 Q. D.; 3 black and nickel oil lamps; 2 black and nickel gas lamps; gas tank.

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"Standard"
GUARANTEED PLUMBING FIXTURES

BECAUSE of their durability and efficiency "Standard" guaranteed plumbing fixtures never cease to add value to your building investment, as long as your building endures. Their comfort and convenience are a constant source of satisfaction.

Build permanent sanitary protection into your home by specifying, *not verbally, but in writing* (using catalogue numbers), "Standard" plumbing fixtures, and seeing to it personally that they, and not substitutes, are installed. Each "Standard" fixture bears a guarantee label for your protection. It is the assurance to you of modern and sanitary equipment of the highest quality.

Genuine "Standard" fixtures for the Home and for Schools, Office Buildings, Public Institutions, etc., are identified by the Green and Gold Label with the exception of baths bearing the Red and Black Label which, while of the first quality of manufacture, have a slightly thinner enameling, and thus meet the requirements of those who demand "Standard" quality at less expense. All "Standard" fixtures with care will last a lifetime. And, no fixture is genuine *unless it bears the guarantee label.*



Send for a copy of our beautiful catalog "Modern Bathrooms." It will prove of invaluable assistance in the planning of your bathroom, kitchen or laundry. Many model rooms are illustrated, costing from $78 to $600. This valuable book is sent for 6 cents postage.

Standard Sanitary Mfg. Co. Dept. E **PITTSBURGH, PA.**

New York.....35 W. 31st Street
Chicago.....415 Ashland Block
Philadelphia.....1128 Walnut Street
Toronto, Can.....59 Richmond St., E.
Pittsburgh.....106 Sixth Street
St. Louis.....100 N. Fourth Street
Nashville.....315 Tenth Avenue, So.
New Orleans, Baronne and St. Joseph Sts.
Montreal, Can.....215 Coristine Bldg.
Boston.....John Hancock Bldg.
Louisville.....319-23 W. Main Street
Cleveland.....644 Huron Road, S. E.
London.....53 Holborn Viaduct, E. C.
Houston, Tex., Preston and Smith Streets
San Francisco, Metropolis Bank Building
Washington, D. C.....Southern Bldg.
Toledo, Ohio.....311-321 Erie Street
Fort Worth, Tex., cor. Front and Jones Sts.

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The sweetheart of the corn

Kellogg's
TOASTED CORN FLAKES

Made from the sweet hearts of the best white corn, skillfully cooked, flaked and toasted—giving it the flavor that won immediate favor. The great factory at Battle Creek works night and day to supply the ever increasing demand for this delicious food. If you've never tried Kellogg's get a package today. Just tell your grocer you want the genuine—that nothing else will do.



THE ORIGINAL HAS THIS SIGNATURE

W. K. Kellogg

THE CHARLES SCHWEINLER PRESS

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COLGATE'S

RIBBON DENTAL CREAM

The Call of Good Teeth

ENLIST

Men, Women and Children

WANTED

To join the Army of

GOOD TEETH - GOOD HEALTH

Join the great movement for dental hygiene that is spreading so far and fast.

Be one of those who know that good health demands clean, sound teeth — who know that Ribbon Dental Cream is an antiseptic, polishing cleanser without harmful chemicals or grit. Leaves the mouth sweet, clean and non-acid.

Its delicious flavor has solved one nursery problem by making its twice-a-day use a treat, not a task, for the children, enlisting them also in the cause of dental hygiene.

COLGATE & CO.
Dept. G, 199 Fulton St., New York

Makers of Cashmere Bouquet Toilet Soap
—luxurious, lasting, refined.

